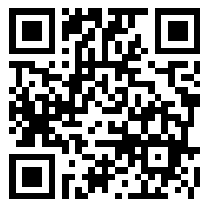

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THE LADIES ✓

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

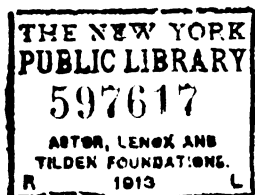
EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME VII.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.
1845.



IDNEX

TO THE

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THE CONFESSION.

There was a deep sigh as the Man and the Woman

Fancy Ball Dresses.
(and costumes)

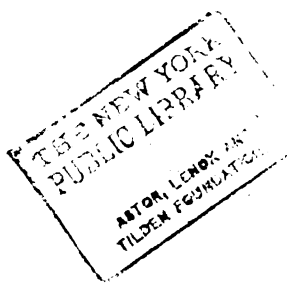


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Fancy Ball Dresses.
(for costumes)







A. L. Dick,

THE SANCTUARY.

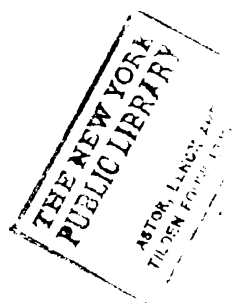
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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1845.

No. 1.

THE SOUL MIRROR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

It was ten o'clock; the lights and the ladies were trimmed for the ball; the band and the belles were ready to strike up, and young Rudolph Werner stood near the door watching the brilliant and beautiful creatures as they glided in on the arm of parent, brother or friend, till his heart was in a whirl, waltzing away to the tune of "Love's Young Dream," as if it never would stop. The belle, why they are *all* belles. Every new face was naturally or artificially radiant—with purity or pearl-powder—with rapture or rouge, and how could *he* tell the difference—he, an unsophisticated student, who had never heard of white paint, and would as soon "doubt that the stars are fire," as dream that the graceful, golden tress which kissed the swan-white neck of Araminta Martin, was but a transient guest "far from its native home exiled."

"My dear Miss Brown," murmured a pair of rosy lips in the most dulcet of tones, "you must allow me to admire your beautiful dress. You do look sweetly to-night. Forgive my frankness, I cannot help telling you so." It was Araminta who spoke—Miss Brown simpered with delight, and Rudolph gave up his heart without a struggle. Such a voice—such a mouth—and such an enchanting softness of manner—what a kind, frank spirit must be hers. Poor Rudolph, five minutes afterward he heard the same low and tender tones again. "Do look at Miss Brown Mr. White, old as *she* is, to dress in that childish style—what a pity some friend will not tell her to cover her thin, freckled neck. I wish *I* knew her well enough to advise, I would not permit her to make herself so very ridiculous. It is *too* bad poor thing, isn't it?"

Rudolph involuntarily shut his eyes and would have stopped his ears, but for the awkwardness of the movement necessary to such a result. Gradually as he listened to the conversation

around him, and watched more closely the faces he admired, he began to awake from his dream of woman's perfection, and sighed as he did so. He now noticed, for the first time, a quiet girl who stood near, without any of the dazzling attractions of the fashionable women around him, but distinguished from them by the freshness, simplicity and unconscious grace of extreme youth and innocence. Rudolph gazed at her for some time, but said to himself as he turned away—"She too, lovely as she looks, is probably heartless and insincere like the rest. I will go back to my books and my ideal." As he spoke he sauntered into an unoccupied apartment leading to the supper-room, and threw himself fatigued upon a sofa. He lay for some time dreamily gazing upon a large, old-fashioned, quaint-looking mirror, the silver frame of which, on one side, was supported by a beautiful marble figure holding a lamp, which threw a clear, brilliant light upon the glass. As he gazed he heard the rustling of silks and fans, the murmur of voices at the door, and looking round observed that the company were passing through to the supper-room. Araminta was tripping in on the arm of an officer, bending her blue eyes to the ground with the prettiest air of timidity imaginable. Rudolph turned impatiently away, and again his eyes fell upon the mirror, just as Araminta raised hers to steal a self-approving glance at the reflection of her exquisite form. Rudolph started in amazement and dismay. The image in the glass was that of a shadowy spirit—its wings drooping heavily, ruffled and dim—its eyes gleaming with malice, envy and worldly pride, while a sneer distorted its thin and pallid lips. For an instant the apparition gleamed in the magic mirror and was gone. But the next moment, upborne on wings of light, its angelic face beaming and glowing with love, purity and truth, a shape of heavenly loveliness flitted across the glass. With a prophetic throb at his heart, Rudolph turned again and saw the modest and youthful maiden whom he had noticed just before leaving the ball-room, and as he followed her with his eyes through the door, he thought

the marble figure bent toward her with a benign smile on its beautiful features.

But a hand at that moment was laid upon his shoulder, and the beautiful voice of his host was heard, exclaiming—"asleep, Rudolph! What are you dreaming about? Why don't you follow the ladies to supper?" He rubbed his eyes—was it indeed a dream. The mirror was still there; but he did not dare to look in it as he passed.

"Come, Rudolph," said his host, as he approached the table, "take this seat between my niece and me, and let me introduce you to each other—Miss Lucy Courtland, Mr. Werner."

If our hero and his interesting neighbor had not exactly "the feast of reason," they shared at least "the flow of soul;" for they were friends in ten minutes, and before the fourth course was removed, had confided to each other all their pet plans and most profound secrets. Some writer has said, "it is the peculiar charm of frankness that it calls mind in contact with mind, and does the work of years." And Rudolph and Julia, (as their mammas and elder sisters called them,) were both as artless and candid as children; for neither of them had been long enough in what is called the gay world to learn that early lesson of its votaries, how to hide with a dazzling smile the involuntary tear, and to veil with light and careless words the deep emotions of the heart.

CHAPTER II.

"Fair as a being of heavenly birth,
But loving and loved as a child of the earth."

If Lucy Courtland did not shine the "star of stars" at the festival, she was the "flower of flowers" at home; and as Rudolph became more acquainted with her, he caught many a glimpse of the beautiful vision which had been once reflected in the soul mirror.

Lucy had a fidgetty father—a manœuvring mother—a selfish sister, and a bear of a brother. Yet she moved above the discord like a halcyon on the deep, and calmed the troubled waves and smoothed "the raven down of darkness till it smiled."

"Lucy," said her father, "don't be eternally reading that confounded poetry!—Can't you find something sensible, child?"

Lucy laid down her book and took up the newspaper. "Shall I read you the deaths and marriages, father?" she asked, with an arch smile dimpling her delicate cheek, and playing stealthily through her long, drooped lashes.

"Yes, and the marine intelligence too, Lucy—there's a good girl."

And Lucy read her father to sleep.

"Lu!" said her sister Helen, "why can't you

let me wear that bird to-night? You have so much hair you don't need any ornament in it."

And Lucy cheerfully took the golden humming bird, with diamond crest and emerald wings, from the rich, dark braids in which it nestled, and with which it contrasted so beautifully, like "a star in the midnight heaven," and placed it with her own gentle hands in the scanty, red locks of her sister.

"Lulu," said Mrs. Courtland in her blandest tone, "if that young Werner presumes to ask you to dance to-night, you will certainly refuse—will you not, my love?"

The tears trembled in Lulu's dark blue eyes as she murmured,

"Yes, mamma."

"Luce!" said the bear, "do leave off squalling that stupid love-song, and sing something worth hearing—can't you? Sing the 'Rover's Barcarolle.'"

And Luce stopped short in the very first line of "Teach, oh! Teach me to Forget!" and sang in her best bravo style.

"THE ROVER'S BARCAROLLE."

How gaily o'er the waters stole
The Rover's ringing barcarolle,
While every wave that sparkled round
Seemed dancing to the joyous sound!

Give her sail to the breeze and her prow to the wave!
Though she toss like a toy, still the tempest we'll brave,
And the wilder the wind is the greater our glee;
For danger is dear to the "Rover at sea!"

Yes! softly o'er the waters stole
The Rover's ringing barcarolle,
While every wave that sparkled round
Seemed dancing to the joyous sound!

Oh! well have we named her the Cygnet, my boy!
For she breasts the wild waves like a bird in her joy,
With her white wings unfurled, full of grace and of glee,
She glides in her glory—a queen on the sea!

Still faintly o'er the waters stole
The Rover's ringing barcarolle,
While every sunlit wave around
Seemed dancing to the joyous sound!

Look—look! 'tis a sail! 'tis a foe! and in chase!
Hurra! let them come! all their fury we'll face.
Let our flag wave defiance!—the flag of the free!
For our swift-winged "Cygnet" is queen of the sea!

"Luce, you're a real, good girl—if you'll look on your dressing-table, you'll find some wild flowers, which I picked for you this afternoon." The bear was a lamb to Lucy!

CHAPTER III.

Oh! gaily fled the laughing hours,
For Love, with fettered wings, in play,
Was pelted them with fragrant flowers,
And singing, "Still delay!"

"You are looking at the magic mirror, Rudeli,"

said Lucy—"would you like to hear the legend connected with it?"

"Yes, Lulu."

Miss Courtland was passing a week with her uncle, who had persuaded his sister-in-law, Mrs. Courtland, to consent to the betrothal of the lovers in consideration of his having procured a lucrative office for his young friend, Werner.

"Yes, Lulu."

"Well, then—if you'll promise not to twist my hair out of curl any more, I'll tell it you. Do you promise?"

"Yes, Lulu."

"Then why don't you leave it at once?"

"Because it won't *come* out of curl if I *do* twist it. Don't you see how tenderly it twines of its own 'sweet accord' round my fingers? How much expression there is in hair!—no one, with a hard or cold heart, ever has tresses of this soft, yielding, flexible quality that yours has, darling. But tell me the legend, sweet one."

THE LEGEND OF THE MIRROR.

"Once upon a time, about a century ago, there lived a proud and beautiful lady, an ancestress of mine, whose name was Isabel Courtland. From childhood Isabel's greatest delight had been to gaze in the great mirror which hung in her chamber. Her soft, dark hair, changeful as the wing of the golden pheasant, her rich, gazelle-like eyes, her lovely mouth and perfectly rounded form were all flatteringly reflected in the glass, and made in it, as she thought, the prettiest picture in the world. She was never tired of looking at it. But while her person grew in beauty and in grace, Isabel forgot that she had a mind and heart to take care of. To lace the slipper on her dainty foot—to zone with graceful care her robe—to braid her hair with gold and gems:—these were her dearest employments, and thus she grew to womanhood, selfish, high-tempered, wilful, wayward and vain.

"Isabel's superb beauty procured her many suitors; but weary at last of her caprices and her haughty bearing, one after another retired, till only Percy Howard, the noblest of them all, remained; and him she loved with an ardent devotion which her inordinate pride would not allow her to betray.

"Percy returned her love, and had set his heart upon 'taming the shrew;' but the shrew would not be tamed, at least by him.

"Isabel often saw, or fancied she saw, behind her image in the mirror, two dim, unearthly shapes, perhaps her good and evil angels; for one was fair, benign and lovely, the other dark and lowering—and she noticed that when she approached the glass in an angry mood of mind,

the bright one retreated with a sorrowful pity in her earnest face, and gradually faded in the distance, while the dark and threatening one bent forward as if to embrace her. On the contrary when her better nature prevailed, the fair spirit looked on her with loving, smiling eyes, and bent caressingly above her image in the mirror.

"One day, when she had had a quarrel with her lover, in which she had wantonly wronged his generous heart, she threw herself grieved and penitent upon a sofa, fronting the glass, and exclaimed with tears—"It is thou, beguiling mirror, that has been the evil of my life! It is thou that hast nourished with thy flattery the pride which is my curse. Oh! for a glass that would reflect the soul, that I might see myself as I am. But thou, at least, false friend, shall deceive me no more—no longer shalt thou minister to the sinful feelings which I have too long indulged."

"She rose with a calm and high resolve on her beautiful brow, and taking a heavily bound missal from the table, deliberately dashed the plate to pieces: and forth through the empty frame stepped the good spirit, arrayed in garments of celestial light, and beaming with angelic loveliness and grace. In her arms she bore a glass which she placed before the wondering girl, and thus she spoke—

"'Maiden! thy wish is answered. Behold the mirror of the soul!' and Isabel looked and saw her soul's image in the glass, and bitterly she wept to see how dim was the light on its down-cast face, and how feeble the wave of its faint, yet fluttering wings. But she thanked the kind, guardian angel for her gift, and day after day she consulted her new treasure, and found the image slowly assuming a fairer, purer and lovelier shape. The wings grew bright and waved with a freer and lighter play, and the softened eyes looked up with a frank and grateful smile—for Isabel was gradually subduing her wayward temper and becoming gentle and generous and affectionate.

"Percy Howard watched her with wonder and delight, and at last won from her the secret of the magic mirror. It was he who caused the beautiful marble figure of Truth, with her lamp, to be sculptured, and to support the silver frame, and on her wedding day he led his lovely bride toward it, and bade her see how fairer far 'than any mortal mixture of earth's mould' was the 'divinity within' when once allowed to have free play, unclouded by the petty cares and vain desires of a selfish and worldly life.

"I have finished and you will laugh at my idle legend, love; but of this I am certain—the mirror is more than true. It must be enchanted in some way; for it exaggerates all the deceptions with which art would conceal the defects of nature or

the ravages of Time, so ludicrously that many of our friends involuntarily shudder and turn away whenever they are obliged to pass it."

"Lulu!" said Rudolph, drawing her closer to his heart, and imprinting a kiss upon her pure forehead, "you have inherited more than the looking-glass from your ancestors. Her beauty and her virtue are yours; but let *me* be *your* soul mirror, darling!—will you not? I will promise to be faithful in my reflections and true to my trust—and I too shall grow pure in time 'by being purely shone upon.'"

WINTER IN THE WOODS.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

Oh! Winter, in thy bitterness!
A deep and awful roar,
Like the battle-blast of surges
As they boom upon the shore,

Now swells within the forest,
And hurries through the glade,
Along the sheet of glittering snow
That Winter's breath has made.

The giant lords—how changed! how changed!
Sad tears shall mark their doom;
Oh! if I could but call them back
Their glorious summer storm!

And if the flowers might wake to birth
By the murmur of my prayer;
How gladly would I linger here
Within the chilling air!

The snow-wreath of New England!
Strange visitor of earth—
I've mourned to see my cottage home
Grown dreary at thy birth;

To see the earth wrapped all in gloom,
The path-way drifting high,
The streamlet hushed, or hoarse and chill;
And cold the wintry sky.

To watch the blasted flowers go down
Upon the storm-god's breath
Deep buried in the shining snow—
Their winding sheet of death.

The whole broad earth so desolate—
The forest but a tomb;
Where shrieking winds and howling blasts
Lurk in their wildest gloom!

That glorious Paradise of earth!
I cannot linger here,
Where not a single bird or flower
The solitude may cheer.

Adieu, until the Spring's soft breath
Has burst this iron chain;
Till birds and flowers come back, and then
I'll come to thee again!

JOURNAL OF AUTUMNAL SNOWS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MONDAY, October 23d, 1843.

Snow! snow!—Who could have expected such a guest in this very autumn prime? The sun, too, at early morning, was shining so gloriously. The trees look amazed in their robes of crimson and umbered brown, like a bevy of dowagers in court-dresses, suddenly checked on their route palace-ward. Especially are the flower-people struck with consternation. The roses seem mightily indignant with their bosoms full of snow-flakes, and redden to a wrath-glow—while the verbenas, encircled with violets, bend meekly to the strange infliction, partaking less of the chilling shower, for dwelling in so humble a spot, *sub rosa*. The buxom marigold uplifteth her bronzed cheek as if to say, "I'll make the best of it;" but the aristocratic dahlias curb their ohns in displeasure. Well, this is truly a republican climate of ours, my ladies. It respecteth neither the high-sounding titles of duchesses and countess, nor the royalty of queens. Crowns and coronets are at a discount in this pilgrim-planted land, and the snow setteth as saucily upon them as upon the unbrunnetted cottager.

Yonder, ensconced in a snug recess, are two hydrangas, with their broad, purple and pink faces bending toward each other like a pair of rustic lovers in a tête-a-tête. How aghast they look when the snow discovers and parts them. That tiny lakelet at their side, which shone like a mirror in the morning ray, how it swallows the chill morsels with a dim and sullen face. Up come the gold and silver fishes, their smart liveries powdered with the insinuating flakes. Keep your gills close, my gay piscatorials, and don't nibble at those floating nodules, mistaking them for crumbs of Naples biscuit. In the same nook is a prim-bush badly pruned, reaching forth its angular arms and claw-shaped fingers to gather all it can. Methinks it must be of the miser genus. Friend Prim, dreamst thou that thou hast gotten gold? Well, make the most of thy cold handfuls. Peradventure, it may last as long as the winged riches in which some of thy betters trust.

While the beauties of the garden bear the rebuke as best they may, lo! there passeth by a blighted bud of our own higher nature. A fair infant, with its funeral train, goeth from cradle to grave. They divide the snow-wreaths to lay it down by the side of its young mother. Thou canst nestle no more into her bosom, poor babe, it is marble cold. She stretcheth forth no fond arm to welcome and enfold thee. Only a few times didst thou gaze upon her ere she was

hurried away. Yet shall not the bright drops of that affection which were shed into her heart amid its extremest agony be gathered up in heaven, and flow on, as the river of life, an eternal stream?

"Oh, when the mother meets on high
The babe she left in its infancy—
Is there not then, for all her fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?"

TUESDAY, November 7th.

Well done, Mr. Sagittarius! Thou has brought us a pleasant gift, notwithstanding thy belligerent propensities and thy skill in archery; snow-flakes falling as gracefully and quietly as the slumbers of innocence. This is better than to take aim at us with thy frosty arrows, and smite us with ague-fits.

The birds, however, are mightily discomposed. Convening in a noisy congress, they clamor for immediate emigration. Hundreds of orators mount the rostrum, fluttering, vociferating, retreating and returning to the charge; more speakers than hearers. How the black-birds chatter and gesticulate, and what troops of swallows besiege yonder old church steeple. My eloquent gentry I counsel you forthwith to commence your journey, for as the old proverb saith, "great cry and little wool," so your shouting and Babel-like discussion helpeth not forward your weary flight. The domestic fowls congregate and look grave. The chicklings of the last summer, who have never before seen snow, dip their bills in it with a remarkable solemnity, analyzing it perchance like chemists. The young house-cat, who in common with the feline family, dislikes wet feet, steps into the new element and draws back—steps and draws back again, then with long leaps gains the shelter of the kitchen threshold, and applies a soothing lip to her mal-treated paws.

But what exultation among the boys, who, rushing from school, first behold it. How it clings with a hurried, wax-like tenacity to their caps and shoulders, for their careful mothers to brush off when they reach home. With what zeal they gather and hurl it at each other, the merry urchins. How exciting are the sports of winter. They suit well the warm, quick-flowing blood of the young. Often have I watched the throngs of Boston school-boys coursing with unmixed delight down their noble common, and rejoiced in their joy, and thought those law-givers were wise who protected the happiness of children.

WEDNESDAY, November 20th.

The beautiful Indian summer which our poor

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aborigines used to call "the smile of the Great Spirit," hath been among us. With its elastic breath it quickened all the springs of life. It stole to us between the storms, touching the faded leaf with its early hues, and the skies with their most blessed azure, kindling up the scarlet of the woodbine and of the hardy rose, and whispering to our hearts of the patience that should arm them for the coming winter. It wrapped the distant landscape in soft mists of enchantment like a dream of Paradise. Then it shrouded its beautiful head and vanished, while the snows of to-day made haste to whiten its tressel as it departed.

THURSDAY, November 30th.

A little snow this morning, a few hoarse threats of the wind, and then the clouds relented. They could not decide on the cruelty of casting a dark shadow over the New England festival. For this is the annual thanksgiving set apart by our fathers amid the hardships of their colonial existence, the scant harvest, the rude hovel, the Indian ambush and arrow-shaft,

"When they shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

No, the snows will not blot out the joy of the child preparing to return to its home from a distant school, perhaps from service, to swell for a brief season the loved group around the hearth-stone. See, there comes in the flying stage-coach the young collegian, eager to display new stories of knowledge to his wondering sisters, while the hardened hand of the apprentice grasps joyfully that of his mother.

A simple carriage stops at the door of a New England farm-house. She, who was a bride at the last anniversary, descends. With her husband she enters the home of her birth. What does she bring with her? What has she so cunningly concealed under her warm mantle? A little rose-bud with a beating heart. How its clear blue eyes expand with wonder as the young ones, proud of their new titles of uncle and aunt, unsheath it from the convolutions of soft blankets like a kernel-shell, covering its face with kisses. The young father regards the group with rapturous delight bending on her who has led him to the climax of his joys, that ardent spirit-smile which effaces every care. The happy grandparents welcome this new scion of their house, yet remembering the transitory nature of all earthly joys, chastise their leaping hearts to a sedate gravity, and encircled by all their loved ones, invoke Heaven's blessing on the laden board. Seated according to their seniority, they address themselves with right good-will to the discussion of its many viands. Justice must be done to the

huge turkey and the chickens which they have themselves reared; the puddings and pies must be tasted, in whose composition the mother has so long excelled; neither must the multifarious tarts be neglected, on which the young sisters have staked their culinary fame—nor the fruits or nuts, for which the little brothers have adventured themselves amid the slender branches of the pear and apple, and filled their fingers with sharp chesnut-burs in the autumn holidays.

But, see, yonder is a pensive stranger shunning the throng in the street, and striving to disguise, with a faint smile, that homesickness which drinks up the springs of being—the spot of his nativity is far away. No fond eyes gaze upon him. No friendly hand beckons him in to partake of the hospitable repast. Send thou and gather him as a sheaf into thy garner. Cheer his lone heart with the incense of thy fire-side charities. So shall his gratitude descend into the depths of thine own spirit, drying its secret tears like a sunbeam.

Oh, ever at this festival, and at the more sacred one of our dear Lord's nativity, forget not the forgotten, the forsaken, or the poor. For thine own feast shall be sweeter if thou hast sent portions unto the needy, and if the stranger or the orphan sitteth with thee around thy board, gladdened by thy hospitality.

MUSIC.

BY JANE T. BRADFORD.

How sweetly 'round the breath of music swells
In liquid notes, to charm each list'ning ear,
Now gay and glad, a pleasing tale it tells,
Which youthful hearts must ever love to hear;
And now the tone is softly changing near—
And sadd'ning notes are mingled in the strain,
Yet still that tone to ev'ry heart is dear.
For ah, it speaks of hours devoid of pain,
Which bore those beauteous flow'rs too bright to bloom again.
Since childhood's morn and boyhood's laughing hour,
Sweet music claimed o'er me a potent spell,
I knew its gentle and soul-soothing pow'r
On hill and plain—and by each glassy dell
Where some soft rivulet with mildest swell
Leaped o'er the mimic rocks with cheerful sound—
With nature's music that we love so well—
Waking a solemn, pleasing, echo sound,
Bidding the gladdened heart with rapture full to bound.
And now in later, and more thoughtful years,
When cares oppress, and sorrows rive the heart,
Soft music owns the pow'r to banish tears,
To soothe and heal the most malignant smart,
And genial balm and comfort to impart.
What though the notes be sad, they banish woe,
They come to bid the grosser cares depart—
And though they cause the silent tears to flow,
The soothing beams of bliss midst sorrow's gloom hey throw.

THE WATER LILIES.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"ALLOW me to direct your attention to the piece, which, of all others here, has made the greatest impression of my fancy," said one of a party who were loitering near me in a gallery of paintings, which had been lately opened to the public; "that little picture,

'Apart

From the dull jargon of the *canvass* mart,'

appears to me the gem of the whole collection."

The judgment of the stranger, for so he was to me, was duly honored, and after he, with his friends, had moved onward, I took their place before the object of their commendation.

The design of the picture was very simple, yet if the aim of the artist had been to delight the imagination by a personification of girlhood in its utmost grace, purity and joyousness, few would have been disposed to deny him the meed of success. It was a single figure of exquisite, though immature proportions, bending over a stream and hooking, with a dead bough, a tuft of flowers which floated upon its placid surface. Her attitude, as she stood poised by one slender foot upon the mossy crown of a stone which rose a little above the water, and supported by a rounded and snow-white arm thrown over a projecting limb of an old willow, was almost too beautifully ærial for nature; yet her face, with its soft though merry eyes, its dimpled cheeks, even the wild, shining ringlets which garlanded her head, and swung unfiletted upon her shoulders, seemed familiar to my eye, and I turned to my catalogue. "No. 49—The Water-lilies," it was registered, and the whole history of the picture was re-called to my memory.

We prided ourselves on being a very intellectual community, we people of N—. We had our lyceums and libraries and reading associations and debating clubs, and there was scarcely ever an evening party at which we did not talk critical matter enough about Byron and Bulwer and Carlyle and Miss Martineau, to have filled a Quarterly Review. We were, therefore, the very persons to learn, with a sensation, of the arrival among us of a real *bona fide* genius, a celebrated artist, who had studied in Italy, and sold pictures for hateful guineas to English noblemen, and a contribution from whose pencil had been heralded, months beforehand, in types ornamented to unreadability on the covers of our most peerless American magazines. We might have called a meeting and tendered him a ball or dinner, if such proceedings had not been rendered vulgar by the precedence of our rival lionizers of the

cities, but as that had been the case we contented ourselves with offering him all the services and hospitalities possible. Mr. —, however—by what name shall I designate him?—it might be venturing rather too far to record his own patronymic, so bedight with laurels in connection with what may look like little passages of romance—Mr. Norwood, then, was either a very proud or a very shy man, for he showed little disposition to avail himself of our prodigal immunities. Indeed, after the first few days, it required some watching to find him in the village. He expressed himself charmed with the surrounding scenery, and spent whole days in the open air, filling his portfolio with views which he has since made famous.

It may be supposed that we would not willingly have allowed our guest to depart without leaving behind him some memorial of his sojourn among us. Part of his fame was that of a rarely truthful portrait painter, attested by many representations in that branch of his art of men and women whose distinction divided the value of his pictures with his own; and with us it had always been an endemic to wish to have our lineaments immortalized, as might have been proven by every best parlor in town, containing half lengths of its master and mistress, and those sometimes of all their progeny. But we had an instinctive perception that the reserved and unconciliating artist would feel in no wise flattered by being requested to perpetuate the semblance of such as he might esteem mere combinations of flesh and blood, and none were willing to risk a repulse by offering themselves as subjects.

At last, however, a happy idea was suggested. Our village boasted of many pretty girls, as what American village of the better class does not?—with delicate features, bright eyes and graceful forms; and it was decided that Mr. Norwood should be solicited to select one from among them, whomsoever, in his infallible taste, he might deem the most worthy of his labor, and represent her in whatever costume or character he might prefer. The picture thus produced was to be paid for by subscription among the young men, and preserved as a permanent decoration of their library-room.

The proposition was made to the painter, and though it was evident he would gladly have evaded it, yet, coming as it did from a number of persons who had shown him much courtesy, he felt himself under obligations to accede.

Who would be the object of selection now became a theme of curious speculation among the gentlemen, and of nervous expectancy among the fair candidates. When and where the decision was to be made were other questions. Mr. Norwood had been a regular attendant at church

where our beauties most did congregate, but while there had always deported himself with so much soberness as never to be able to say on coming out, "I remarked a young lady in a pink, or blue or yellow bonnet," whatever the case may have been—the venial impropriety of most strangers; and though he had received almost daily invitations to tea-parties and soirées, at which he might freely have observed "a brilliant assemblage of beauty," yet upon such occasions he had always pleaded a previous engagement, or an unfortunate headache, which would deter him from the agreeable opportunity. We had good reason to apprehend that these constantly recurring impediments would have a fatal effect upon our project.

To myself was accorded the credit—I was somewhat proud of it at the time—of devising the most feasible plan to draw him into the charmed circle of our belledom. It was to get up a pic-nic for the purpose, and inveigle him to it by some ingenious means which I have forgotten. Could that be effected we had no fears about the result, for who had not noticed how the social example of the forest leaves in their perpetual whispering to each other, and the influence of the fresh air, and running water and the sunshine, the accessories usually sought for such fêtes always exhilarate the shyest and unbend the sternest to companionability—the young ladies, too, would show to the best advantage, for when were cheeks so rosy and eyes so sparkling, and steps so bounding as at a summer festival amid the balmy breezes of a woodland? The scheme was welcomed with acclamation.

The place of our bivouac, at which, to his own surprise, the painter found himself introduced, was a little distance from the village, and the loveliest imaginable—the meeting point of two bright streams, one of which, in its rapid course, foamed among tall gray rocks and beneath canopies of entangled vines, while the other moved so gently between its banks of smooth, green sward, as seldom to break the reflection of the gigantic trees looking down upon its breast. Under other circumstances our fair companions would have sung and fluttered about as blithely as the birds whose retreat we were invading, but now, after all our pains, the affair threatened to prove a failure. Each in her anxiety that the fiat of immortalization should be in her favor, tried so very hard to look irresistible that it would have been strange if her object had not been defeated. One merry, giddy girl took the whim to appear sentimental, and in attempting a pensive reverie gazed so vacantly upon the water that her usually bright and winning face became dull and characterless. Another of large,

luxuriant growth, whose every motion was wont to be of wave-like slowness and ease, outraged her formation on an approach of Mr. Norwood, by springing with unnatural agility from the ground to seize the hop-like blossoms of an iron-wood tree, and crush them amidst her heavy curls. A third, who was lithe and slender as a sylph, affected the imperial airs of a Juno. All sorts of fancy expressions and attitudes were assumed, and instead of a band of sweet, loveable village girls, we had Graces and Dryads and Irises and Bacchantes so caricatured that the artist, who saw through it all, walked uneasily and awkwardly about, ashamed, for their own sakes, to look them in the face.

"Confound the girls!" thought I, "who would have imagined that *any* occasion could have drawn them into such affectation, or that they could have kept as much vanity latent so long!" and at length, quite out of heart with the experiment, I stole off into the woods to rest my eyes after a contemplation of so many preposterous tableaux.

I had gone quite beyond the echoes of the mingled voices of the company, when from the bank of the stream, a short distance in advance, I saw the painter cautiously signing me to join him. It had never before struck me that he might be considered a handsome man. He was of ordinary size, and never dressed with care, but now, with his fine dark hair pushed back from a forehead of uncommon fulness, his cheek flushed with excitement, and his large black eyes glowing with a strange look of inspiration, he presented the very air and countenance which would have captivated any of the romantic bery I had left. He was lifting aside a curtain of wild grape leaves which drooped from an oak upon a thicket of alders, and he pointed through the opening to some object on the further side of the water. I followed the direction of his finger and beheld the original of that identical picture of the collection, a singularly beautiful little girl drawing to the bank a cluster of water-lilies.

"I have made my choice," whispered Mr. Norwood; "what think you of my subject?"

"Very pretty and graceful, but it won't do," I answered.

"Won't!—why not?"

"Because the selection was to have been made from our young ladies, and this pretty fairy being but fourteen or fifteen, is not, in feminine dialect, a 'young lady.' And, besides, even if by age she had a claim to the title, her position in society might deny it to her. You must know we have our aristocracy as well as our neighbors. The fair demoiselles you have treated so coldly are the daughters of members of congress, of clever lawyers and wealthy country gentlemen, while

this is only little Nelly Darlington, the child of our poor old school-master."

"Pshaw!" said the painter.

"She is here only on sufferance," I proceeded, "having been smuggled along by the only old maid of the party, that ugly, benevolent looking woman, who alone, during the whole afternoon, you have honored with your conversation. The gentlemen, indeed, if they would take the trouble to notice her rare beauty might not demur at your judgment, but the ladies—though they might overlook your slighting them—would never forgive your preferring her. So you'll have to make another choice."

"I'll do as I please," returned Mr. Norwood; "I did not get into this difficulty through my own inclination, and like the giant-killer in the story, if I am not allowed to kill my giant in my own way, I'll not do it at all."

I remonstrated with him further, but to no purpose, and begging me to make his excuses to the company for not rejoining them, as well as to communicate his decision at a proper time, he continued his course up the stream.

I acted accordingly, and announced his selection after our return to the village, and the young men, though they were somewhat vexed about it, concluded that rather than not have a picture they would put up with a portrait even of the school-master's daughter.

As a rose upon a heath, a shell upon a rock, a sparkle of foam upon a still pool, so isolated and unvalued had until now been little Nelly Darlington. Without mother or sister or brother, or any one to care for her but her book-worm of a father, she was shooting to maturity as untrained as the wildest weed in the old garden, to whose limits, her only restriction, her daily amusements were confined. No one appeared to have remarked her extraordinary beauty, excepting, indeed, the big boys of the school, who used to shame her by calling her their "little sweetheart," and to frighten her by holding her over the dripping, moss-grown well of the school-house yard in their efforts to extort kisses from her; yet there was scarcely a lady in the land who might not have envied her some one of the perfections which Nature, to no purpose, it seemed, had lavished upon her. Where could be seen a skin of such mother-of-pearl tint and smoothness—where such a soft, sweet, rosy, dimpling mouth—such glossy, twining, purple-black curls—such shy, laughing, startling eyes! But there had been no one to give her a hint of this, and when Mr. Norwood called to request permission to paint her portrait, though she answered smilingly, "oh, yes," exactly as she would have done if begged for all the wealth she claimed in

the world, her fruit and flowers, her fair hazel eyes dilated, and their long, thick lashes described wider and wider circles through wonder.

The artist had scarcely taken leave, however, before she half regretted her compliance. To her a portrait had always seemed something grand and mysterious, which impression she had received from the importance attached to that of her grandmother, the most precious piece of furniture in the house, as she had been taught to regard it, not even excepting the old, plated branch-candlesticks. And how should she look in a portrait!—she had not even a silk dress to be taken in, and she cried heartily for several minutes about her unprovidedness. Then she concluded to have one of her mother's altered for the occasion, but as the wardrobe of the deceased lady had lain untouched for at least ten years, that would have required time, and the painter was to come the very next morning. She was, therefore, obliged to rely upon her white muslin in all its homely simplicity. She devised, however, some additions with the object of investing her appearance with more of the dignity suitable for preservation, and when Mr. Norwood arrived he could scarcely forbear from smiling at her studied costume and her demure countenance.

She had drawn a pair of long, dark, old-fashioned kid gloves over her plump, white arms, and secured them with pins to the short sleeves of her gown; twisted the wild tendrils of her hair in a high, square comb, borrowed from the house-keeper, and concealed her whole bust under a large pelerine, stiffly starched and finely plaited, which she had obtained from the same quarter. But Mr. Norwood had too much tact not to know how to manage such a subject. He introduced to her notice a beautiful large spaniel his constant companion, which had followed him, and let it into an exhibition of its accomplishments, such as picking up a handkerchief, carrying a basket, and catching in its mouth light missiles thrown into the air. He then left her at liberty while he arranged his easel and canvass, and when ready for her, followed the guidance of her voice and the bark of the dog. She was under a group of trees in the garden, tossing up apples among the low branches, and laughing and clapping her hands with delight as her new play-fellow bounded after them, her cape and gloves lying tumbled on the grass, and the comb crushed to fragments beneath her feet.

"Do not trouble yourself to adjust your dress," said the painter; "I am prepared to go to work, and can sketch you very well as you are," and dropping the curls which she was hastily gathering up, she attended him to the house, the same

bright, buoyant, out-of-breath little romp that had first struck his fancy.

I believe I have not said what a picturesque old place was the school-master's abode—the Academy, as we called it. It was a spacious, irregular structure, built of alternate black and red bricks, which, in its early days had served as a college edifice, but now was habitable only in the corner kept in repair for the purpose of Mr. Darlington. It was dismal enough, indeed, in winter, with its mildewed shutters flapping on their broken hinges, the wind whistling through the rocking cupola, whose rusty bell for years had wanted a clapper, and the tall old trees grinding their dry branches against the walls. But in summer it had attractions for the eye which time aided to increase rather than diminish. It abounded in that richest luxury of summer, thick, cool shade; the gray green moss lay upon its roof and porches in moist cushions, which looked as if they might have cured the hectic of the most fevered cheek; the trumpet-flower veiled with its dark, glossy leaves all unsightly breaches and crevices, swinging in the air its scarlet horns, from which the bees and humming-birds were never frightened away; and clouds of awallows circled cheerily above and around the tall chimneys, of which, by long possession, they held undisputed right.

No wonder then that Mr. Norwood often chose to seek an afternoon shelter here, from the dust and flies and noise of his hotel lodgings, even when he had no longer the excuse of employment on the spot. Sometimes he might have been seen, quite alone, reclining on the long porch of one of the deserted wings, and occupied either with his own thoughts, or in watching the movements of little Nelly's as she tied up her morning glory vines, which always in that cool, shady place, kept their flowers longer unwithered than anywhere else; or trimming her forest of hollyhocks, of which she was quite as proud as a fashionable belle could be of a conservatory of camellias; delighting quite as much to enumerate such varieties as fringed straw-color, quilled purple and rose-edged white, as the other could to catalogue her costly collection, named after all the queens of history, and all the gems in their crowns.

But oftener, after school hours, he took a seat on the portico of the little parlor to spend an hour in quiet conversation with Mr. Darlington, a placid, dreaming, gentle-hearted old man, who with his thin gray locks and stooping figure might easily have been taken for the grandfather of the pretty creature to whom he stood in the relation of parent. He was, perhaps, the only denizen of the village entirely without fellowship. His

equals in years, with their heads full of politics, money-making and family cares, had no time for the society of men who had lived among books alone, and it could hardly be expected that their juniors would find a congenial companion in one who had flogged them in their boyhood. To an intercourse with Mr. Norwood there was no such drawback. Deeply read, travelled, acquainted with life and manners in all their different phases, the painter was well pleased to meet with a man in whom were contrasted much speculative wisdom and true dignity of character with the most unworldly simplicity; who could oppose his opinions without undervaluing them, and appreciate his fame without questioning its desert. The extent and accuracy of his information were such as he could not regard without surprise. Of the minute details of time, number and extent, which in his own reading and personal observation, he had passed by through his intentness upon philosophical and poetical association, the school-master's memory was a chart that appeared without fault or limit. Particularly in the tangible remains of classical antiquity he was strangely learned, and when absorbed in discussions of

"Marble and granite with grass o'ergrown,"

it was difficult for the painter to realize that he was set to right in his reminiscences by one who had seen them in the mind's eye only.

During these conversations little Ellen seldom failed to be a listener. She would seat herself on the door-step, resting her dimpled arms on the graceful neck of the dog, or smoothing his soft brown ears between her little sunburnt hands, and her eyes, fixed upon the face of Mr. Norwood, would glow with intense interest as she heard that he had really climbed the pyramids and crossed the Tiber, and measured columns on the Acropolis; and when he spoke of having been lost in a fog on the side of Olympus, she regarded him as almost equal to the demigods who had shared the ambrosial feasts on its summit. At first the painter noticed her presence no further than by occasionally passing his hand over her head, or lifting the long ringlets from her shoulders in a half conscious caress; but when he found that notwithstanding her childish ways and enjoyments she could find pleasure in his intellectual disquisitions as well as his narrations of singular adventure, his demeanor toward her changed. Her father, indeed, had not been as negligent of her mental education as of her person and manners; she had "followed Cæsar and his fortunes," and struggled through the labyrinths of Euclid quite as far as any of the school-boys of the second form, but beyond this

there had been little method in her studies. Everything that came in her way she read with avidity, and she bestowed an equal degree of respect upon Gibbon and Peter Parley, and *rather* preferred Fairfax's Tasso to Plutarch and Miss Edgeworth's "Early Lessons." This, to his amusement, Mr. Norwood perceived, but he now sometimes addressed himself to her in his recitals, and the effect upon her of being, for the first time, admitted to share in the conversation of grown up persons was magical. She suddenly recollected that she was near fifteen, and that fifteen was very close to the period of young-lady-hood. She no longer threw herself carelessly upon the steps beside the dog and his master, but placed herself gravely in a chair and kept her feet covered, her hair brushed, and her frocks and aprons free of the rents which it must be confessed were too common to them. Her eyelids drooped more modestly, her laugh became lower, and not quite so many of her pearl-like teeth were shown when she smiled. It was all intuition. The painter regarded as a new and beautiful study, this rapid awakening of the dignity and timidity of womanhood, and revered it as a man of delicacy would. He no longer called her by pet names, nor attempted to draw her to his knee, nor arranged her dress with his own hand, while, as he often did, he made her the subject of his pencil. Yet his tones grew gentler when he spoke to her, and it was evident that her softness was quite as lovely to him as had been her mirth.

But the tall cardinal flowers began to wave their scarlet banners by the streams, and the sunflowers to widen their discs in the school-house garden, and our artist was warned by the approach of autumn that the time he could spare to the luxury of idleness had expired. On his first coming among us, it had been understood that he had professional engagements, which, in a short time, would call him to the Old World, for an indefinite period, and he now announced that the season for his departure had arrived.

His last half hour in the village Mr. Norwood spent in taking leave of the school-master and his daughter. To the former he promised frequent letters, telling of any "note-worthy object in his travels," and the latter in her grief was quite a child again. She gave him several little violets, red, blue and white—book-marks she called them—strung of the nectaries of larkspurs, "to remember her," receiving his dog in return, and then laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed like a baby. It was new to our quiet bachelor to be thus sorrowed after; his own eyes grew moist, and his cheek somewhat paler as it brushed the tears from hers.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

MY NATIVE HOME.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

O'er breezy hill or woodland glade,
 At morning's dawn or closing day,
 In summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
 Or pensive moonlight's silver ray:
 The wretch in sadness still shall roam
 Who wanders from his native home.

While at the foot of some old tree
 As meditation soothes his mind,
 Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
 Or rippling streams, or whispering wind;
 His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
 And lead him to his native home.

Though love a fragrant couch shall weave,
 And fortune heap the festive board,
 Still memory oft would turn to grieve;
 And reason scorn the splendid hoard:
 While he, beneath the proudest dome,
 Would languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
 And sweetly calm the darkest glen;
 While pomp and pride, and power appear
 At best the glittering plagues of men;
 Unsought by those that never roam
 Forgetful of their native home.

Let me to summer shades retire,
 With meditation and the muse;
 Or 'round the social winter fire,
 The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse;
 Tho' winds may howl and waters foam,
 I still shall bless my native home.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. ANNE P. DINNIES.

I OFFER thee no pledge! I ask for none
 To bind thy love in endless constancy;
 I only know that what affection won,
 Will keep my heart still faithful unto thee.

I ask thee not when brighter eyes are near,
 And lips more lovely, gently, smile on thee,
 To turn unconscious from the young and fair
 And give thine undivided thoughts to me!

Free as the eagle be thy spirit's wing,
 Upward and onward its unwearied flight,
 No cloud—no fetter would my proud heart bring,
 To check its progress to the realms of light.

But oh! should sorrow dim the bright'ning scene,
 Or disappointment's shade upon thee fall,
 Then think what fond devotion mine hath been,
 And still, beloved one! on its fervor call.

Mine the dear privilege where'er thou goest
 To mark thy course, and glory in thy fame,
 While love's deep tide continually o'erfloweth
 From my full heart in blessings on thy name.

AN EVENING TALE.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"WHAT a good evening it is for one of your stories, dear aunt Jane," said Ruth Elwyn, a bright-eyed, rosy cheeked damsel, as she took her sewing and sat down by the work-stand.

"It will interrupt William about his ciphering to tell stories," replied her aunt.

"Oh, no, it will not," said William, "I have just finished my sum, and don't feel in a mood for doing any more. As Ruth says, it is a delightful evening for stories. Only hear how the wind drives the sleet against the windows. There will be no danger of being interrupted."

"The truth is, children, I believe my stock is almost exhausted."

"Oh, no, it is not," said Ruth. "I dare say you have at least a thousand and one on hand, as many as the Sultan's wife's sister had."

"Well, before you spoke, Ruth, I was thinking of Elizabeth Marsden and Ella Alstine. Elizabeth and I were of an age, and she always seemed just like a sister to me. But do look, Ruth, and see how many pur! I have knit since I narrowed, and then put in a piece of that red yarn for a mark, so that I shall not have to trouble you again."

Ruth hastened to comply with her request, as she well knew that it would occasion her aunt great uneasiness to have a round more or less than the prescribed number occur between the narrowings, and thus mar the exact and even slope with which the long-seamed worsted stocking she was knitting approached the ankle.

"There, aunt," said she, "I have narrowed and put in the mark, so now tell us of Elizabeth Marsden and Ella Alstine."

"I do not know why it is, but those two girls have been right before me, as it were, ever since we took tea. Mr. Marsden, Elizabeth's father, had no other house-keeper but her, after his wife died, though she was only sixteen, and there was no need of it, for from that hour Elizabeth, though she had always been a gay, volatile girl, appeared to have all the judgment and prudence of a woman of thirty. The household affairs were conducted with all their former neatness and regularity, and she exerted herself to have everything wear a look of cheerfulness, so that her father might not give way to despondency and gloom. The gay and almost child-like expression of her countenance changed to a kind of grave sweetness, which was easy enough to perceive, though difficult to describe, and her voice, which one could often hear about house before her mother died, singing snatches of some cheerful song in clear, bird-like notes, grew to be low and subdued,

yet so sweet and thrilling as to exercise a strange power over those who heard it even in common conversation, and much more so when she used to sing with her father his favorite evening hymn before they parted for the night. Elizabeth was not eminently beautiful, but to me her face was one of the most pleasing and interesting I ever saw, and the manner in which she parted her rich, jet-black hair over her forehead, pure as the white dove's breast, and compressed the curls that once flowed down her neck ready to play with every breeze into one heavy, glossy braid, was in perfect keeping with the new character into which she had so suddenly, yet gracefully glided. She had neither brother nor sister, but Ella Alstine, an orphan, who had been in the family a year when her mother died, and who was at that time only seven years of age, received from her the affection of a sister, and the watchful tenderness of a mother. Ella, who was a very beautiful child, repaid her care by the docility and sweetness of her disposition, and by her warm and confiding affection.

"A girl so lovely and estimable as Elizabeth was not likely to be without her admirers, and I knew that she received an offer of marriage from the son of the richest farmer in the place, one from a respectable tradesman, and another from a young clergyman, soon after he entered upon the discharge of his duties as colleague to the aged pastor under whose ministry the people of the place had sat for more than half a century. She felt and acknowledged their worth, but none of them possessed the talisman that had power over the rich treasure of her affections. She had reached the age of twenty-seven, and people of her acquaintance began to think they should soon put her on the list of irreclaimable old maids, when a gentleman, by the name of Philip Randolph, who possessed a talent for painting, took up his summer residence near Mrs. Marsden's, for the purpose of sketching some of the fine views in the neighborhood. As he was wealthy there was no necessity for his practising his favorite art for the sake of a livelihood, yet he pursued it with as much ardor as if it had been his sole means of support. From a steep eminence not far from Mr. Marsden's house he had descried some fine scenery, which would afford material for a superb landscape; but as he could almost look into the windows when perched on the top, and would himself be a very conspicuous object to its inmates, he did not like to convey thither his easel and other necessary implements for the prosecution of his design, without first speaking to the proprietor. For this purpose he called one afternoon after tea. Elizabeth was

alone, Mr. Marsden having been called away on business, and Ella being gone to spend the day with a young friend, several miles distant. The young artist was struck with the quiet, bust-like beauty of Miss Marsden, and she, on her part, thought she had never seen so noble a figure, and a countenance so spirited and intelligent. He possessed fine conversational talents, and was led gradually to touch upon those higher chords of feeling and sentiment which exalt human nature, and which he soon found were fully understood and appreciated by Elizabeth. He had never felt in more perfect good humor with himself, which naturally caused him to entertain the same feeling as regarded his companion. It was an hour or more before Mr. Marsden returned, who of course offered no objection to his appropriating the spot which he had found most favorable for sketching the landscape. As Randolph was about to take leave, a neighbor who was passing, called to say that he had just come from Mrs. Gray's, and that her daughter Mary being indisposed, Ella had concluded to remain all night.

"When Randolph returned to his room, he took a pencil sketch from his port-folio which he intended to transfer to canvass, but the image of Elizabeth Marsden haunted him, and sitting down by the table and leaning his head on his hands, he gave himself up to musing on the sweet and quiet beauty of her countenance, so in keeping with the repose of her manners and the calm, silvery tones of her voice. From this time, wherever he directed his course, he was sure at length to find himself in the lane, shaded with a few patriarchal elms that led to Mr. Marsden's front door. It was not without alarm that Elizabeth, who had imagined she was out of danger from any shaft shot from Cupid's bow, felt that she was every day becoming more and more interested in the handsome artist. Strange as it may seem, she now for the first time experienced the sentiment of love, sincere, fervent and engrossing, though it partook of the repose of her character. Randolph, impetuous in all things, soon told his tale of love, and drew from her the confession of her own regard.

"'I wish Ella would come home,' she said to him one day.

"'I have often heard you mention Ella—who is she?' said he.

"'An orphan, who since early childhood has lived in the family, and whom I regard as a sister. She is by far the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and I want her to return in season for you to put her in the picture you commenced the other day.'

"Randolph's education had been desultory, and of a nature calculated to develope and foster the imagination, and to quicken and augment his

naturally impulsive feelings. These few remarks relative to Ella presented a picture to his mind so charming that Elizabeth was in danger of an ideal rival.

"Six weeks had elapsed before Mary Gray was fully convalescent, before which she had been unwilling to part with Ella. Philip Randolph was at Mr. Marsden's when she arrived. Beautiful as had been the creation of his fancy, it did not come up to the original. I am sensible that I cannot find language in which to place her before you, so that you can have at all an adequate idea of her extreme loveliness. There was such richness yet delicacy in the blending of the lily and rose in her complexion, such grace in the flow of her soft, glossy curls, among which sunbeams seemed nestling, such radiance in the smile that hovered on her lips and spread into the softest of dimples at either corner—above all there was such an expression of joyousness in her large hazle eyes—such an indication in every motion, every look, that existence was to her as yet but a fairy dream, that the beholder while gazing with delight on her beauty, felt happy in witnessing so much innocent gaiety that had its source in a heart full of fresh and pure feeling.

"Ella had heard nothing of Elizabeth's engagement, and, in truth, it was a secret which had not yet transpired, probably because it was an event entirely unsuspected even by the match-making portion of the community. The first emotions of Randolph at sight of this beautiful and fascinating creature were of almost rapturous delight. He afterward said that he never till that moment felt the full force of the smile which compares the sudden appearance of a young beauty to a sunburst. But his rapture was only for a moment. When Elizabeth, with her fine countenance lit up with serene joy, turned to him for the purpose of introducing him to her adopted sister, he experienced such an instantaneous and painful revulsion of feeling as to banish every drop of blood from his lip and cheek. It did not escape the eye of his betrothed, who, with the quick apprehension for which love is proverbial, attributed it to the true cause. A pang, keen as if an arrow feathered with lightning had been sent through her heart, for a moment slightly convulsed her features, and then they resumed their usually serene and placid expression. 'I might have foreseen this,' she said mentally, and her resolution was at once taken. Under the influence of those noble and self-sacrificing sentiments which had so long been familiar to her she did not sink. Randolph was a man of honor, and though the sight of Ella made him at once sensible that he had mistaken the nature of his sentiments as regarded Elizabeth, he struggled hard

to so discipline his feelings as to submit to what he conceived to be his fate, with so good a grace as not to betray the real state of his heart to her who possessed his warmest esteem. But to a being so impulsive such a task was impracticable. Ella's lightest footstep, the bare sound of her voice if heard only in pronouncing a monosyllable, would make him start and change color.

"Elizabeth soon became sensible that the more passionate sympathies of Ella's nature began to be called forth by the daily companionship of Randolph, and that gushes of deep and holy feeling which till now had slept, needed only the inspiration of his presence to clothe themselves in the garb of fervent and eloquent language, for as her love as yet wore the mask of friendship, it was neither timid nor reserved.

"The resolution which Elizabeth took at first did not waver. She only waited to acquire the necessary fortitude to speak to Randolph on the subject with composure, and as her exertions were sincere and earnest, she soon felt herself equal to her self-imposed task.

"As I have said before I was near Elizabeth Marsden's age, and I used frequently to spend a few days with her at her father's. It so happened that I went the very day she had determined to come to an explanation with Randolph. She welcomed me with her usual sweetness and cheerfulness, but I was struck with the paleness of her countenance, and there were times when she appeared to be absent and thoughtful. Though when in the presence of Elizabeth and Ella, Randolph experienced feelings in which there was a strange blending of pain and rapture, he could not form the resolution to absent himself for a single day. When he first entered the lane that led to the house, I perceived a sudden flush cross the pale features of Elizabeth, while a look of radiant joy lit up the countenance of Ella. As soon as I had opportunity for observation I saw that Randolph was evidently embarrassed whenever Elizabeth addressed him, and I thought he avoided meeting her eye. Elizabeth on the contrary, after the first few minutes, was entirely herself. Her intercourse with Ella, if it differed in any respect from what it formerly did, was more affectionate. Randolph stayed till after tea, and a little before sunset Elizabeth proposed a walk to the eminence, whence could be contemplated the scenery which he thought so beautiful. It was evident that the suggestion somewhat disconcerted him, but he did not object to going.

"'You must be Jane's escort,' said Elizabeth to Ella, alluding to me, and at the same time she accepted Randolph's offered arm.

"During the walk she mentioned to him what she believed to be the state of his affections, and

then, without one upbraiding word, released him from his engagement. At first he was overwhelmed with confusion and made some half intelligible protestations of esteem.

"I doubt you not," said she, "but recollect, Mr. Randolph, that in the union we at one time contemplated, esteem should be accompanied with a warmer sentiment, or there would be little chance for happiness. I indulged in a dream from which I soon awoke. You love Ella, she loves you in return. I shall see you happy together, and shall rejoice more in your and her happiness than I should in my own."

"Randolph's heart was too full to express his gratitude in words, but he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it with fervor. I never saw a greater change in a person than there was in him when he and Elizabeth rejoined us. His heart seemed to be brimful of rapturous delight, which overflowed in eloquent remarks upon the beauty of the scenery and the loveliness of the calm and quiet evening, which was gathering together a rich drapery of gold and purple clouds where the sun was just setting. I could attribute such a sudden change in his appearance to only one cause. I imagined that he had proposed to Elizabeth, and that she had accepted his proposal. I think Ella's thoughts glanced the same way, for she became silent and thoughtful. Elizabeth drew my arm within hers, and soon contrived to leave the lovers together. We walked slowly toward the house where we arrived while twilight still brightened the western sky. But when Randolph and Ella joined us night had put on her jeweled garments, and the crescent moon shone like a silver diadem upon her brow. I imagined that Ella appeared almost sad; but Elizabeth, who could judge better, knew that the calm, deep happiness which now filled her bosom could not be expressed by the almost infantine joyousness, which, heretofore, had seemed to spread around her an atmosphere sparkling with sunbeams."

"And did Ella ever know that Randolph had been engaged to Elizabeth?" inquired Ruth.

"She never did. It was a secret which Elizabeth ever guarded from her with the utmost care, as she knew the pain and regret it would give her sensitive and affectionate heart. As for Randolph it cannot be expected that he felt much anxiety to reveal that, which, to say the least, would have had little tendency to raise him in her opinion. Mr. Marsden, the only person excepting myself, that ever knew of Randolph's first engagement, at first deeply resented the slight put upon his daughter; but Elizabeth, who ever seemed to bear about with her the olive-branch of peace, succeeded in not only soothing his anger, but in even bringing him to believe that Randolph was

more suitable for Ella than for her. They were married in the course of a few months, and Randolph built a beautiful cottage near Mr. Marsden's for a summer residence. In the winter they lived in the city, and Mr. Marsden and Elizabeth always made a point of spending a few weeks with them during the coldest part of the season."

"Do you think Elizabeth was happy?" said William.

"Yes, as every one must be who acts from a principle of duty, and prefers promoting the happiness of others rather than their own, which is in truth the hidden alchemy which often converts sorrow and pain into that serene, heartfelt delight which is far more satisfactory than any selfish joy."

THE WEST.

BY ERASTUS WHITE.

I LOVE the West—the glorious West—
Beneath her smiling sun!
Where manly bosoms ever beat—
And valorous deeds were done.
Where Freedom bared her holy form
To meet the gallant strife:
And conquering stood amid the storm
And perils of young life!

Where father's sage, in council met,
The glory of our land—
When war's unhallowed star had set,
And fell the gory brand.
I love the West—I ever shall,
Since with her name is fraught
A nation's purest destiny,
The noblest end of thought!

What though the crimson blood hath dyed
Her rich exuberant soil?
This is her glory and her pride:
For this her manly toil!
Since on her battle-fields were won
The gaudiest laurels there;
And perished many a Cæsar-son
With spirit taught to dare!

Since withered on her verdant plains,
And on her hills so high!
Those hardy ones of ancient days,
The sun-burnt chivalry.
Aye—well I love the glorious West
For all the good and fair,
Her virtuous sons and gallant maids,
And for her mountain air!

The spirit walks so pure and free
Upon her verdant breast!
And life, and love, and gallantry
Are in the mighty West.
For these I love, and ever must
The virgin growing West,
'Till mingling mutually our dust—
I sleep within her breast!

THE SPY.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

CHAPTER I.

"HILLO! Look again—yonder comes a sail. There—don't you see it? just over the point of the marsh?"

The speaker addressed a party of militia men, of whom he was one, lounging on a bench before a commodious log cabin, situated on a neck of land, which jutting out into the river, formed the last piece of solid ground near the mouth of the stream, for nothing intervened between the spot and the Atlantic but a succession of salt marshes, through which the sluggish waters wound their way, for several miles, in a succession of tortuous mazes.

The place where the militia men were assembled was further distinguished by the neighborhood of a large fleet of merchant vessels, some apparently just arrived, but most of them dismantled, which lay in the little bay formed by the neck of land aforesaid. Several bales of goods, as if just unloaded, were confusedly heaped on the shore; and a slight breast-work of earth was thrown up behind them as if for defence. The men were all armed, so that everything about the place betrayed its character—that of a depot for the English merchant ships captured by the privateers that, at the beginning of the war, swarmed along our coasts, and were of vast service to the infant nation, by supplying the army with munitions, and the people with many of the comforts of life. A few chesnut trees scattered over the point gave it a peculiar aspect which will betray the locality of our story to any one who has visited the spot.

"Ay! there is a sail, sure enough," said one of the militia men, a rugged, weather-beaten personage of Herculean frame, "and a strange one too."

"There you mistake, Smith," said a third speaker, "it's Tom Hardy's boat."

"It's no more Tom Hardy's boat, Ned Harleson," said the second speaker, "than it's a willet or a grey-back. I know every craft hereabouts from Bass river down, and I tell you it's a strange sail. Hardy has a bit of dirty cloth near his gaff, and you see this fellow's is as white as your sweetheart's handkerchief, and every one knows who she is, the handsomest girl in these parts, but a league too good for you, if she makes up her mind to have you, which, take my word, Mary Anson won't do to-day."

A quick flush passed over the young man's face at these free-spoken words, but Raja Smith was one of these characters that always have

their say, and Harleson biting his lips affected to laugh, thinking it wisest to conceal the mortification he really felt. He was relieved by one of the others speaking, as if ignorant of what had been said.

"Ay! Smith is right. That's a strange sail, but can't carry more than three or four men. However we must be on the look-out for it. He's bound here."

The object of this conversation was apparently a boat of a few tones burthen, such as are common in that vicinity, which was stealing along the side of the distant marsh, her hull being as yet invisible. As the river made a wide circuit immediately below the neck, it would naturally be some time before the stranger could arrive. The men having satisfied themselves, therefore, that the sail was really a strange one, sat down and patiently awaited her approach.

It was quite an hour before the stranger, even with the favorable wind and tide, rounded the point below where the militia men were assembled. It was now seen that the boat contained but a single individual. With a dexterity that proved him a practised hand, he luffed his craft up into the wind, let go the sail and came to beautifully alongside of one of the vessels lying nearest the shore.

"Hillo, stranger, whereaway?" sang out Smith. "What news from below?"

The person addressed sprang lightly to the shore, and before he answered, took a scrutiny, though a polite one, of the person addressing him. Smith was not backward in returning the compliment, but he seemed prepossessed by his observations. The stranger was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years old, of rather an athletic person, and having a face decidedly handsome. His dress was partly that of a sailor and partly that of a landsman. He now bowed good-humoredly to Smith and replied to his questions.

"I am from the coast, sir, where there is no news. You are good whigs here, I suppose," he said, glancing at the men, and then at the fleet, "for, if I am not wrong, most of these craft are prizes from the enemy."

"Ay! we are all good whigs here," said Harleson, eyeing the stranger, "and keep a sharp look-out for tories. Pray, sir, who are you?"

The young man turned sharp on the speaker, and eyeing him from head to foot, said haughtily, "And pray, sir, who are you?"

"Peace, Ned—we can spare high words," said Smith, turning first to his comrade, and then to the new comer. "We are a dozen to one, and this stranger had not run into our net if he was an enemy."

"You say truth, there," said the young man, extending his hand frankly to Smith, every trace of his momentary indignation passing from his face. "My name is Simpson, Harry Simpson, of Philadelphia; and my business is with a Miss Mary Anson, an orphan, who, I believe, resides with her uncle not far from this place."

"Miss Mary Anson," said Harleson, with a dry cough and something of a sneer.

The brows of Simpson darkened at this interference, and he shot a keen, quick glance at the speaker; but Smith again interposed.

"Ay! sir, we can soon direct you there; but you must be aware we first require some proof of your story."

"Oh! as to that," said Simpson smiling, "I can easily satisfy you. Do you know that handwriting?" and he gave a paper to Smith.

"This is coming to the point," said that personage, after he had read the paper. "Here you have a pass from the general, and no one doubts now that you are a good whig. You wish to be directed to Miss Mary Anson's?"

"Yes!" said Simpson, and changing the subject, for the time, to avoid the prying curiosity of the old man, he continued, "you have quite a fleet of prizes here—some of them fine craft too—that ship for instance."

"Ay! she's the Ocean," said the old man, walking toward the shore and looking proudly at the vessel. "I captured her myself. Mayhap you've heard the story? I have a little bit of a craft here, with only one bull-dog, but it's a real barker; and when the news come of Bunker Hill, I put out of the inlet here, thinking I might make a prize. Well—that very day—there was a fine southerly breeze going—we spied a heavy merchantman, this very craft, sir. To cut my story short, we got astern, and sticking there, peppered away with our piece, boring the old fellow through and through, till he gave in, and so, with a mere handful of men, d'ye see, I took him."

"I've heard the story before," said Simpson, "and little thought I was talking to the hero of it. You deserve all the wealth that rumor says you got by it."

There was a smile of gratified pride on the old man's rugged features; and seeing that Simpson turned from the fleet, as if in some haste, he said,

"But I may be detaining you. Step this way and I will send a man to guide you to Anson's. You will stop with us longer, probably, when you return."

"I shall be back to-morrow, for my ship lies in the inlet, and will then accept your invitation. By the bye, have you not a scanty force for so responsible a post?"

"We have rather too few men just now," said

Smith, "but there being no enemy on the coast, we let most of the troops go home for a few days; but by day after to-morrow we shall be strong-handed enough for a whole man-of-war's crew."

With these words they parted, the old man returning to his command, while our hero, accompanied by his guide, struck into the pine forest which stretched away to an apparently interminable distance before him. It was not until after a walk of several miles that they reached their destination, a neat farm-house on the edge of one of the magnificent cedar swamps of that region, which then retained the original colossal monarchs of the forest, rivalling the trees of Lebanon. A stream of the clearest water, emerging from the dark shadows of the wood, flowed over a clear white sandy bottom near the door, and went murmuring off through the garden. It was a fair summer day, and the bees were humming among the flowers, while the honeysuckles around the door rustled in the wind, and the white curtain of the open casement waved pleasantly to and fro. A musical voice was singing gaily inside the house. This quiet and lovely scene arrested for a moment the steps of Simpson, whose guide had long since left him; and he paused by the little gate. At length he opened it and entered the yard before the house. The creaking of the hinges drew the singer to the door, and the next instant Simpson had clasped her to his arms.

"My own Mary," said our hero, holding the girl, whose rare beauty might have excused even more rapture on the part of a lover, at arm's length, while he gazed on her face, and then drawing her again to him and kissing her, "this is happiness indeed! We scarcely thought when we parted in Philadelphia that we should meet so soon."

The girl hid her blushing face on his shoulder, then looked up smilingly at him, and then again buried her eyes on his bosom.

"But I come only to bid you farewell. I am lieutenant of a new privateer, which is now lying below; and I thought I could not put to sea without an interview."

The girl lifted up her eyes, which were now full of tears, with an imploring expression; but immediately said,

"And yet it is wrong for me to repine. I know all you would say, and I will not prove unworthy of you. Your duty calls you away. But, while you are on the deep, fighting the enemies of our country, I will do my service at home by prayer. Shall I not, dearest?"

"You may, Mary, and doubt not that a cause so upheld will succeed," said her lover with enthusiasm.

Oh! there is nothing like the love of youth. In after life, no matter how bitterly misfortune pursues us, the memory of some fair summer day like that, spent with the one we love, rises up to cheer and console us. It is remembrances such as these that make us endure life!

Never was a day so happy before. Hand in hand, at sultry noonday, the lovers wandered beneath the cool dark shades of the cedars; and when evening drew on they sat by the casement, while the stars came out above one by one, and at last the crescent moon, like an Arab scimitar, gleamed between the tree tops.

CHAPTER II.

"I think I have seen that man before," said Harleson, watching the form of our hero as he left the station. "When I was down at the inlet there was such a chap about there, and folks said he was a tory."

"Nay, nay, Ned," said Smith good humoredly, "you are jealous of him because he has gone to visit pretty Mistress Anson."

"We shall see," said Harleson sullenly—"I will bet anything I am right. He comes here for no good. I should not wonder if he was a spy."

"A spy!—then why did he not return, instead of going on to Anson's?"

"Who knows that he will go there?" said Harleson sullenly. "He may turn back as soon as he leaves the guide, or he may be in no hurry to return until he has learnt all about us."

"You are jealous, Ned," again said Smith laughingly—"no spy could have got such a pass."

"I don't know that," rejoined Harleson, and with these words the conversation closed, though, before many days were over, his superior had cause to recall these words.

The morning passed undisturbed, not even a fisherman calling at the station, and toward noon the guide who had set forth with our hero returned. Night came, and morning rose; yet still things at the Neck remained unchanged.

The sun, however, had scarcely passed the zenith, when the alarm was given that a body of men was advancing across the meadows below. The force of Smith was instantly mustered, and a short time showed that these precautions were not useless, for the party was seen, on a nearer approach, to be dressed as seamen; and the uniform of an officer in the British navy was recognized among them. The scanty force of Smith formed behind the entrenchment and threw in a volley as the enemy came up; but as a sustained defence would have been madness, the enemy outnumbering his men three to one, he then gave

a reluctant order to retreat, and abandoning the post, they retired to the forest, where pursuit would be unavailing. But the enemy did not appear anxious to follow the militia. Having possessed himself of the post, he set about the purpose of his expedition, which was to burn the fleet of prizes. Fire was soon communicated to each vessel, and from their hiding place, the Americans saw, with chagrin, ship after ship wrapped in conflagration. Smith watched, with especial interest, the burning of his first prize the "Ocean." She was the last to be fired, and long after the others were in flames, her dark hull rose untouched over all the rest; but suddenly a cloud of thick, black smoke puffed up her hatchway, and almost immediately the forked tongues of the flame began to play amid the dark column. Soon the neighboring rigging caught; and now the fire spread with inconceivable rapidity, licking up the shrouds, leaping from rope to rope like blazing serpents, and rising, at last, in a tall pyramid of flame toward the sky. The roar of the conflagration was tremendous. As the wind rushed through the fleet, sheets of flame were detached from one vessel and carried to another, or whirled madly into the smoky canopy above; while showers of sparks were swept down to leeward and fell pattering and hissing into the water. The victors crowded the shore, looking exultingly at this work of ruin; and whenever a mast or spar dropped into the river sent up a shout.

"Do you remember what I told you?" said Harleson, approaching the leader, "who but a spy could have told the enemy that we were weak-handed just now?"

"You speak truth," said Smith bitterly, "would I had listened to you yesterday. That villain has betrayed us."

The eyes of Harleson glistened with exultation.

"Ay!—I knew it would be so," he said. "He has either returned to his employers and told our weakness, or a rumor of it had already reached them and he was sent to learn the truth, with the understanding, that if it proved true, he should not return. You know that would disarm suspicion."

"You are a cute one," said Smith, "I might think you a rogue yourself, you penetrate their plans so easily."

The face of Harleson flushed; but this trace of emotion passed away when his superior continued.

"But I know you too well for that. You are, I believe, right, and, as we can do no good here, and may have hot work on our hands, if we wait till those men-of-war's men have got through with their business, we may as well fall back in the

direction of Ansons, where we will be safe from pursuit. And, by the Lord, if I fall in with this villain, I will hang him on the first tree."

"I can swear to his being the tory I saw below."

"Then he dies," said his superior.

Harleson turned away, and a look of unnatural exultation, until then by a strong effort concealed, broke over his face. It escaped unnoticed, however, for the order was now passed to begin the retreat.

Several times during their march through the forest Smith and his inferior came in contact, and on every such occasion the conversation on the supposed spy was renewed. If the leader had, during that time, any misgivings of our hero's guilt, they were removed before reaching Anson's, for, when the farm-house came in sight, he halted his men, and detaching a party to make a circuit^{so} as to approach the place from the rear, marched with his remaining force toward the little garden-gate which we spoke of in our last chapter, as soon as he beheld the others emerging from the opposite wood.

"Seize him alive," were his orders, "but shoot him down if he is likely to escape."

Simpson was in the little room, half parlor and half kitchen, which fronted the gate; while Mary sat by his side, her hand clasped in his, and her eyes lifted to his face with all the rapt devotion of a loving and true-hearted woman. Scarcely an hour of the time remained which he had allotted to himself to spend with her, and the shadow of the parting moments was beginning to fall on their hearts. Their conversation had been of those things most interesting to lovers—of their first meeting in Philadelphia, of the doubts and fears of their early love, and of the blissful moment when each became assured of a return of affection. Then insensibly the conversation ceased. But Mary was thinking how noble it was in Simpson to have declared his love, just after she was left an orphan, and the discovery made that she was penniless; and our hero's mind wandered off to the future, and pictured himself returned from a successful cruise and snugly settled on shore with Mary for his wife. From these dreams both were rudely awakened by a body of armed men rushing into the room, one of whom seized Simpson by the collar. Mary, at this sudden apparition, shrieked and clung to her lover with affright; who, though thus encumbered, shook off his assailant and turned fiercely on the intruders.

"Shoot him if he resists," cried the leader, pushing aside his men to reach our hero.

The click of the muskets was heard, and Simpson looked vainly around for some weapon;

while with one arm he supported the terrified and almost fainting girl. At this juncture he recognized Smith.

"What means this?" he said, turning to that individual. "Order your men to ground their muskets, for you see I am unarmed and defenceless. And now again I ask what means this?"

"That is soon enough told, young man. Keep your muskets ready," he interposed, addressing his followers. "You are, sir, arrested for a spy."

"A spy!" said Simpson with a smile of derision.

"Yes! You came to the Neck to find out our weakness; and in consequence of your treachery we have been attacked, beaten, and the fleet burned."

"There is some mistake here," said Simpson smiling, and relieved of all apprehension. "I am as good a whig as any of you, and heartily sorry for this unfortunate defeat. My own ship is at the mouth of the river, and your news makes me anxious to reach her."

"This will not do, young man," said Smith sturdily. "Your story can't take me in: you did that yesterday with your false pass; but to-day we are even. You are a spy, and shall die the death of one."

"Good God! you do not mean what you say," ejaculated our hero, beginning to think, from the looks of the officer, that the affair was serious.

"I do though—so you know what to prepare for."

Mary had stood, during this short dialogue, gazing bewildered from one to another of the speakers; but at these dreadful words she started forward eagerly,

"Surely, Mr. Smith," she said, for the officer was well known to her, "you do not intend this—"

"Now is no time for women's words, Miss Mary," said the old man. "Sir, this is all idle," and he turned to Simpson.

"I appeal to God against this brutal murder, for such it will be," said our hero. The only answer of Smith was to look significantly at his men, who clicked the locks of their muskets and began to close in around their prisoner.

At this instant a new party appeared on the scene in the person of Mr. Anson, who breaking through the soldiery, confronted their officer, his features working with surprise and indignation.

"What is this, I hear?" he demanded, "Mr. Simpson charged with being a spy, and threatened with death, in my own house too?"

"It is even so," said the officer.

"Good heavens! he is a commissioned officer," replied Mr. Anson. "You dare not do it—you dare not do it," he exclaimed passionately, "it is as much as your life is worth."

"We will see about that," replied Smith, with warmth. "He is a traitor, and shall die in five minutes."

The threat would have been executed; but at this juncture, Mary broke from her lover, who had still supported her, and rushing forward she grasped the speaker's arm and exclaimed,

"Oh! Mr. Smith, you know not what you say. He is innocent. I know he is. He could not do such an act. Spare his life, or God, in your dying hour, will not spare you."

The action had been so sudden, her words were so impassioned, and there was such a pleading agony in her face, that the old man was moved in spite of himself. She saw the effect she had produced and eagerly availed herself of it.

"You will not do it," she said, her whole face becoming radiant with hope. "I knew you would not."

"I fear, my good girl, this matter is above your understanding," he said, after a pause. "I will wait, however, till morning. Then he must die."

He signed to his men, who closed in by a sudden movement around our hero. At his words Mary had become pale as death, and seeing, by this act, that further entreaty was hopeless, she fell senseless into her uncle's arms.

They hurried Simpson from the room; not even allowing him to approach Mary, for they could not look on their work without a pang.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE WRONGED TO HER ACCUSER.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTRIFE.

Is all the past to be a dream,
The flickering of a transient beam?
And will it glad our home no more,
The love that we have loved of yore?
Has it forever died away,
Like strains of heavenly harmony?

Oh! call ye back the cruel word—
Say that in hastiness ye erred—
Say not this meeting is our last,
By the sweet memories of the past!
Not such had ever been to me
A tale so false, if told of thee.

Since the first years of wedded youth
Hath there been ought to yield it truth?
The tribute by this poor heart brought,
What hath it been—but kindly thought?
Thro' good and ill was thine—my lot—
Untrue to thee! Oh! think it not.

Then wherefore such wild credence pay,
To all that slanderous tongue may say,
To rouse within the breast such fears
Against the cherished one of years—
Then deem not such reproach can be,
The tale is false they tell to thee.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was night in the old homestead, night in the fall time—or rather it was one of those quiet, calm evenings which the farmer enjoys so much when his crops are all in, and his cellar crowned with winter stores for the family. It was not exactly cold enough to excuse Mrs. Davies for scolding the young folks for not shutting the doors every time they went in and out, even if the good lady had been so inclined, and yet the cheerful fire which blazed on the kitchen hearth, and sent its light flashing and gleaming over the walls, gave an air of snugness and comfort to the dim, old room which was more pleasant even than the soft twilight of a summer evening. The farmer's wife had taken up her knitting work, and the shadow of those nimble fingers tangled with the yarn, danced grotesquely on the opposite wall, while the mixed sock grew in form and substance with every twinkle of the bright needles. A Japan tray, filled with luscious red apples, stood on the little round candle-stand at Mrs. Davies' elbow, and a cat lay drowsing beneath the wooden stool on which both her feet rested.

Though Mrs. Davies had composed herself comfortably for the evening, the rest of the family were still busy "doing up the work." Two young and exceedingly beautiful girls were busy about the supper-table; and farmer Davies himself was out on the back stoop washing his hands after distributing the scant "fodder" which a sharp frost had rendered necessary for his cattle. As the girls cleared away the supper-table they cast anxious glances now and then on one another and spoke in low voices, while their sweet faces seemed troubled and sad. The old lady too seemed a little disturbed, she hurried on across the seam stitch around—around at least an inch after she ought to have set the heel of her sock. Now and then she would drop the work in her lap, but with the yarn still tangled in her fingers, and sit gazing on the fire for a minute together. Then she would snatch up her work again, look round at the girls to see if they were observing her, and knit away more vigorously than before.

At last a rap was heard in front of the house, the door was flung open, and a young man came quickly through an adjoining room into the kitchen. The old lady half rose from her chair at his entrance, but sunk back again and kept on knitting, though her dark eyes glittered, and her hands shook till the needles rattled far more than usual.

"Well, mother—well girls, I am off in the morning," exclaimed the youth, drawing forth

a letter and flourishing it in his hand, while his eyes flashed and his cheeks burned with excitement.

For an instant the old lady's fingers paused in the task, her healthy cheek turned a shade paler, and then she went on as before—but the two girls came anxiously forward, both were troubled, and one was pale and trembling.

"Oh! Charles, you have not got the letter! you will not go and leave us!" they both exclaimed, while Emma, the youngest, flung her arms about him and burst into tears.

"Why, girls, girls, what fools you are crying at the best thing that ever happened to me—see, mother there takes it like a philosopher." The philosopher dropped her head and seemed very busy taking a seam stitch that her light-hearted boy might not detect the quiver of her lip, or the tears that dimmed her glasses.

"But come, I say, bustle about, my things must all be packed before morning. There now, bring back the supper, I am hungry as a Turk." He flung Emma gaily from him as he spoke, and going up to the table drew a pie that had been left on it toward him, and cutting a piece began to eat, while his sisters brought back the cold meat and vegetables that had been carried to the pantry.

"Well, Charles," said the low voice of Mrs. Davies, while her son was making vigorous attacks on the cold meat, with those sweet girls hovering sadly around him. "You have determined to leave us?"

"Why, mother, it is all nonsense expecting a young fellow like—that is one who has any ambition—to rust out his life on a farm. What is the good of it?—we only make a living and hardly that—now just a living won't content me—I am for a little less work and a little more pay."

"We shall remember you, Charles," replied the gentle mother. Her voice broke and she could add no more.

"Oh, yes, so much," cried Emma, dropping her head to the hands which she had clasped over the back of his chair and sobbing aloud, while Catharine stood on the opposite side the table mournfully gazing on his face.

"Now do be still, this crying is enough to take away a fellow's appetite for six months. I know you will miss me, of course you will, that's to be expected, but we must part sometime—we shall all get married off one of these days—I'll find beaux for you in the city, depend on it girl's—and as for you, mother—" here, in spite of himself, the boy's voice broke. He started up, ran to his mother and kissed her—"as for you, mother—as for you—why, why—hang it! I am crying myself!"

He might well cry, that careless, impetuous boy. The good lady had dropped her work, flung her arms around his handsome form and was sobbing on his bosom—sobbing like a child for the first time in her married life.

"Mother, mother, don't—I shall come back again every summer. When I am rich, one of the merchant princes, do you hear—you shall come and keep house for me—father shall walk about like a gentleman, and the girls shall cut a dash in Broadway with the proudest of them. It's all for your sake—come, come, kiss me again, mother—there, don't you hear father coming through the stoop!"

The old lady did kiss him again, and though she took her seat and appeared quite calm, her tears lay on the crimson cheek of her son as he turned to meet his father.

"Well, father, I'm off in the morning, and no mistake. Curtis has sent me a letter."

The old man had only flung the door open in order to obtain light from the kitchen while he wiped his hands on the roller towel outside. He was in no haste to enter, but kept on rubbing his hand-palms, while the whole kitchen was filled with the delicious odor of an apple pile heaped in the orchard behind the house.

"If you have made up your mind, Charles, nothing will stop you, I suppose," said the old man, sitting down by the fire and taking an apple from the tray. He did not attempt to eat the apple, but kept rubbing its crimson sides with his palm as he bent forward and continued his speech without once looking at his son.

"If you are determined on it, why go!—we can get along somehow, though it will be tough work in ploughing time and harvest."

"But, father, you can hire a man to help you," interposed the youth.

"Well, yes, it's pretty tough work though to make both ends meet once a year as it is—a man's wages will make it rather more against us, I calculate, Charles. And then again it don't seem so much like work, when your help is the little fellow that you have taken out into the lot with you ever since he could taddle across the room—that shouldered his little hoe for a plaything, till it was difficult to tell the time when he began to work in earnest and not for fun. Then the lonesomeness of the homestead here, on winter nights when ice is piled on the shore, and the high winds set the sea roaring and lashing over it."

"But, father, only think, it's only seventy-five miles to New York—I shall come down to the island very often, especially in the winter. You know that lots of young fellows spend weeks here in the coldest weather deer-hunting. I shall

certainly come home very often, you will see," cried Charles, earnest to defend his ambitious plan of a city life.

"And then," said the old man, rubbing the crimson coat of his apple again till it glistened in the fire-light—"then to think that a son of mine has become ashamed of his father's honest calling—ashamed of working on the land his great grandfather bought and cleared."

"No—no, father—not that—not that!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Emma, coming to her brother's rescue—"Charles is not ashamed of farmer's work, nothing of the kind, are you, Charles? He only wants to be a merchant prince, and, and——"

"A merchant prince!" exclaimed the old man, toasting his apple into the fire, and looking his son full in the face. "A merchant, fiddlestick! He only wants to stand behind a counter, using the strong arms that ought to hold an honest plough, in measuring off ribands and silks for a set of silly, whimsical, helpless, high-bred women, that have nothing to do but run about the streets and spend the money that better people earn. He wants to whiten his face in the half sunset of a dry-goods store—curl his hair, like a girl, and use the eyes our Heavenly Father has given him that he may search out and learn to love the great and beautiful things of creation, in peering under a girl's bonnet. The lips that should only be opened in cheerfulness and truth—and which, thank God! never were opened for anything less honest till this city fever come into his head—he would demean with soft words and silly smiles, in order to wheedle thoughtless women into wicked extravagance. A merchant prince—I tell you what, Emma, I'd rather see your brother there an honest farmer than all the merchant princes in York city—but if he will make a fool of himself—if he will go out from this old roof and try the world, let him go. He shall have my blessing and his mother's, that's all I can give him, Emma, but he shall have that!—now, Charles, go away with the girls and pack up your things."

"But, father!" said Charles eager, with all the presumption of seventeen, to convince the old man that his own plan of life was wisest and best.

"Charles," interposed the farmer quietly, "my mind is made up, so is yours—go and wear your folly out. When you are tired of a city life come to the farm again, only come without stain on your conscience—come back an honest man as you go forth an honest boy—there is no shelter here for guilt, remember that, Charles Davies, remember that! You are going to a place where temptation is great, and guilt

may follow temptation! Now go pack up the things, and then come back to prayers all of you!"

Charles went out, followed by the two girls, leaving the old people alone. For a long time they remained in profound silence, the farmer leaning forward with his hands clasped, an elbow resting on each knee, and his thumbs pressed hard together; at length he turned his eyes stealthily toward his wife, detected the tears stealing down her cheek and turned his gaze sadly on the fire again.

"Well, Hepsey, he has determined on it!—he will go."

The old man had tried hard to force them back, but tears broke his voice, though they had not reached his eyes. The old lady laid down her knitting work, looked around to be certain that no one could be a witness of the act, and stealing her arm around his neck kissed her husband's forehead.

"Let us hope for the best, Joshua—let us hope for the best," she said with a comforting smile, "we were all young once, you know. Don't let poor Charles see how much we take it to heart."

The next evening was indeed a lonesome one at the homestead.

"Lend me ten dollars! Barnes."

"A young man with disordered hair, and eyes flashing with unnatural excitement, made this request of a friend who stood near him amid the flashing lights, the cool, eager faces, and the clink of money that filled a gambling house in the city. The veins on his forehead were swollen, his face was colorless, and drops of perspiration stood on the upper lip.

"Not a farthing, Davies," replied his companion—"for heaven's sake think what you are about. You have borrowed at least three hundred already."

"Ha! have I," cried Davies, with a ghastly smile, unbuttoning his vest and throwing it open, for a weight was on his heart, and he could not draw a deep breath.

"It shall be paid."

"Come, let us go home, now," said Barnes, taking the young man's arm.

"I am ready, come!"

The two young men—they were very young—went forth together; but he with the open vest and the deathly smile staggered like a drunken man.

It was autumn again, and the old homestead stood as it had done the year before. Heaps of apples lay piled up in the orchard near the cider mill; golden ears gleamed through the lattice work of the corn-house, everything bespoke happiness

and comfort, still the inmates of the house were dull, sad and spiritless. They sat alone, the good couple, before a hickory fire. The old lady pursued her knitting mechanically, and her husband sat watching her with a restless and dissatisfied look.

"It is a year, a whole year, and he has never been at home. Can he have the heart to disappoint us now?" said the old man in a voice of sorrowful indignation!

"Hark, they are coming. That is Catharine's voice and his—they have met him, Joshua, he is here. I knew he would not disappoint us this time!"

The old lady started up, dropped her knitting work and ran to the door as she uttered these disjointed words. The next instant her son was in her arms kissing her cheek with wild, eager fondness, and sobbing like a child. She drew him into the light. She put the thick curls back from his forehead and gazed lovingly on his face. It was thin and changed, but full of keen expression; the bright, cheerful smile of his boyhood was gone forever. Still he tried to smile, but it was an effort that gave an expression of sad regret to every feature. The young man still hung around his mother, even after she would have shared his caresses with the stout old man, who stood on the hearth with outstretched hand, twinkling away the glad tears that would spring to his eyes.

Did the young man fear to lay his white hand in the hard palm of the farmer? It might be for it was cold as ice when the old man gave it that affectionate grip. A single clasp of the hand did not satisfy the yearning love which drew that honest heart toward the new comer.

"Give me a hug—give me a hug, Charles—I wish you were a baby again, and then it would seem more natural. That's right, but how cold you are, Charles, how you shake, come close to the fire. The girls, too, they look pale and cold as marble images—come all of you, swarm up to the hearth, the coast wind has chilled you through. That's right, Hepsey, draw up the table, a good hot cup of tea will set them all right in less than no time."

Good Mrs. Davies required no urging to hospitable acts, she was already busy as a bird preparing supper. She would pause while spreading the snow-white cloth to gaze on her son—she asked him, as she came forth with the old fashioned China, if he remembered crying for it to play with when he was a baby. She made believe that the fire burned her face as she filled the Britannia tea-pot from the streaming kettle, and so turned it fondly up to his—dear old lady it was an innocent excuse for gazing at the loved

one. So when she turned the short-cake in its pan, or the broiled chicken on its grid-iron, she would lift up her hand between her and the fire, and make an ado about the heat, while everybody could see that it was only the warmth of her own heart that lighted those mild features with smiles and turned them ever in one direction.

At last the supper was ready, and the whole family sat down. They had all taken tea early in the evening, but there was no harm in sitting down again. It seemed like old times to see him in his place once more; and the dog, dear old Neptune, standing in *his* old place to catch the fragments of chicken which he was certain would fall to his share from the young master's plate.

Dear Mrs. Davies', she was so happy that it was a long time before she could observe that the girls were silent and abstracted, that the chill and color which had marked their sweet faces when they first came in did not disappear with warmth and food as their father predicted. Charles, too, as the evening wore on, seemed drooping with sadness and fatigue; his eyes would fill with tears now and then as they met the affectionate glance which his mother turned upon him every instant, but they always fell beneath the gaze of the good farmer, fell guiltily, and always a tinge of crimson flew over the cheek at the same instant.

That night as the father knelt in family prayer and poured forth an eloquent thanksgiving for the return of his first born, a sob broke from the son's bosom, and he was obliged to press the cambric handkerchief hard against his trembling mouth, to force back the utterance of anguish that made him shake upon his knees—shake like the guilty thing he was.

Deep in the night Charles Davies lay on his own bed again still dressed, but with the quilt gathered roughly over him, and his face buried in the pillows. The candle had been put out, but there was moonlight enough to reveal two sweet faces bending over him—full of troubled love were those beautiful faces, and the dim light made them seem almost angelic with its refining influence.

"I have thought it all over—there is yet a way to save you from this terrible exposure," said the low, clear voice of Catharine Davies. Emma held her breath and listened while the young man started wildly up.

"Tell me what it is—oh, Catharine, tell me—tell me!"

The wretched young man gasped for breath, his dark eyes glittered in the moonlight, and his limbs trembled till the bed shook under him.

The noble girl told him her plan of self-sacrifice. At first he would not listen to it—"let me go to prison," he said—"let him prosecute—my

God, my God that I should have come to this," he exclaimed with bitter remorse—"oh, that I had never left this roof."

The gentle sisters soothed, persuaded and tranquilized him with their pure caresses till at length he became more calm, and listened to their affectionate reasoning with something like composure.

"But you will not tell my father—I would rather die at once!" he cried with returning agitation.

"No," replied Catharine soothingly, "only our mother, she must help us—but she is so kind, so forgiving, and we need not say all—nothing of the gambling nor—" Catharine paused, and a slight shudder ran through her frame.

"Nor of the forgery!" said the wretched youth with a low moan. "No wonder you cannot speak it, Catharine."

"We need only say that you have run in debt—she will let us go—she will help us, for, oh, Charles, you do not know how she loves you!"

Charles turned upon his pillow and groaned.

"We must leave you now," whispered Catharine, "the house is so still they may hear us—try and sleep a little, Charles!"

"Dear, dear brother!" murmured Emma, "only keep down these dreadful feelings. Trust Kate, she can do anything, and so can I, if it is to help you, Charles, only she must tell me how."

With these words the sisters clung together and stole out of the room.

The next week Joshua Davies and his wife sat in the homestead alone. Both were strangely low spirited. The good farmer kissed the sweet faces of his young daughters; he was surprised that even his wife could have won his consent to their departure for the city. But they were gone by his own permission, and he felt their loss deeply. It was something more than loneliness that gave the troubled and anxious expression to the mild features of the wife; still the unsuspecting farmer thought it was only regret for the absence of all her children that had clouded her serene brow.

It was near evening. A group of three persons stood near the granite door steps of a house in Bleecker street. Two of the group were females in straw cottages and pretty merino cloaks, and one had a neat travelling basket in her hand.

"Now," said the tallest of the two girls, taking the hand of her male companion, "don't be down hearted, Charles, you see I am not frightened in the least. It is only Emma that trembles, but she'll find courage enough when we get into the house. Keep near the door and watch when we come out. It will be with good news, I'm certain of it!"

Charles Davies wrung the little hand in his and turned away, for he could not speak.

"Come, Emma, don't turn back—nothing will comfort him now? Wait till we come out again with word that all is safe—we must be courageous. Come," and passing an arm gently around her younger sister, Catharine led her up the steps and rang the bell.

"Oh! how I tremble," murmured Emma, grasping her sister's cloak.

"We have done no wrong—why should we tremble?" replied the more resolute Catharine.

"But *he* has done wrong—I feel ashamed for him, sorry—oh, how sorry, but yet ashamed too. It seems as if I should sink to the ground, Kate."

"If you are afraid—so much afraid, I will go in alone," replied Kate gently.

"No, no—I am his sister too. I will go with you—hark! they are coming!"

The door opened, and in a few minutes Catharine and Emma Davies stood in the midst of a sumptuous drawing-room before the merchant whom their brother had wronged. He was a stern, cold looking man, and rose from his easy chair of purple velvet with the calm, condescending dignity of a superior, wondering at this untimely intrusion of two persons evidently of humble rank and strangers in the city.

Emma hesitated and remained near the door. Even Catharine felt her limbs tremble as she moved across the room and stood before the merchant, with the light from a neighboring lamp revealing the pale, Grecian outline of her face, till even the old merchant was struck by its singular beauty; and a young man who sat reading at a little sofa-table, looked up with kindling admiration in his dark eyes.

"What names did the man give," whispered the merchant, bending toward the young man as Catharine drew near.

"Davies if I heard correctly," was the low reply.

"It was probably Mrs. Mason that you wished to see," said the merchant, glancing from Catharine's face to the little basket in her hand—"but she has gone out this evening."

Catharine attempted to speak, but the words died on her lip. She turned a timid look toward the trembling young creature by the door, who answered it with a glance of imploring tenderness.

"No, sir," she said in a hurried voice, but so indistinct that her auditor could hardly distinguish the words, "my business is with you. It is about my brother, Charles Davies, he is a clerk of yours!"

"He *was* a clerk of mine, but is so no longer," replied the merchant sternly—"if you are his

sister, young woman, I can only say that, with all connected with him, you are much to be pitied."

"I know that, sir—I know it all. We know that he has been very wicked—that he forged a paper and got three hundred dollars of your money. He told us himself, and we came down here, Emma there and I, to ask if nothing can be done. He says you will expose him—that you will put him in prison."

"The young villain is right there," muttered the merchant, resuming his seat.

"Oh! no, no, sir—you will not do that—he is but eighteen. He is an only son—all the brother we have on earth! You will not ruin us all for three hundred dollars—think, sir, think how much he suffers. He would have told father—if you only knew father, sir, so upright, so stern, and yet so kind, you would wonder that he had the courage to think of telling him this dreadful secret, but he came on purpose—he did indeed! But then he told us first. It was natural that he should, for we loved him so much—we knew that he had done wrong, but loved him just as much. Don't think us wicked for that, sir, girls are not like men in such things, I suppose we couldn't help loving him though he had done so.

"We could not indeed!" said Emma, coming from the door with her little gloved hands clasped under her cloak, and her soft eyes gleaming through their tears. "It was not so much Catharine's fault, she would have talked to him very severely only for me, but he looked so penitent, so heart-broken that I could not bear to hear it."

"Well, sir," resumed Catharine, taking the hand of her sister and nestling it under her cloak. "He could not tell father, the old man was so happy and glad to see him again—it seemed like another crime to do it. Emma and I happened to think of something—it was in the night, and we had been crying together—crying the harder because we could hear his sobs from the next room. We made up our minds to come down here and hire out, Emma and I, till the money was all paid up. We are used to work—see here," Catharine drew off her sister's glove and held out a pretty hand, perfectly formed, but rosy and hard with toil, "she is the most delicate, and you can hardly think how much work she can do."

"Oh, sir," interposed Emma, lifting her sweet, earnest face to the astonished merchant. "If you would but let us work in your houses here and keep our wages till all the money is paid back again, we will keep as busy as bees night and day. If any of you are sick we will take such care of you, and be so good and grateful."

"Oh! if you could but make up your mind to be so generous—it would save us all," cried Catharine, pressing her suit with touching eloquence. "If you had a son who had done wrong, only think how grateful you would be to any one who had given him a chance to save his character."

"Father you will not hesitate, you cannot!" said the young man, who had risen and was leaning over his father's chair.

"And suppose I consent to conceal this fraud in your brother," replied the merchant, concealing his astonishment and speaking in measured tones which belied his generous feelings. "How long would you be willing to work for his debt?"

"One whole year—two! as many as you think right," exclaimed both girls at once; "besides if you will but trust Charles again he will help us. You can keep back his wages, too," said Catharine—"and here is seventy-five dollars all in silver that mother gave us for her share, she has been laying it up these fifteen years out of the egg and butter money. If she were only here you could not have the heart to refuse!"

"If he did I would disown him!" muttered the young gentleman in a low tone, which brought a smile to the lips of his father.

The merchant was a man of few words. He took the money which Catharine had drawn from her basket, counted it deliberately over and emptied it in a pile on the table, then drawing forth his pocket-book, he took out the forged check and gave it to Emma.

"There is the evidence that I should bring against your brother—you can burn it and I have no power over him."

Emma took the paper, held it up in her trembling hands and tried to read, but the letters swam before her eyes and she could scarcely stand or utter a word of thanks.

"But you will let us work for it," cried Catharine, in a voice of touching gratitude.

"Come to-morrow—Mrs. Mason will settle on the wages—this debt shall be paid as you desire."

"And Charles, poor Charles, may he help us? Will you trust him again? He will do right, I am sure of it."

"I have not mentioned his delinquency. Let him go back to his duties and prove himself worthy of such sisters," said the merchant, kindly walking toward the door with them as they prepared to go out.

"They are beautiful creatures," exclaimed the young man as his father entered the room again. "You do not really intend to hire them as servants, sir?"

"As you sail for Europe in the morning," replied the father with a grave smile, "their

beauty will scarcely be an objection. They seem honest girls, and will make good servants no doubt. Lock up that pile of silver, will you?"

The next day Catharine and Emma Davies commenced their duties in the merchant's household—and that very day young Mason sailed for Europe.

Another autumn came round, another harvest was gathered, and once more the family circle at the old homestead was complete. Charles had returned to the farm with an earnest desire to make his family happy; the sisters had grown more lovely in their season of self-sacrifice—their duty of affection was accomplished—with their own gentle tenderness they had won back the stray sheep to its fold again. It was a rough sunset. One of these storms that lash the seaboard with their fury was raging upon the ocean. The homestead stood so near the shore that every leap of the waves, every lash of the angry wind could be distinctly heard on the warm hearthstone. Black clouds were heaped like funeral drapery all over the sky; the frightened gulls darted through them, now dipping their snowy wings in the white sea-foam, now shooting off in the blackness above. Flashes of angry foam could be seen leaping up from behind the rocks which lay like sleeping giants all along the shore, and beyond was the heaving ocean.

"Charles, Charles, bring ropes, call Neptune, a ship is driving against the rocks. Let us save what lives we can before the island wreckers are out."

It was the voice of farmer Davies who had run up through the storm half way from the rugged shore, and stood swinging his hat as a signal for his son.

Charles snatched a lead rope from the stoop and went out—the girls each flung a shawl over her head and followed him down to the shore, accompanied by Neptune, a great Newfoundland dog.

The wind was raging like a hurricane as they forced their way down the gorge of a precipice overhanging the roaring breakers. Emma's shawl was torn from her shoulders and carried far out to sea; while Catharine lost her comb in the struggle to save hers, and her heavy black tresses were left to the mercy of the wind. Still the courageous girls hurried on down the slippery rocks and through the storm, till they reached a shelf so near to the surging waves that the spray dashed over them as they crouched down on its edge, and watched the laboring ship as it heaved and groaned in a fierce struggle with the elements. It was a British packet, and the deck

was crowded with human forms flinging up their arms in a wild appeal for help, or kneeling upon the deck stupified with despair. The vessel plunged on directly for the precipice which loomed blackly above them—it struck, reeled back like a drunken monster, and struck again. A shriek—one wild, mighty shriek tore upward from the riven deck, and the next wave gorged itself with human life.

Farmer Davies and Charles were on the rocks striving to aid the sufferers. They flung out ropes. They twice launched a boat which was dashed back on the rocks; but the two girls only felt that the loved ones were in danger, that death and storm was all around them, for the jutting rocks shut the father and son out from their view. The dog lay crouching at Emma's feet with his paws extended, and his intelligent eyes fixed on the wreck. All at once he started up, uttered a low growl and plunged into the boiling surf.

"It is a man. I saw him lifted with the last wave. Oh! if Neptune can but save him," cried Emma, sinking to her knee on the shelf of rock so near to the water that the white foam dashed over her foot. As the angry waters boiled up, she bent more and more forward. With eager eyes and clasped hands she gazed eagerly on the dog who had come up with the body, and was struggling toward the shore with it. Catharine flung her arm around her more excitable sister and held her back, while she clung to a fragment of the rock and watched the struggles of that noble dog. He neared the rocks: he reached the shelf, dragging the insensible form after him. The girls saw that pale, senseless face as the brave animal lifted it above the water. A simultaneous cry burst from their lips. They both fell upon their knees almost in the surf and held forth their arms eagerly toward the body. Neptune tried to clamber up the shelf, but a wave was sweeping him back when Catharine reached forth her hand, caught his insensible burden by the garments and shrieked aloud for help.

Farmer Davies and his son heard the cry and came hastily round the point. Charles caught hold of his sister who was almost dragged into the boiling surge, and the old man pulled the body on shore.

Charles turned to look upon the rescued man, he knew those pale and youthful features, and sunk to his knees on the wet rock.

"Oh, God! oh, God! how shall I be grateful enough," he exclaimed, covering his face with both hands—"he had mercy on me, and now I can give back the life of his son!"

It was young Mason whom the grateful family had rescued.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

BY W. O. GIRARDEAU.

Those faded hours—those faded hours,
Of youthful hopes gone by—
Those faded hours of childhood's dream
How oft for them I sigh!
Those hours when life and hope were high,
And pleasure in them all;
Alas! nor tear—nor burning sigh
Can e'er those hours recall.

They long have fled, yet mem'ry flings
A greenness 'round them still,
And Time, though saddened years it brings,
Can ne'er their verdure chill.
It brings to mind the long, bright days
Of early, joyous youth—
Remembrance of its gleesome plays—
Of childhood's simple truth.

Remembrance sweet, though sad maybe
Of hours so full of joy,
For then I fancy that I see
Myself again a boy.
Those halcyon days alone on earth
In which a bliss is given,
That nurtures in our hearts the birth
Of brighter dreams of Heaven.

SONNET TO MIDNIGHT.

BY EMMA HARLEY.

THOU sad and silent home, whose tardy pace
My busy muse so oft of care beguiles,
I love thee; and whene'er thy moonlit face
Shines on me with its thousand starry smiles
I wake, and watch those distant sparkling orbs
In solemn silence move their marshal'd files,
While admiration every thought absorbs.

A deep repose lies on the earth, and save
The whispering sound of tree-tops faintly heard,
Which, as in act of worship, softly wave—
Nought can disturb the rest of sleeping bird:
And such the stillness that the list'ning ear
Catches with gladness e'en a voice—a word—
Breaking the charm that awes us into fear!

THE BRIDE

TO HER HUSBAND.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIERSON.

As the fragrant heart of the virgin rose,
When at dewy morn, its leaves unclosed;
As the flake of snow, when it first finds rest,
On the feathery moss of the mountain's breast;

As the young moon's light, on streamlet thrown,
Where gentle ring-doves drink alone;
As the gem that lies, in the deep, deep sea,
So pure, so true is my love for thee!

THE STEP MOTHER.

BY "F. E. F." AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "THE WIDOWER," &C.

CHAPTER I.

"AND he has one child, you say, Amelia?"

"Yes—a little girl about six years old," replied Miss Carson. "Indeed, Mary, you may well congratulate me on my happiness, for it is perfect. Mr. Melville is all I could wish, and his standing, position, fortune—all—more than I could have expected. There is no drawback, no shadow on my future."

"Except this child," replied her friend, a little anxiously.

"I do not look upon her as such. She will rather be a play-thing and occupation to me, than a care," replied the bride elect, cheerfully, unconsciously repeating the very words in which she had answered Mr. Melville, when he had apprehensively touched upon the same chord, but the animated and careless tone in which she pronounced them, was so unlike the tender and earnest voice in which she had reassured the anxious heart of the widowed father, that Mr. Melville, himself, would certainly not have recognised the same words, had he heard them again. Mrs. Livingston, however, who was a mother, replied seriously,

"It is a heavy responsibility that you are assuming, Amelia," to which her friend answered, with equal gravity, and some stiffness,

"I am aware of it, and hope to do my duty."

Mrs. Livingston felt that there was nothing more to be said, or nothing that would be graciously received, and the subject dropped.

Mr. Melville was not less happy in announcing his approaching marriage to his friends, and dwelt much, as is customary with widowers on such occasions (whether thinking that their years or the fact requires an apology) on the advantage and happiness his little girl was to derive from his union. One would have supposed to hear him, that it was chiefly for her benefit that he took the step—men are always so self-sacrificing in consulting their own tastes!

"In making a second marriage," he said, earnestly, in talking over the matter with a friend of his first wife's, "I have not considered my own feelings alone. Julia will find a mother in Miss Carson, whose gentleness and affection will secure her happiness, and win, I hope, her love. I have not chosen a young girl, (Miss Carson was five-and-twenty, at which age gentlemen look upon a woman as suitable in point of years to any man at forty and upwards,) nor one whose personal charms are her chief attractions."

The bride elect was very pretty, but being decidedly quite up to her prime, Mr. Melville felt he might, with justice, and besides, it was incumbent on his dignity to dwell upon her mind and character, rather than her person. Few are quite frank in avowing how much their admiration has been won by externals, and widowers always seem to feel bound to give any reason but the true one for their "second experiment of living," and the sudden importance at these times, that is attached to their children's future, is quite wonderful.

"The addition to my own happiness is, of course, great," he continued, "but for Julia, I consider the advantages of the steps I am about to take inestimable. The dangers and difficulties that surround a girl unprotected by female love and guidance, are incalculable, and I own I should look forward to the future with a motherless child upon my hands, rather with dread and anxiety than pleasure and hope. But I ask no greater happiness for my little Julia than that she should resemble Amelia in heart and character. May she form her mind and manners after the graceful, refined, and elevated model that she will ever have before her," and Mr. Melville, once upon this topic, the father was soon merged in the lover, the child in the bride. In fact, the man was ashamed of his own happiness, and only talked of his daughter, lest he might be ridiculous in dwelling on "his Amelia."

The marriage soon took place, and when the bride saw company, the little Julia, in her book muslin and pink ribbons, was quite conspicuous as she held "mamma's bouquet," and was pronounced a "little love," and answered as readily and prettily as if she had been taught, (which, of course, could not be) when asked "who she loved best," and "who was the prettiest lady in the room," "my new mamma."

Mr. Melville smiled with delight as he glanced from his graceful bride to the curly headed child, who, unchecked, drew the rings from the fingers of its new parent, and patted the little prattler on the head, with an affection undimmed by any cloud, for she was too young to shadow the feeling of youth bubbling up within him. Talk of the happiness of a *young* bridegroom! We are rather inclined to think that that of the middle aged exceeds it. One volume of Life has been closed, and existence has become "stale, flat, and unprofitable," almost at a stand still, when lo! the book is again opened—the past is cleared at a bound, and the whole story is began again, as the reader would fondly imagine, "at the beginning." And to shake off ten, fifteen, nay, even twenty years of existence is no trifle. It is enough, perhaps, to turn a man's brain, and not

only make him doubt, but almost deny his identity. What youthful belle at sixteen values a becoming bonnet or cherishes a compliment, as a fading beauty may, at riper years? Why, then ask the young bridegroom to prize the soft looks and tender tones that he looks upon as his right, as he may fifteen years later, when they have ceased to be a matter of course, and come with the freshness of novelty and favor.

Upon the present occasion Mr. Melville had none of that sense or fear of ridicule, that will force itself upon the most hardy at such times, for he had not married, as he said, a "mere girl." Amelia was young enough to suit his tastes, and yet old enough to satisfy the world. The seventeen years difference between them was a disparity that he called "nothing," (though it enchanted him) and which did not call forth the indignation of society, as it will sometimes burst out when the lady is younger. A woman's age, after a certain point, seems to proceed at a geometrical ratio, while a man's keeps on the even tenor of its way, (without he happens to become a widower, and then it runs back upon its path, like a ball that has been struck too forcibly to its end) and the bride of five-and-twenty is looked upon as very fortunate, who secures a gentlemanly man with a handsome establishment. And if he should have a child or two, and some fifteen or twenty years her advantage, why "that is nothing," "she could not expect every thing," and therefore the public of their little world concurred in stamping with its approbation the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Melville.

CHAPTER II.

AMELIA had been married some six months, when one morning, as Mrs. Livingston called upon her, she found her sitting in her parlors preparing worsteds, with her frame before her, and the little Julia seated on a cushion at her feet.

"What a pretty picture," she exclaimed. "Really, Amelia, this is charming," and she threw herself in a deep arm chair, and looked about her with an air of satisfaction and approbation, that fully atoned for any of the doubts she might have expressed before her friend's marriage. Mrs. Livingston and Amelia had been intimate for many years, and Mrs. Livingston being a few years the elder of the two, Amelia was accustomed to refer to her in all her little embarrassments and perplexities. The conversation becoming warm and animate, the little Julia was forgotten, who soon missing the attention and amusement that a child is apt to require, became troublesome in her demands upon Mrs. Melville, who said, somewhat impatiently,

"Here Julia, love, suppose you wind mamma's worsteds for her," and placing her stand, with a skein upon it, at the other extremity of the room, left the little girl very well pleased, while she returned to continue her discussion with her friend.

Five minutes had hardly elapsed (Amelia thought not one) when Julia came back.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Melville, vexed again, to be again interrupted. "You have not finished that skein."

"I am tired," answered the child, a little sullenly.

"Tired!" repeated Amelia, in a tone of reproof, "oh, I am afraid you are a lazy little girl."

Julia hung her head and made no reply.

"Don't lean upon me so, Julia," said her mother, "see how you tumble my trimming. You know I always tell you not to lean upon me in this way, when I am dressed." There was real vexation in Mrs. Melville's voice, now. "There, stand off. What *do* you want?"

"My skein is all tangled," answered the child.

"Then I will unravel it for you," replied Amelia, and she rose, and taking the little girl with her, crossed the room, and as she disengaged the knotted mass, she found some fault with the carelessness with which Julia had discharged her task. The words were not much, but there was a coldness of voice and a stiffness of manner, that grated on Mrs. Livingston's ear, and roused her feelings, and to which the child also seemed sensible, for she pouted and looked sullen.

"Children are restless little beings, and require novelty to amuse them," Mrs. Livingston said, as Amelia resumed her seat.

"They are, indeed," replied Mrs. Melville, "I sometimes get wearied out in my endeavors to amuse that one. She is a perverse, wilful little thing. Her grandmother has quite spoiled her."

"All children are more or less wilful," said Mrs. Livingston, and glancing at the child, she added, "poor little thing. You must have patience with her, my dear Amelia."

There was an accent of almost compassion in Mrs. Livingston's voice, that nettled her friend, as she answered, in a tone in which suppressed vexation was distinct.

"I *am* patient with her, but I cannot help wishing she had been less indulged."

Mrs. Livingston saw that she was touching on a tender point, and said no more. Other subjects arose, and the conversation again became eager and confidential. Julia had soon tired of her worsted, and had nestled herself upon the cushion without attracting particular notice, when her attention being arrested by the mention of her

father's name, her young eyes and ears were soon drinking in a narrative not meant for them, when Amelia happening suddenly to look at her, stopped short in her story, and seeming rather disconcerted said, after a moment's hesitation,

"Julia, it is time for you to learn your lesson for Miss Lansing."

"I have learnt it," replied Julia.

Amelia seemed quite baffled for an instant, and then she said,

"I don't think you know it."

"Yes I do," persisted the little girl.

"Then go and get me —" and Mrs. Melville paused to think on what errand she should send the child, "go and get me," she resumed, "my scent bottle that I left on the table in my room."

Julia did not budge.

"Why do you not go, when I tell you, Julia?" said Mrs. Melville, impatiently.

"I don't want to," answered Julia, doggedly, who, in fact, wanted to hear the end of the story her mother was telling.

"You don't want to," repeated Mrs. Melville, in a severe accent. "Do you know you must always do as I tell you. Obey me at once. Go—" and Julia went. As she closed the door, Amelia said, "She has the quickest ears, and sometimes when I forget she is in the room, I say things that she afterwards repeats, when I least wish it. It is, really, very annoying." The slowness with which Julia made her exit, gave reasonable ground to hope that it would be some time before her return, but in this Amelia was disappointed, for if she had gone slowly, she was very quick in returning, for Mrs. Melville had scarcely resumed her story, when Julia, bottle in hand, was at her side. One or two more little errands were manufactured, but with equal want of success, when luckily the child upset a vase of flowers at the other side of the room which, spilling a great deal of water, and doing considerable damage, gave room for a grave reprimand, and a legitimate excuse for desiring her to go up into the dressing room, and stay there by herself until dinner time.

Once fairly rid of the child, Mrs. Livingston said,

"Amelia, why do you not send that child to school? She is a great tax upon your time and patience, and she would be happier there. It would be better for you both."

A shade passed over Amelia's countenance, as she answered.

"Both her father and myself preferred a home education for a girl. I have engaged a day governess, who comes three hours every morning."

"That is a very good plan when there are two or three," replied Mrs. Livingston, "but children

require companions. To you it must be exceedingly fatiguing and inconvenient, to have her about you all the time, and the poor child wants, I see, a playmate, sadly."

Amelia was not pleased to hear that her step-daughter wanted anything "sadly," as she had only been accustomed to her husband's thanks and praises for her kindness to his "little one," since their marriage—beside she was rather annoyed at Mrs. Livingston's censure of a plan, which her own judgment had begun to distrust, but she had said to her husband when she first married, in the fulness of her happiness and romance,

"Let the dear child stay with me. She can at least improve as fast at home, and I wish to have her with me, that she may learn to love me, and feel that I am indeed her mother." And she felt that it would be rather awkward now, at the end of six months to say, that "Julia had better go to school." Had she been indeed the child's own mother, she would not have hesitated to say "Dear, I have made a mistake—Julia would be happier at school," but in the present case, the feelings of the newly married wife being fresh and strong, and there being no maternal tenderness to combat them, she answered Mrs. Livingston coldly, with

"I do not agree with you. And were it even as you say, I could not alter it. Miss Lansing is engaged for the year."

Mrs. Livingston saw that Amelia did not like interference. Their intercourse had hitherto been cordial and intimate; but as Mrs. Livingston had rather been the confidante and listener of her friend's girlish histories, a new trait was now revealed in this evident dislike of interference and disapprobation. There had been few occasions to call it forth before, and beside, girls will often bear what as married women they resent. It is wonderful what a start their dignity will take sometimes. The mustard seed is at once sprung into the tree.

Mrs. Livingston was about rising to take her leave, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I was near forgetting the errand on which I came. What would my children say if I were to omit it. They are to have a little dance on Monday—they wish Julia to come, and I should be very glad if you and Mr. Melville would come also. Pray, don't be later than half past six, as the children have set their hearts on the dancing beginning at seven."

"My dear Mary," replied Mrs. Melville, "I am very sorry to refuse any invitation of your's, but both Mr. Melville and myself disapprove entirely of children's parties."

"Nonsense, Amelia," said Mrs. Livingston, ex-

postulatingly. "The children expect fine times—they are to have a tableau after supper, which they meant for a surprise, so you must not tell them that I told you. Let Julia come, and come yourself."

"If I refused when I only knew that it was for a dance," said Amelia, gravely, "I certainly would not withdraw my refusal now, when I know you are to have tableaux. Children's pleasures should be like their food, simple and healthful."

"And pray, what is the harm of a little dance and a tableau?" said Mrs. Livingston, warmly.

"That it excites a precocious taste for unhealthy excitements," answered Amelia, with a little asperity, that she vainly endeavored to master. "I wish Julia to find her pleasures at home, in simple amusements and rational occupation."

"And is not Julia to learn to dance?" asked Mrs. Livingston, with some vexation.

"She *has* learnt," replied Mrs. Melville, "which her father now regrets as much as I do. She will not take any more lessons."

"My dear Amelia," began Mrs. Livingston, "I have had more experience—"

"Excuse me, my dear Mary," (ladies are always affectionate when vexed,) answered Amelia, "I can hear no more on this subject. It is a point on which both Mr. Melville and myself perfectly agree, and on which we have made up our minds."

The tone of decision in which this was pronounced ended the conversation, and Mrs. Livingston bid her friend good morning, and sighed to think that the young Julia was to be made the subject and victim of a "system."

CHAPTER III.

THE second year of Mrs. Melville's marriage had elapsed, and new cares and pleasures were added to her life in the birth of a daughter, and Mr. Melville was as proud and happy as if this was the first child that "had ever blessed his lot."

"Where is Julia?" enquired Mrs. Livingston, one day, after she had sufficiently admired Amelia's baby.

"She has not yet come home from school."

"You have placed her, then, at school?"

"Yes. Since the birth of my little Mary, I have neither the time nor strength that the cares of a child like Julia requires. I placed her at Madame B.'s sometime since."

"How does she like her little sister?"

"Oh, she is extravagantly fond of her. My great trouble is to keep her out of the nursery."

"And why should you?"

"She is so noisy and troublesome—the nurse has always some complaint to make of her. Julia

is a very wilful, stubborn child, and I have great difficulty in governing her at all. Do you remember when I first spoke to you of my marriage with Mr. Melville, that you seemed to think his having a child an objection? I did not then enter into your feelings; for I thought a child's love was easily won, and that though there might be some care in such a charge, there could be no unhappiness. But I have found myself mistaken. Although I have taken every plausible pains to make Julia love me, yet I see she does not, and, indeed, the other day, when in presence of her father, she refused to do something that I desired, he said to her, 'Do you hear what your mother says, Julia,' she turned off, muttering, '*She ain't my mother.*'"

"Did Mr. Melville hear her?" inquired Mrs. Livingston.

"Yes," replied Amelia, "and he was very angry," and the color that came in his wife's cheek showed she had not been less so. "He told her that she had in me a mother such as few children have, and that she owed me a degree of love and duty she could never adequately pay. I never saw Mr. Melville so angry. He sent her to her room for the rest of the afternoon. I seldom find fault with Julia, and never make any complaint of her to her father, and all the pleasures she has I procure for her. But nothing that I can do excites her gratitude. I suppose somebody has told her that I am her 'step-mother,' and there seems something in that word that naturally closes a child's heart against its father's wife." And the kisses with which Amelia covered her own child as she finished her speech, did not enlighten her as to the secret of her step-daughter's want of affection for herself.

It was that she did not love Julia. Children may be perverse, wilful, stubborn, what you will, but they are true. They return love for love, and for nothing will they yield their young hearts but for love; and since Amelia did not and could not give that, she should have yielded what next their first natures crave, *justice*. Julia had been punished for saying what was the truth, that Amelia was *not* her mother. 'Twas true that she had said it in anger and disrespect; but the punishment was injudicious, for it had sent the truth that she had uttered in temper, to rankle and swell in her little heart. She had felt that her father's wife was between her and her father's love. She had been punished because she did not love her "step-mother," and love her, she angrily resolved she would not. Her father had told her that she was ungrateful, and this was a charge Amelia often made against the child when talking over her trials with her to Mrs. Livingston. There is much necessary trouble in atten-

ding to the wants and seeing to the wardrobe of a child, and although Amelia discharged her duties in these respects, she gave herself quite as much credit as she deserved for her pains, and expected beside, that Julia should be grateful for all she did for her. Now, gratitude is not a childish virtue. Clothes, food, education, &c., come to them naturally. Julia saw the little Livingstons have all she had, and she never heard them say how good it was in their mamma to buy them such pretty frocks, and she did not see that she should be more thankful than they for all the comforts she enjoyed. And indeed she never saw the young Livingstons, and heard them talk of their dances and little amusements, without wishing she had been one of Mrs. Livingston's children. And Julia was right. When Amelia voluntarily assumed the duties and responsibilities that every parent fulfils, she should have performed those duties as such, and claimed no merit, and asked no gratitude for what, had she been absent, a hireling would have done.

As Julia increased in years and expanded in mind, the early feeling that had sprung in her breast increased with her years and growth. She was not a lovely child, nor yet a peculiarly unamiable one. She was what one half the world are, amiable to those who love them, disagreeable to those who dislike them, and open war often reigned between the step-mother and her daughter.

Julia often felt, that had not her father married, *she* would have been mistress then, and Amelia never remembered that there were any claims prior to her's in that house. Justice is the only quality that can supply love, and of that Amelia had no idea. Julia was unamiable and did not love her; but notwithstanding, Julia had her rights, was a thought that never crossed her brain. She felt that she had much to complain of, nor dreamt that Julia also had some wrongs to pardon.

Other children gathered about her, and the years passed so rapidly, that Amelia could scarcely have believed it was six years since her marriage, had not Mary sprung into a tall girl, with two little sisters and one brother, younger than herself, to remind her of the fact.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Mrs. Livingston, as one evening she called in at Mrs. Melville's, and found Mary dressed in a little pink silk frock and kid shoes.

"Mary is going to a little party," said Amelia. "There—good-bye, dearest—don't keep your father waiting," and the impatient child was despatched, and as her mother watched her from the window, she said,

"It is not a thing Mr. Melville and myself

altogether approve of, these children's parties; but Mary was so wild about this one, that I thought, for once, it was better to let her go. Mary is a peculiar child, and I find it is better to yield when she has taken any fancy in her head, for opposition only makes her more bent upon attaining her own way."

Mrs. Livingston could not but smile; for this same *peculiarity*, she remembered, used often to go by the harsher name of wilful perversity in Julia. She was glad, however, to see Nature enlarging a mind and opening a heart, that argument and reason had failed hitherto to enlighten.

A few days after she met Mrs. Melville again, who asked, not without some embarrassment, "Who was her children's dancing master?"

"Mr. De L——, do you wish to engage him?"

"Yes," replied Amelia, "Mary came back so mortified the other evening because she did not know how to dance, and begged so hard to be allowed to learn that I thought it better to let her take a few lessons. A sense of inferiority, of being denied what others have, sometimes sours a child's disposition. Don't you think so?" asked Mrs. Melville, half deprecatingly and half enquiringly.

"Undoubtedly," replied her friend, without appearing to remember the past, or to see the dilemma in which Amelia found herself, "I think you are very wise. I will send Mr. De L—— to you this evening. I expect him this afternoon."

"Oh! thank you," exclaimed Amelia, with an earnestness that amused Mrs. Livingston, who saw how greatly her friend was relieved by her prompt approbation of the present, unaccompanied by any unpleasant reminiscence of the past.

A few months after this conversation, Mrs. Melville called upon Mrs. Livingston, to ask the children to a little gathering of Mary's young companions on her birth-day.

"A dance?" inquired Mrs. Livingston.

"I will play cotillions if the children wish it," replied Mrs. Melville.

At the appointed hour Mrs. Livingston, with her young tribe entered Mrs. Melville's drawing-rooms, where, to her surprise, she saw the sable violinist who officiated usually at children's parties, posted in the corner, bow in hand.

"Ah, so you have Cracon, I see," observed Mrs. Livingston. Amelia colored a little as she answered

"Oh, yes, Mary said at all the children's parties they had a violin, and I found it would be such a disappointment to her if I refused—and beside I feel scarcely strong enough to play all the evening for them—and upon the whole if

they dance they may as well dance after a violin as a piano."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Livingston smiling. "I think Mary's addition of Cracon a decided improvement on your plan," and she saw with great amusement Mr. and Mrs. Melville's evident delight as they watched their young darlings unwearied efforts in the cause of pleasure as something that seemed to them very lovely and peculiar.

"My dear, Mary says she must have the Cheat before it breaks up," said Mr. Melville to his wife. "Mrs. Livingston you are not in a hurry, are you? Let the children have one dance more."

"With all my heart," replied the good-natured mother, and another dance was called.

This little ball was the entering step. Mrs. Melville soon forgot the truisms which are any thing but true in which she had formerly dealt so profusely. Love whispered what good sense listened to, that every age has its appropriate pleasures, and that it is a dangerous and unkind effort to endeavor to repress the effervescing spirit of enjoyment that ever bubbles up in youth.

CHAPTER IV.

RAPIDLY did the years glide on, and Julia was a young lady in society; and Mary treading fast upon her steps was now a tall girl.

Perfect harmony had never existed between Julia and her step-mother. The love that had not taken root in early years did not spring up later. Julia could now look back and resent much which she had been denied, and which was now abundantly bestowed upon her younger sisters. And Amelia found in Julia the same sullen, thankless disposition, for which she was obliged to make sacrifices, (sacrifices which she constantly made for Mary without knowing them to be such,) and for which she received no return. Julia's marriage was now the great object of her desires. To that alone she looked as the perfection and crowning cup of her happiness. Once free from her and she should be happy indeed. Julia had reached, however, eighteen, twenty, twenty-two, and the object had not yet been attained. Mary was sixteen, and Amelia looked forward with impatience to taking her into society as the only relief that could lend a charm to the tedium she now endured in going out so constantly with Julia. She began almost to despair of Julia's marriage, for she was in her twenty-third year, and had never yet had a lover, when her hopes were all again enkindled by the introduction of a young Mr. Gray, who began to visit with a frequency that showed an evident and strong attraction toward their little circle. Mrs. Melville made some casual inquiries about him,

and found that he was a young man of respectable connections, and in good business. The thing would do excellently. She was in high spirits—she spoke to her husband on the subject, and he taking his views of the matter pretty much from his wife, as gentlemen usually do, agreed with her that “if the young people liked it he saw no objection.”

Every measure that propriety at all warranted was taken to bring the matter about. Parties of all kinds were formed, and Mary was always sent as third to play propriety. A few months brought matters to a crisis, and what was Mrs. Melville's disappointment when Mr. Gray applied for her consent to marry not Julia but *Mary*, and how was that disappointment heightened into anguish to find that Mary had authorised the application.

Mrs. Melville's distress knew no bounds when she found Mary firm and decided in her avowed affection for Mr. Gray. Mrs. Melville spoke to Julia on the subject, who said with perfect truth and sincerity,

“Why, I thought, mother, you saw and liked Mr. Gray's attentions to Mary. You always encouraged his being here, and invited him to join our parties, and I thought you did it on purpose.”

Amelia was conscience stricken. She had done so—but how tell Julia he was meant for her and not her *own* child?

Mr. Melville was next applied to. He was surprised, but readily gave his consent, and was extremely puzzled to know why his wife disliked so much the connection.

“My dear Amelia,” he said, “I am sure I thought you liked Mr. Gray. Did you not tell me you thought him a young man of excellent sense and sound principles? What have you discovered in him since to alter your opinion? What is your objection?”

“I do not object to him in point of character,” replied his wife. “But he is such a poor, mean looking little fellow, and I am afraid too he is delicate. It is an insignificant person that nobody knows,” she added with increasing irritability—“and I do so hate too your little sick chickens.”

“Well, I am sure I thought you liked Gray,” answered her simple minded husband. “I am sure you used always to be praising him to me. You said he would make an excellent match.”

“For your daughter but not for mine,” was the answer that rose to Mrs. Melville's lips—but it was not one to which she could give utterance, and unsustained by her husband and opposed by the young people, Amelia found as was her custom with Mary, “that it was better to yield.”

The marriage soon took place, and bitter were the tears that Amelia shed upon the occasion—

and odd things do happen sometimes in this world of ours. At one of the wedding parties Julia was introduced to a gentleman, whose manners, appearance, fortune, all proclaimed him one of Nature's favorites—a man to whom Amelia would joyfully have given her own child. The sigh with which she gave her consent, when he applied for it some weeks later to wed Julia, and the tears with which she contrasted her lot with Mary's, told her heart for the first time that what Julia had reproached her with as a child was true, “*that she was not her own mother.*”

WASHINGTON.

LINES WRITTEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

BY GEORGE B. WALLIS.

How swells this heart of mine
With proud emotions, as my thoughts incline
Back to that epoch which did all atone
Ages of darkness; when that band divine,
Proclaiming “Equal Rights,” untried, unknown,
Startled the Island King upon his ancient throne.

That time of darkness, and that strife of doubt,
Call'd for a champion which, since Time began,
Earth with her boasted lords had been without—
A chief combining all the traits of man
Essential to his trust: Wisdom to plan;
Strength to enforce, and genius to persuade;
Prudence to lead; sagacity to scan;
Justice and mercy, though Dictator made,
And such a chief was found, and here his dust is laid.

His soul was with his country; and his life
Was given to her:—nor ask'd he recompense,
For having stood throughout the eventful strife,
The ruling spirit of her brave defence,
Saving the grateful conscientious sense
Of rectitude. Even a freed people's bays,
And gratitude, unmeasur'd and intense,
He deem'd a fearful precedent of praise,
More than of glory to his blest declining days.

I AN T H E.

BY E. D. STUART.

SHE was as lovely as the morning beams
That glance in beauty upon mountain springs,
As gentle as the moonlight when it gleams
With heaven's own lustre upon angel wings;
A sort of halo played around her brow—
Bright as I saw it then, I see it now.

She passed like a young bird 'mong fields of roses,
Her gushing soul o'er filled with artless song,
As sweet as in our dream sometimes discloses,
When fondest thoughts upon our memory throng;
How could one fail to love a form so fair?
Whose image glassed upon us clings forever there.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THE season for evening parties, fancy balls, &c., is now at hand, and, having given, in our December number full patterns for out-of-door costumes, we resolved to procure something entirely new for this number. We have accordingly had engraved two splendid POLKA DRESSES, to be worn at a fancy ball, the most elegant affairs of the season. The plate is certainly the most beautiful one out this month; and we are sure even our loveliest readers would appear lovelier dancing in this picturesque costume.

The fashions for the winter are generally very brilliant. In the selection of colors, however, Philadelphia—strange to say—has a gayer taste, this year, than New York. In the letter from the latter city our readers will find a brilliant description of the styles there. From Paris, however, we have just received a later budget of fashion. Perhaps the great novelty there, is what is called,

THE RUSSIAN MANTLE.—This is a cloak, made either in plain or epingle velvet. It has large sleeves, with facings to match; and the entire garment is edged with a broad fur, composed of sable, or ermine. The cloak is lined with white silk slightly wadded, or with a thin fur, very soft and warm.

WALKING DRESSES.—For walking, cloth pelisses, very much embroidered, and ornamented with pretty fancy buttons, are in vogue. Of one of the most beautiful dresses in Paris we have a description in full. It is composed of a *manteau* of black velvet, the body fitting the figure; the waist is pointed; the sleeves are straight and wide, and reach about half way between the elbow and the waist; the body has a cape attached, which falls very deep at the back, and round; it is open at the shoulder as far as the seam of the sleeve, and the front is formed as a small cape, narrowing toward the waist, and terminating at the point; the cape is trimmed with a double row of rich silk gyp, and a row of silk buttons to the shoulder; the back of the cape is sometimes trimmed with a broad fringe; the sleeves are trimmed to correspond, the gyp being headed by a rich silk trimming; the skirt is long, very full, and has two rows of gyp round it; there is a row of buttons on either side, with small straps to correspond underneath, and by which the cloak can be closed at pleasure. Bonnet of blue velvet, the brim open and falling back at the ears, ornamented by two full shaded feathers on the right side, and a small velvet bow on the left, the interior of the brim is perfectly plain.

LES ROBES PYRAMIDS.—Under this name a novelty has appeared in Paris, where it is just now all the rage. Its name arises from its being ornamented with a considerable number of rows of velvet of different widths. This trimming reaches from the edge of the jupe, to within about two hands breadth of the waist, and is particularly becoming to a slender figure, the corsage and sleeves being decorated to match.

TRAVELLING COSTUMES.—The paletot cape is used now altogether for travelling. It is made of merino, striped with satin-bands, and encircled by a thick silk cord, put on at the edge. Paletots should always be wadded slightly. The best trimming is poul de soie.

The *surtouts*, this winter, are made of satin a la reine, which is appropriately heavy, especially excellent for the purpose because it will not fray.

OPERA COSTUMES.—The popularity of the opera, this year, renders some hints on the style of dress to be worn there seasonable. Generally ladies should consult their own taste. Rich crimson shawls are very much in vogue as wraps. But in nothing can a lady show more elegance than in an appropriate dress hat, and these are very much worn. Probably there never was a more brilliant display of fashion in New York, than was exhibited at the Italian Opera, during the rivalry of the two great stars, Borghese and Picot. The most splendid opera dress of the season, abroad, was of rich white satin, trimmed round the bottom with a double *volant* of white English lace, caught up on the left side with straw colored satin ribbon, and a *demi guirlande* of small shaded pink and white roses, without leaves. *Sorties de Bal* of a rich deep blue satin, the deep round collar and facings of the front quilted and wadded, the edge of the large round cape, and bottom of this elegant short cloak, being bordered with a narrow swansdown trimming. This cloak is also attached at the throat with a large cordon and tassels of blue silk cord. The hair arranged with orange-colored flowers.

In Paris the dress hats for the opera are generally made of white velours epingle, its sole ornament a simple ribbon tied round the crown, and the interior of the front decorated with folds of gauze, intermixed with ribbon. Others of sky blue, covered with a broad English lace, attached to the crown with a wreath of queen's daisies, variegated, or in crepe of a beautiful citron color, decorated with a single marabout, the same color as the crepe, entirely concealing the front, and drooping as low as the shoulder.

EVENING DRESSES.—We have two very elegant costumes for evening. One is a dress of pale primrose satin; the corsage is low and tight to the figure; the point at the waist is very long; two rows of trimming composed of leaves of satin disposed in a kind of wreath surrounds the top of the corsage, and the tight short sleeve; skirt à *demi jupes*, both extremely full; the under one being very long and quite plain; the second skirt is surrounded by a broad hem, and is left open on the left side; it is trimmed on each side the opening by a double row of satin leaves about half way up the skirt, at which distance it is closed by a bunch of pale pink roses, and two rows only of the satin leaves are carried to the waist. The hair is disposed in full bunches of ringlets, and ornamented by flowers without foliage. Another, and more brilliant one is a dress of white *crêpe* worn over a *jupe* of rich white satin; the corsage is low; the waist and point are very long; the body is tight to the figure; a cap à *la berthe* surrounds the corsage, edged with a wreath of leaves of very pale pink satin; the sleeves are short, and perfectly plain, finished by a wreath of leaves to correspond with the *berthe*; the skirt is very long, and extremely full; it has a deep hem round the bottom, and a wreath of satin leaves fall from the waist at each side to the bottom of the skirt; the leaves diminishing in size toward the waist.

DINNER COSTUME.—The prevailing style for dinner,

is a satin dress of a beautiful green; the corsage low; the waist long and pointed; a deep fall of black lace surrounds the corsage; it is set on plain in the front and back, but is fulled on the shoulder, and it entirely covers the plain short sleeve, the only trimming on which is a fulling of black lace round the arm; the skirt is very long, immensely full, and has a deep volant of black lace put on in waves, and finished by a full heading of the same. The cap is of black lace; low at the ears, and prettily trimmed with small pink flowers and gauze ribbon.

BALL DRESSES.—Perhaps the most elegant style for ball dresses, are those which are made *busquée*, the bodies trimmed with a triple fulling, forming a kind of berthe, finished with a cluster of roses in the centre of the front; the sleeves are fulled to match, likewise decorated with a *touffe* of roses in the centre, and small ones scattered over the sleeves; the skirt is trimmed with two quilles, formed of fullings, upon which are placed roses of graduated size put on at regular distances. This style of costume is extremely youthful and becoming. A very elegant ball dress is before us. It is of white spotted net; the skirt handsomely trimmed with volants of white *point d'Alençon* lace, put on at equal distances. Pointed low corsage, and very short sleeves, which are entirely concealed by a square cape of the same material as the dress, which is trimmed round with a double fall of white lace. Coiffure entirely composed of white lace, sprinkled over with rose buds, and a splendid pink rose surrounded with its green leaves on each side.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

TASTE IN FURNISHING ROOMS.—There is nothing, perhaps, in which a lady can show more taste, next to her own attire, than in the furnishing of her house. In doing this comparatively little depends on expense. It is in the colors of the carpets and paper-hangings, in the adaptation of the style of cabinet ware to the size and shape of the apartment, and in the keeping of one article with another and with the whole, that the charm of a well furnished room consists. We know some ladies who, on comparatively restricted means, have furnished their parlors more elegantly than others with lavish wealth at command. There are some excellent remarks on this subject, in the last London Athenæum, which we copy for the benefit of our fair subscribers. The remarks apply particularly to the choice of colors in curtains, walls, &c.

"You are going to decorate your drawing-room or dining-room both with furniture and coloring. Before you speak to your upholsterer or house-painter, have a perfect understanding and recognition of what is the aspect of the room. Let no circumstance make you regardless of this fundamental consideration. Spend what you will, you will always repent having a cold color in a room lighted from the north. If the aspect be north, north-east, north-west, or due east, the general tone of coloring should be positively warm. Blues, greens, and all shaded colors which involve any predominant use of blues, must be avoided. There is a drawing-room in the Reform Club looking north, which may convince any of the mistake of forgetting aspect. The walls and curtains are blue; with all its elegance

—and its ceilings and cornice are beautiful—the effect of the room by daylight is always chilly. It would be just the reverse of it looked upon Carlton Gardens. There is also a room in Windsor Castle, looking on the north terrace, called Queen Adelaide's room, which is decorated with blue and silver, a most frigid-looking room even in the midst of Summer. In such aspects the choice should tend toward reds, and all their various combinations with yellow. As the aspect approaches east and west, so the colors should verge toward yellow rather than red tints. In an eastern aspect tints of yellows, lemon-colors, &c., are always effective and cheerful. If the aspect of the room be south, south west, or west, and open to the sun, then we may venture on the use of cooler colors, even on positive blue, should our taste lead us in that direction.

"The supply of light, the size of the room, and its purpose, appear to be the chief circumstances which ought to regulate the strength or depth of the coloring to be used. Where the light is strong, unobscured and plentiful, the tone of the coloring should be light. In the houses of the ancients, the strongest and darkest colors, even black, as we have already observed, were used on large surfaces when the apartment received a full and direct light from above. Under a strong and abundant light, full-toned colors preserve their brightness and distinctive character, but when the light is feeble, and the supply of it limited, they become dull and gloomy. Full-toned colors lessen the apparent size of the room; light coloring enlarges it. A little attention to the proportion between the space to be colored and the depth of the coloring, becomes, therefore, of great importance. If you wish to make your room appear as large as possible, then exclude dark coloring, not only on the large surfaces, but even in the patterns of the paper-hangings, and even in the mouldings and ornamental parts. The nature of the use to which the room is applied, should also influence the decision as to the tone or coloring. If the room is used mostly by artificial light, which, being less pure than daylight, materially modifies the appearance of most colors—much or little, according to their strength—then keep the coloring light. If, on the other hand, it is a room for occupation during the daylight, then the tone of coloring must be deep. Red and green, with black, appear dark and grave; with white they appear gay. We see these effects strikingly illustrated in book wrappers. Black letter press is applied indiscriminately to red, blue, lilac, green and yellow covers. A publisher of taste would do well to consider how much the purchase of a book is affected by the first impression."

PURSE NETTING.—This amusement promises to be fashionable again this winter. We, therefore, subjoin some directions, supposing the reader to know how to net. If she does not, almost any female friend will teach her.

PLAIN NETTED GENTLEMAN'S PURSE.—Of coarse netting silk, you will require five skeins, and a mesh No. 12. You must have a foundation of eighty stitches to begin on, and you net to the length of ten inches. Net up the sides and damp it slightly, after which it is to be put on a purse stretcher, where it is to be left for a few hours, then take it off and trim it as you please.

A LADY'S PURSE.—Net in the same manner, seventy stitches on the foundation, and nine inches in length is sufficient. Employ a mesh No. 10, and fine netting silk. Two colors may be used, netting five rows with one, and four with the other.

SEAM PURSE WITH BEADS.—You will need four skeins of silk, and a mesh No. 8. On a foundation of one hundred stitches, net one plain row. Then in the next row, net a plain and a bead stitch successively. Net the third row plain, and begin the next with a bead stitch, and so on till the purse is finished.

EDITORS' TABLE.

NEW YORK, December, 1844.

A FEW cold days have brought out some splendid specimens of Parisian mantillas and cloaks. There is a fashion perfectly novel, and, in the estimation of the tasteful, remarkably elegant, to be found at Stewart's by those who can afford his prices. It is formed almost after the model of a gentleman's sack-coat, with half hanging sleeves and trimmed heavily with lace-gimp and buttons. Velvets, satins and cloth are all used for this novel garment—but everything gay and costly is fashionable this year. The most expensive shawls—the most brilliant dresses—cloaks, with the yearly income of a mechanic in their trimmings, are plenty in Broadway as roses in June. You would think the forest leaves had all been manufactured into ladies' dresses.

Our Book Publishers are getting deep into their business season. The Harpers have been issuing some most valuable works this month. "Chemistry of Plants," by William Draper, Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, is not only one of the most interesting works from its style and subject that has been issued from any press this season, but it is given to the public in a style rarely surpassed even by the most expensive annuals. The paper and the typography are perfectly beautiful, and might safely challenge comparison with the best workmanship of England. This book will prove a mine of pleasure to us ladies who inherit a love of plants almost with our first sensations. It is rich in plates, indeed rich in everything. The purest diamond bracelet in the city would not purchase the copy in which my name has just been written—that is, if I could not obtain another.

Frederika Bremer's novels, complete in one large volume, have also been published by the Harpers this month. Of course we need not at this late day give an opinion of an author so generally appreciated, but we can well say that this edition of Miss Bremer's works is just what has been long wanted for our library shelves, for no lady can have her book-case complete without it. If Miss Bremer looks like the portrait in this volume she certainly is a very pretty woman, as well as a very good one.

"Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric" is another volume from the Harper's press which all our readers should possess, especially those who wish to cultivate an elegant literary taste.

This house has also issued "Tales from the German" and "Persecutions of Popery." The first an interesting series, and the latter a valuable book from the historical matter which it contains.

Mr. Benjamin's new poem "Infatuation," delivered before the Mercantile Association at Boston, is highly spoken of everywhere. I have been reading it in snatches, and fully concur with the general opinion regarding its excellence.

Burgess & Stringer have published two one volume novels by Simms. "Helen Halsey," a stirring tale of frontier life, and "Castle Dismal," which, from its title, should be something ghost-like and thrilling. The style in which these volumes are issued does great credit to the publishers. The books are in a neat form for the table, and convenient for travelling.

James W. Judd & Co., have become successors to J. Winchester, one of the most liberal publishers and best hearted men in the book business. The new firm gives indications of taste and enterprize which ought to secure prosperity to the establishment. To the lovers of old English poesy their last book is a treasure. It contains all the fine old British ballads which we have heard in snatches from infancy, with a beautifully written introduction to the volume, and preliminary remarks to each ballad, by Park Benjamin.

A Mr. Gough, from Boston, is making quite a sensation here in the temperance cause. He is remarkable for intense earnestness, warm, natural eloquence, and sometimes for flashes of wit that electrify his audience. He is not an educated man, but possesses great natural powers, which are perhaps the more original from a lack of scholastic polish.

You should be here to see Dunlap's green-house, which is one of the most delightful places of resort in the whole city. It is in Broadway close by Bleeker street, where the great bow windows that guard the entrance are gay with blossoming plants all the year round. You pass up an entrance paved with Italian tile, and lined with plants, to one of the most spacious green-houses probably in the country. The roof is one entire sky of glass, and high as it is there are trees, standing around a fountain which fronts the entrance, whose top branches are cut for want of room. The centre is filled with a forest of rich specimens from every part of the globe. Heaths of every variety—cactuses, japonica's, roses, everything in the floral world that has fragrance and beauty seems crowded into that miniature forest. This sweet wilderness is becoming one of the most favorite resorts of our up town ladies. From morning till night you may find them sauntering along the walk which skirts the green-house, admiring and giving orders for their own conservatories or parlor windows. Those who purchase of Dunlap always visit him again. A. S. S.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Rose, or, Affection's Gift. Edited by Emily Marshall. 1 vol. G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia, 1845.—This is a neat little annual, with no very great pretensions, but fulfilling all that, on a first glance, it would seem to promise. The engravings and letterpress are not to be compared with those of the costlier gift-books, but the contents are of more relative merit. It is very elegantly bound.

The Keepsake. A Christmas, New Year and Birth-Day Present. 1 vol. D. Appleton, N. York, 1845.—This is one of the second rate annuals, though, perhaps, the best of its class this year. The typography is the feature which deserves most praise. The contents are good, the engravings of medium merit. The binding is rich and costly.

The Poet's Gift. 1 vol. T. H. Carter & Co., Boston, 1844. This is a splendidly illustrated work in the style of Keese's volume of the American poets. Some of the designs are very beautiful. The contents consist of selections from our best poets, and are chosen with much taste. The work is our favorite.

The Lady of the Lake. Illustrated Edition. By Sir Walter Scott. 1 vol. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1845.—This superb edition of the most popular of Scott's metrical romances reflects high credit on the enterprise and taste of the publishers, and forcibly contrasts with the indifferently executed books too often issued by Philadelphia publishers. The typography of this work is especially beautiful; the page is ample, the margin wide, and the paper of snowy whiteness. It is a relief to turn from the fine print of the miniature editions to bold, clear type like this. The engravings are very beautiful. The title-page is both elegant in design and delicate in execution. The pictures of Ellen—of the combat—of the cottage door, and of Fitz James's fall are very fine. We consider this work quite equal to any of the annuals, and in many respects superior to the best of them. It certainly is preferable for a gift.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838, '39, '40 '41 and '42. By Charles Wilkes, U. S. Navy, Commander of the Exploring Expedition, &c. 5 vols. Lea & Blanchard 1845.—We have received a specimen number of this magnificent work, which surpasses anything of the kind hitherto attempted in America. The five volumes will contain sixty-eight large steel engravings, forty-six steel vignettes, worked among the letter-press, and over three hundred wood engravings. Besides these, thirteen maps and charts accompany the work. Each volume will contain five hundred pages. The typography, engravings and paper are superior to those of the best annuals. Some of the vignettes are exquisite. We need not say that the narrative is interesting and copious. It is with pride we record the appearance of this truly national and superb work.

The Religious Souvenir. 1 vol. S Andrus, Hartford, 1845.—This is, by no means, equal to former volumes of the same annual. Even when compared with that standard it is a failure, but when judged with an annual like "The Gift" it is immeasurably inferior. There is not an engraving in it equal to the worst embellishments of the most indifferent monthly magazines. Decidedly the best religious annual of the year is "The Christian Ballads," by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, of which we spoke at length in our last volume.

The Every Day Book for Youth. By Peter Parley. 1 vol. J. M. Campbell, Philadelphia, 1844. Of all Peter Parley's inimitable works this is, perhaps, the best. In our young day publications such as these were scarce; and we often imagine with what pleasure we would have hailed a book like this. A pleasant variety of prose and poetry characterizes the letter-press, which is further diversified by numerous engravings. We cordially recommend the book as a suitable gift for children.

The Prose Works of Mrs. Ellis. 2 vols. H. G. Langley, New York, 1845.—In two superb volumes, we have the prose-works of a woman, who has done more, perhaps, than any female of the age, to improve her sex. This work should be in every lady's library. If we had a daughter it would be the first book we would present her with. Our copy is from Mr. T. B. Peterson, who has it superbly bound, or otherwise, as the purchaser may desire.

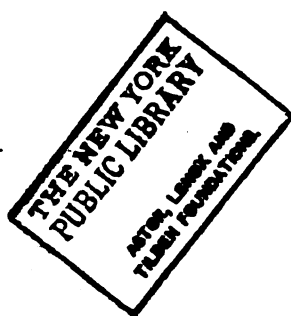
THE JANUARY NUMBER.—We may confidently point to this number, as a proof that we have redeemed our pledge, to surpass every previous effort. We may fairly challenge the field. The mezzotint we assert, without fear of contradiction, to beat any in the three dollar monthlies. We can say the same of the fashion plate. The bouquet of flowers by Quarre, and the landscape by Dick, would have been considered "crack" embellishments, a year or two since. The new cover is costlier and prettier than any *fifth* picture. The contributions are from the best lady-writers of America; for where are the superiors to Mrs. Sigourney, Osgood, Annan, Dinnies, Pierson, and F. E. F.? We ask the sex to note whether such an array of female talent is forthcoming in any magazine for the month. Nothing but an immense edition could sustain us in the expenses necessary to carry on the work in this style. But we are resolved to show what the sex can do; we have the means; and we know we will be sustained, for every lady can afford two dollars a year. For 1845 "The Ladies' National" will be indispensable to the boudoir.

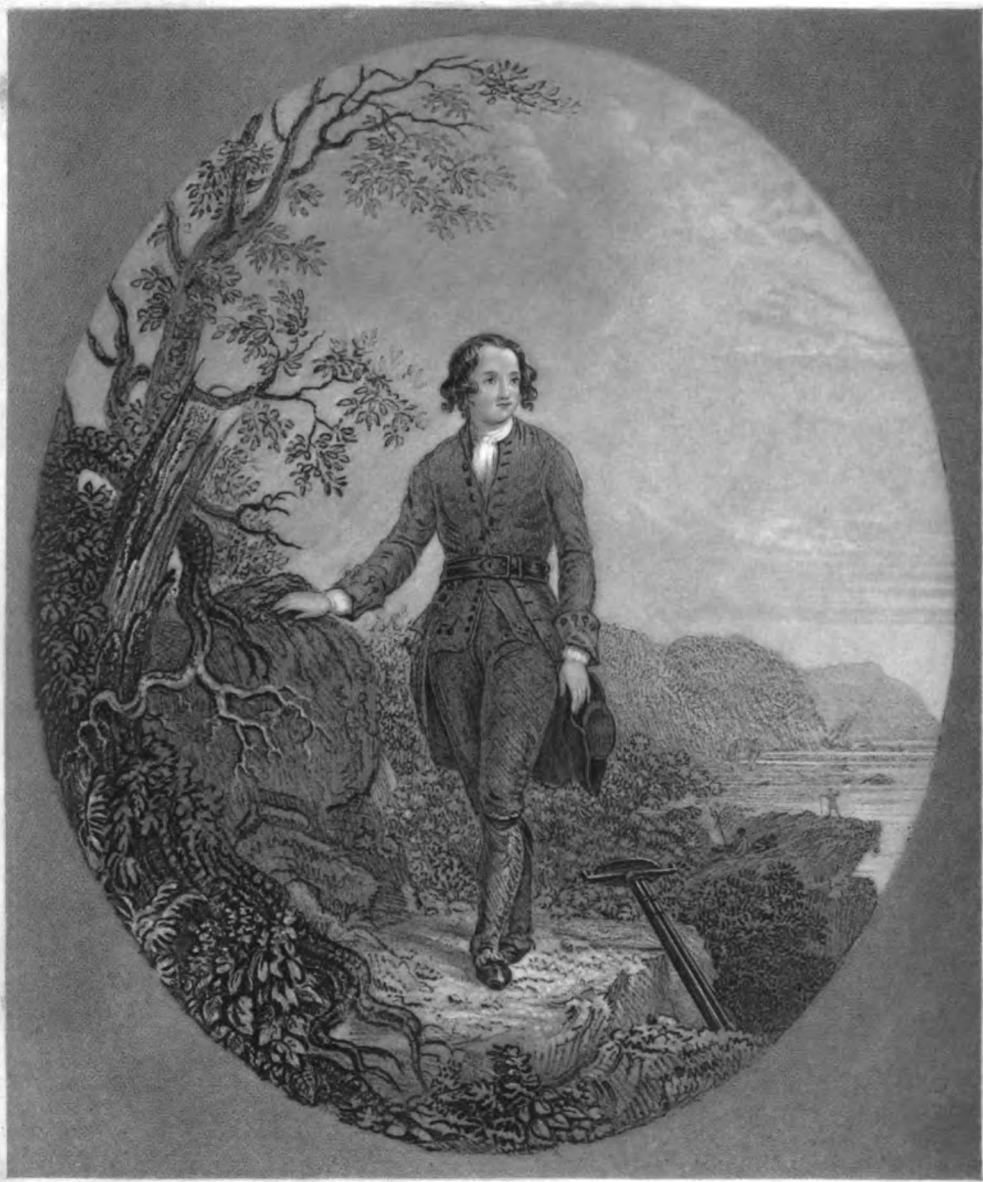
In the February number will appear the mezzotint of Washington at eighteen, which many, who have seen it, pronounce to be superior to "The Ship Wreck." It will be accompanied, among others, by a second National picture.

A SUPERB GIFT.—Nothing could be more suitable for a Christmas or New Year's Present than a volume of the *Ladies' National Magazine* for 1845.—Think of this, you who have sweethearts or sisters! It will be a complete compendium of information on fashion, literature and domestic affairs for ladies, besides containing the choicest emanations from American female talent, in tales, essays, poems, &c. Then the embellishments will outrival anything yet published. A subscription, paid in advance, will win the sweetest smile of the day—take our word for it!—from your lady-love on Christmas or New Year.

T. B. PETERSON'S DEPOT.—Those of our friends who wish to purchase the annuals and other gift-books of the season, would do well to call on, or write to Mr. T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street, who keeps on hand a full assortment of the latest publications, from the costliest illustrated volume down to the last new novel. His stock of books suitable for gifts to juveniles is unusually good. Orders addressed to him, we can certify, will be executed with promptness and despatch, and on the lowest terms.

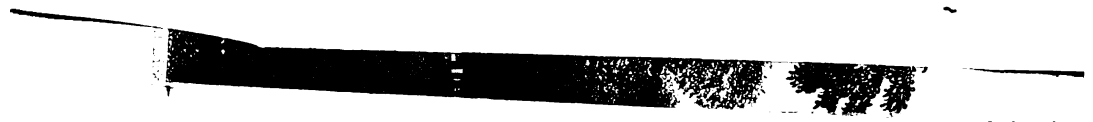
THE WEEKLIES—Those two old established weekly newspapers, the Saturday Post and its cotemporary, the Saturday Courier, are still the best family newspapers of the day. For five dollars we will send a copy of each and a copy of the "National"—or two copies of either and the "National"—or two copies of the "National," and one of either of the papers.





W. A. & C. CO. & CO. & CO.,
 A. 181. 15

The engraving is from the original design by H. C. F. and is especially for the Magazine.



WASHINGTON,

APRIL 18

Engraved from the original design by H. S. David expressly for the Marine



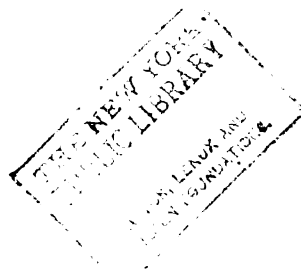
W. H. Bartlett.

A. Dick.

VIE W F R O M E Y D I E P A R K,
(Hudson River)

Engraved for Robinson's Magazine.







LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA: FEBRUARY, 1845.

No. 2.

THE BORDERER'S CHILD;

OR, WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men, idly reclining under the trees, betokened by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier of the old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noon-tide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this he was of a tall and compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young, for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment that we have introduced him to our reader.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log-cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end,

and smoke curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed,

"Oh! sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took in, at a single glance, the meaning of the sad group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play, at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin; but, this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child frightened at the cry, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession as the agonized parent rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the scene of the accident. Fortunate

was it that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat: his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood, for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boy's dress, and, while his companions, aghast at his temerity, were prevented, as much by consternation as by the awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged head-long into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my child," gasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you."

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following, with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam; and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under and he would be lost to sight: then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would re-appear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gush of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and flinging the waves aside with his athletic arms struggle on, in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips; but twice he re-appeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as

his unresisting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child! He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way now through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no! he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth, following close after that of the boy. And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursuer and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the glassy waters, that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are," she exclaimed, "see, they are safe—Great God I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless, but his mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words, pronounced then—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

"God will reward you," she said, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands, beside mine, will attend you."

And it was so. For to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But throughout his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit which, in the rescue of that mother's child as in the more august events of his life, characterized OUR WASHINGTON.

TO FANNIE,

ON PRESENTING HER WITH A BOUQUET.

BY JANE MYRA.

DEAR Fannie, take this beauteous flower,
And wreath it on thy bosom fair,
'Tis charged with friendship's magic power
To guard thy heart in freshness there.

See, how each petal bathed in dew,
Seeks fondly thine own ruby lip!
As fairy forms the moonbeams woo
Ere they Aurora's kisses sip!

How like thy velvet cheek's soft glow
Each blushing bud this garland bears!
And polished on thy Parian brow,
The silvery tinge each leaflet wears!

Ne'er let thy fair and tiny hand
On this frail gift ungently rest—
Within it lies a Sybil's wand
To lull the storms 'neath beauty's crest.

Then, Fannie, take the mystic wreath,
And while it on thy bosom glows
No cloud shall dim the gem beneath—
No wave disturb its calm repose!

THE WATER LILIES.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 6.

THE picture had for sometime been completed, and deposited in the place for which it had been intended, but the amount subscribed for it was declined by the painter. "My subject did not meet with your approval," said he to the associated patrons, "and by not complying with your wishes I failed to fulfil my part of the agreement. I value the picture, and would like to reserve to myself the privilege of claiming it at some future day. In the meantime I shall leave it in your charge."

The consequence was that the young gentlemen, who had endured too many mortifications on its account from the revengeful belles to be very tenacious of their possession, agreed unanimously to throw a veil of green baize over its contested beauties, and no longer to assert its ownership.

And now commenced the first troubles of Nelly Darlington. She had begun to put away childish things, and it was natural that she should turn to human companionship from that of her birds and flowers. But in vain she sought it from those, who should have esteemed it an honorable privilege to extend the hand of kindness and protection, to a motherless and an innocent girl about to enter the trying paths of womanhood. She had incurred the penalty so often exacted from those who bear about them the gifts and graces of Nature. She was grieved and startled to hear the new friend, whom she so much admired and loved, spoken of as "a strolling artist, who must necessarily have picked up improper habits and sentiments in vagabondizing about the world;" to hear it acknowledged with a parade of humility by the matrons, that they were in error to allow their feelings of hospitality so far to overcome their prudence as to induce them to offer so many attentions to an unproven stranger; to hear the daughters protest that each was glad his choice had not fallen upon herself—"she could not have endured the gaze of his great black eyes, with their indescribable expression—it really seemed a wicked expression;" and thus tacitly insinuate that all the evil which they would have apprehended for themselves from those great black eyes must have fallen upon her. She overheard herself called by some a rude, ill-trained, little hoyden, exactly such a one as might have been expected to attract a man of doubtful character, like the painter; and by others a vain, designing little flirt, whose playfulness and simplicity were all artfully assumed for the purpose of attracting

observation. She had never subjected herself to a mental examination; she knew that she had been brought up without guidance or restraint, and fearing that there might be really something about her to deserve the repulses to which she was exposed, she sorrowfully concluded to keep to her solitude. Her garden and her pets became dearer to her than ever, and in trying, from the study of books, to make herself "more like other people," the next two years wore not unpleasantly away.

But the neglect of poor Ellen was not the most serious result of Mr. Norwood's inauspicious taste. Our village, as camps, and courts and thrones had been before, was strongly under the control of female influence, and the hostility of our fair population to his daughter at length was visible upon the school-master. For thirty or forty years he had held his situation, instructing first fathers and then sons, and not an exception had ever been taken to the manner in which he had discharged his responsible and arduous duties; but now it was suggested that a person who had so reprehensively mis-governed his own child, could scarcely be trusted with the training of those of others; that he was palpably failing in energy and industry; that his attainments had not kept pace with the times, and that, being quite superannuated, he was of course incapable of doing justice to a set of spirited boys, who had a right to demand the benefit of the most improved systems of the day. His school gradually declined, and at the close of the period I have just named—two years—on the arrival in the village of a young gentleman, an A. M., in quest of a similar post—a tall, young gentleman with the highest of white foreheads, the glossiest of waving hair, and the most beautifully scornful of curving lips, who could quote Child Harold with exquisite intonation, and communicate the most romantic sentiments through bouquets, who in short would be a divine beau, all the fathers in the community were besieged in his behalf; and Mr. Darlington was duly notified by the trustees that his services in the school were no longer required.

It must have been a grievous edict to the old man, that of ejection from the place which had been his home for so many long years, and in which he had always expected to end his days. Here he had entered upon his manhood, as usher in the college at which his studies had been completed, and had remained, after that institution was dissolved, at the head of the one which succeeded it. Here he had married his wife, a gentle and affectionate relation of his own, who for many years previous had been the directress of his household, and from here he could look out upon her grave. But he received his dismissal

in silence, for he was a man of few words, and he spoke the least when he felt the most deeply. His lip quivered and his voice was husky when he communicated the change to his daughter.

"Give up the old place!" she exclaimed, turning ashy pale—"and where shall we go?"

"I cannot tell, my child—the world is very wide."

"But where, father, shall we find another home?"

"I do not know."

"And how are we to live?"

"On our money," he replied, and the melancholy working of his countenance subsided in a faint, sad smile.

Ellen gazed at him for a moment, and then bursting into tears, ran with clasped hands from the room. The appalling idea possessed her that the sudden shock of his deprivation had unsettled her father's reason. To talk of living on his money and to smile when his only means of earning their daily bread were taken from him! All the ills of poverty and friendlessness of which she had read with wonder and sorrow, but without an apprehension of them for herself, seemed to stare her in the face. Inexperienced as she was she knew that her poor, old father was almost equally deficient in practical knowledge of the world, and unfitted to make his way in it unaided. She felt that their present dependance once gone, there was little prospect of his securing another; within her recollection he had never passed a day beyond the narrow confines of the neighborhood; he had no correspondence which could be of immediate advantage to him, and though there were many in whom he had sown the first important seeds of knowledge now filling high and honorable places, yet to them it would be vain to turn, for often he had deplored that so few, in their manhood, ever look back to the labors of the faithful school-master, and that he himself should so seldom, in his long career, have been rewarded by an expression of remembrance and gratitude. She had never before realized his advanced years and accumulating infirmities, and recollecting that it was no time to be grieving alone, she sought him to offer any comfort she could suggest. But he had locked himself in his own room, to which, for the first time, she was denied access, and her fears that his mind had been affected were confirmed. For several hours she wandered about alone, filled with anguish and dismay.

And then there came to her a little rainbow of hope, rolled in the dingy wrapper of a newspaper—a newspaper directed to her own name, so rare a thing that no wonder, amidst all her despair, she should have opened it. A single line underscored

with ink met her eye—"F. Norwood, artist, No. 78 — Square," and in a column adjoining that of the advertisement, she saw an editorial paragraph conveying the same purport. "We take pleasure in announcing that our gifted and distinguished countryman, Norwood, the painter, has returned from Europe with increased fame and fortune, and may be welcomed, with a splendid collection of paintings, original and by other masters, at his rooms in — Square."

One joyful moment sufficed to decide her conduct. If there was a person in the whole world on whom she could rely as a friend, that one was Mr. Norwood, and to him she would write at once. A few hours before she would have shrunk from such temerity. Though she had pored for half a day at a time over his letters to her father—"his beautiful letters," and rested at night with them under her pillow, particularly when there was added to them some playful and affectionate postscript to herself, as usually there was; she had never ventured to comply with his solicitations that she would answer them, for what pleasure could her writing have afforded to him when all she had to supply her with thoughts were her father, her books and her garden?—but now she had no scruple, for she felt that in consideration of her distress, he would forget to think of its expression. So without waiting to consult her father, or deciding even whether she could tell him at all, she wrote a long, simple, touching letter, confiding to him all her regrets and anxiety and apprehensions.

"I never thought I could be so wretched," she said; "I am so helpless, so entirely unprepared for this change. If I were skilled in any of the branches of industry by which a female can earn a subsistence, I could be resigned, though my worst fear, that of my father sinking in mind or body under his misfortune, should be realized, for even here, where I have always been treated with coldness and unkindness, I could surely be supplied with opportunities to labor: but I never had any one to point out to me that I might have need of such knowledge, and I never thought of anything but spending my life in the one secure, and, as I see it now, most happy way. Yet I am not still the thoughtless child you knew me to be, and one thing I believe I might succeed in, that is, my father's occupation. Here, indeed, it would be out of the question, but among strangers—perhaps in your city, where people are so numerous, I might find a little school which would enable me to gain a decent support for myself, and for my father if he should not be able to assist me, and would also be a means of my improvement. If you think it practicable let me know, dear Mr. Norwood, or point out

to me some other course; to your advice I would implicitly submit."

One evening, not more than a week after the date of this letter, a travelling carriage drove through the village, and in it was recognized Mr. Norwood, who, in a few minutes, was again seen on his old route from the hotel to the Academy. He looked about him as he entered the enclosed play-ground, and little change met his eye. The trees were still loaded with the heavy, dark green foliage of mid-summer; the garden was flaunting with nasturtiums, asters and many-colored hollyhocks, as of old, and the walls were not less thickly tapestried with trumpet-flowers. The old man sat in his accustomed place on the little portico, watching the gyrations of the swallows, but beside him, instead of Nelly, the little, buoyant, restless fairy, stood a tall, slender girl, whose luxuriant black hair showing upon its smooth bands the rich light and shade of velvet, was wound plainly around her head, and who would have been pale but for the faint glow of the setting sun which tinted her face and neck like the reflection of a japonica upon marble. A low bark from the Spaniel which had reared his fore-feet upon the bench at her side, and then a soft whine—did he recognize his master?—gave intimation of his approach, and the next instant the full, tearful eyes of Ellen were looking close into his own, as she exclaimed, "I knew that to you we might apply for comfort, dear Mr. Norwood, but I did not anticipate so much as seeing you here!"

The painter expected nothing else than to meet her as tenderly as he had parted from her, but now he could not venture to press even one of the soft hands which had sought his clasp to his lips, and a minute after he was not quite certain as to the manner in which Mr. Darlington had received him.

Few allusions were made during the course of the evening to the change of circumstances under which the friends had met. The school-master and his daughter spoke but little, leaving to their visitor to supply material for conversation from his recent travels. Before leaving them he remarked to Mr. Darlington, "I must now name the object of my present trip. It is to assert my old claim to return your hospitality, and to beg that, since you are at liberty, you and your daughter will share my bachelor establishment with me until you shall have made arrangements which shall please you better. I will take no denial, and have brought my carriage to be myself your escort."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Mr. Darlington in his concise, simple way, "we will go."

Not much preparation was required for the journey. The old furniture belonged to the house, and neither Ellen nor her father had a great deal in the way of wardrobe to be got ready. Their leave-taking also was easily done, though when they drove through the streets on the morning of their departure, it might have been supposed that they had been very popular persons. The carriage was stopped at every few yards' distance by elderly ladies or gentlemen, who regretted extremely that they should lose so valuable a townsman and excellent a neighbor as Mr. Darlington; hoped he would change his mind and again take up his residence among them; and insisted that if he should not gratify them by doing so, he and Miss Ellen would frequently visit them and make homes of their houses; all of which fine speeches were received kindly by the old man, and by his daughter in the silence of astonishment.

It was Ellen's first essay as a traveller, and she commenced it with alternate tears and smiles, grieving over the breaking up of the associations of her whole life, and rejoicing in the security afforded by the company of the painter. His winning kindness and varied conversation gained more and more upon her gratitude, admiration and wonder, and at length she forgot to think of anything else. At the close of the third day they entered the city, and she clung to her father's side with something of heart-sickness as she inhaled the confined air and beheld the narrow streets and long lines of contracted, closely-packed houses; but a remark of Mr. Norwood for the moment relieved her.

"I have chosen my residence beyond the boundaries of the city," said he, "and where you will find yourselves supplied with shade and sun and breezes as pleasant as those you have left behind."

The dusk had come on before they alighted, and she could merely distinguish that the house into which she was conducted, though spacious, was low and of cottage-like outline; but when within, she looked around in silent pleasure upon the transparent curtains, beautifully wrought in needlework, which hung over the windows; the elegant alabaster vases, through which was shed by concealed lamps the soft lustre of moonlight, and the richly gilt China and polished silver which covered the inviting tea-table. But she was too much fatigued to enjoy their novelty long, and a female domestic was summoned by Mr. Norwood to attend her to her chamber.

A full concert of bird music, sweeter even than she had been accustomed to hear in her old home, drew our young heroine early the next morning into the open air. A scene of enchantment was around her. The mansion indeed was cottage-like in its proportions, but the columns that surrounded

it were of marble, and were wreathed with fragrant jessamines and the glowing stars of the cypress-vine, and among them were suspended gilded cages of foreign birds. Wherever she turned was a labyrinth of gravelled walks, luxuriant arbors, tall vases filled with flowering exotic shrubs, and stately trees casting a delicious shade over all. A graceful fountain threw its sparkles far into the air in front of the dwelling and within the white basin which caught them as they fell, were circling numbers of fish, so beautiful in their coats of scarlet and silver and gold that she could scarcely believe them real. She knelt down to watch their movements, overhung by the bending clustres of oleander blossoms and the delicate tendrils of myrtles, and as ever and anon, she glanced around, her strong perception of beauty weighed upon her to oppression. And then came a keener sense of her situation than she had felt before. She fancied herself as she expected soon to be, in one of the confined streets through which she had passed the night before—one of the humblest of them, toiling from morning till night in a crowded room, with not a single tree to beckon her to the windows, nor a bed of grass to relieve her weary eyes: and a tear rolled down her cheek into the water. She put her hands to her eyes, and when she removed them she saw the reflection of a face beside that of her own. It was Mr. Norwood's. She looked up as he bade her good morning, and attempted to smile.

"You must very soon take me from this beautiful place," said she, "it was kind but not quite prudent to bring me to it. It will be sad enough to recollect my old green, shady home when I get to work amidst the dust and noise of the city, and the remembrance of what I have seen here will make the change still more dismal."

"I was so sanguine as to hope you would not choose to go to work in that dreary place, dear Ellen," returned the painter; "could I not give you abundance of employment here?—see how many flowers there are to be trained—how many birds to be tended! and how much my cottage needs a mistress, to fill the vases, and arrange the books and curtains, and how much I need a wife, a gentle and fond wife, to welcome me from my close rooms in the dusty city, and to relieve me after my hours of labor amidst the turmoil and worldliness of the crowds of fashion, with fresh feelings and cheerful thoughts gathered among the lovely things of nature about our pleasant home! I cannot spare you, dear little Ellen! now that you are here, you must stay and be the wife I need, and keep your father with you."

Ellen had arisen and now stood clasping in both of hers the hand which he had extended, while her tears fell fast upon it. "You are too,

too kind, Mr. Norwood," she sobbed; "your pity leads you quite too far! I am not fit to be the wife of any one; I have never been instructed in any womanly duties, and I have no habits proper and loveable in a woman. And how unfitted I would be especially for *your* wife? You, who have so much knowledge and so high a position, could never be happy with an uncultivated and inexperienced girl. Your wife should have refinement and elegance, and ability to sustain herself with honor to you. I am only worthy to remain with my poor, kind, old father, who can neither see nor correct my faults, and to aid him in his helpless age. Perhaps, Mr. Norwood, you should not have spoken of this to me—it humbles me too much to make me think of what I am!"

"I do not act from commiseration, my sweet Ellen," said Mr. Norwood, half smiling; "to offer my hand to one, for whom my heart entertained only a feeling of pity, would be an effort far beyond my power of self-devotion. I ask you to be mine after all the reflection and with all the sentiments which a regard for my own happiness, as well as yours, demands. During my long absence my memory constantly recurred to you with a tenderness which I would have believed it impossible to be excited by the beauty and sweetness of a mere child, such as you then were, and I fondly cherished a presentiment of all I find you now. My most soothing and dearest dream amidst the excitement of my art was to return and win you for my own. You are all that I wish in a wife, and as to the duties which you dread, love will be your best teacher in them. You do love me now, dear Ellen, I feel it as securely as I trust you will love me far more—but have I spoken too confidently?—have I wounded you by my freedom?" and he paused as he was drawing her toward him, for she had grown quite pale.

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured, pressing his hand tightly on her heart, "I only feel too happy!" and sliding away from him she bounded into the house. Mr. Darlington met her at the entrance, and throwing her arms around his neck, she sobbed amidst her blushes and smiles, "my trouble is over, dear father!—we are to live here—here in this beautiful place—I am to be—that is, Mr. Norwood has asked me to be!"—and she hid her face in her hands and leaned on his shoulder, unable to finish her sentence.

"To be his wife!—is that it, my child?—I could wish nothing better for you in this world."

"Shall we not be perfectly happy?—you will live with us, and never more have any fear of toil and poverty!"

"Thank God, I have never had any fear of them, dear child," returned the old man, putting

one hand around her waist, and extending the other to Mr. Norwood, who had joined them; "a little prudence has enabled me to rest quite free from that. For the last thirty-six years I have received a regular income, which, limited as it was, still more than sufficed for my moderate wants. I was, therefore, enabled to throw by a few dollars at a time, and during the course of so many years they accumulated in the old iron-bound chest in my chamber, about which you were always so curious, Nelly—to a considerable sum. I never had cared to count it as I kept it merely for a time of need, but immediately on receiving my dismissal I did so, and found it more than I had anticipated."

"Dear father, you never hinted to me anything of this!" exclaimed Ellen.

"You never knew nor cared anything about money matters, my child; if I had thought you indulged any anxiety about leaving the old place further than the regret of parting from a home to which you had been accustomed, I could easily have told you all. I deposited my savings in the bank the day before we left N——, and as such things are quickly talked about, I have no doubt the kind farewells we received were a consequence of it. This, and something more, is the amount of my dependance," and he took a paper from his pocket book and handed it to the painter.

"A certificate for a deposit of ten thousand five hundred dollars," said Mr. Norwood; "I know not whether to congratulate you upon it, my dear sir, or to be alarmed for myself."

"I intended to treasure it as a means of securing the comforts of a home to my little Nelly if I should be taken from her, but as it appears she has a prospect of them without it, and has kindly considered me in her plans of happiness, I think the best disposition I can make of it will be to constitute it her marriage portion."

"And now that she is an heiress she may change her mind about throwing herself away upon a poor painter," said Mr. Norwood looking intently into her face.

A merry, roguish, confiding smile, such as she had scarcely worn since the days of the "Water Lilies" was her only answer.

But the picture?

Of course the painter reclaimed it as its appearing in the present collection will testify, and he prides himself upon the portrait of his wife as his master-piece.

WE live, we love, we die;
We breathe, and are no more!
Life's but a wave that breaks
On Time's eternal shore.

C. A.

HEART MYSTERIES.

BY ROBERT H. DUNLAP.

BUT earth has nought that e'er may vie
 With sweet entrancing harmony
 Of golden chord's for ages rung
 Upon the soul-harp deftly strung.
 As lakelets green savannas laving,
 Or summer breezes gently waving
 The tall and graceful forest-spray
 Beneath the sun's enlivening ray—
 As dwells the lulling cygnet-song,
 While sylvan dells the strains prolong—
 Speaking in gentle tones of love
 Far sweeter than Zenaida dove,
 They come upon the ravished sense
 With soft and pleasant influence;
 Which pierces e'en the guilt-mailed breast,
 And tames the heart of steel to rest.
 They speak in strains, oh sweeter far
 Than melody of new-born star,
 When the day-god's golden band is riven—
 Ay! more than nature eloquent,
 When brilliant roseate hues of heaven
 Have passed adown the vale of even,
 And Dian's paly light is sent
 Flooding the fretted firmament,
 And falls with calm and genial power
 The massive moonbeams' silvery shower.

Then turn ye from the troublous strife
 That age embitters human life,
 Turn to those gems forever gleaming,
 Thro' passion's cloud-rifts mildly beaming;
 Forever on thy soul they're smiling,
 Forever they are present in thee;
 The visions of dull care beguiling,
 From sorrowing they're sure to win thee.
 Their light upon thy soul is darted
 Whene'er the shadowy veil is parted,
 And brooding phantoms are dispersed
 Which long thou hast within thee nursed,
 As in hot haste might's shadows fly
 Before the morning's rosy sky.

TO ———.

BY EMMA HARLEY.

LADY! I know thee not—thou dwell'st afar,
 Hill, vale, and river, both between us rise;
 Yet, like the distant radiance of a star,
 In thee is seen the beams that most I prize:
 No pictured lineament, no outward token,
 Have I to color thee, as bright or fair,
 But thy charmed *pen* oft to my heart hath spoken,
 And I can love the soul enshrined there!
 Through the proud halls of our ancestral land
 Thy Fancy with a queenly grace can tread;
 With equal skill, again thy fairy hand
 Can meet our souls, beside the village dead!
 'Tis a proud triumph thine, which thus imparts,
 Sweet germs of sympathy to kindred hearts.

THE LAST MEETING;

OR, MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WELL, Harry," said Charles Owen, as the two friends sat together in the latter's office, "when are you and Mary Roscoe to be married?"

"Married!" said Harry, knocking the ashes from his cigar, and then looking up with apparent surprise. "Faith—that's more than I can tell. It's a new idea altogether. What put the notion into your head?"

It was now the turn of Charles to look surprised. But it was only for a moment.

"Come," he said, "be frank for once, Harry. You know you love Mary, and that she is a prize for any man. And, if I know anything of women, she loves you——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Harry, though he partially blushed, "you know no such thing. Even if it were so Mary would be too proud to shew it."

"Miss Roscoe is proud, I grant," said Charles, "but she is a warm and sensitive woman, and, like all such, betrays herself when she little dreams of it. She would not love easily, but once loving, depend upon it she could not conceal her affections. I have watched her when you have unexpectedly entered the room, and there has been a sudden lighting up of the eye, a heightened color, and a consciousness of manner—seen only for the instant, it is true—which prove that she loves you. You know it, too, in spite of your affected ignorance—you needn't shake your head—come, confess all, you are secretly engaged."

"As true as I sit here," said Harry, with an earnestness of manner which left no doubt of his sincerity, "I have never spoken a word of love to Miss Roscoe. You—you," he said, dropping his eye before the half indignant glance of Owen, "must be mistaken," and then affecting to laugh, he said, "it is too ridiculous—the idea of Mary being in love with me."

His friend looked mournfully into the grate for a moment and sighed. Mary Roscoe was a favorite with him, for Charles was one of those men who can esteem a woman without loving her, though, had he not been himself engaged, he might have loved Mary, for she was, both in person, mind and accomplishments, one of the most admirable of her sex. One year ago he had introduced her to his old college friend, Harry Courtland, now a rising young lawyer, not without the faint hope that they might be mutually pleased with each other, for both stood equally high in his esteem. The result

had appeared to justify his wish. From the first Harry had been struck with the brilliant and cultivated mind of Miss Roscoe, and was to be found at her house nearly every week. All the gossips said it would be a match, for Mary was evidently not insensible to the finished manners and eloquent conversation of the young lawyer. Charles had long been of the opinion that his friend and Mary were secretly engaged, though, as yet, he had not taxed Harry with it. He was now, however, to discover a new trait in his friend's character; for how true is it that we may know a person for years, and be ignorant of their worst, because perhaps their most secret failing, since we may never have seen them in a position to bring out this peculiar weakness of their character.

"Harry!" said Charles, at length looking up, and now half suspecting the failing of his friend, "the idea that you are loved by Mary is *not* ridiculous. I tell you frankly that if you are not engaged to her, I never was more deceived in my life. Have you not been her constant visitor for a year—her favorite attendant at parties—so exclusive an admirer as to have driven nearly every other one from the field? And what did all this mean?"

"Why—that I thought her a charming girl, to be sure," said Harry, laughing, to conceal the uneasiness he felt at this strong view of his conduct. "I *do* admire Mary Roscoe—I don't deny *that*. She is certainly the finest girl I ever knew, talented, good-looking, warm-hearted, full of energy, with excellent principles, and would, I believe, love until death. But the fact is—and you ought to know it, Owen—I can't afford to marry her. She is poor, and so am I; and you know the old adage 'when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

"I really do not know what you call being poor. Your practise is worth twelve hundred a year—pretty good for a young lawyer, let me tell you—and you have a rising reputation. On twelve hundred a year any man can afford to marry a woman like Mary Roscoe, who knows how to economize, and who does not throw away, every few weeks, fifty dollars on a French collar, an embroidered handkerchief, or some other luxury of the kind, whose use wealth only can justify. On twelve hundred dollars you can live very comfortably—I know several that do it:—it is true you can't give terrapin suppers, drink Heighsick champagne, or drive a pair of blood horses. You must wait for those things until you are twenty years older and have acquired a fortune, which you will be sure to do, sooner or later, if you stick to your profession."

"Very well preached," said Harry, "you

would make as good a railer against the sins of extravagance as old father Latimer, in King Edward's day. But confess now, Owen, you are quizzing. You love the good things of this life as well as any of us. No one has a horse than can go faster than yours. Your wines are the best. And, to crown all, you are going to marry an heiress."

"I declare solemnly, Harry, and you ought to know better than to make the charge, that these things would never influence me in selecting a wife. I was once poor enough, God knows! Left an orphan, without friends, until twenty, I had sufficient of the world's hard usage. At college I supported myself by teaching school. The fortune which my uncle in Canton left me so unexpectedly, has not, I hope, altered my heart. And as for Caroline, I never knew she was worth a cent until I proposed; for I thought her a dependant on her uncle's bounty, instead of a co-heiress with his daughter in the large estates of her maternal grandfather."

"Well, I retract, and beg your pardon," said Harry, "but, to cut the matter short, I cannot live on twelve hundred dollars. I wish I could marry Mary Roscoe, but if I do so I must make up my mind to toil all my life. That I cannot do. It would be folly, too, when there are so many rich girls one might get. You see I am a philosopher. The great end of life is happiness. Now, how am I to secure the most felicity?—by marrying the woman I *could* love and working like a dray-horse all my life, or by allying myself to an heiress, bidding good-bye to romance, and securing myself all the luxuries of life, besides the importance which attaches to a man of wealth—no small matter, my dear fellow, to an ambitious person like Harry Courtland? I fancy the latter alternative, in the long run, the wisest."

Charles had never before imagined his friend so selfish or hollow-hearted. He could scarcely restrain his indignation, and said with some warmth,

"For heaven's sake, then, why have you trifled with Mary Roscoe? She loves the very ground you tread on."

Harry was irritated, in turn, at this language. His own heart reproached him for his conduct; and this, perhaps, made him more unjust than even he would otherwise have been.

"And if she does," he retorted, "what is that to me? I never made love to the girl. I visited her, as I would any lady, because it was a pleasure to me; but knowing I could not marry her, I religiously abstained, as a man of honor, from saying anything to her which might induce her to think me serious in my attentions. If

she has been fool enough to fall in love with me, it is not my fault."

Charles rose from his chair. He had read of such baseness in novels, but never heard it avowed in real life. For a moment indignation choked his utterance. At length he spoke.

"Fool enough to fall in love with you! What else, sir, could Mary do? If to visit her constantly for a year—to seek every occasion in company to draw her into a tête-à-tête—to present yourself for her attendant, almost as a right, on every occasion—to converse with her in that low, confidential tone which a man only uses to a woman he loves—to show the most tender, aye! anxious solicitude for her health, if even her indisposition should be no more than a headache or a cold—to send her the last new book or the first flowers of the season—to show by every look that you take a deep interest in her—if these things are not to make love to a woman, according to your own phrase, even though no word of love ever passes your lips, then I know not what they mean. No, Harry Courtland, your own heart will tell you that you have adopted the most insidious and therefore the surest road to Mary Roscoe's heart. You have dexterously managed to mingle up your image with her every thought, to bribe the garrison one by one, so that the fortress was lost before she dreamed it was attacked. You have well said that Mary would not easily love. Had she been on her guard, had she known you as you are, you never could have won her heart. But no woman that ever lived is proof against such attentions as yours have been, when coming from one in whose favor they are prepossessed. You call yourself a man of honor—sir, you have basely trifled with Miss Roscoe, and all for the selfish gratification of being the first in her regards. We have been friends, but we can be so no longer. May God forgive you the injury you have done!" and without pausing for a reply, Owen seized his hat and hastily left the room.

Harry writhed, like the guilty man he was, under his friend's rebuke, and had not the courage, at its close, to detain Owen. But when the door had closed behind him, rage took possession of the young man's heart. The words which Owen had used stung him to the quick: to be taunted with dishonorable conduct angered him, as it has angered many another one, the more because of a secret conviction of its truth. In the first moments of his passion he determined to challenge his friend, unless he would retract the obnoxious words, but the publicity this would give to the affair deterred him, on cooler reflection, for guilt makes cowards of us all.

"Curse his puritanism!" said Harry—"the

hypocrite!—with wealth at his command, he pretends to lecture me for wishing it. I will teach him I am not fool enough to have his protégée put off on me. I will marry Helen Livingston before the winter is over, if I have to stir heaven and earth to effect it. She has a cool two hundred thousand, and seemed disposed to flirt with me at the Springs."

The town soon began to be rife with rumors that the match between Harry Courtland and Mary Roscoe was broken off, and while a few said it was the gentleman's fault, the majority declared it to be the lady's. Some prying gossips brutally alluded to the matter before Mary; but she always evaded a reply, and her friends were equally silent on the matter. As for Harry he was now the devoted admirer of the haughty Miss Livingston, could be seen attendant on her at the opera and concerts, and was ever ready obsequiously to arrange her shawl, hand her into her carriage, or pick up her fan. Report said he was finding alleviation for his rejection in the marked favor which the heiress showed him; and those who knew the gossip of the upper circles, to which he now confined himself, said no one was more brilliant at Mrs. B——'s suppers, or so finished a dancer at the ball of Mrs. H——.

Poor Mary! Let us turn to her for a moment. If ever a woman had loved deeply, unreservedly, with her whole soul, that woman was this now neglected being. By slow degrees Courtland had won his way into her heart, and, not until long after her every thought was his, did she make the discovery that she loved. Perhaps she would not have done it then, but for a slight misunderstanding, which revealed to her the truth, by showing the poignant anguish which his anger caused her. Her pride instantly took alarm, and she struggled for awhile against her feelings; but the misunderstanding was cleared up, and Courtland, with arts more insidious than ever, allayed the alarm which he saw was excited. It is true that, even now, he did not commit himself in words; but if looks, if the tones of his voice, if hints not to be understood, if everything except a distinct declaration could be taken as a proof of affection, Mary felt that she might securely love Courtland. He had even gone so far, on one occasion, to remark that he would never breathe his love to any woman in words until both were satisfied of each others affection, and to imply that circumstances would prevent him from taking a wife for a year to come. What could this mean, but that he loved Mary, though, as yet, he was not ready openly to avow his preference. And what wonder that she gave herself up, without further resistance, to the delicious dream?

But the wakening was dreadful! For the week after the interview between Owen and Harry, which we have detailed, she looked in vain for Courtland's accustomed visit. He came not. She thought it strange, and wondered if she had offended him. It was not long, however, before they met in society. Mary was about to greet him with her accustomed frankness, when he turned away with a bow so chilling that it was impossible to misunderstand it. Her pride immediately came to her aid. Conscious of having done no wrong, she could attribute this conduct to nothing but its true cause, especially as she saw the marked attentions he bestowed on Miss Livingston, who was present.

"He shall not see the pain he inflicts," she said to herself; and no one was, in consequence of this resolution, so brilliant on that evening. Every one said how beautiful Mary Roscoe looked, and how gay were her spirits. Alas! of the many who envied her, none would have exchanged places with her, had they known the truth.

For Mary suffered intensely. A proud woman may conceal her agony, but it is none the less severe. On the contrary it is the sharper from the effort to hide it. Sympathy is so necessary to our sex, that when a woman is compelled to suffer in secret, her pain of mind is rendered doubly acute. And thus Mary suffered. Gradually she learnt the whole truth—how that she had been trifled with for a vain man's gratification, how she had been deceived in the idol she had raised up for her worship, how another was now about to purchase the name she had once fondly hoped would be hers. Oh! there is no torture like that which a proud woman, who has been slighted, suffers. And when that slight involves the dearest affections, the most cherished dreams of life, her cup of agony is bitter indeed, and filled to the brim. The trial was fearful, and when it had passed Mary was a changed being. She no longer loved Courtland; but she felt she could never love another. A whirlwind had passed over her heart; a desolating flood had been there; the spring of life, the warm trustfulness of feeling was gone, and she came forth from the terrible ordeal, with her heart widowed within her. Let us not be misunderstood. There had been no morbid sentimentality about Mary. Had it been so she would speedily have recovered from the blow. But she was one of those natures that can never love twice: the whole wealth of her heart had been lavished prodigally on one object, and when he rejected it, utter bankruptcy followed. A woman may form an alliance after such a disappointment as Mary had received; and dependant circumstances often induce them to do it; but they never love as they might have done,

or as they once did. We are not writing romance when we say this, but uttering a truth which daily observation confirms.

Yet Mary was not, as too many are, soured to the world by the bitter lot it had measured out for her. She had early been instructed in the religion of the Bible, and taught to look to a higher consolation, in trouble, than earth affords. Thither she now turned. And she found comfort. She felt that life had many things yet to make her live for—that there were numerous duties for her to perform—and that she might yet be happy. She was less lively, perhaps sadder than before, but her smile had a placid sweetness it had never known in the hey-day of her youth. Nor did she want admirers. If Mary Roscoe at twenty had been a belle, the same being at twenty-three was more admired than ever. But she gave none encouragement. Several, undeterred by her manner, pressed their suit to a proposal, but the dignified and decided refusal they met with precluded any further attempt. At length the truth began to be suspected, and she was released from such persecutions.

It was about this time that, by one of those sudden turns of fortune, with which our country abounds, Mary came unexpectedly into the possession of a large fortune by the demise of a distant and eccentric relative, who had always liked her, but from whom she had never indulged any expectations. She had now the means of doing the good, for which only wealth had been desirable to her; and the name of Mary Roscoe soon became associated, in the hearts of the poor, with innumerable acts of kindness and benevolence.

Turn we now to Harry Courtland. We have recorded his resolution to win Miss Livingston. He succeeded. His reputation for eloquence at the bar, his elegant manners, his many accomplishments, and the vanity of having drawn him away from one whom, in her secret heart, the heiress felt to be her superior in every endowment of person and mind, secured his triumph; and he became, to use the language of the world, the fortunate possessor of this prize. But was he happy? Did wealth, that could give him every reasonable gratification, fill the void in Harry Courtland's heart? Ask yourself, reader. He could not avoid contrasting his bride's person, mind and manners with those of the only woman he had ever loved, and the comparison always ended unfavorably to his wife.

Never were two persons worse matched than Harry Courtland and Miss Livingston. She was peevish and sour in disposition: he irritable and harsh in return. Both were supremely selfish. Neither, therefore, yielded their own comfort to

secure that of the other. Before they had been married a month, Harry had learnt almost to hate his wife. What torture is there like that of being tied for life to one you despise! Harry Courtland experienced that torture. Bitterly was Mary being revenged.

When happiness cannot be found at home, both man and wife seek it abroad. Harry had grown careless of his business, and become already a man of fashion. He drove a dashing turn-out, played billiards, gave suppers, and was even said to frequent the faro table. He was never at home. His wife was not a woman to submit to this. Scarcely any husband could have made her fond of domestic life; but this neglect drove her into society. Not an evening was spent at home. Her mornings were consumed in making calls, in shopping, and in the other dissipations of fashionable life. She had her carriage as well as her husband his. Her balls were talked of as much as his suppers: in short both were running a career of extravagance and folly to which a prince's fortune would not have been adequate. In a few years came the crash. And a terrible one it was; for the same week that the sheriff was in his house, Courtland's wife ran off with a foreign adventurer.

Disgraced in name and ruined in purse, Harry now suddenly disappeared from the city. Some said he had gone in pursuit of the destroyer of his wife, others that he had been seen on his way to New Orleans with a gang of professed gamblers. But, whithersoever he had gone, his name soon passed out of men's minds, and the once brilliant and rising Courtland was as completely unthought of as if he had never been born.

Twenty years had passed—twenty years which, when we look forward, seem so long, and when we gaze back appear but a day—twenty years of sorrow for some, of joy for others, and of instruction for all, were lost sight of forever in the shadows of eternity. The middle-aged had grown old—the old had died—and the young were fast becoming wrinkled by the cares of middle-age. Yet one person, of those whom we have introduced to the reader, was still beautiful; and in the placid face and sweet smile of Mary Roscoe, men whose hair began to gray, still saw the loveliness they had worshipped when younger.

And she was beautiful, even at forty. There are some faces that care never seems to have visited, on whose calm surface not a shade is visible, that wear a placid repose eloquent of a long life well and happily spent. Such a countenance was Mary Roscoe's. Her clear blue eye was serener than ever, something like an evening sky, less brilliant but lovelier than in its morning

prime: her complexion was still unrivalled: her person was dignified and majestic. Many a proud name, high on its country's roll of fame, would have been glad of an alliance with her; but none ventured the attempt.

It was a day in early summer, when a splendid carriage dashed up to the hotel of the obscure little village of —, and a lady of dignified presence descended. She paused a moment on the walk to give some directions to her servants, while the landlord and landlady obsequiously stood waiting to usher her into the parlor. At this instant a miserable object approached to beg for alms. A single glance showed the means by which he had fallen to his present degraded condition. His eyes were bleared, his hand shook, and his once fine person exhibited by numerous other indications the ravages of confirmed drunkenness. His garments hung in tatters. His hair was mostly gray, and he might well be sixty, though probably not so old, for nothing hastens apparent age like habitual intoxication. He mumbled something, it was difficult to tell what, for he seemed even now partially under the influence of drink, as he extended his hand.

"Get away, you sot," said the landlady, officiously interfering. "You see, ma'am," she said, turning apologetically to the visitor, "he is one of these troublesome drunkards, who hang about our streets, and infest travellers. Get away, I say!" she repeated, turning to the man, "you're a beggarly nuisance!"

This coarse appellation seemed, for a moment, to wake up what little sense of dignity was yet left to the man. He gathered his rags with dignity around him, retracted his extended hand, and folding his arms on his bosom, drew himself up.

"I have seen the day, ma'am," he said, "beggar as you call me, when I was rich and honored; when you would have been as obsequious to me as you are to that lady now; and when the name of Henry Courtland promised to be foremost in the legislative halls of his country."

He was turning away, but at that name a suppressed shriek burst from the lady, and she now for the first time opened her lips in his presence by pronouncing his name. At that voice he started, and gazed earnestly in her face, which showed, in every feature, how dreadfully she was shocked. For a moment he seemed perplexed: then a sudden light, the rekindling of old feelings, broke over his countenance: he took off his hat with melancholy dignity, bowed low and had pronounced the name, "Miss Roscoe," as if about to speak; but his eye happened at this juncture to fall on his rags, he seemed to choke for words, and, the next instant, fell to the ground in an apoplectic fit.

He never woke again to a sense of his condition. The rushing memories of the past which had crowded on him in that moment were too much for his shattered frame: before night he was a corpse.

What had been his history, in the fifteen preceding years, Mary never could discover. All she learnt was that he had appeared in the village about six months before, the degraded outcast she found him. But it is not difficult for the imagination to fill up the blank, and tell how, step by step, he sank from disgrace and insolvency to utter degradation.

There are few scenes in fiction more tragic than this last meeting, in real life, between the trifter and his victim. Truly hath the Scripture written—"vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord."

THE HURON'S SERENADE.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

WHEN the soft moonlight,
Through leaflets that quiver,
Gleams o'er each wave
Of the swift-flowing river—
When the sweet bells
Of the flowerets are closing,
And zephyrs that kissed them
Are calmly reposing—
I will glide o'er the stream,
In my slender canoe,
To gaze on thy beauty,
Sweet maid of the Sioux!

I will sing thee sweet love songs,
And twine thy dark hair
With the brightest of leaflets
Our deep vallies wear;
While the chiefs of thy tribe,
In the valley below,
But dream of their triumphs,
And scalps of the foe,
Not deeming a Huron
Comes near them, to woo
The light of his spirit—
The maid of the Sioux.

The heart of the Huron
Is brave in the fight,
His arrow is true
In its merciless flight;
When his war-whoop awakens
The sleep of the mountain,
The life-blood leaps forth
Like the wave of a fountain;
But in love he is gentle,
No proud heart more true
Than he yields to his love,
The young maid of the Sioux.

IRENE.

A TALE OF '77.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

NEXT day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevayle.

Theyr bodies bathed in purple blood,
They bare with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times
Ere they were cladd in clay. CHEVY CHASE.

It was near sunset on a bright and balmy day, the first of September, that a family group, five in number, were assembled in one of the loveliest and most secluded spots on the banks of the Brandywine. The slant sunbeams, as they fell on the river converted every ripple into a flashing gem, and stealing into the openings of an old woodland, gilded with dusky gold the green boughs and brightened the plumage of the birds, whose home, during the long, bright summer, had been amid its shady haunts.

One of the five, who was seated on a rustic bench at the entrance of a glade, which opened with a graceful sweep and penetrated far into the depths of the wood, had seen more than eighty winters. As he leaned against the trunk of a large oak that served as a back to the moss-grown bench on which he sat, memories of his youthful days, bright as the golden glory that lingered in the west, lit up his countenance, where time, without multiplying, had deepened the lines which the thoughts of a strong and searching mind had originally planted. It was not long before an object of nearer interest broke in upon his pleasant musings. It was a boat containing one person, crossing from the opposite side of the river, and which his daughter, a matron of forty, whose features, though of soft and feminine beauty, bore a striking resemblance to his own, had, for some minutes, been intently watching. A girl of eighteen, with large bright eyes, and hair as brown as the clusters of ripe nuts that hung on the boughs, bending them with their weight as they basked in the mellow beams of sunset, was sometimes by her mother's side watching the boat, sometimes sitting at her grandfather's feet, listening to his remarks with a grave and thoughtful air, and then with the very spirit of joy beaming from her countenance, was lightly bounding along the skirts of the woodland in company with her younger brother and sister, gathering those blossoms that yet lingered, mingling their fading bloom with the delicate frost-flowers that flushed with their faint purple every sunny nook. She helped too to heap their little willow

baskets with whole handfuls of ivy-plumes encircled with their rich, glossy leaves, thousands of which, bright as clustering rubies, were nestling in the soft, green moss.

A low, comfortable looking farm-house, its windows ruddy with the setting sun, was situated at no great distance. It was half embowered amid oaks and beeches, above which a wreath of blue smoke was gracefully ascending, indicating that the evening meal was in progress. The well cultivated fields exhibited the industry and agricultural skill of the proprietor, while the hand of female taste had evidently been busy in embellishing the borders of the garden walks with shrubs and flowers. The moss-grown rock, too, where the columbine nodded its head to the summer breeze, and the dewy recess where the violet loved to nestle, showed by the winding paths just visible on the greensward that they were favorite haunts. Lilac and rose bushes lifted their luxuriant heads almost to the eaves of the dwelling, and a grape-vine crept along the roof.

"It cannot be your father in the boat, Irene," said Mrs. Elwood, addressing her daughter.

"Why not, mother?" said Irene, rising so hastily from the side of her little blue-eyed sister, whom she was assisting to make a necklace of ivy-plumes, that she scattered a whole handful of them among the grass.

"Oh, Reny, you have lost a whole lot of my beautiful red beads," said the little girl, at the same time carefully inserting her tiny thumb and finger between the blades of shining grass to recover a portion of the vegetable gems so valuable in her eyes.

"What makes you think it is not father?" said Irene, who had now arrived at her mother's side.

"Because, if I mistake not, there is a large dog in the stern of the boat, and you know that Cæsar is at home keeping Judith company while we are absent."

"I am certain, however, that it is father," said Irene, "though I cannot imagine why he is bringing a dog home with him."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Elwood. "I am afraid that Cæsar's hospitable feelings are hardly equal to peaceably admitting a stranger to a share of his long established privileges."

As the boat drew near the shore there was no longer any doubt as regarded its occupant, and the blue-eyed girl forgetting her necklace, ran to join her mother and sister, while the boy, who was several years older, ran to meet his father.

"Don't touch the dog, Frank," said Mr. Elwood to his son, "he may be vicious for aught I know."

"Oh, no, he is not," replied Frank, "only see how he wags his tail."

Frank was right, for the dog, after saluting him in the most polite and friendly manner he was able, by rubbing his shaggy coat against his clothes, with much gravity and composure walked along by his side.

They had now ascended the bank of the river, and Mrs. Elwood, Irene and the child went to meet them. Mr. Marsden, the grandfather, likewise rose from his rustic seat and advanced a few steps, leaning on his staff.

"How glad I am that you have come," said Mrs. Elwood, addressing her husband, "I began to be afraid that you had joined the army."

"Afraid that he had joined the army, did you say, Elizabeth?" said her father. "Would you not then have your husband share the glory of establishing the independence of his country?"

"Our children, father," was her only reply, as her eyes, moistened with tears, wandered toward them.

"If you would have your children receive the heritage of freedom," said he, "is it not meet that their father's hand should help to earn it? Were not the bonds woven by age upon these withered hands and feeble limbs, not another day should pass before my name should be added to the names of those who have enrolled themselves under our country's banner. But I have nothing more to do with battles. My last was fought on the heights of Abraham. Frederic," said he, holding out his hand to his son-in-law, who, breaking from the caresses of his little girl, now approached him, "I know by your firm step and by the proud light beaming from your eye that you have volunteered your services to your country."

"I have, father," was the reply. "When I stood among my armed countrymen I felt that I had no right to enjoy the comforts of our pleasant home unless I joined them in its defence."

"Father has done right," said Irene, addressing her mother. "Had he sought to enjoy the shelter of his own roof at this perilous time, his children, though they might love him, could not look up to him with the pride and reverence that they will now."

"I know," replied her mother, "that he has done no more than his duty. Give me time and I shall be able to think of it with composure, but now the joyous prattle and merry laugh of these children break my heart, for I cannot help thinking that their father may never listen to them again after to-day."

The last words, uttered in a voice choked with emotion, were scarcely intelligible. But she felt that it was wrong to suffer her feelings

of despondency to damp the courage and ardor of her husband, and rallying her spirits, she turned to him and her father with a smile, and asked them if they would not return home. In compliance with this suggestion they all proceeded homeward. The dog that had sat wistfully regarding the group, which, absorbed in interests of dearer moment, had neglected to notice him, rose and went with them, sometimes bounding forward with the children, then turning back as if to watch the slow steps of the grandfather and Irene, who, accommodating her pace to his, walked by his side.

On arriving at the house they found the table ready spread for supper, the central dish being piled high with smoking pancakes which Judith, who had just finished frying them, had made on purpose, because Mr. Elwood, who had been absent two days, was particularly fond of them. Cæsar instead of appearing to regard the arrival of the stranger dog as an unwarrantable intrusion, welcomed him according to the most approved code of canine politeness, which appeared to be justly appreciated by its object.

When the family rose from the table, Mr. Elwood, who had refrained from adverting to a subject so exciting during the meal, informed them that the British had that day landed in the Chesapeake, with the intention of advancing on Philadelphia; and that Washington, who had determined to oppose their progress, had come to the conclusion to station himself at Chad's Ford, and there await battle.

As Mr. Elwood was to depart early in the morning, the family were loth to separate, and concluded to make a long evening. Mrs. Elwood too wished to inspect her husband's clothing, to see if there was nothing lacking to make him comfortable; while Judith of her own accord made some nice cakes, which she deposited in a large round box, that she adroitly concealed in a roll of blankets, thinking they would prove no unacceptable addition to a soldier's rations.

"I wish I was old enough to be a soldier," said Frank as he watched his mother and Irene, who were folding his father's clothing and placing it in a chest.

"Why, what are you about, Elizabeth?" said Mr. Elwood, whose attention had been drawn to the spot where she and Irene stood, by Frank's remark. "A single blanket and a change of linen is all I want, and they can be stowed away in my knapsack."

"Why, there is no knowing but you may be obliged to stay all winter," replied his wife.

"And you are not used to sleeping under a single blanket in the fall, much more in the winter," said Judith, alarmed lest the box of

cakes she had taken so much pains to prepare, should be discovered and rejected.

"And you must take your overcoat with you, certainly," said his wife, "as you may be obliged to stand sentinel during a storm."

"And the bottle of roundwood bitters in case your appetite should fail," said Judith. "A bottle too of the elder-berry syrup would not be amiss, which, according to my mind, comforts the stomach amazingly."

"But how am I to carry such a great, unwieldy chest?" said Mr. Elwood.

"There will be no trouble about that, will there, John?" said Judith, addressing a young man who at that moment entered. John, who had reasons of his own for coinciding with whatever was advanced by Judith, obviated every objection relative to the transportation of the chest, promising to see it safely conveyed across the river early in the morning.

It was on the morning of the eleventh of September, and Mr. Elwood had been absent nearly a week, when Irene, followed by the stranger dog to which Frank had given the name of Rover, took a pitcher and proceeded to a spring of remarkably pure water that gushed from a hill-side about a quarter of a mile distant. As she stooped to fill her pitcher she heard the booming of cannon which she mistook for thunder. It was repeated, and the faint rattle of musketry soon succeeded. Hastily ascending to the summit of the hill she beheld a dense cloud of smoke hovering over a hill on the opposite side of the river. It gradually rolled away, partially disclosing the meeting-house that crowned its brow, and then the forms of those who had met in deadly conflict. Before another volley succeeded, the smoke had so far cleared away that she could distinctly discern the scarlet coats of the British commingling with the darker garb of the Americans. The strife momentarily grew fiercer, and the shout of triumph mingling with the shriek of despair loaded the breeze as it swept over the eminence where stood the almost fainting Irene. All at once the dog that had kept close by her side, gave a sharp, quick bark, and bounding down the hill, plunged into the river and swam to the opposite side. Was it possible that at such a distance he had descried her father? With this thought Irene kept her eye on the animal, which made directly to a spot a considerable distance up the road, where the conflict appeared to be the most sanguinary. She strained her eyes to see if it were possible to discern the form of her parent among the hostile group that had there met hand to hand. But their quickly changing attitudes, occasioned by their fierce, struggles, blended them into one confused

mass, and she involuntarily covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the heart-sickening spectacle. She again ventured to look forth upon the scene. She beheld men retreating from the spot where the battle had been the deadliest. She saw that they were her countrymen, and that they were pursued by the British. Musket-balls that were still hurled through the air stayed the progress of many, some of whom were only wounded, while others sunk down into that dreamless sleep from which they would no more wake. Irene remained rooted to the spot. She appeared neither to possess the power to move nor to withdraw her eyes from the Americans flying before a relentless foe. She was aroused from her stupor by a cold and trembling hand which grasped her arm. She turned her head and beheld her mother at her side, pale and agitated. The roar of the distant battle had invaded her home, which until now had listened to none but sounds of peace, and following the direction whence it proceeded she was led to the spot where she found Irene. Neither of them spoke, and when they heard the sharp report of a musket, or saw one of their countrymen reel and fall, the grasp with which they clung to each other was only tightened, for they could not bear to say that he who was so dear to them both might be among the fallen. At length when the pursuers and pursued were veiled from their sight by trees or other obstructions, the dog bounded up the hill to the spot where they stood, and with signs eager and too expressive to be mistaken, endeavored to entice them to the water's edge. Mrs. Elwood then spoke.

"Your father," said she, "is either dead or wounded, and the dog has doubtless discovered where he is, and wishes us to follow him to the spot."

"It must be as you say," replied Irene, as the dog, first pulling at their clothes, run toward the river with that sharp, confident bark, seldom uttered by one of the canine species unless strongly impressed with the importance of the business he has in hand.

"I will go, mother," said Irene. "The boat is at its usual place, and I can, as you know, manage it perfectly well."

"Yes, you must go," replied her mother, "and I will go with you."

The paralyzing fear which had oppressed them as they stood without the power to aid or succor those who fell, was at once shaken off, and with the ready and well directed energy which seldom fails when necessity impels, they prepared to execute their intention. The boat, light though sufficiently commodious, which was moored to a birch that bent over the stream, was speedily

afloat. The dog with the liveliest demonstrations of joy leaped on board and seated himself by Irene, whose movements he watched with looks of great satisfaction. They soon reached the opposite side of the river, and following their dumb but intelligent guide, ascended the hill opposite, where the conflict had taken place. Now both mother and daughter had full scope for the exertion of fortitude. The dead and dying were thickly strewn around, and they shuddered lest among the number they should find him whom they sought. As they now and then bent for a moment over some prostrate form, the dog with the utmost impatience endeavored to lure them onward. At length he seized hold of Irene's dress and pulled her toward a cedar which still lifts its dark head on the summit of the hill, and like a lonely sentinel seemed watching this heritage of the dead. Beneath its shade, his head pillowed on the moss-covered roots, lay a man clothed in the uniform of a British officer. His face was pale as marble, and his hair was clothed with blood, which was slowly oozing from a wound above his temple. One of his hands which were of almost feminine beauty and delicacy, was strained round the handle of his sword, the blade of which was broken, the other grasped a sapling which grew near the cedar, as if by its aid he had made an effort to raise himself from the ground. The dog occasionally uttering a low moan, showed by these signs of fondness peculiar to his species that it was the officer and not Mr. Elwood who was the object of his solicitude. Though Mrs. Elwood and Irene intended ultimately to lend him their succor, they could not fulfil their charitable intention till they had made a thorough search for him who had first drawn them to the spot. Others beside themselves were there searching for husbands, fathers, or brothers, by whom many had been conveyed into a neighboring house as a temporary shelter. This they were about to enter when the names "Elizabeth, Irene," were pronounced close behind them by a dear and familiar voice. An inarticulate cry of joy burst from the lips of each, and the next moment the wife and daughter were folded in the soldier's arms.

Ready and willing hands were busy in conveying the wounded from the field, but no one regarded the young British officer. His dog alone kept close by his side. When the fulness of their joy gave them time for thought, Mrs. Elwood and Irene remembered him. Mrs. Elwood drew her husband to the spot.

"He is a stranger in a strange land," said she, "and though an enemy, shall we not take him in?"

It was a trying question for one who had just seen so many of his countrymen, some of them friends and neighbors, shot down by the British, but the simple and touching appeal of his wife, which was in the true spirit of Him who taught as never men taught, had its effect, and raising the young man in his arms with the assistance of his wife and daughter, he conveyed him to the boat. The day was near its close, and a few purple clouds fringed with gold were floating up from the west, and gradually expanding themselves over the mellow autumn sky. The clear stream reposing beneath the lovely canopy was scarcely broken by a single ripple. None but pleasant and peaceful sounds now greeted the ear. The lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks, the monotonous but not unpleasant cry of the hawk soaring high above them, together with the light dipping of the oars finely harmonized with the quiet beauty of the hour. The sun as its horizontal beams darted across the river, for a moment threw a freshness and glow over the pale features of the wounded stranger resembling the hues of health, imparting to them an almost supernatural beauty. Irene started and bent eagerly over him imagining he was about to revive. A look sufficed to tell her she was deceived. He remained as at first wholly unconscious of all that was passing.

John, who stood at the shore awaiting their arrival, when he found that one of the regulars, as he called the British, was to partake of the hospitality of the Elwoods, could not refrain from remonstrating; when told, however, the manner they had been guided to him by the dog, his superstitious feelings were brought into requisition, and he gave it as his opinion that good would come of it in the end. He now cheerfully assisted in carrying him to the house and in placing him in the spare bed which occupied one corner of the "best room." Judith, who professed to be very skilful in roots and herbs, undertook to apply temporary remedies for his relief till they could procure a surgeon; Irene acting the part of an assistant. Her efforts were tolerably successful for he revived somewhat, and by the time supper was ready had sunk into an unquiet sleep. After the family rose from the table an hour was spent in conversation. Mr. Marsden reverted to the time when their ancestors landed on the shore of Plymouth. He spoke of the motives that impelled them to leave England, where in the bosom of green and sunny valleys rose their pleasant cottages, which they exchanged for the log-cabin in the deep and solitary wilds of an American forest. He alluded to their patience, their fortitude, and above all of their lofty faith and unwavering trust in Him

who had of old kept his people in the waste and howling wilderness as the apple of his eye.

"Nor did they," said he, "ever find that their trust was a vain one. Though chastened, they were sustained, and though sad thoughts might sometimes come to them of their homes in their native isle, they remembered also the yoke of bondage which they had escaped. Let us, my children," added he, "keep alive the same spirit in our bosoms, nor think of rendering our inheritance as a spoil to the oppressor, even though called to yield our lives in its defence."

"Your words," said Mrs. Elwood, "stir up feelings in my bosom that I was never conscious of before, which would, I think, were it meet for me so to do, strengthen me to raise my own arm against those who would bend our necks beneath the yoke of bondage; but still when I think my children's freedom may be purchased with their father's life, the price seems too great even for such a blessing."

"I have no fears for myself, Elizabeth," said Mr. Elwood. "If I fall in battle, it will be a consolation to know that I fall in a just cause. You will not have to reflect like him, who, perhaps, lies wounded unto death in the next room, that I raised my arm against the liberties of my brethren."

A low groan drew Irene to the bedside of the sufferer, but his eyes still remained closed either in a feigned or real sleep.

Before separating for the night, Mr. Marsden having read a chapter in the well-preserved Bible, which more than a century before had been brought across the waters of the Atlantic, offered one of those earnest appeals to the Most High, far more impressive than words of studied eloquence. The whole family then united in singing a metrical version of one of the Psalms, commencing,

Oh, thou thy loving kindness show
To those who trust in thee.

The tune selected was St. Martins, which even at the present day often "shakes the choir" with its deep and solemn music. All had received the gift of musical voices, from little Frank who sang in childish treble to the aged veteran from whose lips rolled the deep and mellow bass in beautiful contrast to the sweet, flute-like tones of Irene. Even Mrs. Elwood's anxiety and fear for her husband's welfare gave place to feelings of high and holy trust as she joined in the solemn and cheering harmony. As for the wounded stranger none knew whether he listened to the music or not. Judith, however, who sat watching him, affirmed that he was awake and knew all that was going on as well as she did, for though he never

once opened his eyes, there was a quivering of the eyelids which never occurred when a person was either asleep or insensible.

In little more than a week afterward he was so far convalescent as to be able to leave his bed and occupy the large arm-chair, which Mr. Marsden relinquished to him as an invalid. One day as they were sitting together alone, the females of the family being employed in household duties, Mr. Marsden enquired of him what had induced him to take up arms against the Americans.

"They were represented to me in a false light," he replied. "I was told that you were rebels, but I find that you are patriots, and never again, while I live, will I raise my arm against them."

"God grant that you keep in that mind," said Mr. Marsden, "and now you will pardon an old man if I remind you that though you have now been our guest more than a week, we are as yet ignorant of your name."

"I am the one that should ask pardon," he replied, "for what was at first prevented by severe suffering, both bodily and mental, has since resulted from a carelessness altogether inexcusable. My name is Charles Stafford."

"Stafford! that is a name that was once very dear to me. Philip Stafford was the best beloved friend of my youth. We were companions in everything. Even in the field of battle we were still side by side, and there, at last, death claimed him and left me."

"My grandfather fell in battle, and his name was Philip Stafford. He was under General Wolfe, and was slain on the heights of Abraham when I was only five years old."

"Now am I indeed sure," said Mr. Marsden, rising and taking the young man's hand, "that you will never again appear in arms against those who are struggling for freedom. One in whose veins runs the blood of the generous and high-minded Stafford, cannot join with those who would fasten the chain of slavery upon their own brethren."

Just at this moment the dog, which bore the poetical name of Luath, ran into the room, and overjoyed to see his master in a chair, almost overwhelmed him with his caresses.

"As your dog is so fond of you," said Mr. Marsden, "what could induce him to leave you at the time he did?"

"It was not his fault," replied Stafford. "I lent him to a lad with whom he had become familiar who was going on a hunting excursion, and before he returned we were ordered to a different station. How he found me here I am totally at a loss to conjecture."

Mrs. Elwood who had entered in season to hear the latter part of the conversation, related to him the whole history of the dog from the time he accompanied her husband home, to that when he allured her and Irene to the spot where his master lay wounded.

During the foregoing explanations Irene was in a distant apartment turning the spinning-wheel and singing a sweet song in a still sweeter voice.

"What makes you so merry to-day, Irene?" said Judith, who sat carding the rolls for her to spin.

"I don't know," she replied, "unless it is because it is such a bright, cheerful day."

"I know a better reason than that," said Judith.

"I should like to know what it is," said Irene.

"I should give it, as my opinion, it is because a certain gentleman is able to sit in the arm-chair to-day."

"How can you be so foolish as to think so?"

"I tell you there is nothing foolish about it. When John had the fever last summer I couldn't help singing and laughing too when he got well enough to leave his bed."

"That was a very different affair, for you know that you and John expect to be married some day."

"And it won't be long before you will be engaged to marry the young Britisher."

"No, Judith, no, that can never be."

"I know better than that. Haven't I seen him following you with his eyes every step you took, and haven't I heard him, when he thought that no one was in the room, speak your name over and over again as if he thought it sounded sweeter than any name he ever heard?"

Irene did not reply to this, and she certainly now, instead of appearing merry, looked very sad.

"You think," said Judith, noticing this change in her appearance, "that your parents wouldn't consent to your marrying a British officer?"

"I am certain they never would, and I am sure I never would myself."

"We shall see," replied Judith, with a very wise and significant motion of her head, intended to convey the impression that her words were oracular.

And so they were. Before many days had passed young Stafford had told Irene that her country should be his country. He told her too that by exchanging his native land for hers he should sever no ties of kindred, as he had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister.

As soon as his health was re-established he took leave of the family where he had been so kindly entertained, for the purpose of joining the American army; not, however, without first

obtaining a promise from Irene, that early the ensuing spring she would give him her hand.

TO LAIDA.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

WITHIN an olden forest

I saw two children play,
Among the sweet wild leaves and flowers,
As wild and sweet as they.
The girl whose peerless beauty
Recalled thine own; with plies
Of sunny hair wound carelessly,
And fathomless, dark eyes.

The boy, with noble features,
Filled with mysterious light,
Mingling with shadowy sadness there,
Like stars and mist at night.
And ever, o'er his forehead,
Swept thoughts in endless strife;
As he watched each glance and tone of hers,
As though it were his life.

Sorrow and bliss and passion
Were there together wove;
There hate and anger and contempt
Struggled with perfect love.
And in his hands were flowers,
Culled in the forest free;
The brightest sung to by the bird,
And tasted by the bee.

At last, one smile she gave him,
Sunny and fond and sweet;
And the proud boy flung himself and flowers
Together at her feet.
And now to thee, the idol
From whom no thought can love,
I come to offer up the flowers
Which GENIUS gave to LOVE!

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

YE verdant vales thro' which my pliants resound,
Ye streams, which constant tears have swelled to floods,
Ye finny tribes, ye birds, ye gloomy woods
That flowery banks on either side surround,
Ye winds that waft my sighs upon your wings,
Ye well-known paths, ye are not as of yore;
Ye hills that pleased me once now please no more:
Tho' love still leads me where my fond heart clings.
Each haunt is now, as it was wont to be,
But I, alas, am changed—I once so gay,
Now grieving pass each long and weary day;
With her I wandered here, by this elm-tree
I turn to look where she to heaven has gone,
Leaving on earth her earthly frame alone!

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. C. G. MORTON.

"WELL, dearest Ella," exclaimed Charles Crosby to his young and lovely bride, a few days after his marriage; "do you really think you will have courage sufficient to emigrate with me to our western home? You must recollect, dearest, you will have to undergo many, very many privations. The refined society that you have ever been accustomed to must be given up, and if you mingle in any it must be in that of the rude and uncultivated. In our own happy New England home your life has hitherto been one of sunshine and gladness; when there you will have no dear familiar faces to meet you with the smile of affection. I alone will be with you."

Ella stood leaning on her husband's arm listening to every word he said with the deepest interest: a shade of melancholy had settled upon her fair brow, a tear had started in her eye, as she thought she was leaving the happy home of her childhood, and that perhaps forever. Charles continued—

"My love, I wish to hold out no inducements to you but what can be realized. The country you are going to is a beautiful, wild and picturesque region, the land is rich, and I doubt not in a few years we shall make a fortune, and then we will return here and enjoy it."

Ella looked in her husband's face and said with a faint smile,

"Dear Charles, I have determined to go with you. East—west—alas, I care not whither, so thou art safe and I with thee:

"Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine
The world's a world of love for us."

"Quite an appropriate quotation, upon my word, Ella," said Charles Crosby, gently taking his wife's hand, "but this love is merely ideal, as you will soon have to enter upon the sad realities of life."

"Ah! my husband," said Ella, with an imploring look, "do not say so. You do not know your Ella if you think she cannot undergo a little for your sake."

In a few days Charles and his bride had to bid adieu to their home and friends. Ella felt the bitter pang of parting with her family. As her mother held her to her bosom for the last time she felt as if her heart was breaking; but Charles had promised that she should return in one year, and that was some consolation to her. The boat was now ready to push off, so she had to whisper farewell for the last time.

Charles Crosby had entered his five and twentieth year. He was possessed of considerable talent and enterprize, and as he had some capital he determined to emigrate to the far west to increase it. He had purchased a handsome farm and built a neat little cottage one year before our story opens; he had long been attached to Ella Ashton, and she to him, her family were highly respectable but not wealthy; at first they objected to her marrying Charles Crosby upon account of his removing so far from them, but when they found the young folks were so devotedly attached to each other they finally consented.

Our travellers had now reached the beautiful Ohio. Ella was charmed with the romantic scenery it presented—and when they arrived at the majestic Mississippi, the father of waters, her admiration knew no bounds; of evenings they were enlivened by music, and as the moon was at its full, the boat appeared to Ella like a fairy barque gliding over the water. At length after a journey of three weeks they reached their home in the western wilds; at first it presented to Ella a retired and gloomy aspect. It was night when they arrived, and not a light could be seen glimmering in any direction. The only sound that could be heard in the distance was the constant barking of the faithful watch dog, which made the woods resound with his echoes. In a short time a man appeared whom Charles had left in charge of his place—soon a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth to dispel the damp, and Ella's gloomy feelings had vanished.

In three or four weeks the cottage was in order. The furniture was plain, but arranged with the strictest regard to neatness. Ella took the management of her household affairs upon herself and presided over her dairy, her only female servant she employed in cultivating a garden, raising poultry and various other occupations. Ella took great delight in rearing flowers, and very soon she had rose-bushes and honeysuckles clambering over the windows, which gave the little white cottage a beautiful appearance. When Charles came home after the toils and labors of the day, his wife would greet him with a smile of love, and sing him a merry, or a soft and soothing lay, accompanied by her guitar, upon which she excelled. At such times Charles would frequently exclaim,

"I would not exchange my situation of domestic happiness with that of the President of the United States. Heaven has blessed us both with contented minds." ~

"And I, Charles," said Ella, "would not exchange my humble little cottage for my cousin Lucy's splendid mansion. You know when Lucy married Henry Grandville she made a brilliant

alliance as regards wealth, but there was a certain restlessness about Henry that I never liked, and I fear he has imparted too much of it to my cousin, as she is never happy but when immersed in pleasure. The sweets of domestic bliss she has no conception of; her devotion at the shrine of pleasure will, I fear, lead her to pursue a phantom that will ever elude her grasp."

It was now at that charming period of the year when Indian summer makes its appearance. The noble forest trees were variegated with the richest tints, the refulgent rays of the sun reflected upon them at sunset gave them a resemblance to burnished gold. Charles had built his cottage in the most romantic situation imaginable. A gentle stream wound its course a short distance from the door in a serpentine direction. The spot commanded a view of the most grand and diversified scenery. Ella would frequently take her drawing and needle work, and sitting on a little piazza before the door, contemplate the beauties of nature till her mind would be irresistibly drawn to the great Author of it all. Then she would meditate on the goodness of God portrayed in the great volume of nature. Not unfrequently at such times would her meditations be broken by some kind-hearted but ignorant neighbor, coming to sympathize with her on her lonely and desolate situation, and exclaiming, "La! Mrs. Crosby, I don't see how in the world you do to keep up your spirits in this lonesome place."

Now the poor woman had not the faintest idea that Ella's little world lay within herself, or that she could take any pleasure in reading the dull looking books that composed her library, or that the glorious objects of nature would have any charms for her. Ella would tell her that the superintendence of her household affairs and the cultivation of flowers and other employments she had, gave her a pleasure far greater than she had ever experienced when mingling in the gayest society. Ella Crosby had naturally a great taste for intellectual improvement, and her intercourse with the educated and refined had given her a polished and graceful diction that very few females possess. Her retirement had rather a tendency to exalt her understanding and lead her on to higher and nobler pursuits; but she never suffered her own improvement to interfere with her other duties: Charles would often tell her the gentle exercise she took imparted a richer bloom to her cheek and a brighter brilliancy to her eye.

Winter was approaching fast, already had frost and snow made their appearance, yet Ella was cheerful and happy, although the beautiful view

that nature presented when she come there was marred and its glory vanished, for all now that met her eye was a forest of leafless trees. Perhaps there is nothing so exquisitely touching as the pure devotion of woman's affection; in all the changing vicissitudes of life she is man's prop and stay; it is she that enables him to bear up when the storm of adversity comes; where she truly loves there is no sacrifice too great for her to make. Charles often regretted the loss of that society for which his wife was so eminently qualified to shine in. There was a small village a few miles distant that Ella could visit, but to a refined taste the common gossiping chat for which too many of our interior towns and villages are celebrated, had no attractions; with Ella every selfish feeling was thrown aside, and she desired but to make her husband happy. Now that the long winter evenings had commenced, Charles could give her much of his society in her intellectual pursuits; after the tea appendages were removed Ella would place her favorite authors with her guitar and music on the table, while a cheerful fire would be blazing on the hearth. Charles and her would read and make their comments on the particular beauties of the authors; at the close of the evening Ella would take her guitar and sing an air, accompanied by Charles, that he was fond of hearing her sing in her girlhood days; frequently at such times the bright light emitted from the windows would be a beacon to guide the steps of some benighted traveller to their door, to beg the favor of a night's lodging. Charles and Ella were ever ready to tender their hospitality to the weary stranger or the houseless child of want. Ella had so many pleasing duties to occupy her mind that she did not miss the many beautiful objects that had passed away with summer; the joyous melody of birds no longer filled the air with their sweet strains, to wake her in the morning from her peaceful slumbers; but they were soon to appear again, as spring was rapidly advancing. In a short time nature began to put on her loveliest verdure, the wild prairie that stretched out in one unbroken mass as far as the eye could perceive, was another source of wonder and delight to Ella.

Six years had now imperceptibly glided by, during which period Ella had visited the land of her birth twice, and become the mother of three children. Charles had been prosperous beyond his most sanguine expectations. His property became more and more valuable, his cottage was now filled with the gladsome mirth of happy children. Charles and his amiable wife felt deeply grateful for the many blessings they enjoyed as their domestic happiness increased.

Soon after Charles very unexpectedly came into the possession of an immense fortune left him by the demise of an eccentric old bachelor, who, during his lifetime, would not have assisted his nephew by advancing him a few thousand dollars, but in his will had made him his sole heir. Charles and Ella felt a reluctance in leaving their happy, quiet home, but they finally concluded to return to their native place in order to have their children educated; Ella felt rejoiced at the prospect of returning with her husband and family, although she regretted leaving her romantic cottage and the beautiful scenery with which the place abounded; she had lived there seven happy years, and became strongly attached to the place.

In a few weeks Charles took possession of his fortune; the little white cottage they had so lately occupied was exchanged for a splendid mansion with furniture and equipage to correspond; yet their domestic happiness was as pure and uncontaminated as it was in their humble cottage in the western wilds. Ella devoted herself to doing good, and fulfilled the duties that devolved upon her in the most exemplary manner. After many years had fled, Charles would frequently entertain his children by giving them a description of his and Ella's emigration to the far west. Ella would reply,

"But, my husband, you have often told me those were the happiest hours of your existence."

"So they where, my love," replied Charles, "and your angel smile, that ever welcomed my return home when you were in the pride of youth and beauty, possessed for me a brighter charm than anything I can recollect since."

Ella would acknowledge the delicate compliment with a look and a gentle smile as she replied,

"Yes, Charles, it was in retirement that I first learned the beauty and superiority of domestic happiness."

"And now let me impress it upon you, my dear children," said Charles, "whether you inhabit a stately mansion or an humble cottage, that your only source of true felicity will depend upon a virtuous and contented mind."

THE DESOLATE HEART.

THE heart that withers still alive,
 Within the silent breast of woe,
 By gentle culture may revive,
 And buds of hope and promise grow:
 But oh! the heart that sinks in death,
 Uncheered by hope, or love's warm breath,
 When Friendship's soothing smiles are vain,
 Cares not to bloom on earth again. N. W.

THE SPY.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

CHAPTER III.

Concluded from page 15.

It was deep in the night, yet Simpson was still awake, and kept pacing the narrow room in which he had been confined. The branches of a huge tree, near the only window of the apartment, flung their deep shadows across the floor, and rendered the obscurity within almost impenetrable. But without the scene was different. The moon was high in heaven, and not a cloud dimmed the field of azure. All was still, save the occasional rustle of a leaf, or the low gurgling sound of the neighboring brook. It was a night to wake all the calmest and holiest emotions of the soul, and as Simpson paused at the casement to gaze for a moment on the scene without, he gradually forgot the perils that surrounded him and remained absorbed in the witchery of the prospect.

Suddenly his ear caught the creaking of hinges as the door swung open, and immediately there was a light footfall on the floor. He turned. The darkness of the room, now that his eyes had become accustomed to the moonlight without, was impenetrable; but the voice that greeted him removed all doubt as to the intruder.

"Henry!" said the person timidly.

"May God bless you for this!" impetuously replied our hero, advancing to her. "I thought you would not desert me."

"Then you do not blame me for coming hither?" she said, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Oh! no," he said. "Blame you, dearest! I should rather thank you. But how did you obtain permission?"

"They had not the heart to refuse me—at least the sentinel had not. It is well it was not Harleson! I fear that man, Henry, and have thought that this charge springs from him."

"I am certain of it," said Simpson decidedly. "I have thought over the whole matter while I have been cooped up here, and I recollect now seeing some such face as his, in the little inn, at the mouth of the river, where I stopped the night before I came here. The fellow had a sinister look I did not then like, and was busy talking to a man whom the landlord said was suspected of having acted as a spy for the enemy. If I could get a delay of even two days I might prove all this, and my official rank besides—that is if my ship has not left the inlet nor been captured.

What cause of enmity this Harleson should have against me, I know not, unless indeed it is so trifling an affair as a few hot words that passed between us yesterday."

But Mary knew better the cause of Harleson's hatred, and with many blushes, which she hid in her lover's bosom, she revealed the truth.

"Now I see it all. The villain seeks to find revenge for your refusal, by my murder."

"But by flying you can foil him," said Mary, "and to induce you to do this I have come hither."

"What! and thus acknowledge guilt. No, never, Mary—better die with my name untarnished."

"But your innocence will be eventually proved. It is madness for you to stay. Your death is resolved on. Then fly—it is the only hope left—oh! do not break my heart by a refusal."

The tearful entreaties of Mary at length prevailed, and Simpson consented to fly. But how should his escape be managed? The window was directly under the eye of the sentinel, and egress by that means would be impossible, unless the attention of the guard could be drawn off. This Mary undertook to do, by engaging him in conversation. If she could succeed in doing so even for a moment, sufficient time would be allowed for Simpson to spring into the branches of the tree, from which he might gain the roof of the house, whence by descending on the opposite side he could gain the covert of the woods undetected. The plan seemed feasible, and again the lovers parted, to meet no more, they hoped, until all peril should be passed.

Anxiously did Simpson watch at the window for the success of Mary's stratagem. But the sentry seemed to have a suspicion of her purpose, and though apparently not unwilling to prolong the conversation, kept his eye continually wandering to the window. At last, however, Mary moved to the door, and bade him good night. His rude notions of gallantry induced the man to follow her the few steps she had to go, and in doing so his back became turned for an instant from the window. The moment was too precious to be lost, and availing himself of it, Simpson had just time to fling up the casement and swing himself into the covert of the thick foliage of the tree, when the guard turned back to his post. The heart of our hero beat quick, for he regarded his escape as now certain; and, with cautious steps he gained the roof and was making across it, but, at that very moment, a voice called out, and the form of Harleson was visible in the moonlight pointing at him. In a moment the whole place was alarmed. Thus discovered, Simpson was re-conducted to his apartment, and to prevent all further attempts at escape, his

arms were bound, and he was flung down on the rude pallet with which the room had been furnished.

"I thought he might attempt this," said Harleson with a sneer. "Had my advice been followed short work would have been made of him last night. But, Captain Smith, I reckon you will not hesitate long in the morning."

"He shall have a formal trial, as I promised Mr. Anson," said the leader, "but if I had had any doubts of his guilt, this attempt at flight would have removed them."

Mary beheld, from her chamber, her lover carried back to his imprisonment, and heard the threats of the soldiers, which she knew would be executed on the morrow. Casting herself on her bed she gave way to an agony of tears, for alas! there was now no hope.

The next morning, at an early hour, the kitchen of Mr. Anson's residence was converted into a temporary court-room for the trial of our hero. The soldiers were drawn up, with loaded muskets, at each of the doors, while their leader sat at the head of the table with the prisoner confronting him. Mr. Anson stood by, with an agitated countenance, apparently indignant at these proceedings.

"You and I," said the leader, "have been good friends, neighbor Anson, and, as I do not wish these relations to be broken up between us, I have determined to give this young man an honest and fair trial. It is very natural for you to think him innocent, and I do not blame you for being a little hurt that I will not take your word for his honesty; but these are times when we are all liable to be deceived, and I think after you have heard the evidence there is against this young man, you will agree with us that he is a spy, and gave information to the enemy that led to the burning of the fleet."

"But I know him to be a whig—I knew him as such in Philadelphia."

"All very well for the past," said the leader interrupting him, "but better men than he is, have turned traitor to their country for a little gold. So, if he be proved guilty on clear and direct evidence, his past life goes for nothing in his favor."

Mr. Anson was silenced, and with a foreboding countenance remained silent while the trial went on.

The scene that now occurred may appear improbable to some of our readers; but the times were different from what they are now, and human life was regarded with an indifference, when it was hourly in danger, that appears surprising in these "piping times of peace." Executions, like that which was contemplated, were frequent, especially

in the district of country of which we write, for the depredations of the tories and refugees were carried on with such daring and pertinacity, that the whigs revenged themselves in the sharpest and speediest method whenever a victim fell into their hands. On the present occasion there was every inducement for Captain Smith to punish the supposed spy vigorously; for not only had an important post been carried through his treachery, but the commander himself had been deceived by our hero's address. There was, therefore, as much personal as political feeling in the summary process adopted against Simpson.

CHAPTER IV.

"STAND forth, Mr. Harleson," said Capt. Smith, "and tell what you know of the prisoner."

"Harleson, thus addressed, boldly advanced to the table, and casting on the prisoner, for a moment, a glance of triumph, which no one in the room noticed, but him it was intended for, he began:

"You all know," were his words, "that the day before we first saw the prisoner at Chesnut Neck, I was at the mouth of the river on furlough to see some of my relations. I dropped in at the tavern there, and spent maybe an hour talking to the masters of vessels, for there were three then lying inside the inlet, waiting for a fair wind to make a run. One of these masters, the tavern-keeper told me, was a tory, but advised me to keep my own counsel, for we were not strong enough to capture him. He had come in but that afternoon, and been making enquiries after some one—I think a Mr. Simpson, but won't be sure."

At this stage of his remarks the prisoner gave the speaker a glance of surprise and indignation. The eyes of Harleson fell, and he paused embarrassed. But it was for an instant only. Rallying himself he proceeded unblushingly in his base falsehoods.

"I don't mean to say," he continued, adroitly managing to excite suspicion, without making a direct charge, "that the prisoner was the man inquired for, though I think his was the name used; but that he did subsequently arrive and have a conversation with the tory captain I do assert."

Again the prisoner darted on the man an angry and contemptuous look, but he paid no attention to it this time, proceeding with his story unchecked.

"It happened thus. Night was coming on, and the tide making, so that it became me to depart, if I expected to reach the Neck before morning. So I was just going down to my skiff, when I saw two men coming from the shore, in

earnest conversation. As they paused I saw that one was the tory captain, and thinking he might be about some mischief, I dodged behind a clump of trees, resolved to watch them. They came along and paused a few yards from me, for the road forked just there, and it appeared to be their intention to part at the spot so as not to be seen together. I listened to their conversation for about five minutes, but could only catch a word here and there. I could, however, make out that it was about some projected expedition. I heard distinctly the words, 'It can easily be managed—they are mostly dispersed,' and, a few minutes afterward, 'the day after to-morrow would be the best time.' After an earnest conversation, carried on in a very low tone and of which I could make nothing further, the tory's companion said, 'you will carry the intelligence to —.' Here his voice sank so that I lost the rest. Directly, however, his words became more audible, and he said, 'It may be necessary to blind them. A pretence can easily be got. I will not join again for some time, but leave you to put them on the track.' After this I could distinguish no more, and indeed in a very short time, the two men parted. But as he turned to go to the tavern, the face of the stranger was turned toward me. It was that of the prisoner."

"Liar!" said Simpson, darting on the perjured witness a look that should have withered him.

"Silence!" cried the court, "and learn, sir, not to interrupt the witness."

Simpson curled his lip in haughty scorn, and suffered the testimony to go on.

"I did not think so much of the conversation then as afterward. Indeed I supposed it to relate only to some farm-house in the vicinity which was to be robbed. Nor, on the succeeding day, when I saw the prisoner at Chesnut Neck, did I recognize him, else the catastrophe that ensued might have been prevented. It is true, I had a dim notion of having seen his face before, but it was not until we were attacked and retreating hither that the truth flashed on me. And even then I hesitated to tell it lest my charge against the prisoner might be attributed to the wrong source. I have no doubt, however, that the conversation I overheard related to the burning of the fleet, and that this man came hither as a spy, partly to blind us, as he said, and partly to discover the state of the country inland."

He ceased, and for a minute profound silence reigned through the room. Even Mr. Anson appeared staggered in his mind by the circumstantial story of the witness. The prisoner, with a scornful smile and folded arms, stood regarding Harleson.

"You have heard what has been testified," at

length interposed Captain Smith, turning to the prisoner, "what have you to urge in your defence?"

"Nothing which I have not said before," replied our hero. "I am a true whig, a commissioned officer in the privateer 'Vigilance,' and my errand hither was such as I told you when we first met, and as Mr. Anson here can testify."

"All very good for the past. I don't deny but what you once lived in Philadelphia, and that the seeing Mary Anson has had something to do with your being here. We have to thank her for your lingering behind, after the fleet was burned and when a wise man would have been off. But all this, is nothing to the present charge. Many a man turns traitor and deceives his best friends. The accusation is explicit—what have you to say to the testimony? In plain words, did you or did you not hold the conversation Mr. Harleson says he overheard?"

"So help me God, I never did," replied our hero.

"But where is your proof?"

"How can I prove what I assert unless you grant me time? Take me to the mouth of the river, or summon the tavern-keeper here—and if my vessel has not been captured, or gone to sea to escape the same force that burned your fleet, I can establish my innocence."

"This might do, but for the certainty of the witness," said Captain Smith, who seemed to have made up his mind unalterably, "and besides your attempt at flight, last night, is a tacit acknowledgment of your guilt. You will, therefore, unless you can urge something further, prepare to die. I am determined to make an example of all traitors and spies, or we shall never have peace along the river."

"Good heavens," said Mr. Anson advancing, "you will surely grant the young man's request for delay. No harm can come of that."

Captain Smith waived him back with his hand.

"This harm can come of it," he said, "that the prisoner may escape, and come back, with his king's hired minions, to lay our settlements waste. No—the criminal dies."

"Hear me one word," said Simpson, advancing to the table with dignity, "I will not plead for life, because I see your mind is made up, and may God judge between you and I. But I ask all here to take notice that I charge this man, Harleson, with having wilfully sworn away my life. You all saw the altercation yesterday between us. I suspect that he makes way with my life thus to gratify a base revenge, for having crossed his path in the love of sweet Mary Anson. I charge him, too, with having given the

information to the enemy, for I now recollect distinctly seeing him at the tavern, and when the host asked him what he had been doing up the bay toward Manahawkin, and jocularly inquired if he had been trading with the enemy there, the fellow's face turned white as ashes for a moment, and he stammered out an excuse in a manner that drew from the landlord a remark that he half suspected him. If I had but time all this I could prove."

"You certainly will not believe such a trumpey story, evidently got up on the spur of the moment," said Harleson sneeringly, turning to his captain. Smith shook his head, and addressing a few words to the soldiers, ordered the prisoner to be led out to execution.

"It is well," said Simpson, "you need not command them to bind me; I can die without cowardice, I hope. But before God I protest against this murder."

"And so do I," said a strange voice, at the doorway; and looking up, the spectators beheld a crowd of faces at the entrance who had approached unnoticed, for so absorbing had been the scene going on within that no one had removed his eyes from the prisoner and his judge. "And so do I," repeated the voice. "Make way there, for we are just in time, I see, to prevent the commission of a foul wrong—only seize that traitor Harleson."

"Evans—Davy Evans, the innkeeper himself," said Captain Smith in a tone of surprise, recognizing his old acquaintance.

"Ay! Davy Evans," said the Boniface, bustling through, "but where is Harleson?"

They all turned to the spot where he had been standing but a minute before, but he was not there. The window was up, however, and hastening to it, they beheld him making the best of his way for the swamp.

"After him—bring him back dead or alive," said the innkeeper, turning to those who had accompanied him, "the villain!—to sell his country for gold!"

"This does indeed look as if he was guilty," said Captain Smith, already repenting his hasty intentions toward the prisoner. "But let us hear your story."

"That is soon told," said the innkeeper. "I am here, with a warrant against Harleson, for having betrayed to the enemy the intelligence which led to the burning of the fleet at the Neck; he visited a British man-of-war at sea off Manahawkin for the purpose; and lo! I find, by the few words you spoke while I was watching at the door, that you are about to punish Mr. Simpson here, whom I know to be a good man and true, for the same crime."

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We need not detain the reader with the conversation that followed. It must be confessed that the judge, after having gone thus far against the prisoner, was loth to believe him innocent, but the testimony of the innkeeper was so direct in favor of Simpson and against Harleson, that he was forced at length to believe it.

"The knave then has not only betrayed his country," said he, "but out of hatred to a successful rival in love has endeavored to work his ruin. Mr. Simpson I beg your pardon for my haste, and shall never cease to regret the imminent danger to which I have been led to put your life."

Our story is done. Simpson, relieved from arrest, sought his ship, after a hasty interview with Mary. He found the vessel in the bay, she having, on the appearance of the British, retired to a thoroughfare where she was so well protected that no attempt was made on her. A highly successful cruise enabled him, in less than a year, to carry out his favorite plan and settle on shore with Mary for his wife.

As for Harleson, he managed to escape pursuit, and subsequently became one of the most daring of the refugees who long infested that vicinity. Tradition says that he was once taken and condemned to die, but escaped in the disguise of a female. He fell, at last, however, by an avenging hand.

A FEBRUARY EVE.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE wind is moaning sadly by;
Fast falls the feathery snow;
With groaning sound the blocks of ice
Down the black river go;
The cattle shiver in the stall;
The barn is choked with drift;
And wildly flying overhead,
Drives by the stormy rift!

The tempest deepens with the night:
And thro' the shadowy gloom,
In fainter white the trees appear,
Like spectres from the tomb.
And hark! from out the forest aisles
A melancholy wail.
And see! how every leafless limb
Is tossing in the gale.

'Tis night:—and vainly seeks the eye
To pierce the dark profound.
But from that gloom what struggling cries
Are mingling wild around.
But over all, the howling wind,
Like watch-dog lost and lone,
Keeps on across the wasted fields
With many a weary moan!

THE HINDOO SLAVE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A CLOUD of gorgeous light flushed over the sky, spread upward and abroad, and, for a moment, the rich colors of an Eastern sunrise pictured themselves upon the horizon like an arch of fretted gold and powdered gems, broken and irregular—now standing out in abutments of fiery light or sinking back to the depths of the sky in caves of crimson, purple and pale violet, then flinging up turrets of amber and soft rose color to the zenith, and at last melting away in a sea of sheet gold, as the sun rose from behind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour of worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the Ganges when the snowy temples and picturesque mosques which stood bedded in the foliage, and crowned the rocks which shot over the stream with their drapery of creeping vines, were flung open. From every casement and fairy lattice were lavished forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green leaves and buds full of odor, the Brahmins' tribute to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into blossom beneath the warm sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright winged spirits sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budgero, or state barge, followed by a train of baggage-boats, shot out from the shadow of a grove of banian trees, and with its silken pennants streaming to the morning air made its way up the stream.

It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat—as it flashed out into the broad sunshine—its gilded prow curving gracefully up from the water in the form of a peacock with burnished wings, jeweled crest and neck of scaly gold—the sides swelling gently out at the bows and sloping away to the stern, till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workmanship, the smaller ends twisted together, and forming the extreme point of the boat. The rose colored mouths curved gently outward, from which a hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semblance of nature, seemed bursting away over the foaming waters as she cut her path gracefully through them, leaving a long wreath of foam, curling and flashing in her track. In the broadest part of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved with mother of pearl and studded with precious stones; its pillars of fluted ivory half hidden by a rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, twisted and tasselled with silver.

Within the pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the rich dyes of Persia, half sat, half reclined, an elderly man, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, with his eyes half closed and apparently dropping into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hooka lay idly between his thin lips, its jeweled lengths glittered against his silken vest and then burst away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole languidly upward and floated among the azure drapery like clouds moving in the depths of a summer sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as a houri. Her robe of India muslin, starred and spotted with gold, was open in front, betraying a neck of perfect beauty and but half concealing the graceful outline of her person; her bright hair was banded back from her forehead with a string of orient pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach her feet while she retained her reclining position. She had the full large eye of her fiery clime, long cut and full of brightness, but shaded with heavy, silken lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting over her full, red lips, and the whole expression of her face was one of mingled softness and energy. Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active form, with a high, finely moulded forehead, and eyes kindling with the fire of a proud but restrained spirit. Yet, though his port was almost regal and his bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a Hindoo slave. The hand which should have been familiar with the sabre hilt, was occupied in waving a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining princess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close her eyes as if lulled to sleep by the musical dipping of the oars, he would fix those expressive eyes upon her, as the devotee dwells upon the form of his idol. The bold menial had dared to look upon the loveliest maiden and the loveliest princess in all Hindostan, with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her father's court, the affianced bride of a prince, as proud and as wealthy as her own haughty sire—had she forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on the person of a slave? Those who had looked upon the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the starry blossoms open to the sunbeams, might have read an answer which spoke much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the mingled glances of the youthful

pair, and a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half opened eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts—he lay like a serpent nursing its venom for a sudden spring.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of boats made its way slowly up the shadowy side of the stream. The oarsmen bent wearily over their oars, for the atmosphere, which slumbered about them, had become oppressive with the perfume which rose in clouds from the oleander thickets, and the thousand budding vines that flung their garlands over the water, and chained the tree-top into one sea of blossoming vegetation. A short distance up, the high bank curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill which was covered with rich herbage and crowned by a thick grove, heavy with ripe bananas and other Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two lofty palm trees shot up into the air, branching out at the top, in a cloud of thick green foliage, impervious almost, to the hot sunshine, which fell broadly on that side of the river.

The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the stately palms, as the boat gradually neared them; while he gazed, the glittering branches which had hitherto remained motionless began to tremble and wave to and fro. The leaves shivered; a low rustling sound was heard, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst over them; and then the head and half the body of a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves, swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a moment, and quickly darted back with the same rustling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he commanded his attendants to enter a baggage boat and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of fresh fruit. "Moored the boat in the inlet beneath the two palms, and let Taje remain with her," he commanded, pointing to the handsome slave who stood behind his daughter. The slave made his salam, and was about to step into the boat, when the princess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain idle," she said with a smile, "let thy task be to gather some of those lilies which spring up from that bed of white sand, just within the cove, and scatter them over my cushions should I be asleep when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me pleasant dreams."

The slave bent his turbaned head and sprang into the boat. The princess half rose from her cushions and watched the party as they drew toward the shore. The slave, Taje, moored the boat and brought an armful of the beautiful white lilies she had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow, where he seated himself to wait for his

companions. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstractedness on the cove, when she saw the tops of the palm trees in commotion; the heavy leaves began to shiver again and the slender branches crashed, as with the force of a hurricane. As she looked, that huge serpent began to coil itself like the stem of a great vine, downward, around the palm; his neck glistening, his head thrust out a little from the trunk and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who had dropped asleep in the boat. The princess sprang to her feet with a cry of horror, and then stood motionless, and white as death; her fingers locked and her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striving to cry out, but her voice was choked in her throat. She saw the monster thrust his head far out from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and flung half his length into the boat, gleamed before her distended eyes. With a cry, that rung over the waters like the shriek of a maniac, she fell upon the deck, and with her face buried in her hands lay quivering in every limb like a dying creature.

"Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting her form from the deck and flinging it on the cushions, "Peace, ingrate! What is the dog of a slave to thee? Look up and witness his just punishment!" As if nothing could appease his thirst for vengeance, he tore the hands from the shuddering creature's face, and again half lifting her from the pile of cushions forced her to look upon the appalling scene. The serpent had coiled itself around its victim, while yet one part of its huge length was twisted about the palms. She gazed with a dizzy brain on the mottled folds as they writhed glistening and swelling eagerly around, their struggling victim. She saw the glossy neck, flung upward with a curve that brought the head with its fierce gloating eyes, and its forked tongue quivering like a fiery arrow from the open jaws, over the crouching slave. A low smothered cry of mortal agony arose from the boat—then a shout and a rush of men from the grove. She saw the gleam of their hatches and pikes as they fell upon the monster. She saw the horrid folds that begirt her lover relax, and then with a faint gasp she fell back in her father's arms sick and entirely senseless. "Dog!" cried the fierce old man, seizing the rescued slave as he ascended the side of the barge pale and haggard as a corpse, yet bearing the lilies which his mistress had ordered in his arms—"Dog! crocodile!! Thou hast escaped the serpent, but who shall save thee from the vengeance of a disgraced father?" The old man's cimeter flashed upward as he spoke. The slave drew his fine form proudly to its height and fixed his

stern, calm eyes full on the old Rajah's, "Rash old man," he said, "what would you of me? True I have won the love of your daughter, but if you seek vengeance for the wrong, claim it not of Taje, the slave, but of the Prince Arungzebe, her affianced husband, for, by the holy stream which bears us, I am that man!"

The Rajah's eye quailed beneath that stern glance and the cimeter fell to the deck with a ringing sound. The youth calmly put away the band which the fierce old man had fixed on his arm, and taking a sealed parchment from the folds of his turban gave it to him. The Rajah took it with a shaking hand—glanced at the signature, and then opened his arms to receive his son-in-law. The youth leaned for a moment on his bosom, and then they went into the pavilion together. When the princess awoke from her swoon, her father was sitting on his carpet smoking his hooka, as quietly as if nothing had happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bending over her. "Oh, I have had a terrible dream," she said, passing her slender hand over her eyes, "a—but you are very pale, was it real?" She started up and looked toward the cove. The two palm trees stood towering in the sunshine, the bark here and there torn from their trunks, and the thick branches broken and dangling in the air, like rent banners streaming over a battle-field, the heavy grass was trampled and soiled with blood, and a huge boa-constrictor lay stretched upon the white sand mutilated and dead.

LAST VISIT OF THE PRINCESS MARIE

OF FRANCE TO HER NATIVE CLIME.

BY MRS. L. M. SIGOURNEY.

DAUGHTER of Genius, in whose breast
The elements of beauty lay,
And with their rich conceptions blest
The canvass, and the speaking clay.

Who not alone, by taste refin'd,
Bright charms, or princely birth wert known,
But by that royalty of mind
Which rests not on the changeful throne.

Who rapt in musing, lonely thought,
Saw pleasure's throng unheeded glide,
As she, the * lov'd of Plato, scorn'd
The hunter's sport, and tourney's pride.

I see thee, from thy German home,
Where gain'd thy hopes their climax free,
A hallow'd love, a mother's joy,
And a new realm's idolatry.

*Lady Jane Gray.

Again, a visitant serene,
The vales of sunny France explore,
And enter with delighted mien
Thy lone and studious cell once more—

Where at thy side did Homer sing,
And Dante spread his flame-wrought scroll,
And Heaven's own Sacred Volume bring
Diviner promptings to thy soul.

At proud Versailles, 'mid gorgeous halls,
The fountains' gush, the orange shade,
The statued great that line the walls—
Who greets thee there?—*The Warrior Maid!**

The warrior maid, whom thousands praise,
With lofty brow and dauntless will,
Who through the breathing marble pays
High thanks to thy creative skill.

For thee, with tenderest memories fraught,
Were sylvan haunt, and waving shade,
And bright with flowers of classic thought,
The green turf where thy childhood play'd.

But now, farewell! for never more,
Thy smile of love—thy form of grace
Shall cheer and charm thy native shore,
Or wake affection's warm embrace—

A little while thy steps shall rove
O'er fair Italia's emerald plain,
And then, thy home shall be above,
Thy place amid the angel train.

*The statue of Joan of Arc, from the chisel of the lamented Princess Marie, who died soon after her marriage with Alexander of Wurtemburgh, is admired by the visitants of Versailles for its exquisite workmanship and life-like beauty. The favorite apartment where a great portion of her time in youth was spent, in the enthusiastic pursuit of the fine arts, always revealed Homer, Dante, and the Holy Scriptures as her chosen and constant companions.

ANACREONTIQUE.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Look! Nætia, charmer of my soul,
See how this rosy wine
Translucent mantles in the bowl
With blush as bright as thine.

One snowy hand the fair one rais'd
To part her locks of sunny hue—
As in the cup she downward gazed,
Oh, what a seraph sprang to view.

Reflected on its bright expanse,
Her cheek with rosier beauty glow'd:
More lovely seem'd her timid glance,
Her hair with more luxuriance flow'd.

To gaze upon so bright a form
Who would not oft the goblet fill?
Woman hath every power to charm,
But in our cups she's lovelier still!

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

A TALE FOR WINTER.

BY SARAH A. HUNT.

It was a cold morning in the latter part of November. All things looked desolate, and few passengers were traversing the busy streets of New York. In a small house, in a retired part of the city were two persons, Helen Granby and her mother. Helen sat by the bedside of her parent, and her eyes filled with tears, as she saw her toss about restlessly, and knew too well they could not afford to get a physician.

"Dearest mother," she said, in a tone which she in vain endeavored to render cheerful, "can I do anything for you?"

"Give me a glass of water," she said, faintly, "and then I shall sleep."

Helen complied with her request, and the tears flowed unobserved from her eyes, as she thought of their poverty and the few comforts her mother had. After Mrs. Granby drank the water, Helen arranged the pillows carefully, and her mother fell asleep. Helen looked round the apartment, and sighed deeply, as her eye fell on the scanty furniture. Her father had once been in comfortable circumstances, but owing to the pressure of the time, he failed; and not being a man of very strong mind, sunk beneath the blow. Mrs. Granby was the very reverse of her husband, for she was a woman of great energy, but her health had long been delicate, and grief, that canker of the heart, had laid her on a bed of sickness, from which she was now unable to rise. The little sum of money left by their misfortune, was now expended. Helen had not tasted anything that morning, for what food they had, she reserved for her sick mother.

She gazed long on the face of her idolized parent, then sunk on her knees, and sought aid in prayer. "Oh! God," she murmured, "my trials are greater than I can bear—why am I called to endure this extremity of agony, and see my mother dying before me, without being able to save her?" At length she arose more composed. For a moment she left the room, and then returned with a neighbor's child; who promised to watch by the bedside of her mother, while the unhappy Helen went out in search of employment. She wrapped her slight shawl about her, for she had sold her more comfortable garments, and kissing her sleeping parent, she hastened out into the keen air, and wandered toward the more business parts of the city. She soon came to a large store, where ready made linen was exposed for sale. Here she hesitated a moment, and a

deep blush of pride flushed her cheek, for she dreaded the insults of the insolent shop-keepers. But the thought of her mother crossed her mind, and with a firm step she entered the store. The clerk was leaning on the counter, in conversation with a companion: he turned his head and looked at Helen as she entered, then carelessly resumed his remarks. Helen's cheek burned, but she advanced towards him, and said,

"I have come to seek for employment—have you any plain sewing to give me?"

"Well, really, Miss," he replied, still leaning on the counter, "I don't think we have, the times are so hard, we can scarcely keep our old hands."

Helen left the store. Pride, that masks the breaking heart, with a smiling brow, had supported her: but that support now failed, and she burst into tears; she drew her veil more closely around her, and with difficulty prevented her sobs from being audible. If she could have been alone, but for a moment, to have indulged her wounded feelings, it would have been a luxury. But she dried her eyes, and compressed her lips firmly.

"I am too proud," she murmured, "oh! to subdue the bitter feelings of this wretched heart; but I will seek employment throughout the city, if it must be so, and feeling shall be stifled, if it cost me my life. Why cannot I die now, before every human feeling is withered and crushed in my heart?" Alas! poor Helen, we cannot lay down the load of life when we would; many and bitter are the conflicts our souls have to pass through, before we are prepared to leave this world. She soon came to a store where she saw embroidery in the window. She went in, and a lady immediately came to her with a mild, pleasant countenance.

"I have come to seek for employment," said Helen, in a gentle tone; a slight color came in her cheek, and her lip quivered. The lady noticed it, and said, kindly,

"I will endeavor to give you something, although we have but little at present."

"I am deeply grateful," said Helen, in a tremulous voice, for the kind manner of the lady touched her sensitive heart, and she burst into tears, and wept aloud.

"Come with me into this room, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Preston, "then you can indulge your feelings, for I can yet feel for the young, who have to buffet with the world for the first time." She took Helen's hand and led her into a little back room neatly furnished. Helen pressed her hand, and said, in a low tone,

"Oh! if every heart felt for the unfortunate, as yours does, misery would seldom find a dwelling place in our bosoms."

"I would willingly alleviate your sorrows, if I could," said Mrs. Preston, in a soothing tone.

"You have alleviated them," said Helen, "for you have convinced me that all in this world are not heartless; but I must hasten back to my mother, for she is very sick, and I have left only a child to watch with her."

"You are exhausted," said the lady, "let me give you a glass of wine?" so saying, she turned to the cupboard and poured it out, but Helen exclaimed,

"No, I thank you for your kindness; but I can do without it." Her proud spirit rebelled against what she considered as charity, although she needed it. The lady kindly insisted on it, and Helen took it. Mrs. Preston then gave Helen two capes to embroider, and promised she should have more when those were finished. A doubtful expression crossed her countenance, and she said, in a hesitating tone,

"If you would prefer the money beforehand, you can have it."

"How can I ever be grateful enough?" said Helen, "I will accept your offer, for it has come when I am well nigh in despair."

With a lighter heart Helen hastened home. She found her mother alarmed at her continued absence. Helen immediately sent the child, who had watched with her mother, to procure some nourishing food and medicine.

Mrs. Granby's health, now that she had the requisite comforts, improved a little, and Helen was happier than she had been for some time. She labored incessantly, for she had the rent to pay, as well as other expenses. Her mother at length left her sick bed, not with recovered health, but much improved.

"You will soon be well, mother," said Helen, cheerfully, "and I can get employment, so that we can live quite happily. You know that I have something laid up for the rent, and I hope by perseverance and economy to defray our small expenses." Mrs. Granby smiled sweetly, as she replied,

"We will trust in Him who guideth all things well."

"What should we do if it were not for Mrs. Preston," said the grateful Helen, "she is like an angel of mercy to us."

"She is indeed," said the mother, "we should be thankful to Heaven for what blessings we enjoy, and patiently submit to our misfortunes, for we are not afflicted beyond what we are able to bear, and afflictions, as well as blessings, are ever administered to us, by One who loves us, and knows best how to promote our real good." Often were the hours whiled away in conversation like this, and Mrs. Granby, instead of repining,

sought to cheer her daughter, and draw comfort and hope from the most unhappy situation. Quarter day at length came, and when the landlord called, Helen had the rent for him. Oh! how her heart bounded with delight as she paid him, although with the last money they had in the house.

One afternoon when Helen took her work to Mrs. Preston's, a young lady was there looking over various pieces of embroidery; she was richly dressed, and her countenance was sweet and interesting. As Helen entered, Mrs. Preston said,

"Miss Granby, I think you have the kind of embroidery that will suit this young lady. It is a new style, some of Miss Granby's own invention," continued Mrs. Preston, turning to the young lady.

"This is indeed beautiful," said the young girl, who was apparently about seventeen, "and displays a delicate taste: will you embroider me two capes just like it?" she said, speaking to Helen.

Helen gladly assented. Her manner attracted the attention of the young lady. Helen was not beautiful; but her countenance was very expressive, and there was a delicate refinement about it, that spoke of a mind well cultivated, and a taste that could appreciate all that was beautiful in nature. As she noticed the earnest gaze of the young lady, she blushed slightly, and a pensive look stole over her countenance, for she contrasted their situations, and her poverty seemed harder to bear than ever. The sweet girl was immediately interested in her, and resolved to cultivate her acquaintance if she could. With all the romantic enthusiasm of a young and generous heart, she determined to secure the friendship of Helen. An opportunity soon occurred to testify her good will, for it began to rain suddenly, and they were obliged to wait in Mrs. Preston's store. They soon fell into an animated conversation, first on embroidery, and then on painting and music. The stranger informed Helen that she had just returned from boarding school, where she had remained a year. Her father had formerly lived in Boston, but had moved to New York while she was at school. She was, in consequence, but little acquainted in the city.

Soon the young lady's carriage, which she had meantime sent for, arrived, and she insisted on taking Helen home. When they reached Helen's door, her companion said she would call at Mrs. Preston's for the work, Helen was to embroider for her; and added, that as her father was about to leave the city for his country seat, she might not see her again very soon.

"I hope this is not the last time we will meet," she said, "but if it is, keep that to remember me

by," so saying, she handed Helen a plain gold ring. Seeing that Helen hesitated to accept it, she threw it into her hand, and then hastily closed the coach window. Helen looked after her and saw her smile and bow, then the generous girl was conveyed from her sight.

We will pass over an interval of two months, and again visit the humble apartment of Helen Granby. She had had constant employment during this time, and their little room had assumed something like an air of comfort. But a new misfortune hung over Helen. Her mother's health was now entirely restored, and the natural cheerfulness and gaiety of Helen's disposition triumphed over depressing circumstances. One afternoon when Helen took her embroidery home, Mrs. Preston informed her that she should be unable to supply her with any more work. How poor Helen's heart sunk within her, and the memory of the day when she first saw Mrs. Preston, rushed on her mind. Mrs. Preston saw the dismay expressed on her countenance, and said,

"I am truly sorry, dear Miss Granby, but I cannot help it, for more than a month I have not made my expenses, and although I would do much to assist you, I cannot run in debt. My brother has invited me to his house to act the part of a parent, to his motherless children. He will dispose of my shop for me, and to-morrow is the last day I shall be here." Helen felt she could not conceal the agitation of her feelings long, and she did not wish to give pain to Mrs. Preston, by letting her witness the distress she was the cause of. Bidding her, therefore, an affectionate, but hasty adieu, she departed.

"Oh! my poor mother," murmured Helen, as she left the shop, "how shall I tell her we are again left destitute."

Various and painful thoughts occupied the mind of Helen, as she proceeded slowly homeward. One moment she thought she would seek for employment before she saw her mother, then she resolved to consult with her. At length she reached home, and Mrs. Granby was alarmed at the unhappy expression of her countenance.

"Helen, what ails you, my child," she said, anxiously, "something has happened, I am sure."

"Something has, indeed," answered Helen, "Mrs. Preston has given up business. Oh! what shall we do? Every business is bad now, and we must starve."

"Do not be discouraged, my dear child," said the mother, consolingly, "we are not as badly off now, as we were when I was sick."

"No, indeed, we are not," said Helen, "I will try not to repine. 'Hope on hope ever' shall be my motto."

But even this encouraging motto did not alter the case, and for three weeks, Helen and her mother were without employment. They were obliged to use the money they had laid by for the rent. In a week their landlord would call, and Helen roused almost to desperation, put on her hat, and went out again to seek employment. After stopping at various places without success, she came to a large, elegant, book store. She looked in at the window, and saw a tall, handsome young man behind the counter. Poor Helen had learnt, within the last three weeks, that pride must be mortified, so she entered the store, and the young man immediately advanced to wait on her. She hesitated a moment, and her cheek colored painfully; at length she found courage to say,

"I called to see if you would purchase some drawings."

"Have you got them with you?" asked the young man.

"I have not," replied Helen, blushing deeply, "I have only one at home. I did not venture to draw more, lest I might not find a sale for them."

"If you will call to-morrow, and let me look at it," said the young man, "I will decide." He had already decided, for the interesting face of Helen was a guarantee for her drawings, whether good or bad. We do not say he fell in love, at first sight; but he observed the low and tremulous accents of her sweet voice, and the changing color of her cheek, and he felt interested, more so than he was willing to confess. The next day Theodore Clifton, the name of our new acquaintance, remained in his store all the morning, contrary to his usual custom, and his eyes glanced quickly towards the door, every time it opened. But Helen did not make her appearance till afternoon. Clifton came forward, and bowing politely, asked to see the drawing. Helen handed it to him, and he examined it attentively. It was beautifully executed, for she had done it before their circumstances were reduced, and had taken great pains with it.

"I will take this," said Mr. Clifton, "and as many more as you wish." Helen's eyes sparkled with gratitude.

"When will you bring more drawings?" said Clifton, as she turned to leave the store.

"On Saturday," answered Helen, blushing slightly, for she remembered it was her rent day. She hastened home and communicated the good tidings to her mother. Part of their little sum of money she took to purchase drawing utensils. Helen labored incessantly from morning till night, yet the dreaded Saturday came, and she had not money enough to pay the quarter of the sum due. She took her drawings to Mr. Clifton's store, and

he paid for them, liberally, giving indeed far more than their worth.

Evening at length came, and Helen was left alone to receive the expected call of their landlord. She was sitting at a little work table, with some sewing in her hands, when she was suddenly startled by a knock at the door. Helen arose from her seat, expecting to see the landlord, but what was her astonishment to behold Theodore Clifton.

She invited him in, with a tone of pleased surprise, for she supposed he had come to see about her drawings.

"Is it possible you live here?" he exclaimed, seating himself, "I called to see a Mrs. Granby.

"My name is Granby," replied Helen, "but mother is engaged with a sick neighbor in the next apartment."

"It is not necessary for me to see her?" said Clifton, "but this is quite an adventure. My father told me that Mrs. Granby had a daughter, but I little expected it would be you. I believe he is your landlord."

"Then he requested you to call in his stead," said Helen, her face crimsoning to the very temples with mortification.

"He did," answered Clifton, casting down his eyes, for he noticed the embarrassment of Helen, and suspected the reason of it. For two or three minutes not a word was spoken, both being equally embarrassed. At length Helen summoned up all her fortitude, and said,

"I regret to say, Mr. Clifton, it is not convenient for me to pay all that is due, but if you will accept this—" as she spoke, her voice faltered, and she burst into tears of shame and vexation.

"Do not let this cause you any unhappiness," said Clifton, "I have more money than I can conveniently dispose of, and shall never miss this, so do not think of it again."

"How shall I ever repay this kindness," said Helen, while a burning blush yet rested on her cheek; "but I hope I shall not long be dependent on your generosity."

"I hope you will repay me as I shall direct, after we get better acquainted," said Clifton, with a meaning smile.

With these words he departed.

But he could not drive Helen from his mind. Arriving at home, he requested a private audience of his sister Eveline. They walked out on the piazza together, and he related all that he knew of Helen, and concluded by saying, "she is the sweetest girl I ever saw."

"I think you must be in love," said Eveline Clifton, laughing.

"I am not ashamed to confess it," said her brother, "and if she would have me, I should be

proud to call her my wife. I am not avaricious enough to want to marry a rich, fashionable woman; if she possess riches of the mind and heart—that is sufficient for me."

"What is the name of this fair creature?" she asked archly.

"Do not speak so lightly, Eveline," said her brother.

"What a solemn delicacy you feel toward this wonderful damsel," said Eveline, laughing immoderately, "if you are so sensitive in speaking of her I don't know how you speak to her; perhaps you begin every sentence with a groan."

"Nay, Eveline, you are too bad," said Theodore, who could not help smiling at his sister's raillery.

"But you have not told me her name yet," said Eveline, "and I am really impatient to see her."

"Her name is Granby," replied her brother, "and she lives not far from here."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Eveline, "it must be the same young lady that embroidered for me, I do not wonder that you admire her, for I was completely fascinated with her, but that is not strange for me, because I always act on impulse. I told you about her at the time," continued Eveline, "that I gave her a ring, and you said I acted like a foolish girl just escaped from boarding-school."

"I had not seen her then," said her brother, "or I should not have said so."

"I will go with you and see her to-morrow," said Eveline, "I long to renew our romantic acquaintance, for I would rather have her for a friend than half a dozen affected, fashionable girls. Au revoir," said Eveline, as she disengaged herself from her brother's arm and entered the house. She was met there by an intimate friend of her brothers, who was desirous of being still more intimate with his pretty sister.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon. Helen sat at her drawing-table, when some one knocked at the door. She opened it, and what was her astonishment to behold the young lady she had met three months before at Mrs. Preston's.

"I am indeed happy to see you," said Eveline Clifton, grasping the extended hand of Helen and shaking it warmly.

"I feared you had forgotten me," said Helen, "but I am most happily undeceived. Have you returned from your country seat to spend the season in town?"

"Yes, I have," said Eveline, "and now I shall have the advantage of your society: but some one reminded me of you, or perhaps I might not have been here so soon—guess who it was?"

"It is impossible for me to conjecture,"

answered Helen, "I have no friends but my mother."

"Do not say that my dear Miss Granby, for this person is a sincere friend. Who are these drawings for?" she continued, suddenly taking up one and examining it. Helen bent over her painting to hide a blush as she replied,

"I think the gentleman's name is Clifton."

"What kind of a person is he?" asked Eveline.

"He is very kind and generous," replied Helen, "in his personal appearance I think he resembles the rest of his species." Eveline laughed and said,

"Do you think he resembles me?" Helen looked up and perused her countenance attentively, then as if a light flashed on her mind, she exclaimed,

"He is your brother"

"Very true," answered Miss Clifton smiling, "but isn't it singular?"

"It is indeed," said Helen, "I wonder I did not mark the likeness before." As she spoke Eveline's brother entered the room.

"I find you are old acquaintances," he said, his eye lighting up with pleasure.

"Yes," replied Helen, "I hope I can duly appreciate the kind regard of both brother and sister."

"I hope so," answered Theodore, "all that my sister would ask would be your warm-hearted friendship, and all that I would ask would be," here he paused and hesitated, and cast down his eyes with an air of embarrassment.

"What a situation I am placed in," exclaimed Eveline, "but as Theodore has spoken for me so generously I will assist him in his extremity, he means, Miss Granby, that all he would ask would be your warm-hearted love."

Helen knew not how to reply: she strove to speak, but could not find words: her eyes were downcast, her cheek burned, she trembled with agitation. At this critical moment Mrs. Granby entered, and was introduced to Helen's new friend. The conversation turned on indifferent subjects, and the guests soon departed.

Three months from that evening Helen Granby was the bride of Theodore Clifton. How lovely she looked with the rosy hue of happiness on her cheek, and her soft, dark eye beaming with love and tenderness to all around. Eveline Clifton was also a bride. Theodore's intimate friend claimed the hand he had long loved, and a happier bridal party seldom stood before the marriage altar. Mr. Clifton at first opposed his son's marriage, till he saw it made him unhappy. Helen did not know of this, or her proud spirit would never have submitted to have become the wife of Theodore. Her father-in-law soon became fondly attached to her, and often said to his son that

he did not know what a pearl she was until she became his daughter.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY H. J. BOWLES.

It is not that we shrink from death,
From nature's general doom—
It is our horror of the grave,
Our terror of the tomb,
Our fear of that dread dwelling-place,
That fills us with despair,
And wakes each nerve to agony,
Which all who breathe must bear.
'Tis not the deep, dissolving pang
To struggling nature known;
Endurance calmly meets the strife
Of agony alone;
But 'tis that deep and thrilling dread
The faltering and the firm
Alike have felt, which shrinks from dust,
Corruption and the worm.

'Tis this that haunts our infant years,
Inherit with our breath,
The parent of a thousand fears—
'Tis not the fear of death;
'Tis this that makes the bitterness
Of many a parting hour,
And triumphs over better hopes
With deep and deadly power.
I've bowed beside my infant's bed,
And watched his struggling breath,
And known that each convulsive gasp
Might terminate in death:
I've seen around the livid lip
The ghastly whiteness steal,
And in that hour of anguish felt—
As mothers only feel.

Was it a selfish sorrow swayed
Resistless in my breast?
Did I forget that God was good,
And Heaven a home of rest?
I know not if I ever thought
There was a Heaven above,
Or that a God was reigning there,
And that this God was love.
But on that idol infant form,
Which I no more should see,
I thought how soon the icy worm
A reveller would be;
And in a horror unrevealed,
An agony unknown,
I felt, alas! I could not yield,
Corruption—what?—*her own*.

It is, alas! the dust we love,
The dust to which we cling,
The dust for which we sorrow when
The spirit plumes her wing,
And that from which the feeble shrink,
The firm affect to brave,
Is not the fear of death; it is
The terror of the grave.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE fashions for this month are quite showy. The latest styles are to be found in our colored plate.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of stone colored silk, over which is worn a blue cloak falling as low as to the top of the flounce. The edges are elegantly trimmed with cord. The cloak is cut rounding in front, with plain arm-holes.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS of pearl color. The waist is rounded; the sleeves puffed; and the corsage low, with a cambric spencer worn under it. A very coquettish cap completes this costume.

FIG. III.—AN EVENING DRESS of green. Heavy puffs are worn down the skirt, and around the shoulders. The sleeves are short: the waist pointed. This is altogether the most peculiar costume of the season.

FIG. IV.—A WALKING DRESS.—The novelty of this dress is the sleeve, which is in a style that is becoming very popular.

COIFFURES.—Our *modistes* are now commencing to put forth all their taste in this fanciful part of a lady's evening costume. Amongst the latest novelties we have remarked those pretty little *toques castillanes*, *des bonnets Marquises* and *turbans Mayador*, which are by far the most coquettish style of head dress now worn. A very elegant *coiffure* is also formed by enveloping the back hair in a kind of net work, composed of black and gold *posés* very far back, and ornamented on each side with long ends of *chenille*, seamed with gold, forming a great relief to the countenance. Then, again, those *demi turbans* of *ponceau* velvet, decorated with lappets of blonde, have a very rich effect. A younger style of *coiffure* is one formed of English lace lappets, *posées* upon the front of the head, and fastened with a wreath of leaves, which goes off to nothing at the back, where it is attached with a comb, ornamented with cameos. For the opera, those little Arabian turbans are much worn, composed of red Indian cachemere and brocade, and the Athenian *coiffure* of blue Napoleon velvet, with turban *à damier d'or*.

CAPOTES.—Several have just appeared of a most becoming description, particularly those of *mauve* colored velvet, decorated with a single feather, shaded in the same colors. Dark blue is also a favorite color, ornamented with a delicate branch of flowers, as well as those in black, which have a very distinguished appearance when trimmed with tips of feathers, arranged in bouquets or bunches. We have noticed many distinguished looking ones of satin, those of pink being decidedly preferred, some being ornamented on the left side of the *calotte* with bunches of satin ribbon *très étroit*, falling upon the front and on the left side, with a long drooping feather, the interior of the brim decorated with a wreath of *coques* of narrow satin ribbon, whilst others are trimmed upon the front with six rows of black velvet, put on at regular distances, finished with a bouquet of flowers at the side. Then, again, those in black satin, decorated with a black heron's feather, and in the interior with *mancinis*, formed of *coques* of orange colored satin ribbon. The form of this capote is small, and rounded so as not to shade the face. The olive green is much in favor for a satin

capote, decorated with a bouquet of flowers at the side, surrounded with lace.

REDINGOTES.—The favorite material for this style of out-door dress is velvet; they are made to button all the way up, from the feet to the throat. Others are made in satin, having large collars attached, giving a graceful turn to the figure. A very new style are those which have the *jupe* fastened at the side, and trimmed the whole way up with a rich black lace, and a row of silk buttons; the corsage plain and crossed, and high upon the shoulders, a little open in the front, and edged all round with lace and buttons to match, and form a continuation to the trimming on the skirt. Others are made of the *d'Alcyon glack*, with the Amazonian corsage trimmed with *brandebourgs*, the skirt ornamented to match, put on *en échelle*; plain sleeves, ornamented with *jockeys*, closed up, and sufficiently deep to make them appear like an upper sleeve; small puritan collar, a lace is put up the front to resemble the frill of a shirt, and is repeated upon each side of the skirt, which is fastened with buttons, caught with a strap of the same.

MANTEAUX.—Cloaks are now universally worn with sleeves, and very little plaited up at the top by the neck, the lower part, on the contrary, being immensely wide, and descending as low as a little below the ankle, the most elegant being those made in velvet. Another style, and also composed of velvet, are made straight and plain in the front, showing the form of the waist at the back, and bordered all round with a deep band of ermine. They are very rich looking in a dark green, lined with white satin; large sleeves are attached, also trimmed with ermine. A lighter description of *manteau* is made in grey cachemere, fulled on the top of the shoulders and round a small cape, which descends in a point in the front, and edged with five narrow ribbon velvets, which also surrounds the cloak itself and the arm-holes. We must not omit also giving a description of the two following, which are alike remarkable for their elegance and warmth; the first being made in *Ottoman* velvet, rounded in the front, and trimmed all round with a broad fringe, headed with a handsome *gympe*; the *pelerine* is also rounded in the front, and trimmed *pareil* to the cloak, the waist being gaged into the form of the back. The second *manteau* is made of black velvet, rounded at the back, and descending in the front in square ends, edged all round with a broad lace, put on flat.

DRESSES for *demi toilettes* are now being made after the following charming manner, and composed of Pekins, shaded in small stripes (lilac or blue,) and interlined with stripes of black satin, the skirt trimmed with three flounces; half open sleeves, showing long under ones of black lace; the corsage *demi montant* (or half high,) ornamented with a trimming *à la veille*, also of black lace. We may also remark that the dresses are now being worn rather less ample in the skirts, and shorter for out-door costume, but retaining their full length, and a little more. For evening dress, in fact, we shall have soon *demi-trains* in fashion; *berthes* still serve to decorate plain bodies, either made in the same material as the dress, or lace; very short sleeves are made small, but trimmed with rich *garnitures*, or covered with fullings.

SPENCERS *à basques* are much in request, made in black velvet, and having black satin skirts attached, trimmed with three rows of black velvet, small black velvet pockets being placed on each of the sides of the dress.

CAPIES.—Nothing can be more elegant than these immense pelerines of velvet, which are called *des Camails, des Mantelets des Crispins*, being generally liked for their commodious shape, as they can be worn with any style of toilette; they are mostly trimmed with a very broad black lace, or a rich narrow fur.

CRISPINS.—As a specimen of what is now most fashionable, and what is much worn, particularly for the theatre, we give the following three most distinguished looking ones:—the first in white cachemere, wadded and lined with white satin, descending as low as the knees, surrounded entirely with a broad open work *gympe*, ornamented with pearls; this trimming is also placed round the arm-holes. The second one is composed of black velvet, lined with white satin, and edged with a broad black or white lace, put on flat; we have also remarked point lace put on in this way, having a very rich effect. The third of white satin, lined with the same material, only of a beautiful orange color, trimmed with a *volant* of the same, headed with three narrower frillings.

PALETOTS.—This most distinguished wrap is made in velvet, and decorated with a double *rouleau* of *martre*, the sleeves *demi-larges*, and square collar, forming a point on the chest, likewise trimmed with a *rouleau* of *martre*. Then we have the *paletot Egyptien*, in violet colored velvet, lined with straw colored satin, opening up each side as far as the arm-holes, and bordered with a *riche* in *passementerie*, the small collar edged to match.

FLOWERS.—Winter flowers have scarcely any leaves attached to them. They will be much used for the decorating of ball dresses, *coiffures*, &c.; those intended for the latter use being after the following style:—a double wreath encircles the head, formed of small dahlias, or a single wreath of foliage passing over the forehead, with side bunches of roses of the *Ganges* and blue heaths; also those formed of a wreath or coronet of moss roses without leaves, which almost surpasses all the rest, being also used for the decorating of those pretty little caps, either in coronets or wreaths. Another pretty kind of flower for caps, is the *glaucus*, mounted *en grappe*, and the *coreopsis*, which is quite an autumnal flower, and which is imitated in all colors. Those intended for the trimmings of ball dresses, are mostly arranged in *bouquets* or *agraffes* (wreaths being now out of fashion;) these *bouquets* are composed of variegated flowers, not of very brilliant colors, having the centre part hardly to be seen.

THE OPERA.—The opera, in both New York and Philadelphia, has been unusually well attended this winter. This is owing partly to the decline of the lecture system, and partly to the production of "The Bohemian Girl," a very showy opera by Balfe, which had a run of one hundred nights in London. "I dreamt I dwelt in Marble Hall," is its best song, and really exquisite.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century. By R. W. Griswold. 1 vol. 8 mo. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1844.—The difficulty of a compilation like this, can be conceived only by those who have undertaken a similar task. To select from the vast mass of poetical writers flourishing in England during the nineteenth century, those who deserve immortality, and to take from each author just so much, and no more, as shall be just, is a task even more invincible than it is difficult. When we recollect that every reader has his favorite poet—that two opposite schools divide the literary world between them—and that if Paul is pleased Apollos must be offended, we wonder at the daring that would undertake or the perseverance that could overcome this task. Few men would have the hardihood to make such an attempt: still fewer would succeed.

Yet Mr. Griswold has executed his undertaking quite creditably. There is no other volume in existence which presents so comprehensive a view of the poets of England during the nineteenth century. Here we have the whole of that glorious company, from Coleridge down to the author of "Festus," and in the number is included every writer with the least pretensions to fame.

Nor are the selections from the different authors, on the whole, unjust. The best poems of the best writers are found here, except in cases where the length of the poem prevented an insertion. The mere song-writers, such as Bayley and Cunningham, have had full justice done them. Some of the younger poets of England, who are scarcely known on this side of the Atlantic, have received Mr. Griswold's attention; and we are sure it will add to the attractions of his book that he has introduced to the American public such names as Horne, Browning, Darley and Alford. In his criticisms, likewise, he has done tardy justice to some of these, especially to the author of that remarkable work "Festus."

We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Griswold in the estimate he has placed on several writers. He is far from doing justice to Tennyson, whom he passes by as a third or fourth rate poet. The judgment of the best critics, both here and abroad, is at variance with him on this point. But Tennyson is worthy of note, apart from his genius, on account of his partaking so deeply of the spirit of the new school of poetry. The hour of Byron has gone by: Moore is read far less than formerly; but the philosophic strains of a higher and better school are daily increasing their votaries. Thinking so much of "Festus," how can Mr. Griswold sneer at Tennyson! Few writers of this, or any country, equal Tennyson in the musical flow of his words, and his imagination is certainly neither bald nor weak. From this, and other critical remarks of the editor, we should incline to think he lingers with fond regret over the poetry of the last century, and believes with Byron, that Pope was a greater genius than any of his successors. We hold a different creed.

However, as we remarked in the beginning, it is impossible, in a work like this, to please one person without offending another. Mr. Griswold has, perhaps, executed his task better than most persons could do it

now, even with the experience of his errors. But he must be prepared for hostile reviewers. One will think he says too much of Byron, another too little of Moore: one will contradict him on the merits on Coleridge, another on those of Shelley. The admirers of Wordsworth will assail him for what he has said of that poet: the haters of Wordsworth will wonder how he could assign genius to so dull a person. Between them all, Mr. Griswold will be lucky to escape with a whole reputation. But he must console himself with the reflection that every competent judge will accord him praise for the care, ability and general impartiality with which he has compiled this work.

The volume is elegantly printed and embellished with numerous fine steel engravings, altogether reflecting great credit on the enterprising publishers.

Scenes in my Native Land. By Lydia H. Sigourney. 1 vol. 8 mo. James Munroe & Co., Boston, 1845.—In this beautiful volume we have the feelings and impressions of Mrs. Sigourney, derived from her travels through various sections of our country. The work is partly prose, partly poetry. In the former we find narratives of her journeys to Niagara, Trenton Falls and other places, interspersed with anecdotes and poetical traditions connected with the spots visited. In the latter are comprised several noble poems, several of which, such as "The Vale of Wyoming," "Sunrise at New London," and "The Empty Nest," first appeared in this magazine. Both the prose and poetry are distinguished by that elevated sentiment, play of fancy and chaste diction for which Mrs. Sigourney is remarkable. We receive with reverence anything from her pen, for she was one of the first, if not the very first, successfully to prove that American women can be intellectual, without leaving the proper sphere of their sex. No one, indeed, has done more, here or abroad, to elevate the character of woman, by dignifying it with moral attributes and encircling it with a halo of beauty and grace. Her poetry not only gratifies the imagination, but appeals to the heart: we can compare its silent yet enduring effect to nothing but that of the gentle dews of Hermon. We rise, from the perusal of her poems, better men.

Agincourt. A Romance. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1844.—Another readable novel from the fertile pen of James. "Agincourt," however, is not so good as "Arrah Neill," its immediate predecessor, although one would have expected all the fire of the author to awaken at the days of Henry the Fifth.

Tales and Sketches. By Miss Sedgwick. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1844. This volume comprises most of the late fugitive contributions of Miss Sedgwick to American literature. Among the best of the tales are "The Irish Girl," and "The Post Office."

A Personal Narrative of Residence as a Missionary in Ceylon and Southern Hindostan, with statements respecting those countries, and the operations of Missionaries there By J. R. Eckard. 1 vol. 18 mo. Perkins & Purvis, Philadelphia, 1844.—The title fully explains the object of this book. The narrative is agreeable, and much of the information new. No one can fully understand the difficulties in the way of Christianizing Hindostan, who has not perused this book. We find in it some curious observations on the philosophy and literature of the Hindoos, to which the author assigns a very high rank, and for which he appears to have imbibed a remarkable taste.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—We think we have some cause to boast of the present number. The embellishments are all from the best artists. The mezzotint of "Washington," like the one of "The Shipwreck" in January, we predict will be the "crack" picture of the month. The view on Hudson River is one of the sunniest of pictures. No wood cuts disfigure the number, but every illustration is in the most costly style; and no lady, therefore, need be ashamed of the work for her centre-table.

The number, in its literary matter, will bear a comparison, for variety and merit, with any ever issued. In our own opinion it is superior, in this respect, to the January number. Among the contents are no less than two "stories of the Revolution." The conclusion of Mrs. Annan's admirable tale will be read with interest. The lesson in "Marrying for Money" will recommend Miss Ashton's story to all; and no one will fail to read the stirring sketch by Mrs. Spencer. When it is remembered that everything in the number is original—the plates by American artists and the articles by American authors—it presents an appeal to the public such as no other two dollar book can make. And when it is remembered further, that nearly every article is by a lady, it recommends itself peculiarly to the patronage of the sex.

GIVE US CREDIT.—The popularity of the stories published in this magazine is evidenced by the fact that they are copied into the newspapers more extensively than those of any other periodical. We are sorry, however, to have to complain that the proper credit is often omitted. It is but bare justice to acknowledge the source from which the tale is taken, especially when it is considered that we have paid a high price for our original matter. Among the stories which are thus floating about we may instance "The Christian Maiden," "Kentucky in '76," "The Refugee," and "Aunt Patty."

A WORD OF THANKS.—We return our thanks to the editors who have so liberally noticed, and the subscribers who have so enthusiastically supported the present volume. Remember! the postage on this magazine is higher than on others.

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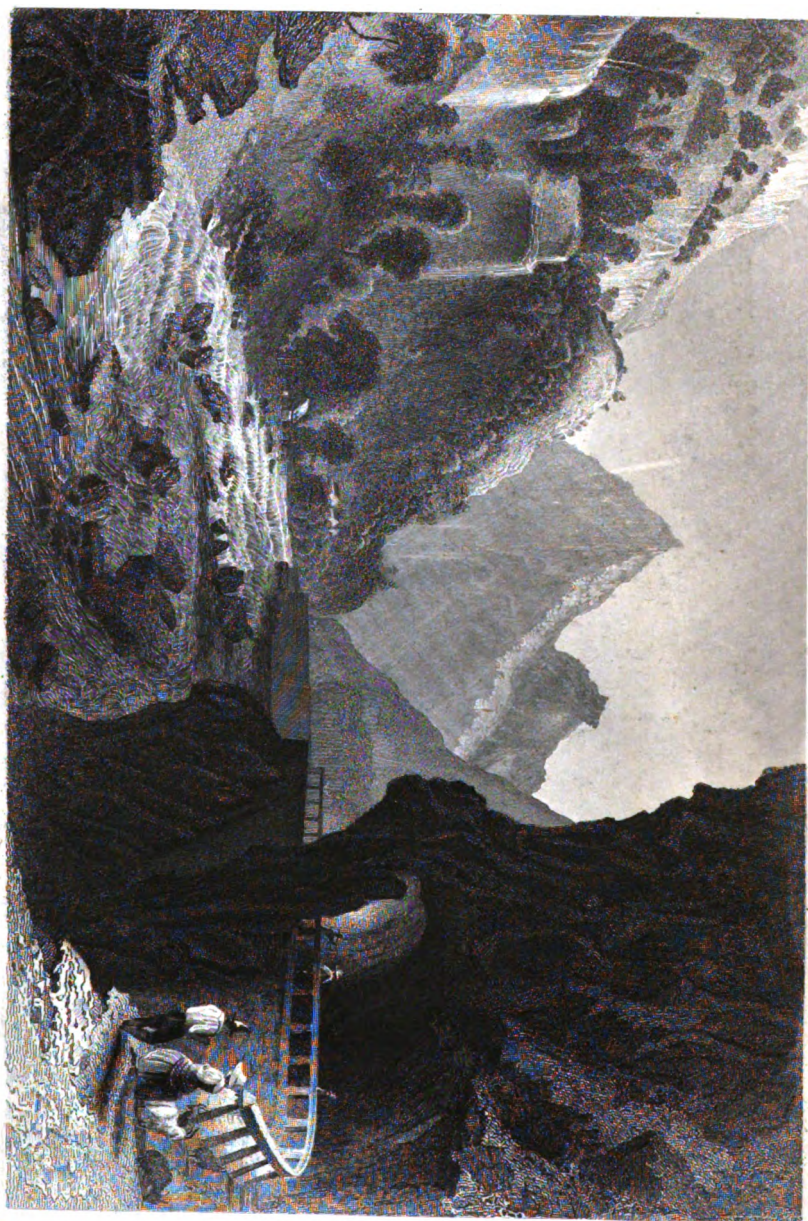


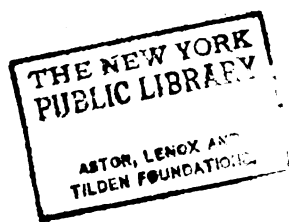
W. Drummond.

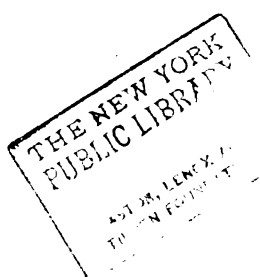
A.L. Dick.

JEANNIE DEANS.

My dear Mother









OPERA DRESSES.

— 1845 —

Emulated for the Ladies' National Magazine

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1845.

No. 3.

OUR FRIEND'S LECTURE.

A CHAPTER ABOUT CHILDREN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE tea-things had been removed, and we had arranged ourselves around the fire in the most cosy manner possible. A dim light came twinkling into our little parlor, from among the plants in a nutshell of a boudoir which opened from it—just strong enough to reveal our faces to each other, and cast ten thousand beautiful shadows of leaves and blossoms, more perfect than the most beautiful drawing on the wall.

My visitors were delightful persons, and we were unanimously resolved to be chatty, and make a pleasant night of it. The youngest had stepped out from her state of enviable belledom some eighteen months before, but domestic happiness had only given her cheek a richer tinge of damask, and flooded her soft, brown eyes with the sunshine of a contented heart. Formerly her smile had been brilliant and fascinating. Now it broke over her mouth sweet and tender like light on a wet rose-bud. She was sitting in a rocking chair with one pretty slipper resting on a footstool, and the other pressing down a flower in the hearth rug. She did not give us her undivided attention, for the babe in her lap was smiling, and every time she saw its mouth dimple, her eyes brightened, and she would nestle its pretty head up to her bosom and shade its face with her curls, while she stole a kiss, half slyly, as if ashamed of the rich love that gushed over her mother's heart.

Our companion was a strong-minded, sensible widow lady, of a very uncertain age indeed, a little too dignified in her bearing, perhaps, and somewhat given to offering advice before it was asked. but a woman of splendid ideas, who felt like a schoolmistress and talked like a book. There was another little creature in the room, a slender, fair child, verging on her fourth year, as untameable as a bird in the wilderness—as restless as the wind in a tree top and as saucy—nay, let other people say that—to those who loved her

she was only bewitchingly mischievous. Long before she was given to the arms of her mother, that mother had been rather inclined to sententious maxims on education, and had perpetrated one or two written articles which she found it very easy to put on paper, but rather more difficult to bring into practice in her own individual experience.

By the rustling of the old lady's silk dress, and the upright position which she assumed on the sofa, we felt the presentiment of a lecture long before the current of her eloquence began to flow in heavy waves and without interruption.

"My dear," she said, addressing the young mother, "I have been watching you this half hour sitting in your easy chair with the baby in your lap—I love the word baby, it has such an endearing sound. Look at the little creature, it is dropping to sleep with a smile on its mouth. Mrs. Sigourney calls babies 'rose buds with souls,' a beautiful idea isn't it; but when had Mrs. Sigourney a thought or feeling that was not beautiful?"

"That is right, kiss it softly, for she may be dreaming of the angels. How happy and proud you look, so young, so beloved, and a mother too. Were you aware till now how happy a human heart can be? I can almost count the warm and delicious sensations that are welling up their sweetness in your heart. Do you not feel ennobled, exalted in your own estimation? Does not every feeling take new dignity as it finds birth in your soul? I can see it all!—often in the still night you are softly awakened by that little heart fluttering against yours—the touch of that tiny hand on your neck, the soft murmur of its voice has power to arouse you from the most profound slumber. Your heart awakes from its sleep, overflowing with tender love, such love as never stirred its pulses before, and all unconsciously, even when your senses are drowsing, murmurs of endearment and soft kisses are lavished upon the little one.

"But do you remember, my dear, that the sweet outgoings of a fond heart are not all the duty which a child has a right to claim from its parent. You are a happy creature now in the

spring of your existence, and revelling for the first time in the blissful feelings of maternity. But even in your happiness remember that God has entrusted a human soul to your keeping, and in the fulness of maternal joy do not forget that serious duties are linked with it.

"It is almost cruel to arouse you from this state of blissful repose. But you are happy, scarcely knowing why, and without fully understanding the awful responsibility which a just and wise Creator has linked with the beautiful daughter who lies smiling in her sleep upon your lap.

"Young mother, I can see that you have been forming golden dreams for the future—you have woven a glittering web around this little one, and your love is mingled with vague, unfinished hopes, which, if realized, might ruin the creature you would bless.

"The hope to see your own rare beauty perpetuated in the child is busy at your heart—I can read it in that flushed cheek, in the quick sparkle of those eyes, in the smile that arches a mouth, which even without smiles is lovely. It is a natural wish, but if there is power in beauty there is danger also. To a well regulated mind personal loveliness is a blessing, but to the selfish and the vain it is a deep and perpetual curse, for to the badly educated vanity always accompanies beauty, and when that is past envy, and many a stern passion takes its place never to be uprooted.

"Your daughter may be beautiful even as its mother. It is a pleasant thought, but oh, how full of danger! Watch over the opening bud!—Examine each leaf of that innocent heart as it unfolds to the light. Let no seeds of vanity be scattered in the rich soil from whence beauty should spring up pure and unsullied. Let not your own imprudent praise or that of your friends enhance the value of a gift so much desired and yet so sure of perishing. Encourage the intimacy of no friend who hopes to gratify your vanity by flattering the beauty of your child. Receive no incense to your own pride when the honied praise that conveys it may poison the spotless mind of your daughter. It is difficult to determine how early the incense of flattery may sink into the infant mind. Unwholesome ideas of its own importance may be planted earlier than most parents imagine, and if once it is allowed to take root, admiration becomes a portion of its childish desires, and it learns to look upon personal beauty as the only good worth praying for.

"Your want, fond mother, may be granted, and your little one may grow up among the most beautiful of the land. Guard her then as you would the fruits of Paradise—let your heart keep perpetual watch that its mind may become

perfected in loveliness and strength as the form is in feminine beauty. Should you neglect this, and allow flaws and blemishes to mar the gem, while the casket is faultless in its workmanship, it were better that you remained childless, or even that death should bear away your treasure before your heart strings are wrung by its selfish arrogance, and your affections crushed by the child of your bosom whom you have pampered in its youth, that it may rise up and despise you in the autumn and winter of life.

"There is yet a more brilliant flash in your eyes, a prouder curve on your lip. It may be that you are thinking of a higher and more divine gift than beauty—that of genius. It is a great and glorious endowment that you would ask for your child—the brightest and most precious that Heaven bestows on earthly things. But remember you are praying for a fire that may enlighten a world or consume the heart of your child. Your ambition takes a wide scope, but you have always rested in the bosom of domestic quiet, and know but little either of the joys or the evils that follow brilliant intellectual endowments when they enkindle the feminine nature. If the gift of beauty renders double watchfulness incumbent on a mother, that of genius calls for two-fold assiduity. Unless judgment, principles and bodily strength are cultivated, hand in hand with the intellect, the flame of genius, enkindled in a female breast, may illuminate a universe, while it consumes its own throbbing resting-place. The delicate nerves of woman require strengthening, or they give forth painful music when the fires of genius thrill over them. True, there is a glorious compensation, even for the sufferings of genius. When generous and noble qualities are interwoven in the poetic mind, they win around their possessor the sweetest tributes of friendship,—the dearest and highest social happiness on earth. Well directed talent is certain of affectionate appreciation in a country like ours, where men and women are bred to habits of independent thought, and where the most lowly cultivate a love of books.

"But even well regulated, lofty and true genius has its suffering and its trials.

"If necessity or choice place a woman before the public—if, from any circumstance, she is once thrust into the arena of literary life her powers of retreat are gone. Her soul, even when it would most shrink from observation, is before the multitude. Her looks, her words, and most trifling art—nay, the very pulsations of her heart are counted over in the throng who admire, criticise, love or envy, as the caprice of the moment may dictate.

"Admiration of a loftier nature, and more dangerous than beauty can command, is lavished

at her feet, like flowers around an idol, but among these blossoms of her destiny, criticism scatters her thorns, and envy creeps, like a serpent, under their fragrant leaves. Love, that bright, shadowy spirit of the future, now and then scatters a laurel leaf in her path, while away in the distance she holds the green wreath that can only be obtained by toil and that spirit strife which ends only in the grave.

"But there is happiness in the toil which brings pure gold from the intellect; there is joy in the expression of feelings which awake a thousand holy echoes in the kindred hearts that are listening for the melodies of genius.

"But if there is some unhappiness in well regulated genius sustained by all these feminine qualities which ennoble the true woman of every class, how terrible must be the scourge of that insane talent which blends itself with all that is selfish, vain and unprincipled in the female nature? When genius kindles envy and engenders hate—when it forsakes the true and the beautiful for the false and selfish. To genius, when so associated, the affections and tender endowments of life can never come. In the charmed circle which her own arrogance has drawn, the possessor may droop and pant away her life, a brilliant sacrifice shedding light which brings forth no flowers in the human heart, and perish at last unregretted.

"Young mother, ask not genius for your child! It is a glorious gift, but one which should not be prayed for lightly. But should its Creator see fit to endow the child with the richest attribute known to man, be ready to strengthen and prepare the soul for its heavenly master. Begin early to chasten away exuberance of feeling and the flights of a fancy which may prove too glowing for the judgment. Let her indulge only in such books of the imagination as exalt and purify the mind without exciting it. Teach her the art of concentrating her thoughts on one subject till she has mastered it; lest by versatile and promiscuous reading she uselessly fritters away on a thousand objects the strength of intellect which should be brought to bear upon one. Discipline her heart day by day—feed the growing mind with wholesome knowledge. Open to her mind the book of nature teeming with its glorious science. Let her investigate, compare, analyze. Take her back to former ages and teach her to understand the foundation, support and downfall of nations—to trace the progress of mankind in knowledge and in the pages of history—to connect causes with effects and match acts with motives. This will prepare her for an encounter with the world—will give her subjects of thought when her soul is thrown back upon itself, and

strengthen her for the vicissitudes of an exciting and changeful life.

"With your own sweet, maternal gentleness, gradually lift the veil of fancy which her young mind will fling over the realities of life, lest she picture the world too beautiful and have her feelings soured, when some rude hand shall roughly brush away the artificial gloss. Above all early implant strong moral principles and correct religious sentiments in her heart. All will not be too much for the perils which may beset her.

"Young mother, let me advise you. Ask neither beauty nor genius for your daughter. Trust her destiny with one who overlooketh the destinies of all. He knows best what will contribute to her good as an individual connected with the living multitudes of creation, and will endow her according to his own wisdom. You may not with limited capacities and ignorance of the future dictate what the endowment of your child shall be. But you may so regulate her nature that it may be prepared to meet the destiny which God has appointed—let it be proud or humble.

"Pray earnestly that you may be enabled to fulfil a parent's charge, for on you depends the happiness or misery of that child. A blessing or a curse rests on your lips as they caress her. The very feelings which are swelling your heart, if uncontrolled by judgment, may become an injury to her by their undisciplined warmth. It is indeed 'a rose bud with a soul'—watch the opening of each tender leaf—strengthen it with the dew of tenderness and the sunshine of a mother's love—watch well that no worm creeps to its heart to eat away its bloom. Let the moral atmosphere which surrounds it be kept pure and undimmed by a single base thought. The good or the evil that may befall that babe rests with you alone. You look at me in affright, shake your head and murmur the name of its father, as if he had the greater share in a parent's responsibility. No—no—fathers have no time to mark the trifling developments which break from the infant's heart every hour of the day—developments which a discerning and kind mother is constantly checking or encouraging as she lays the foundation of that character which creates a great man, or a delicate and good woman—from the birth of her infant till its mind is moulded into a good or evil form, it remains under the control of the mother, and woe be to her if she neglect the holy trust.

"See, I have aroused the child! She answers your smile—seems to wonder at the tears that brim your eyes, and lifts her tiny hand to those trembling lips. Smile upon her once more, she is beginning to read your countenance, and that smile will soon become the sunlight of her

existence, and a mother's frown will be the darkest cloud that can fall on her little heart. Begin now, while she is an infant in your lap, to knit your soul with hers. With kisses and fond words lay the foundation of that confidence which is so beautiful between a mother and her child. Remember that creation contains not a thing more precious than the human soul which God has entrusted to your keeping. Become a confident and friend to that little creature while you can read every thought in those clear blue eyes as in a mirror. There should be no interruption in your confidence, not one moment of alienation. Enter into her feelings and entrust her with your own, thus will you go happily on forming a friend and companion for yourself, while you are preparing her for the performance of like maternal duties to another generation.

"Gather up your strength, young mother—do your duty now, and the hereafter will be a blessing to you and your daughter. Resolve to make her a good woman, and trust the rest to God."

As the old lady ceased speaking, my friend gathered the babe to her bosom and kissed it, while tears fell over its little face like rain. Then she arose, holding the child close to her with one arm, and taking the good lady's hand, wrung it gratefully.

"Remember," said the malicious old lady, "old maids and bachelors always know how to bring up other folk's children; it is much easier preaching than practising, isn't it?"

The good lady looked at me rather maliciously, I thought, but I was far too busy rescuing her gold spectacles from my hopeful little daughter, who was twisting the bows into a lover's knot to betray any very embarrassing degree of consciousness.

THE VILLAGE FLOWER.

BY HARRIETT ELVINA KELLOG.

THE light fades from the glowing west,
The village church with flowers is dress'd,
It is the hour that all love best—

The twilight hour.

The priest before the altar stands
With snowy locks and trembling hands,
To join in love's most holy bands

The Village Flower.

And she is there with robes of snow,
But on her cheek's a deepening glow,
And toward the door her glances go:—

Why comes he not?

The groom's not here—the hour is past,
The soft light from the sky fades fast,
What spell around his steps is cast?

Has he forgot?

The west has lost its glowing hue,
The sky has taken a deeper blue,
And here and there a star looks through
With silvery ray—

The bride-train from the church is gone,
The bridal bands are yet undone,
The flowers are withering, one by one
They pass away.

A month has fled, and, day by day,
A year has sped its onward way—
E'en so the maiden's hopes decay,
She looks above—

Her eye is bright, her cheek's soft blush
Is changing for a deeper flush,
Sorrow has taught her heart to crush
Its deep, deep love.

Again the sun in the glowing west
Is tinging each tiny wavelet's crest,
'Tis again the twilight's pensive rest,

That solemn hour—

The church is oped and the bell tolls slow
As the mourners through the dim aisle go
To lay in the grave of the church-yard low,
The Village Flower.

The priest is there, and o'er the bier
He speaks sweet words of heavenly cheer,
And now and then there falls a tear

From his dim eye,

The maidens in a low voice sing,
And o'er the bier fair roses fling,
And as a tribute meet, they bring
A tear and sigh.

The rites are done—the church doors close,
The soul has found its long repose,
Has left its wrongs, and cares, and woes,

This side the grave.

Its upward flight was bright and clear,
And with no slavish thought, or fear,
It rose from wrong and sorrow here,
To God who gave.

NIAGARA

FROM TABLE ROCK.

LIKE a broad curtain spreads the hanging flood,
From shore to shore it waves in middle air:
Fringed with light feath'ry wreaths it undulates
In ever changing yet continuous folds;
Mysterious columns of impending waves,
Still flowing down, yet ever standing there.

The gushing spray in fleecy rolls ascends,
Tinted with gold it mounts the cloudless sky,
Its base is where contending waters leap,
And loudest sounds the elemental war;
And as it soars above more broad it spreads;
And higher still it parts like crested plumes,
Dancing resplendant from a golden crown.
The beaming sun irradiates the mass,
And lights it like a blaze of living fire.

Away it wafts, borne by the gentle breeze,
Or buoyant floats a brilliant canopy. S. D. V.

THE LOVER'S TRIAL.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WEST INDIES.

BY "THE POOR SCHOLAR."

ST. VINCENTS! A beautiful villa nestling among the gold and green foliage of shaddock and orange trees, and screened from the sultry sun by the broad, umbrella-like leaves of the palmetto! Around, are groves of guava, and citron and lemon trees, musical with birds of bright plumage—gardens, where the tamarind droops over the tank, and crystal fountains fling their diamond drops over the broad, thick leaves of the water-lily—in front spreads the blue Caribbean up against the distant sky—the sky as blue as itself, but softer and smoother, and varied with chasings of gold and purple, with two or three small milky clouds, like white flowers silently swimming on its azure ocean!—to the right, and away toward the far Atlantic stretch the low, rich lands of the *Basse Terre*, covered with fields of rice and cane, and clumps of cocoa trees, the white and rose-colored villas peering through the vista of green leaves—while to the left, and soaring proudly up against the clear sky frowns the dark summit of *La Soufriere*, like some huge giant aspiring to heaven, and disdaining converse with the nearer objects of creation around! Such is the scenery around the beautiful villa of the *Comte de Lencour*.

The sun is making for a belt of purple that stretches along the west, and the cool evening breeze is just beginning to whistle back over the waves, bringing relief to the heated surface of the island—herds that have lain since noon panting under the palmettoes, spring up joyously and scatter themselves over the green sward of the *parterre*—and birds that have been silent in the shady groves, languishing among the leaves, now feeling their plumage stirred by the sweet sea breeze, break forth into light and song; parrots, parroquets and orioles are flashing through the golden foliage, the mockbird renews his wicked mimicry on the top of the tall palm-tree, and the orange breast of the *troupiale* gleams amid the leaves of the linden—the beautiful chincherry flings himself from the apex of the mountain cabbage, and poised for a moment over the fountain, alights on its marble basin to dip his wings in the sparkling flood—a thousand humming birds of every hue flash from flower to flower, prinkling in the lucid atmosphere like broken rays of the sun's light! Out upon the sea, the white gull, borne back upon the breeze, flaps his broad wing close to the garden wall, and now and then a large tropic-bird is seen skimming along the snowy crest of the wave, or darting

downward upon his scaly victim—a brig, a small schooner, and two or three feluccas, with all their canvass out, are standing for the harbor of *Point-a-Pître*, and a solitary fishing skiff rides close in shore, from which a single fisherman, a mulatto, is dropping out his leaded lines! The whole scene, sea and shore, groves and gardens, are just waking from the languor and inertness of the noonday siesta to activity and enjoyment.

Look at the villa! The sea-grass curtain that screened the verandah from the sultry sun, has been partly drawn to admit the cool and bracing zephyr, and seated in that verandah you may see a gay and brilliant party. They number about twelve ladies, and as many gentlemen, and are, with one or two exceptions, under twenty-five years of age. They are the guests, not of the old count himself, but of his son, *Adolphe*, and his two beautiful daughters *Zulmé* and *Lucrece*. Some of them are relations of the count, and they are all the sons and daughters of neighboring planters, with the exception of one or two strangers from the contiguous islands, and a gentleman from Paris, France. They are here assembled at the villa in a kind of annual *reunion*, to spend a few days in amusement and gaiety. The old count is profuse in his hospitality. Everything around gives evidence of his wealth and munificence. Tables of polished Brazil wood stand in the piazza, loaded with rich viands and fruits of every species. The productions of a tropical clime, piled upon salvers of China and gold, are handed around by mulattoes dressed in rich liveries, while the costliest wines, champagne and Burgundy and Madeira, with a variety of jellies are sparkling in decanters, or filled out into colored and cut glasses to tempt and seduce the palate! There is nothing wanting to produce mirth and good cheer; and the bright smile and musical prattle, and the frequent laugh, give evidence of a high state of merriment. In that bright collection of youth and beauty and smiling faces, there is more than one bosom swelling with love, more than one heart that feels an occasional pang of jealousy, as the object of its worship may be seen paying an undue attention to another. Yes, among the guests of the villa are more than one pair of lovers.

Nearly all the ladies are beautiful. There are two, however, who are acknowledged the belles of the party, *Zulmé*, the younger daughter of the count, and her cousin, *Luise*. Like all belles they are capricious, and it is hard to tell the gentleman most favored by either of them. *Zulmé*, however, in her silent heart has long since made her choice—*Francois Romainville*, the only son of a wealthy planter, is the youth who has captivated her, and *Francois* is mutually smitten

with the dark beauty. Zulmé is indeed a belle—would be anywhere—she is only fifteen, but the southern clime, hot and sultry, already has made a woman of her. She is brunette, with an eye dark, and liquid and burning like lava, and restless as the *aurora*! The coldest heart that ever beat in human bosom would be constrained to feel the fire of that eye. Francois has felt it until he can scarce conceal his passion in the presence of his friends. He watches her every look! He drinks in her every word—he follows her every movement. If she only smiles upon another, and there are two or three who seem ambitious of her smiles, Francois can hardly hide his jealousy. Nevertheless, Francois and Zulmé have been set down as lovers. It has become apparent to all except those most interested that they love each other. Luise upon the other hand is a blonde with light hair and blue eyes, and not quite so interesting as her cousin, at least to those who prefer black eyes to blue, and the majority are in favor of the former. Luise, however, is pretty and has her admirers, the most prominent of whom is the Parisian. He has been paying her devoted attention. They have walked together and waltzed together, and it is not certain whether Luise loves him. She is to much of a coquette, there is no telling. His name is Auguste Freneau, and he is rich. The old count enters the piazza.

"Well, Adolphe," addressing his son, "what amusement do you provide for your friends to-morrow? Let me know that I may make the necessary preparations for you."

"We have not agreed upon anything as yet—ladies propose to-morrow's excursion—Mamselle Girardeau?"

Mamselle Girardeau declines.

"You sister Lucrece?—well then Zulmé and cousin Luise propose—I know you'll agree on any subject!"

"Let us climb La Souffriere!" shouted both the wild cousins almost in the same moment.

"As I expected—some daring project would suit you best, but how of the other ladies?"

"La Souffriere—La Souffriere," cried a dozen voices.

"Then it is agreed that we visit La Souffriere."

"Well! you must start early. I shall have your mules saddled by daybreak—and let me advise you to be careful. Let each lady be attended by a gentleman—it is the best way to make the ascent—do not approach too near the crater, but be cautious. Good night, children—good night! God bless you all, good night!" And the old count withdrew from the piazza, while the "good night, father!" followed him from a dozen voices, and the music recommenced,

and the song and the dance continued until the heavy night bell tolling from the cupola admonished them of the hour of rest.

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The bright globe of a tropic sun was just appearing over the blue waters of the Atlantic, and the highest peak of La Souffriere had caught his light and looked as though it had been dipped in liquid gold, when a long string of mules filed out from the orangery of the villa and took the direction of the mountain. They carried the gay party already introduced. Negro servants in rich liveries were in attendance, and muleteers with the baggage and equipments necessary to an extensive pic-nic, travelled in the rear of the cavalcade. The cool of the morning saw them winding up the defiles of the mountain, and at ten o'clock they reached a small plateau covered with cabbage palms, and where it became necessary to leave their mules, the ascent beyond being steep and difficult. Leaving most of the servants here to prepare dinner, the party continued their journey up the mountain. Each one of the ladies was attended by a gentleman to assist in places of danger and difficulty. Zulmé, however, and her capricious cousin, partly to pique their lovers, had refused their proffered assistance, and climbed the steep alone, now taking the lead of the party, and anon from the summit of a hanging rock laughing at them as they toiled up below, and waving their white kerchiefs in triumph of their superior courage and agility.

At length the party reached the summit of La Souffriere. The beautiful yet fearful prospect that burst upon their sight cannot be described. Above—the blue sky clear and cloudless, without a single feature to vary its concave surface, save the sun himself, that, like a golden globe, hung in the very vertex of heaven—his beam now no longer sultry as on the low level of the coast, but cold and colorless! Around on every side ocean—ocean!—to the east the broad, boundless Atlantic, rolling in upon the Gulf, whilst the quiet Carribean stretched away against the far sky of the west—both studded with islands! There lay Desade, fertile and flourishing, full of promise to the planter—her broad fields of golden cane, and rice, and coffee waving in the sun, while every gaudy tint, green and gold, and purple, and orange blent upon the rich landscape, all combining in one picture of light and loveliness! There lay Antigua glistening like a huge emerald, and Guadeloupe and the low lands of the *Basse-Terre*; and still upon the north, boldly rising against the sky, the mountain isle—Montserrat. its chalky cliffs and white ravines, bordered by belts of green and gold—luxuriant harvests, running up its steep sides to the very summit, whilst

a hundred windmills whirling to the fresh Atlantic breeze, bore testimony of the industry of its inhabitants; farther north in the distance Rock Dondar, like a huge dark giant, warring with its snow-white breakers, while here and there in the midst of these glittering islands might be seen the canvass of an hundred vessels standing to and fro, like huge birds upon the wing bearing away their rich produce to the ports of other and distant lands!

The gay party strolled backward and forward over the summit of the mountain, now gazing at the beautiful objects that studded the ocean around, and now looking into the dark chasm at their feet. Some more curious than their companions had already filled their reticules and handkerchiefs with pieces of pumice stone, and such other specimens as the volcano in the time of its activity had thrown out upon the surface.

Zulmé and her cousin stood at some distance from the rest of the party on the very brink of the crater gaily conversing, and occasionally throwing in pieces of porphyry and lava, and listening until they might hear the sullen plunge on the dark water below; and all the while laughing at dangers that caused their companions to tremble. Zulmé stood for a moment silent, with arms folded, and gazed intently into the abyss.

"What do you see, Zulmé?" asked Luise.

"Nothing but the dark lake."

"What are you thinking of then?"

"I'm thinking, cousin, what a capital feat it would be to bathe in that lake—were I a man I would do it."

"And be drowned in it too—why! have you not heard papa say that no one can swim in that water, and that all who have attempted it were dragged under by some invisible power and never heard of again?"

"I have heard all that, but I never believed it."

"But the tradition of the two Englishmen."

"Was like most other traditions, an interesting fable. They saw no such sights, nor heard such sounds as they represented. There were no monsters here but the monsters of their own imagination."

"It was a courageous act in them to descend into this giant well."

"It was."

Zulmé again relapsed into silence, still gazing into the dark labyrinth that yawned at her feet. Small clouds of a blue sulphurous vapor rose at intervals from the crater, and hovered upon the summit of the mountain. A strange bird known as the "bird of La Souffriere," was now and then seen to flash its broad wing over the yawning

cauldron, and occasionally its wild, unearthly song would break upon the ear, lending additional horror and melancholy to the scene below. A strange habitation it had chosen; among the dark rocks of porphyry and pumice stone, in the seams of the sulphurous lava.

"Why do you gaze so intently below?" asked Luise.

"Luise."

"Cousin."

"I have a great mind to make a proposal!"

"How?"

"Suppose you and I play the ladies of the chivalric age, and try the courage of our lovers."

"In what manner?"

"Dare them to descend the crater."

"Oh! fie, Zulmé!"

"Nay, I am in earnest. I don't mean that we shall allow them to peril their lives for our vanity—but by making the proposal we shall see who accepts it—we can afterward prevent the descent taking place."

"Ah! we might do that."

"These fellows are all very brave and very attentive when there is no risk to be run; they hover around one like butterflies around a flower in the sunshine; but when the cloud and the shower comes they are gone, and leave us to the pelting of the pitiless storm. I shall try if any one of these gay cavaliers would stand by me in the hour of danger—you put your fashionable Frenchman to the trial—a wager, cousin, he fails you!"

"Then will Francois fail you," replied Luise, somewhat piqued by this insinuation against her would-be lord.

"We shall see—here goes!"

So saying the proud beauty unwound from her neck a light silken scarf, and drawing it through the ring of a calabash, which she took from the hand of a servant, she approached the very brink of the crater.

The attention of the party who had hitherto been rambling over the summit, was now attracted by the singular manner and actions of the two girls, and they all drew near the spot.

Zulmé stood upon the shelving edge of the abyss, holding the calabash over her head with the long scarf streaming in the light wind: then turning toward the group of gentlemen who stood at some distance, while her eyes flashed with cunning coquetry, she called out—

"He who recovers this scarf shall have his name wrought on the border, and may wear it for the sake of her who now flings it into the Lake La Souffriere!"

So saying, she flung the calabash with its long streamer far out over the crater. A few moments

elapsed—then was heard a light splash—the spectators looked and beheld a small white object visible on the bosom of the dark water below.

In the meantime Luise had followed the example of her cousin. Having tied a fiband to a piece of light pumice stone, and repeated a similar challenge, she flung the object far out into the yawning chasm.

There was silence for a moment in the astonished group. The next moment saw the young Romainville flinging aside his cloak and chapeau, and rushing with a determined air toward the brink of the crater. A huge rock of porphyry rose on the very edge, and projected over the chasm: on one side of this rock the path seemed easiest. Romainville had gained the entrance of this path when he felt his arm gently arrested, and looking around he beheld Zulmé, who with a look of entreaty smilingly detained him.

"I only jested, Francois—I am satisfied—you shall not peril yourself for me!"

"Nay, do not hold me, Zulmé—I will recover the scarf and wear it, or die in the attempt."

"You shall not, Francois—I command you shall not."

And the young girl struggled to dissuade her lover from the fearful attempt—anxiety was already apparent in her countenance and words. It was in vain, the pride of the fiery youth had been roused, and resolution was in his looks. Gently though promptly disengaging himself from her grasp, he hurried down the dizzy path, and in a moment he was lost to the eyes of the spectators above.

Zulmé rushed after him until the almost perpendicular descent arrested her further progress, and with wild shrieks called upon him to return. When she saw that her entreaties had no effect she remained silent, bending over the brink of the precipice, and gazing below with an agonized and anxious countenance. At intervals the wild screams of the cavern birds rose upon the air, and the howling of strange echoes when fragments of loosened lava went crashing and plunging into the lake below—she seemed a second Sappho about to spring from the rock—the warning voices of her sister and friends were unheeded or unheard.

In this way more than an hour elapsed. The eyes of the party were fixed upon the small speck of white that still floated on the water below. Presently was heard a heavy plunge—then the continued strokes as of one swimming and with difficulty. Every eye was bent with fearful anxiety on the floating scarf. It disappeared—a heavy vapor rose over the surface of the lake and filled the crater—groans and shrieks came

at intervals upon the ear as though the demons of darkness were rejoicing over their victim.

A sullen and awful silence was on every lip—the faces of the ladies wore but one expression, that of anguish—while in the looks of the men could be traced that which is most natural on such occasions, the gaze of human imbecility and helplessness.

Three hours had already elapsed since the daring youth had commenced his descent. The golden sun was sinking to the horizon upon a bank of white clouds like a bright jewel on the bosom of a beautiful lady—the thick fog still rose from the lake and filled the giant cauldron, and the anxiety and fears of the party had reached its greatest height, when falling lava was heard near the edge of the crater, followed by a shriek of joy—and the next moment saw Francois staggering up by the rock of porphyry, pale and bloody and begrimmed, and dripping with water, and faintly waving the scarf of his mistress above his head. The lovers were soon locked in each others arms. * * * * *

That evening the moon gleaming into the piazza of the Chateau De Lencour saw the same party that was there on the preceding night. There was but little difference in the scene from that we have already described excepting in the wearied looks of some of the guests, and in the pale and emaciated features of Francois, who, seated in an easy chair, and somewhat of an invalid, was entertaining the attentive party with an account of his subterranean experience.

There was one burning eye that watched his every motion—one anxious ear that drank in his every word—but we will not detail—the sequel may be guessed. In one week more the same piazza echoed to the merry laugh of the same voices, and to the tread of flying feet, but on this occasion the ladies wore snow white dresses.

Francois and Zulmé became *one*—but Luise never married the Frenchman.

LINES.

BY ROBERT H. DUNLAP.

SPIRITS there are of darker hue,
The heart's frail covering glimmering thro',
In sunless depths enshrouding all,
In rank bloom holding festival.
They wring with more than fiendish art
The life-drops from the trustful heart,
The night shade with the laurel blend,
With reckless grasp asunder rend
The sacred tie, the social band,
The only safeguard of a land;
O'er all a cankerous blight they fling
The passions' wild imagining,
And soon the soul-harp's chords are broken,
That erst in magic strains have spoken.

FIAMELLA SALVIATI.

A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

BY MARY H. STEWART.

ONE day in the year 1493, the convent of the Dominicans at Florence was filled with a vast assemblage, who crowded thither to witness the ceremony which was to take place. The bells rang out, not in those feeble and plaintive sounds which now are heard in the deserted churches of "Florence the beautiful," but in loud peals which shook the images of the saints on the painted windows and echoed through all the streets of the city. The principal front of Santa Maria Nuova was hung with tapestry, and the pavement of the entrance was strewn with box and olive branches, as if for the consecration of a bishop. A procession of monks in a double line marched along the side aisles of the church—the four first carrying a picture covered with a veil. Behind them came the brotherhood of Saint Luke, with whom walked all the master gilders and silversmiths who were included in the corporation of painters, on account of the ornaments in relief which they encrusted in the pictures of that period. They were followed by young girls dressed in white, who chanted alternately with the monks the Litany of the Virgin, while the people joined in the responses, and the full chorus resounded through the pillared aisles.

Never, perhaps, since the celebrated procession of the *Borgo Allegro*, in honor of the Madonna of great Cimabue, had the inauguration of any picture excited stronger interest or drawn together so large an assembly to witness it.

When the monks had thrice made the tour of the church they stopped before the Salviati chapel. Three priests waved their censers before the painting, and after kneeling in front of it suspended it over the altar. The organ played the *Introibo*, and the archbishop began the celebration of mass. During the first part of the service the eyes of the congregation were turned to the picture—but the veil still covered it. Their curiosity was then directed toward a corner of the chapel where knelt a young man who wore the badge of the company of St. Luke. They could only see the melancholy and pensive outline of his features, and his long, fair hair which hung down over his simple brown dress. More than one Florentine maiden whispered to her neighbor that happy would be the woman who would be the bride of so famous an artist, and one so high in favor with the Holy Virgin.

But the painter heard not a word of all that was whispered round him—he was absorbed in devoutly reciting prayers from a missal adorned

with paintings in miniature. He was the artist who had painted the picture which was that day suspended in the chapel. His name was Antonio—he was a pupil of Filippo Lippi, and his fellow students in order to distinguish him from another of the same name, called him *Del Fiore*, because in the manner of the early masters, he adorned with flowers the ground of his religious compositions.

At the moment of the elevation of the host, when every head was bowed, the veil fell as if by a miracle to the sound of trumpets and displayed the picture, where relieved against a back ground of gold the Virgin appeared seated on a throne and crowned by angels. Two seraphim were on the steps of the throne, and on each side stood St. Paul and John the Baptist, one leaning on his sword, the other on a cross. All who beheld it acknowledged the beauty of the painting, and as the pale light of the tapers shone upon it there was a universal movement of heads, and a prolonged murmur of admiration circulated through the crowd. It was known that the beautiful Fiamella Salviati had sat as a model for the Virgin, and public curiosity was on that account more strongly excited, for Fiamella was considered the most lovely woman in Florence. Every one admired the resemblance of the picture, and looked toward the seat of the Salviati for the beautiful original—but in vain. Fiamella was hidden among her attendants—her head concealed in the veil worn by the women of Florence.

In the midst of the movement of the crowd, Antonia still remained kneeling in the corner—occasionally he lifted his eyes to the painting, and after looking at it an instant he was seized with a sudden tremor—his cheek became pale—he gazed as if in ecstasy at the work of his hands, and then humbly bent his eyes on the missal, as if to seek in devotion a refuge from the vain glorious thoughts which assailed him.

When mass was over and the crowd had slowly dispersed, the monks retired through the door of the *Chostro Verde*, and no one remained in the church but a few scattered groups—Fiamella Salviati in the midst of her attendants, and the young painter still absorbed in his devotions.

Fiamella rose from her chair, and as she passed near the artist a carnation which she wore in her bosom fell at his feet. She walked on majestically, raising with her left hand the folds of her flowing purple dress embroidered in arabesques. When she had disappeared behind the pillars, the artist dropped his book and hastily picked up the flower which had fallen from the beautiful Salviati. He raised it to his lips, and then opening his vest placed it on his heart. He then rose,

and approaching the altar leaned pensively over the railing which surrounded it, and gazed on the Virgin which he had painted. He could not suppress a feeling of disappointment and discouragement—it appeared to him less beautiful than before, he blamed himself for having done injustice to the wonderful beauty of Fiamella, and the longer he looked the deeper was his despair. He was plunged in a vague reverie when he felt a hand on his shoulder, “listen, Antonio,” said a man in a harsh and jerking voice—“you are young and you do not understand the ways of the world—do not look so long at that picture.”

“Why not, Signor Secretary?”

“Because, my friend, this image of the Virgin is also the portrait of the beautiful Fiamella Salviati.” Antonio blushed deeply, and the secretary continued—“and you might become more deeply fascinated with it than is consistent with your personal safety.”

“Unless Fiamella should not object to my falling in love with her picture,” said Antonio, with the natural vanity of youth, and excited by the triumph he had that day enjoyed.

An ironical smile hovered on the lips of the secretary.

“I know not,” said he, “whether the noble lady would accept your love—but I am certain that you would meet with no favor from the old Salviati. Mark me, Antonio—I have studied the nobles and princes of this world, and perhaps some day when I am old I will write a book about them—and I warn you that between the poor painter and the powerful Salviati, the distance is greater than from here to the land Christopher Columbus has just discovered.”

“I do not venture to offer Fiamella a love she might despise, but I dare hope to render myself worthy of her by my own exertions.”

“And then you will go and ask her father for her hand?”

“Such are my hopes,” said Antonio modestly.

“And the old noble will order you to be thrown out of the window, on the pikes of his guards.”

Antonio made no reply, but gazed again on the radiant image crowned with its halo.

When the secretary was convinced by the silence of the painter that his words had no effect, he retired shrugging his shoulders—Antonia was rejoiced at his departure.

“Would it not seem,” said he to himself, “as if the evil spirit had sent him here to crush my rising hopes and destroy my good resolutions? Signor Machiavelli,” added he in a tone of sadness—“your words are bitter, but you do not speak the truth. In a republic like this, all men are equal—the holy Savonarola explained that to us the other day in his sermon.” After a few

moments reflection Antonio burst into a laugh—“By the beard of St. Joseph,” said he, “I know how to revenge myself on the secretary. In the next last Judgment I paint, I will place him in hell with asses ears and cloven feet. I shall be obliged to make but little alteration to convert him into a demon.” And inspired by this idea of vengeance, the painter on reaching home sketched with the rapidity of genius the sarcastic profile, the sunken eye, and the hanging lips of Machiavelli.

Since that day when Antonio had been for the last time admitted to copy the exquisite face and form of Fiamella, he had found no opportunity of speaking to her. During the long sittings necessary for completing her portrait, he had enjoyed many enchanting conversations with her, while her old Duenna Orsolina invariably fell asleep. But since then he had never seen her but at church, and his piety forbade his attempting to attract her notice at such a time. He placed himself near her when the service was over, but she always walked with her eyes cast down, and never seemed to recognize him. Nevertheless, the flower she had dropped encouraged his hopes, and stimulated by his love and the fame he had acquired, he resolved to brave everything for the sake of an interview with her he adored. In those times, young women of rank never left the shelter of the paternal roof but to go to mass—to be married, and to be buried. Their days passed monotonously and gloomily, within their secluded apartments, in listening to the occasional sound of music from the street, or the song of their caged birds, or in reading under the orange trees in the garden, by the side of the overflowing fountain, some wonderful legend of the saints or some sad tale of love—the story of Francesca da Rimini, or of Pia Tolomei, condemned by the jealous suspicions of her husband to pine away in the pestilential vapors of the Maremma. On all sides, high turreted walls enclosed the noble Florentine maiden in her prison home.

Antonio walked several times round the Salviati Palace—the gate was guarded by fierce looking soldiers armed to the teeth. It appeared to him that the only means of obtaining an interview with Fiamella, was by the assistance of her everlasting companion Orsolina. He met her one evening, and taking her hand slipped into her sleeve two sequins—all the money he had in the world. But the duenna dropped the bribe on the pavement, and said in a tone of severity.

“Know, young man, that the walls of the Salviati Palace are less high than my fidelity is incorruptible.” Then observing Antonio’s confusion, she added with a mysterious smile,

"let him who has ears understand," and hurrying from him she disappeared behind the corner of the next street.

Orsolina was the confidant of her young mistress in her love for the painter. She remembered that the most effectual way to interest the imagination of a young girl is to surprise her by some deed of daring. She knew that a lover who enters quietly by the door has not a thousandth part of the chance of one who climbs over a high wall at the risk of breaking his neck, or who presents himself with his sword stained with the blood of the guards.

Antonio reflected upon the mysterious words and smile of the old woman—he repeated to himself—"the walls are less high"—then suddenly an idea struck him—"By the Virgin she is right. I must climb the walls." He ran after Orsolina and seized her by her veil—"Can you tell me," said he, "whether Fiamella ever walks in her garden?"

"Every evening," replied the duenna, as she again hurried from him.

When the sun had set, Antonio resolved to attempt to scale the garden wall. By means of the many projections in the architecture, he succeeded without difficulty in mounting to the top. When he had reached there, he feared that if he were seen he might be mistaken for a robber, and looking round he perceived at the end of the street a blaze of light, and heard the noise of steps and voices approaching. It was too late to return by the way he had come, and he threw himself hastily down into the garden from a height which was sufficient to break the limbs of any one but a lover. His fall was broken by a trellice covered with grape-vines which gave way under him, and deposited him in the middle of a walk. A watch dog barked and rushed upon him—a female rose in alarm and began to shriek, when an old woman advanced who silenced the dog and calmed the fears of the young lady. In spite of his bruises Antonio recognized Fiamella, and threw himself at her feet. She looked at him an instant in trembling alarm, and then burst into a laugh.

"How, Signor Antonio," said she, "is it you, who have fallen from the sky? Do you know," added she in a graver tone, "that it is not right to make your way to me thus, like a thief?"

"Fiamella," answered Antonio—"I came hither at the risk of my life to tell you that I adore you, and to entreat you not to despise the love of the poor painter."

The fair Florentine cast down her long eyelashes, looked at the cross of gold on her bosom and sighed.

"Fiamella, answer me," said Antonio sadly.

"Antonio," replied she, "when we were children we often gathered daisies together in the Val d'Arno. I have never forgotten those happy days."

At this instant a bright light shone over the walls, the dog bayed mournfully, and the lovers heard the sound of footsteps in the street, and the melancholy chant of a funeral hymn.

"What noise is that?" said Fiamella trembling.

"It must be the same I heard lately in the street—it is the *de profundis*—no doubt some procession of monks who are conducting a corpse to the grave." Fiamella drew out her rosary, knelt down and recited the usual prayers. She then rose.

"Farewell now, Antonio," said she—"go to my father and ask him for my hand; there is a certain Signor Nicolo who has applied to him for me, but my father loves me, and I hope he will not refuse your request." She left him, but after a few steps turned round to bid him farewell again. She saw him standing motionless in the same place—she turned to him and perceived the cause of his embarrassment. "How can you get out," said she, "I had forgotten to ask you."

"I was thinking of that," said he—"it is impossible to climb the wall here."

Fiamella reflected an instant—then throwing her mantle round Antonio, "follow me," said she.

The night was quite dark—she led him to the gate, ordered the guards to open it, and said in a loud voice, "good night, Antonio—do not forget to come to-morrow, my good girl."

The gate was closed, and the guards continued their march up and down. "Did you see this Antonio enter?" said one of them to his companion.

"Not I—nor you either, I fancy."

"In that case I pity Signor Nicolo."

During that night Antonio passed in dreams through many stages of happiness. He arranged the ceremony of his marriage with artistical skill, and planned such a festival as Florence had never yet seen. He looked with contempt upon his half-finished pictures, and kicked to the end of his studio a poor St. Antony, his patron saint, who seemed to look mournfully on him in the midst of his exultation. Only one thing was now necessary, the consent of the old Salviati; but Antonio foresaw no difficulty in obtaining it, and had entirely forgotten the warning advice of Machiavelli. He was sorry that he could not find in his wardrobe a silk doublet instead of a woollen one, and a cap a little less shabby than the one he wore. Nevertheless, when he was dressed he was tolerably satisfied with the appearance he presented.

He took his way gaily to the Salviati Palace, and was ascending the staircase when he met Machiavelli. Antonio was about to pass on without raising his cap, when the secretary stopped him.

"In spite of your rudeness, my friend," said he, "I will give you some useful advice. I have just carried to the baron a message which has put him extremely out of humor. If you have any favor to ask of him you had better choose another occasion."

"I beg your pardon, Signor Machiavelli," replied Antonio, disengaging himself, "my business admits of no delay."

Machiavelli made no answer, but only protruded a little further his under lip with a singular expression of irony.

Antonio demanded admittance of the porter to the Baron Salviati—he was told that orders had been given for the exclusion of every one—that a page who had ventured to present himself had been punished, and that he must wait till the hour of dinner. Four hours passed in waiting among the servants in the ante-chamber, who, with the usual insolence of domestic in great families, showed not the least respect to the poor painter. "Impertinent rascals," said he to himself, "when I am your master I will teach you how to treat a gentleman with deference." The dinner hour arrived, and still he was obliged to wait—the servants began their own meal. "Comrade," said one of them to Antonio—"you must needs be hungry, we can make room for you here—we never refuse a poor fellow a glass of wine," as he said this he looked at the shabby dress of the painter. Antonio refused with a scornful gesture, which unfortunately was received with a burst of laughter by a Swiss halberdier. Exasperated by these insults, and worn out with waiting, Antonio resolved to march at once into the room of the old Salviati. He opened the door with the resolution inspired by his long suppressed anger. "Let him go," said the Swiss—"if he comes back with both his ears he may burn a candle of twenty pounds weight to all the saints in Paradise."

On his entrance, Antonio perceived the old baron seated with his back to him. He was reading a parchment sealed with the arms of the republic. His sword lay on the table by his side. He neither saw nor heard the artist enter—he rose suddenly, and striking the arm of his chair violently with his fist, cried out with fury—"To take away my title of Gonfaloniere!—to demand my sword!—and to send Machiavelli, my sworn foe, to announce it to me!—after receiving thirty wounds in the service of the republic!—Give up my sword!—No, by all the blood in my veins,

never!" As he said this, the old man seized his sword and brandished it with increasing rage. In doing so, he perceived for the first time the presence of Antonio—"Who gave you permission to enter?" cried he, with eyes sparkling with rage, then without waiting for an answer he turned his back to the terrified artist and sat down to write an angry letter to the senate of Florence.

Antonio's courage fell—he looked round him and beheld a degree of splendor of which he had hitherto no idea—the portraits of the ancestors of the baron hung on the walls, each one bearing the insignia of the office he had held, and it seemed to the poor painter that they looked at him with contempt in their fine countenances.

When the Gonfaloniere had finished his letter he turned to Antonio, and said in a tone rather less violent—"What do you want?—did I not pay you for the picture I ordered?"

"Pardon me, Signor, I have a request to make," said Antonio, with increasing humility and terror.

"Speak, then—you know I have never refused you my patronage."

"It is this, Signor—I love your daughter, and I have come to entreat you to grant me her hand." The Florentine noble grew pale with rage and bit his lips convulsively. "Has the republic sent you hither," cried he in a voice of thunder, "to fill the measure of insult?"

"My lord, you are mistaken—you have no servant more humble or devoted than myself."

"In that case you have probably mistaken the house—you meant, no doubt, to ask the silversmith in the neighborhood for his daughter. Listen, Antonio, you may thank the saints that I have too much to occupy me to-day, to have time to give you a lesson upon the distinctions of rank, or by heaven you should receive one that you would remember to the last day of your life—you may go."

Antonio bowed and was about to depart, when the noble seized his arm and shook it fiercely.

"Say," cried he, "does my daughter know of your presumptuous request?"

"She does, signor, and does not disapprove it," answered Antonio, with a faint ray of hope.

"Then she shall be married before two weeks are past to the high and powerful Signor Nicolo del Monti, and I swear by my sword that if she refuses she shall not live long to repent her disobedience. I advise you to be careful of your conduct—the noble Nicolo knows how to guard his wife's honor, and I will take care to warn him of your insolence."

Antonio left the room in such dismay and confusion that he could neither hear nor see. He imagined he saw three or four doors wide open, and ran against the suits of armor suspended on

the walls. He reached the staircase at length with difficulty, and descended amid the ridicule and shouts of laughter of the domestics.

Signor Nicolo del Monti was a captain of condottieri, of undoubted valor, but very bad reputation. When he was not engaged in the wars, when he was tired of pillaging and laying waste the country, he passed his time in drinking and in excesses of the lowest dissipation. The marriage between himself and the daughter of the Gonfaloniere was for his advantage, as he hoped to cover his crimes by an alliance with so illustrious a race, and it was desired by the baron because he was already meditating his treason and defection to the King of France, and needed the aid of a brave and resolute man, ready for any bold undertaking. Thus Fiamella was sacrificed to the ambition of an old man and a freebooter. To obey her father and her confessor was then the first duty of a young girl, and resistance was impossible.

One evening the illuminated windows of the Salviati Palace and the strains of music which resounded from its walls, announced to the inhabitants of Florence the marriage of its fairest daughter. A crowd surrounded the house noisily disputing the handfuls of sequins which were thrown from the windows, in compliance with the custom of that period. Antonio was there—he wished to be convinced with his own eyes of the utter destruction of all his hopes. He was too deeply absorbed in his mournful reflections to perceive two ruffianly looking soldiers who were gazing at him attentively—one of them came so near him as to touch his doublet—and then whispering to his companion, they both slunk away down an obscure street.

The night was far advanced—the crowd had dispersed, the music had ceased, the windows of the palace were darkened, and Antonio hurried away in an agony of jealousy and despair. He was passing through the narrow street which leads to the old market, when he saw a man crouching under the shadow of a doorway. He hesitated an instant, but ashamed of his first emotion of fear, he continued his route—the man remained motionless as Antonio passed. He was congratulating himself on his courage when he heard a sharp whistle behind him. He stopped and listened—there was no sound but the sighing of the wind, and he again walked on. When he arrived at a corner illuminated by a lantern placed behind an image of the Virgin, he saw reflected on the middle of the street the shadow of a helmet. The wearer seemed posted there as if determined to allow no one to pass. A second whistle was heard—Antonio stopped again to deliberate—he

had just resolved to retrace his footsteps when he felt something cold enter his side, and fell on the pavement. The houses danced before his eyes, he had a confused idea of feeling himself stabbed in the back, and with difficulty he uttered a cry for help. On hearing the noise two honest citizens put their heads out of their windows to learn what was the matter. The assassins, not the least alarmed, continued their barbarous work, and when they supposed Antonio dead, they wiped their swords on his doublet and walked quietly away, humming a song. “We might as well go to bed again,” said the first neighbor. “It is only some noisy young fellows who have been drinking,” and they wished each other good night.

The next morning, a Contadina who was leading her ass to market, found Antonio lying in a pool of blood. Perceiving that he still breathed, she raised him and bathed his face. Two monks who were passing, carried him to the hospital, where he recovered, thanks to their care! He was still pale and feeble—the vigor of his constitution was gone, and he looked the phantom of his former self.

The habits of Signor Nicolo del Monti were not improved by his marriage. He shut up Fiamella in a little room with grated windows at the top of the house, and ordered her never to leave it except to attend mass, accompanied by an old servant named Pellegrino. He immediately resumed his former mode of life—he laid waste the fields of the husbandmen, and pillaged all travellers who fell in his way. In vain when he returned home with his armor stained with blood, did Fiamella conjure him to renounce this life of sin—he pushed her rudely from him and departed again before dawn without bidding her farewell. Often he did not visit her in her lonely chamber, but when she started at midnight from her sleep she heard terrible noises. Bursts of riotous laughter—songs from women's voices, the rattling of glasses, and then threatening and confused sounds of quarrelling and heavy falls on the floor. In terror she listened to every sound, but soon the noises ceased, the trampling of horses was heard in the court-yard, the great gate was shut, and all was again quiet.

Signor Nicolo wearied of Fiamella's reproaches had terrified her into silence—but even her silence seemed insupportable to him at length. One day, when after a long absence, she met him pale and in tears, he thrust her from him more rudely than ever, and murmured to himself, “this woman is hateful to me—she seems to be a demon appointed to torment me. No matter, I know a *holy water* which can deliver me from her.”

Fiamella heard him not—she had thrown herself

at the foot of her crucifix, which was now her only consolation. One evening as she returned from mass she met Antonio, who her husband had assured her was long since dead. She uttered a cry of surprise, and a mournful smile was exchanged between the lovers, which did not escape the observation of Pellegrino.

At this time the plague broke out, and though but a feeble return of that dreadful scourge which ravaged Italy in the preceding century, it began with such fearful violence that the Florentines feared the renewal of the horrors which had devastated their city. Birds fell dead from the sky—men were seized with sudden tremblings, succeeded by a cold sweat—some expired suddenly as if struck by lightning—the symptoms were everywhere different, and it was so contagious that merely touching the clothes could communicate it. In the first few days the number of victims was immense—the funeral bell tolled day and night—and the city seemed again on the verge of utter depopulation, when Girolamo Savonarola, a holy man, advised a solemn procession in honor of the Virgin, to implore her intercession with the Most High. The city was illuminated, and all the inhabitants, men and women, headed by the monks, walked from street to street, barefoot and clothed in sackcloth, chanting psalms before every image of the Madonna. When they arrived at the church of Santa Croce, Savonarola began the Miserere beating his breast. At that moment a breeze sprung up and cleared away the thick vapors which hung round the horizon—the plague disappeared, and those who were ill recovered as if by a miracle.

One of the earliest victims had been the old Salvati. When his son-in-law heard of his death he only said—"God grant that his daughter may follow him soon to announce to him the confiscation of his property by a decree of the republic." Not long after Fiamella became suddenly ill, after dining with her husband—her lips turned black, and she appeared entirely devoid of life. Her relatives and friends assembled round her bed, for she was beloved by all who knew her. Her husband entered in the most violent agitation, and regardless of the danger of contagion threw himself on her body, embraced her and called her by the tenderest names. He wept so bitterly that all who beheld him were struck with the deepest compassion—but when they had retired and no one remained but his confidant, Pellegrino, he resumed his usual calm and ferocious look, and whispered to his servant, pointing to his wife's corpse—"Carry her away soon under pretext of contagion. Take care to shut the coffin tight, and seal the mouth of the vault.

You may touch her without fear, she is *only poisoned*."

The news of Fiamella's death was quickly spread through Florence and quickly forgotten. In great general calamities sympathy for individual griefs is always weakened. Her funeral took place on the evening after her death. The coffin was only carried by two monks, two porters and Pellegrino, and the service was abridged as much as possible. One stranger followed them wrapt in his cloak with his face covered—the porters supposing him to be one of the family, allowed him to enter the church of Santa Croce and descend into the vault of the Salvati. A heavy cover of marble was placed on the tomb and carefully sealed—four lamps were lighted, and all departed but the stranger who was praying by the dead.

"Fiamella," said he, as he threw back the mantle which had hid his face, "I am Antonio—I thank heaven for having permitted me to live till now, since there was no one else to weep for thee here. I am come to give thee a last kiss and to die."

He endeavored to raise the marble cover, but all his efforts were ineffectual. He perceived in a corner of the vault the iron bar which had been used by the porters, and immediately seized it. But a sacred dread of violating the sanctuary of the tomb made his limbs tremble, he fell on his knees and prayed. "God is my witness," said he, "that it is no vain curiosity, no temptation of the evil one which leads me to disturb thy last repose, pure sister of the angels—it is the hope of soon rejoining thee—the hope of drinking in death by one last kiss."

He rose, inspired with new courage. He planted the lever firmly in the tomb, and after a vigorous effort he saw the cover fall in pieces at his feet. Before him was the pale, motionless face—the eyes now closed forever of her he had loved. He raised her head and kissed it—he bent over her, inhaling with delight the atmosphere which no other would have dared to breathe. The day was already dawning when he walked calmly home through the streets of the "*città dolente*," full of funeral sounds and sights of woe. Believing firmly that he must soon die of the plague, he shut himself up in his studio to wait in peace for the last hour.

Fiamella was not dead, she was only in a trance; the poison, ill-prepared, had merely thrown her into a lethargic sleep. The fourth night she awoke. She stretched out her arms, and feeling the cold marble which enclosed her, and unable to distinguish anything in the feeble and flickering light, she was seized with a vague feeling of horror. She sat up, and perceiving

that she was wrapt in a shroud, began to comprehend her situation—she attempted to walk and found herself weak and exhausted. She sat down on the edge of the tomb, and seeing the broken fragments of the cover lying at her feet, the idea took possession of her that she had been dead for centuries—that the angel of the resurrection had opened her sepulchre, and that she was about to appear before God. She adjusted decently the folds of her shroud and waited for the last summons. But the trumpet did not sound—the dead around her did not arise, and she perceived at last that she was still alive. She attempted again to walk, and mounting slowly the steps of the vault, she found herself in the great aisle of the dark deserted church. A few tapers which were burning on the high altar threw around a feeble light—the moon must have been high in heaven, for at the other extremity of the building a long, floating stream of light poured through the painted window and lay upon the pavement.

Fiamella approached the high altar to thank God for the miracle which she supposed had saved her—she walked slowly with bare feet and pale and shadowy as a phantom. Two monks who were praying, turned their heads at the noise made by the sweeping shroud as it dragged along the floor. The first who saw her uttered a cry of terror and fell on his face—the other moved his arms with frantic gestures as if to drive her away, and endeavored in vain to recollect some words of the formula of exorcism, till summoning up all the courage which remained to him he rushed through the door of the cloister which he forgot to shut after him. Fiamella knelt down and prayed—then feeling stronger she directed her steps to the door by which the monk had escaped. The night was clear—the air was mild and balmy—the wind murmured through the tall cypress trees, and the silvery waters of the fountain rose and fell in the moonlight. Fiamella blest the light of heaven—she bathed her brow and drank a few drops of the refreshing stream. Then following the corridor of the cloister, she unbolted the outer door and found herself in the public square, which was as silent and deserted as the church. She recollected the glass of water her husband had poured out for her at her last interview with him, she remembered how hot and bitter it tasted, and no longer doubted that she had been poisoned. She had, therefore, no asylum but with Antonio. “We will go to Rome,” said she—“the Pope will grant us a dispensation, and we may yet be happy.”

Antonio's house was at some distance, and it was with difficulty she dragged herself thither.

Though the night was far advanced, the painter was still in his studio—she pushed open the door and sank exhausted upon a stool. An iron lantern suspended from the roof threw its light upon Antonio, who was seated with his head sunk on his breast. At the noise made by the rustling of her long robes, he looked up and said without any sign of emotion, “you have come very late to-night. I have waited for you for many long hours. What news do you bring me from heaven? Is it true, as you told me last night, that the angels are waiting to celebrate our marriage on their harps of gold? I have neglected nothing which can fit me to rejoin you—I fast, I pray—oh! speak to me again of the eternal peace of the happy spirits among whom you dwell.”

“Antonio!—I am not what you suppose—give me food and water, or I shall fall dead at your feet.”

“Oh! Fiamella, why do you wish to tempt your poor Antonio, and to make him believe that you are not one of the angels! It was not that you spoke to me the other three nights you came to visit me.”

“*Three nights!* Antonio, I am fainting with exhaustion, give me some water”—she could say no more, her eyes closed and her head sank on her shoulder.

Antonio looked at her, and after a few moments reflection said, as he crossed his hands with pious fervor. “We must respect the wisdom of the dead; they have, no doubt, their reasons for what they ask,” and he brought from the other end of the room a plate of fruit and some wine. But as he approached Fiamella and saw her pale, motionless, and apparently lifeless, he struck his forehead and said—“Antonio is mad to bring food to a phantom.”

Fiamella raised her eyes once more, then closed them never to open again.

The next day the artist was found holding in his arms a dead woman wrapt in a shroud. He was removed to a convent, where the Inquisition condemned him to be perpetually confined. The unfortunate man expired without knowing that he had been visited by the living form of her he had so truly loved.

On one of the flag-stones of the pavement of Santa Croce may still be seen an inscription partly effaced by the steps of the passers and the sandals of the monks. Those who seek to decipher its half-worn letters may read there the name of *Fiamella Salviati*.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own

THE OSAGE MAIDEN'S DEATH SONG.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

WHEN the summer starlight shines,
Softly o'er the clustering vines;
And the flowers have sweetly given
Their last looks and breaths to Heaven.
Ye will ask for her, whose song
Floated the dark woods among,
Like a silvery fountain's tone,
When that voice is hushed and gone.

Father! thou at eve wilt come,
Weary to thy lonely home;
Lonely since the loved one's voice,
Which hath bid thy heart rejoice,
Never more may greet thine ear,
Since she may not linger here;
Earth hath lost its loveliest spell!
Father, fondest, fare thee well!

Maiden! in the feast and dance
You will miss her voice and glance,
Who, when moonlight bathed the earth,
Poured her soul in wild songs forth;
And, beneath the forest trees,
Swept in revel's ecstasies—
Past is pleasure's mirthful hour,
Farewell, partners of my bower!

I will visit ye in gleams
From the spirit-land of dreams;
I will sing, when day declines,
Sweeter songs beneath your vines:
Yet I may not with you stay
While *he* beckons me away:
Shade and sunshine cannot dwell
Linked together, so farewell.

OUR SOUTHERN CLIME.

BY CHARLES GRENNELL.

OH! who would live and cease to love,
Beneath a southern sky?
Let April first an autumn prove,
The rose in summer die.

Here Friendship like an ever-green
Encircles every bower;
Love forms the bud that lies between,
And happiness the flower.

Here woman like a genial ray,
Diffuses heavenly light;
Her smiles illumine our path by day,
Her sparkling eyes by night.

E'en age itself forgets its gloom,
In this our sunny clime;
And smiling downward to the tomb,
Leaps off the verge of Time.

Then who would live and cease to love
Beneath a summer sky?
Let April first an autumn prove,
The rose in summer die!

OUR FEMALE POETS No. VI.

MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

THIS delightful writer was born about the year 1810, at the town of Sodus, on Lake Ontario, and is the daughter of a respectable physician of the name of Lummis. At the age of seventeen she became the wife of Doctor William H. Ellett, at that time Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College, New York, but now one of the faculty of the college at Columbia, South Carolina.

Her first published work appeared, we believe, in 1834, and was a translation of "Euphemia of Messina," by Silvio Pellico. In the subsequent year a tragedy by her, entitled "Teresa Contarina," was performed at the Park Theatre, New York. This drama contains many fine passages, and met with merited success. In 1837, appeared at Philadelphia, her "Poems, translated and original." Since that time she has been a constant contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and has published several works, one of which "Joanna of Sicily" displays high ability, cultivated to the utmost. To the readers of this magazine she is well known, having been a regular contributor since its commencement.

Mrs. Ellett is familiar with most of the languages of modern Europe, and particularly well acquainted with the literature of Italy, Germany and France. We know no one her superior as a translator. She not only renders the literal meaning of the writer into English, but manages to convey with it a large portion of that spirit and essence which is the result of an author's peculiar idiosyncrasy. Those who are disposed to examine this subject further can do so by comparing her translation of Zschokke's "Dead Guest," which appeared in the last volume of this magazine, with a translation of the same tale in the Gift for 1845; and though this latter is by one of the ablest writers and best German scholars we have, it is, in every respect, inferior to the translation by Mrs. Ellett.

A profound reverence for nature appears to be a distinguishing characteristic of our poet's mind. Like the old Scotch bard, who stood unbonnetted before his native mountains, her soul bows down in awe and love at the manifestations of God's hand in the universe. The scenes of her early childhood have left a powerful impression on her fancy; and accordingly one of the best of her poems is addressed to Sodus Bay.

"I bless thee—native shore!
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear!
'Tis like a dream once more
The music of thy thousand waves to hear!
As, murmuring up the sand,
With kisses bright they lave the sloping land.

The gorgeous sun looks down,
 Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray;
 And o'er thy headlands brown
 With loving light the tints of evening play.
 Thy whispering breezes fear
 To break the calm so softly hallow'd here.

Here, in her green domain,
 The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;
 With scarce disputed reign
 She dwells in all the solitude around.
 And here she loves to wear
 The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Full oft my heart hath yearn'd
 For thy sweet shades and vales of sunny rest!
 Even as the swan return'd,
 Stoops to repose upon thine azure breast,
 I greet each welcome spot
 Forsaken long—but ne'er, ah, ne'er forgot!

'Twas here that memory grew—
 'Twas here that childhood's hopes and cares were left;
 Its early freshness, too—
 Ere droops the soul, of her best joys bereft.
 Where are they?—o'er the track
 Of cold years, I would call the wanderers back!

They must be with thee still!
 Thou art unchanged—as bright the sunbeams play—
 From not a tree or hill
 Hath time one hue of beauty snatch'd away.
 Unchanged alike should be
 The blessed thing so late resigned to thee!

Give back, oh, smiling deep!
 The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth
 That in thy bosom sleep—
 Life's April-innocence, and trustful truth!
 The tones that breathed of yore
 In thy lone murmurs, once again restore!

Where have they vanish'd all?—
 Only the heedless winds in answer sigh—
 Still rushing at thy call,
 With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by!
 And idle as the air,
 Or fleeting stream, my soul's insatiate prayer!

Home of sweet thoughts—farewell!
 Where'er through changeful life my lot may be,
 A deep and hallow'd spell
 Is on thy waters and thy woods for me!
 Though vainly fancy craves
 Its childhood with the music of thy waves!"

Here is fancy, good taste and elegance of diction. Very few of her sex excel her as a poet. Her abilities have been carefully trained: there is no extravagance in her poetry, and very little that could be amended. But her rigid taste sometimes prevents her from daring as much as possibly she can achieve. The scholar may read her writings with pleasure, and if he is never carried away by enthusiasm, his patience is never exhausted by mediocrity. Her verses on "Lake Ontario" will further prove this assertion.

"Deep thoughts o'ershade my spirit while I gaze
 Upon the blue depths of thy mighty breast;
 Thy glassy face is bright with sunset rays,
 And thy far-stretching waters are at rest,
 Save the small wave that on thy margin plays,
 Lifting to summer airs its flashing crest;
 While the fleet hues across thy surface driven,
 Mingle afar in the embrace of heaven.

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Thy smile is glorious when the morning's spring
 Gives half its glowing beauty to the deep;
 When the dusk swallow dips his drooping wing,
 And the gay winds that o'er thy bosom sweep
 Tribute from dewy woods and violets bring,
 Thy restless billows in their gifts to steep.
 Thou'rt beautiful when evening moonbeams shine.
 And the soft hour of night and stars is thine.

Thou hast thy tempests, too; the lightning's home
 Is near thee, though unseen; thy peaceful shore,
 When storms have lash'd these waters into foam,
 Echoes full oft the pealing thunder's roar.
 Thou hast dark trophies: the unhonor'd tomb
 Of those now sought and wept on earth no more:
 Full many a goodly form, the loved and brave,
 Lies whelm'd and still beneath thy sullen wave.

The world was young with thee: this swelling flood
 As proudly swell'd, as purely met the sky,
 When sound of life roused not the ancient wood.
 Save the wild eagle's scream, or panther's cry.
 Here on this verdant bank the savage stood,
 And shook his dart and battle-axe on high,
 While hues of slaughter tinged thy billows blue,
 As deeper and more close the conflict grew.

Here, too, at early morn, the hunter's song
 Was heard from wooded isle and grassy glade;
 And here, at eve, these cluster'd bowers among,
 The low, sweet carol of the Indian maid,
 Chiding the slumbering breeze and shadows long,
 That kept her lingering lover from the shade,
 While, scarcely seen, thy willing waters o'er,
 Sped the light bark that bore him to the shore.

Those scenes are past. The spirit of changing years
 Has breathed on all around, save thee alone.
 More faintly the receding woodland hears
 Thy voice, once full and joyous as its own.
 Nations have gone from earth, nor trace appears
 To tell their tale—forgotten or unknown.
 Yet here, unchanged, untamed, thy waters lie,
 Azure, and clear, and boundless as the sky."

The Indians of Lake Superior have a tradition that, far in the distance, in the very centre of that inland sea, lies a fair green island, the Paradise of the blessed; and often the untutored savage may be seen on the shores of the lake, straining his eyesight to catch a glimpse of the celestial bowers. On this beautiful superstition Mrs. Ellett has written the following fine verses.

"That blessed isle lies far away—
 'Tis many a weary league from land,
 Where billows in their golden play
 Dash on its sparkling sand.
 No tempest's wrath, or stormy waters' roar,
 Disturb the echoes of that peaceful shore.

There the light breezes lie at rest,
 Soft pillow'd on the glassy deep;
 Pale cliffs look on the waters' breast,
 And watch their silent sleep;
 There the wild swan, with plumed and glossy wing,
 Sits lone and still beside the bubbling spring.

And far within, in murmurs heard,
 Comes, with the wind's low whispers there,
 The music of the mounting bird,
 Skimming the clear, bright air.
 The sportive brook, with free and silvery tide,
 Comes wildly dancing from the green hill-side.

The sun there sheds his noontide beam
 On oak-crown'd hill and leafy bowers;
 And gayly by the shaded stream
 Spring forth the forest-flowers.

The fountain flings aloft its showery spray,
With rainbows deck'd, that mock the hues of day.

And when the dewy morning breaks,
A thousand tones of rapture swell;
A thrill of life and motion wakes
Through hill, and plain, and dell.
The wild bird trills his song—and from the wood
The red deer bounds to drink beside the flood.

There, where the sun sets on the sea,
And gilds the forest's waving crown,
Strains of immortal harmony
To those sweet shades come down.
Bright and mysterious forms that green shore throng,
And pour in evening's ear their charmed song.

E'en on this cold and cheerless shore,
While all is dark and quiet near,
The huntsman, when his toils are o'er,
That melody may hear,
And see, faint gleaming o'er the waters' foam,
The glories of that isle, his future home."

With another extract from the poems we close this article. The verses that ensue are in a different vein from any we have before given.

"The waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lightly receding from the land,
Seem not a trace to leave.
Those billows, in their careless play,
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently as they murmur by,
Scarce lift the drooping flower.
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
Spring's wither'd beauties to the tomb

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind;
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
The blighting traces find.
Till alter'd thoughts and hearts grown cold
The change of passing years unfold."

We may sum up our estimate of Mrs. Ellett's intellectual character in few words. As a poet she is equally finished and elegant. She has few rivals, and yet fewer superiors. Delicate touches, such only as a most sensitive mind could originate, appear continually in her poems. Among all our female writers we know no one in whose taste we would be more willing to confide. Her prose writings reflect high credit on her. Such as are original are distinguished by the same qualities as her poetry. She has written for the "American Quarterly Review," and other periodicals, several able papers on foreign authors and their works, and also on the condition and prospects of foreign literature. We regard her as one who has contributed, more than is usual with her sex, to the advancement of letters in the United States; and would hold up her example, as one which might be imitated with honor.

Of late years Mrs. Ellett has written comparatively little poetry; but we trust that she will soon resume her lyre, and give us more of her chaste and finished compositions.

JEANIE DEANS.

WITH AN ORIGINAL ENGRAVING.

IN the novel of "The Heart of Mid Lothian," Scott wished to portray a heroine, who, without being either beautiful or of high rank, should enlist the reader's sympathies. The character of Jeanie Deans is a proof of his success. The noble-minded devotion with which, after her innocent sister's condemnation to death, she journeyed alone to London, a distance of several hundred miles, in order to sue for a pardon, has rendered her name one of the brightest in fiction. The novel is a proof that homely scenes, as well as those enacted in a palace, can be made interesting to the reader. In the dead of night she sets forth from her father's cottage. "Her tartan screen," says the novelist, "served all the purposes of a riding habit, and of an umbrella; a small bundle contained such changes of linen as were absolutely necessary." In this attire she first proceeds to the mansion of Dumbiedikes to procure money for her journey, and then visits the village where Butler, her lover resides, partly that he may write to her father for her, and partly led by affection. This interview is very touchingly described by the novelist. Butler is a student of divinity, and since her sister's imprisonment has been forbidden to hold any communication with the family. Distress of mind has impaired his health. But when he sees the noble girl and hears her resolution, he is willing to make her his at once, so that he may go with and protect her on her journey. But to this Jeanie will not consent. She feels the degradation of her sister too acutely. We copy their conversation.

"Ah, Reuben, Reuben," replied the young woman, "ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin. Ichabod—as my poor father says—the glory is departed from our house; for the poorest man's house has a glory, where there are true hands, a divine heart, and an honest fame—and the last has gane frae us a."

"But, Jeanie, consider your word and plighted faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man to protect you?—and who should that protector be but your husband?"

"You are kind and good, Reuben, and wad tak me wi' a' my shame, I doubtna. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry or be given in marriage. Na, if that suld ever be, it maun be in another and a better season. And, dear Reuben, ye speak of protecting me on my journey—alas! who will protect and take care of you?—your very limbs tremble with standing for

ten minutes on the floor; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lunnon?"

"But I am strong—I am well," continued Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted, "at least I shall be quite well to-morrow."

"Ye see, and ye ken, ye maun just let me depart," said Jeanie, after a pause; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, "it's e'en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie's sake, for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for MacCallummore, and bid God speed me on my way."

There was something of romance in Jeanie's venturesome resolution; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some further debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket Bible. "I have marked a scripture," she said, as she again laid it down, "with your kylevine pen, that will be useful to us baith. And ye maun tak the trouble, Reuben, to write a' this to my father, for, God help me, I have neither head nor hand for lang letters at any time, forby now; and I trust him entirely to you, and I trust you will soon be permitted to see him. And, Reuben, when ye do win to the speech o' him, mind a' the auld man's bits o' ways, for Jeanie's sake; and dinna speak o' Latin or English terms to him, for he's o' the auld world, and downa bide to be fashed wi' them, though I daresay he may be wrang. And dinna ye say muckle to him, but set him on speaking himself, for he'll bring himself mair comfort that way. And oh, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon!—but I needna bid your kind heart—gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her—tell her—but I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna take leave o' ye wi' the tear in my ee, for that wadna be canny. God bless ye, Reuben!"

To avoid so ill an omen she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear, in order to support Butler's spirits.

The engraving, in our present number, represents the devoted girl at the moment when she marks the passage in Butler's Bible. We think we may well be proud of this sweet and pathetic picture.

C. H. F.

THE BURNING SHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

My friend Harry is the happiest of men. He has the sweetest and most romantic cottage in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It is but nine miles from the city and near a fine old turnpike, so that a span of blood horses will take you there in forty minutes. His wife is a perfect angel—beautiful, sweet-tempered and loves Harry devotedly. And then a group of such lovely children!

"Did you ever hear how Isabel and I became acquainted," said he to me, one evening, looking on his wife. I shook my head in the negative. "Well, then, draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you." With those words he began.

"It was a night in the tropics. We had been in pursuit of a heavy merchantman, but a fog coming up, she was shut in from our sight, and for more than an hour remained invisible. Suddenly, however, the moon broke forth, and we saw the chase close-hauled, on the very point of escaping us. We instantly made all sail, but the wind was so uncertain that the stranger kept his advantage, the air being comparatively still with us while he had a respectable breeze. At length it fell a dead calm, the chase being by this time several miles off.

"She could now be seen, lying in a liquid flood of moonlight, rising and falling lazily upon the swell, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance, like a seagull's snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinizing her through his glass, exclaimed,

"There's something the matter on board there, the men have almost all left her decks—and even those aloft repaining are coming down—what can it be, Mr. Jones?"

"I can't make out, sir—the crew perhaps has mutinied, they are running wildly hither and thither—no, my God, *the ship's on fire!*" he ejaculated, as a cloud of thick, black smoke suddenly puffed up her fore-hatchway, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up brightly into the midnight sky. We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had attained an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them. It was a fearful sight. The eager element shot along the rigging, ran swiftly up the foremast, and wrapping the hamper in a sheet of fire, streamed almost perpendicularly upward a fathom or two above the truck. There was no breeze; but the undulations of the atmosphere swept the dense smoke to one side, forming, as it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in

terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that all at once the whole crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant was shown on the quarter. All this had passed in a moment.

"'Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick, sir, or the poor wretches will be lost,' thundered the captain.

"The men hurried to their stations, fired with a sympathy equal to his own.

"'Mr. Danforth,' he said, 'I shall give you the command of the leading boat, spare no effort to reach them in time—but,' he continued in a whisper, 'mind the magazine!'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered, touching my hat, and leaping into the stern sheets I continued, 'push off there forward—and now give way with a will, boys—pull.'

"At these words the men bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in foam beneath our bows, and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure skiffs.

"But swift as was our progress that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such frightful rapidity as to wrap the whole fore-part of the ship in flames, and threaten to consume her before we could arrive. Since it had found vent it raged with redoubled fury, until now the shrouds, the foremost, the bowsprit, the yards, everything was sheeted with fire, which, whirling round and round ascended spirally to the mast-head, shooting its forked tongues out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up into the calm, blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and catching at once to the ratlins, leaped from rope to rope, ran wildly up the rigging, spread almost instantly to the huge lower sails, hissing, flashing and roaring as they went, until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of lurid fire, and nothing was left untouched but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavoring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and some stretching out their hands imploringly for help.

"'Give way, my men, give way—will you see them miserably burned to death before your eyes?' I shouted, rising in the boat and waving my hat to the sufferers, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the imminency of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter of the burning ship answered back with a hysteric shout. Our gallant tars started, like mettled hounds at the

cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

"'Keep her off there,' I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape, 'keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up,' I continued, as we fell off from her quarter again; and in less than three minutes the deck was bare, and our boats full of the rescued crew.

"'Mr. Danforth,' at this moment shouted Jack, from the other boat ahead, 'there's a lady and her father, they say, here—still on board—for heaven's sake let us try to save them.'

"For one moment as I remembered my orders, and the extremity of our danger I paused; but when I reflected that by departing, we should abandon two human beings to a horrid death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily learning from the mate of the vessel that they were their only passengers, and having taken refuge in the hold during the late chase, had since been forgotten—and not feeling warranted in ordering any one on so dangerous a service, I gave the boat in charge to Irvine, who had luckily smuggled himself on board, sternly bid one or two of my crew who attempted to follow to keep their stations, mounted her side by a rope that hung over the quarter, rapidly traversed the deck in the midst of a tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring not five feet from its entrance.

"The cabin was a large one, and fitted up with taste. The decorations were even luxurious, and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchantmen. The state rooms were of mahogany, inlaid with ebony, and finished off with the greatest elegance. Curtains, apparently of damask hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way was even brilliant. The cabin was, however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an Ottoman, and beside it was an open book; but no other traces of a human being were discernible around. Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to the frightful element?—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had been removed from the hold?—was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrid death? All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind, and my heart sickened as I owned I could not answer them. The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent. I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung; for should the flames reach the magazine inevitable destruction must ensue. Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all

around, and even now might be eating its way ravenously toward it. Besides if I paused a moment longer the fire would reach the companion way, and all hope of escape from the cabin be cut off. Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in perilling it to the utmost, but when I remembered that a dozen gallant fellows of my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty. These reflections, however, had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the various state rooms. Alas! all were empty. With a heavy heart I was about to mount the companion way, when I noticed that a massy curtain at the further end seemed to divide off a smaller cabin aft of the one I was in. Without a moment's delay I rushed toward it, hastily lifted it aside, and there beheld a sight I shall never forget.

"This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with everything that taste could suggest, or wealth afford. Ottomans ran completely around it, forming a kind of divan. At one side was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey, I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me. One of them was a gray haired man, apparently about sixty-five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of a former day. He was bending wildly over the almost inanimate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale, half-fainting creature seemed at that moment. One arm supported her on the divan, and the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins just discernible as they stole along beneath the ivory skin. Her head rested on the bosom of her parent, and the hair, loose and unbound, streamed in dark, glossy ringlets over her snowy shoulders. At the noise made by my entrance she started, raised her head, and I could see through the tears that glistened on her lashes one of the sweetest hazel eyes I had ever looked upon. A quick flush shot over her face, crimsoning it like a rose-leaf as she beheld a stranger; and half starting to her feet, she essayed a moment to speak, and then stood with half opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

"For God's sake fly," I cried, 'the ship is on fire in every part—we can barely escape by the companion way—in another instant she will blow up—why hesitate? For heaven's sake come.'

"Oh! sir, God bless you for this kindness—there is then hope," exclaimed the old man—"but Isabel has fainted," he continued—"go, fly, I will

die with her,' he added, in a voice of agony, vainly essaying to raise in his enfeebled arms, the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter. I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great, and she had indeed fainted. It was no time to hesitate. Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the front cabin, hurried up the companion way, and to my utter horror, found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For but a second I paused. Death was behind, destruction, perhaps, before. Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair girl around her face and form, made a bold, desperate push for life, and in another instant, amid the cheers of my men, had gained the quarter deck. The boat shot to the side, a dozen arms were extended to receive my burden, I carefully gave it in charge to the nearest, almost slung the old man after, and springing with a bound into the stern sheets, waved my arm, and shouted,

"Shove off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before, pull now, for your lives, my men!"

"I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task, and while the oars almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with the velocity of a sea-gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only half dissipated fright—while the form of his still inanimate child was extended unaided, for the moment, by his side. It was indeed no time for delay. Every man knew we were pulling for life or death. The other boat was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the devoted ship. Far off on the moonlit horizon lay our schooner, with all her exquisite tracery reflected in the wave beneath, and seeming with her thin, taper, raking masts, like some ærial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship, presenting a vast body of lurid fire, that roared along her sides, streamed out her ports, eddied spirally up the masts, and leaped in huge masses straight out into the sky. Now and then, as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke, gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall over the consuming ship. For some instants the flames appeared to die in part away; but all at once a stream of intense fire, that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upward from the decks; the horizon, for miles around was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noonday; a part

of the foremast, lifted bodily out, shot like an arrow almost a cable-length on high; a concussion ensued that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about; and then a stunning roar followed, shaking the firmament to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment as the burning fragments sailed aloft, falling on every hand about, while the boat rolled wildly to and fro upon the agitated swell, we held our breaths in momentary expectation of death, and I involuntarily ejaculated,

"The Lord have mercy on us all!"

"Amen!" said the rescued father at my side.

"But we were again almost miraculously preserved. The offing we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the falling timbers, however, struck us, we should have all gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrowest escapes I ever made, and when I gave the command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible explosion they had as one man paused—a gush of thankfulness and devotion went up from my heart to the great author of my being, who had thus preserved a second time my life.

"The deafening uproar, however, recalled the senses of the fair girl at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent to myself, whom they persisted in considering the preserver of their lives. Suffice it to say we were soon on board, the captain delicately resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and I then had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history. They were easily told. Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel, was a wealthy West Indian, and was just returning from Great Britain, with his daughter, who had been there for several years obtaining her education. Before the *Letter of Marque* sailed, she had been fitted up by Mr. Thornton, in a style bordering on eastern luxury, with furniture intended principally for his mansion-house in Jamaica. But at this moment a message arrived soliciting my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the cabin he frankly extended his hand, and presented me to his now blushing daughter—for what woman, be she who she may, can stand unembarrassed in the presence of one to whom she fancies she owes her life? I have had many moments of pleasure, but I never felt as I then felt, when Isabel Thornton, extending her delicate hand to me, with her sweetest smile uttered her thanks.

"But how," said I, to change the subject, "did it happen, my dear Miss Thornton, that you were in the cabin, when the rest had escaped?"

"In the general alarm we were forgotten,

for we had been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out were overlooked. We found our own way back, but only when the whole ship was in flames. We had but just reached the cabin through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed, had despaired of all escape, when you—you—appeared."

"I had forgot till this moment we were foes," said I gaily, determined to avoid the coming thanks.

"But foes or not," continued Harry, turning to his wife with a smile, "Isabel is now my bride; and often, when I speak of the sacrifice she has made in leaving her native land for me, she reminds me, with grateful tears, that I saved her life on that eventful night."

The wife looked up as he spoke, and—sworn bachelor as I am!—I envied Harry the tender gaze of those confiding eyes.

SONG.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

WHEN Summer times were blythe and sweet,
And youth wi' flowers had crown'd me,
And rosy hours wi' fairy feet
Were gaily dancing round me,
Ae bonny night in joyfu' June
Abroad I chanc'd to wander,
Where breeze and leaf kept time and tune,
Like sighs when hearts grow fonder;
Thro' deep'ning shades and forests green
In musing mood while roaming,
I gat a blink o' two blue een,
Glancing in the gloaming.

The sparkling stream wi' merry sang
Went softly on beside me,
The blinking stars peep'd down among
Green leaves that stoop'd to hide me;
The pale, sweet moon, wi' angel-face,
Beyond the hills was starting,
And linger'd still the crimson trace
Where day was fast departing;
But moon nar stars nar even's sheen,
Nar yet the brook's bright foaming,
Were half sae clear as those blue een
Glancing in the gloaming.

Oh, many a twilight sky since then
Has beam'd in mildness on me,
And many a sparkling eye I ken
That kindly looks upon me,
But ne'er to me sae blest a night
Has come wi' June's returning,
And ne'er have I sae fand a light
Seen since in rapture burning;
And, oh, the bard shall ne'er, I ween,
Forget thro' a' his roaming,
The ray that lit those bright blue een
Glancing in the gloaming.

CAROLINE GRAHAME.

BY THE REV. JAMES MATHESON.

Look at that dark scowling man who sits on the steps of Mrs. ——'s boarding-house, perusing the morning papers. He seems about forty years old, his thick, uncombed hair being slightly grizzled, and his heavy, and rather clumsy frame somewhat less firm and upright than when he was ten years younger. Perhaps the stoop was contracted over his account books; for age need not have caused it quite so soon. His large heavy face, grey eyes, and projecting forehead, on which habit has fixed a perpetual scowl that not even merriment can wholly disperse, are well adapted to express the workings of the terrific passions, which he obviously has by nature, however the habits of cultivated society and the dictates of honor may restrain them. The almost constant sight of his stern face has chilled the warmth of the hearts of his sweet children toward a father whom they fear; though, when the mood is on him, he would sacrifice his life for their welfare, and do anything to win their love. One little witch there is about three years old, whose head and whose passions exhibit her father in miniature, but who has an almost fierce spirit of him in her little bosom—she will climb on his knee when she pleases, laugh at his frowns or hard words, stamp her little feet at him if he crosses her; and, drawn to him, perhaps by sympathy, really loves him. The other children, rather fear than love him, partaking in the gentler traits of their mother's nature. I say, her nature: for the sweetest, most truly feminine traits, originally planted in woman's breast by the hand of the Creator, may become anything but lovely elements of *character*, as that is formed by the changes and trials of our life.

Is that sweet, half faded flower by his side, the wife of the stern John Grahame? She might almost be his daughter; for she cannot be more than twenty-two. But there is a sort of familiarity in their manners that looks like the married relation rather than any more remote. For a rare and strange thing he is playing with her long golden curls, with a smile and looks of affection that make his face really fine. If he always looked so when he was a lover, I do not wonder at her choice—but he would be a brute, indeed, if he did not smile now. She is telling him some mischievous prank of his favorite child, while a lovely infant is smiling on her knees, and trying to reach the curls, or papa's hand, it is not quite certain which. See, he's got both of them! and he pulls so strongly on the hair that the pain brings a rapid blush into the thin, almost pallid

face of his mother. With a gentleness that belongs to her nature she tries to loosen the little one's hold; but finds it hard work to get the beautiful play-thing away from him. The lady's screams lead the father to call for the nurse to take him away, in tones so harsh, and with a brow so severe that one may see with half an eye that they are no strangers to his brow and tongue.

Caroline Grahame is still beautiful; but so thin—nothing indeed but skin and bones, and so pale that her brightest smiles cannot take from her hollow cheeks and sunken eyes the look of care and suffering. The white skin is drawn very tight over the perfectly regular Grecian features. The form is still fine, though fifty pounds of flesh, and the elasticity with which she bounded over Boston Common at fifteen, would not take anything from the elegance of its outline. Caroline was of a joyous spirit; wild, flighty, too much so, and too thoughtless of the opinions of others, or of the propriety of her own conduct to be called discreet. Her large brain indicates a strong mind, and truly. She is well read, not always in the best authors, but in *many*; and her conversation is a strange mixture of wit and folly, good sense and simplicity. Yet when you have talked with her an hour you will wish the hour prolonged. Her stillness is not of the sort that tires one: and her shrewdness and quick wit are captivating. No wonder that her lovers were many in happier days.

Now let us look back a few years, and trace the outline of the history of the ill-mated couple. Perhaps the wan face and the scowling brow may be accounted for, not by any wild dreams of romance, but by the workings of the every day passions of our nature—and I forewarn the reader that this is no love-sick dream, ending in a happy marriage. No! It is one of the sterner tales of real life, like too many whose sad pages the GREAT DAY will unfold: but which seldom form the novelist's theme.

There was no merrier heart, and few lighter heads than Caroline Willis's, among the daughters of the good city of Boston, when she entered her sixteenth year—she was just then emancipated, as she deemed it, from the restraints of one of the best boarding-schools of another city. Her head was half filled with the fantasies of the romances she had read at hours stolen from study and from sleep: and her heart was quite full of the romance that is a constituent element of our unperverted nature. If not quite discreet, she was witty, and very beautiful. Her father, one of the first merchants of the city, doted on this his favorite daughter. A decided Christian himself, it was the first wish of his heart to see her adorn the profession of the faith in which he

trusted with his whole heart. His care to instruct her in the truths of revealed religion, and his efforts to cultivate her mental and social powers, and make her, as he told her with tears and smiles, "what her mother was," were unceasing. She was dutiful and affectionate, in return for his devotion to her; but there was a flightiness in her temperament that seemed to mock the restraints of religion, and which some of his ill-judged efforts to subdue only served to increase. She was not allowed to enter the ball-room: but she danced about the house, and along the streets, with a grace almost perfect, and a joyous hilarity nothing could repress. The faintest sound of the violin would set her feet in motion. And when she was far from home, in what was called and deemed a "religious boarding-school," she took her first lesson in deception, by attending the dancing-school and balls, without the knowledge of her parents, and contrary to the remonstrances of her teacher. *He* thought the permission of her father had been given!

Her own beauty and her father's wealth soon brought a crowd of suitors around her. Vain as she was of her person and accomplishments, their flatteries were far from being agreeable, at first; and she sought out among the crowd one of the companions of her childhood, her *baby lover*, who had always called her his little wife from her earliest recollections. That she loved him I never believed. No!—she loved her own romantic dreams. She loved herself: she loved the attentions of the finest young man about town, and the heir of one of its richest citizens. She esteemed the companion of her infancy, for there were a thousand pleasant memories connected with him. But she was enraptured with the idea of winning one who was said to be love-proof, and whom half her acquaintances were ready to fight for! Besides, he was already a senior in old Harvard, and as he did not intend to study a profession, she would be a bride before any of the girls of her own age, except, indeed, Sally Benton. "Ugly thing!—everybody could see that it was not her crooked nose, green eyes, and monkey teeth that the young Parson Barnard cared for! It was her money!" She did not know that the *rich* and noble-looking Barnard had been won by the piety and unassuming worth of the homely Miss Benton, while he was utterly ignorant both of her wealth (which he needed not) and of her connections.

If Caroline Willis did not truly love the companion of her youth, he loved her with all his warm heart—and when a few months elapsed, and her head was half turned with the flatteries of the idle throng that money and beauty, wit and folly gathered around her, the increased

indifference she showed to his attentions gave him many a salutary heart-ache: salutary, because it led him to study her character more carefully, and to satisfy himself, after awhile, that it was well he had not entrusted his happiness to her keeping. Their separation was in complete accordance with their character. The night before, she had been half intoxicated with the applauses and flatteries that followed the singing and dancing of the heiress and the belle. Half the night she had danced and laughed with a rich libertine, whose character excluded him from her father's house, and whom she met only in more public assemblies. Her lover, for such he still was, gently remonstrated with her for associating with such a bad man.

"Oh! he is so agreeable! He's charming! such taste; such a variety in his conversation!"

"But your father, Caroline: would he approve of your noticing such a man?"

"Pshaw! His notions are all antiquated; old as his old hat which he wears on rainy days. I declare, I will burn that hat before I am an hour older."

And she flew across the room to the hall door to get it. The lover interrupted her, and gently led her back to her seat.

"Nay, Caroline, do not grieve your kind father by so childish an act, even if you think his opinions are old fashioned. But I confess, they are mine also. I cannot bear to see a man of such principles so familiar with one whom I hope soon to call by a dearer name than sister or——"

"Thank Heaven! I'm not your wife yet," she said, shaking back her rich curls from her face, and laughing loud and long. "Why, one would think you a very saint! You know I love father, and don't want to grieve him, though I like to plague you dearly. But as to allowing him or you to say that I shall not dance with an agreeable man because you choose to suppose him a libertine, I protest—why, how do you know he is? For my part I don't believe it. He's so agreeable!"

"Well, Caroline, choose between us. Him, or me?"

"Oh! Squire Blue Beard, are you there? I shall take him, of course! It is quite too soon for *you* to begin to control my conduct, as *you* shall know to-night, for I engaged to meet him at Mrs. Johnstone's."

She flung out of the room half merry, half apprehensive that she had tried the determined spirit of her lover too far; but not doubting he would come to Mrs. Johnstone's assembly, if it was only to witness her conduct. She thought she was safe; for the libertine was not admitted to that house, and her engagement was feigned

to excite a lover's jealousy. Despicable coquetry and lying! Harsh terms, it is true, to apply to the jests of a young belle of seventeen, who was *only trifling with truth, a worthy lover, and the principles and wishes of her indulgent parents.* ONLY!

Her lover turned away sad enough from her father's house. He did go to Mrs. Johnstone's: and, when he found the libertine was not there, and marked the flushed cheek of Caroline, and the surprised look of the lady when he asked if Mr. — was an invited guest in her house, he cast her from his heart, as one unworthy of another thought. He soon after married a very plain sister of the "ugly" Sally Benton.

Before that event occurred, however, Caroline Willis lost her father. Death found him, in the midst of his business, in his counting-room, just as he was signing papers that embarked his whole fortune in one of the magnificent schemes of speculation so ripe from 1832 to 1833, by which cities and states were to be created in the wilderness, and millions realized by the investment of a few thousands, in a single year. It was strange that one of Mr. Willis's cool temperament should embark his all in such a scheme. He had all his life been averse to speculation, preferring the slow, but honest gains of regular trade. But this scheme was so recommended, and the result seemed so sure, and the ends to be attained—the settlement of a city on temperance and religious principles, and the building of a well endowed college and theological school in the destitute and growing west—these and collateral objects were so good in themselves, that, when coupled with the certainty of boundless wealth to himself and his associates, the temptation was irresistible. Some thought that the excitement of his feelings in reference to the matter brought on the stroke of apoplexy which cut him down in an hour, and left his wife a widow, and his children fatherless, and too young to enter into his schemes of speculation, or at least, to conduct them to a successful issue.

The "times," too, began to grow cloudy. The eager haste to be rich, that spread over the land, leaving marks of its progress more sad than those that are found in the path of famine or the pestilence, began to produce its natural results. Men found it easier to promise to pay hundreds, with a capital of tens than it was to perform their promises. The banks having long since exhausted their means, could no longer sustain, by their credit, all who wanted to borrow, and who offered the "best security," city lots below the water level of the lakes or above the rapids of some noisy brook, and wild lands, "sure to be settled next year, with ten thousand

inhabitants, with their schools, churches and college."

In short, the executors soon found that it was doubtful whether one tenth of Mr. Willis's fortune could be rescued from the fate of his great and pious speculation. And, in order to save even a wreck from the ship, it was necessary to have some one go out to the west, to superintend the sales of the land, whose interest in the matter would ensure his fidelity. The two sons, inheriting the decision of their mother, and the honorable principles of their father, decided to leave college at once, and remove the family to the little city, near which most of their father's lands were situated. To Caroline, mortified at the loss of her lover, and stunned, rather than humbled by her father's death, and the loss of fortune, the change was doubly welcome. Three months after her father was committed to the tomb, the family settled in their new house; and the giddy girl was ready to arrange her very becoming mourning dresses with the utmost care, in order to win a new lover. Her ready smiles belied the sadness of her apparel, and her eagerness to join in the gaieties of the place could hardly be controlled by a decent regard to the customs of society.

The wreck of their property proved even more complete than the executors had feared. The sons were compelled to engage in business at once, with limited means, to gain a subsistence for the family. And the sisters were deprived of all the luxuries and splendor to which they were habituated. They were indeed *poor*. To the elder sister, who was about to be united to a young merchant of great worth, and whose temper and disposition were not far different from her own, this change was not a matter of much grief. But to the vain, gay, and profuse Caroline it was very mortifying. Now she lamented the heartless folly that offended her lover, and drove him from her side. Then she would plan new conquests. Why might not the charms that drew a crowd around her in the refined and cultivated capital of the east, win a richer and gallant lover here? She longed for the period when she could with propriety lay aside her mourning, and mingle with the young and gay.

Before three months had elapsed she contrived to meet several private parties; and her very tasteful half mourning did not hinder her from dancing occasionally, with John Grahame, the rich southerner, as he was called. She was very careful to conceal from her sorrowing mother her participation in such scenes, till the necessity of declaring her sudden *engagement* to John Grahame made her reckless of her mother's feelings, and, indeed, of anything but the triumph which

the prospect of restoration to all her personal enjoyments and expensive habits gave her. In a few days he must leave Ohio for his home in the far south; and she needed no inquiry to persuade her that it was necessary for *his* happiness—she was quite sure it was so, for her own—that she should accompany him, as his bride. And they were married; the sorrowing mother wept bitter tears, as she laid aside her widow's weeds, for a single day, to do honor to the marriage of her daughter.

By what charm had John Grahame so quickly won his bride? Did she love him? She asked herself this question the morning before they were married! It was a strange time to settle such a question; but it was not fully settled. She could not sleep, and it was not yet daylight. The beauty had decided the mode in which her hair should be dressed. All those glorious golden locks her father loved so well must hang curling over her white neck and shoulders. She would not wear any of Grahame's rich presents, that was flat! Yes, there was one, a splendid pearl necklace, that would show so well through her hair. And the new gold watch and chain he left, the night before, might not be amiss. Perhaps he might be pleased! What if he was not? Did she love him?

It was a trying question. Her bosom heaved, and she gasped, as for breath, at the thought that in a few hours more she must yield herself to the arms, and endure the caresses of a man whom she was not quite sure, after all, that she cared a pin for! To be sure, she had told her mother that she loved him: nay, she told *him* so; but *that* was nothing! *Did* she love him? She began to recall all he had told her, or that she could learn from others of his personal history, and to criticise the elements of his character. His family was good. Yes, she was satisfied about his relations. They were among the first people in the state of his birth. To be sure, they were farmers, and, of course, must lack the polish of city life. But she should see little of them—her new home was to be eight hundred miles from them, in a refined and luxurious city, surrounded by all the gaiety, fashion, wealth and parade of a southern capital, with servants to wait upon her, and anticipate her every wish. Yes! she was sure she loved him!

It was true, he had been poorly educated. His language was not that of a scholar, or of a well read man. And his manners, except toward herself, were rather too coarse for a gentleman. But this she must attribute to his having passed his youth and early manhood on the farm, or among, what she thought, vulgar mechanics, mere artisans. It was not very strange that he had some, or even great defects.

But he was now engaged in honorable and lucrative business, in a city where his early occupations were unknown. Nay, he was rich. He said so, and his lavish presents, his costly wines, his style of dress, the luxuries he promised so freely to purchase and send on before them to adorn her home, all proved it. His manners were no bar to his associating with the first men in the state. And if he was rather older than her early lover, he was good looking. His hair was very black and glossy, his forehead broad, his nose handsome, his mouth—that was ugly! It looked as if the habitual indulgence of his passions had given a stern expression to his lips and his brow. But the smile, when he looked at her, was so sunny! He would surely be always kind to her, whatever he might be to the sterner sex. Perhaps it was necessary that he should be stern with men; they were all so selfish. It was true her brother had whispered his fears that Grahame lived high, drank deep, and gamed a little. But these fears were derived from Grahame's own conversation. And did not men of spirit *all* do such things? Did they not speak of themselves as worse than they really were? And what meant that lurking sneer on Grahame's lips when religion and its institutions were spoken of? She had heard some whisper of his being an infidel in his views; but when she questioned him, the only reply given was a compliment to herself. He would believe what so sweet a preacher taught him! Was it this that caused such a shade of anguish to pass over her mother's brow when Caroline told of her engagement to Grahame? Was it for this that she had overheard her mother praying, a few nights before, that *he* might not lead her utterly away from her Maker? No, it could not be. Had he not always attended church with her? True, he was no saint; neither was she; and they should be less gloomy for it! Ah! what meant that pang in your heart, Caroline? Was your father's house a place of gloom?

Then it was certainly to Grahame's credit that he had raised himself from poverty to wealth and influence by his own talents and industry. Were not the first men in the state his friends? Did he not bring letters from some of them, when he came to the west to invest a small portion of his wealth in a land speculation? Did he not paint their new home in the most alluring colors? Would she not have everything she needed for her happiness? Then, they would be so much happier because *he* had created this little paradise by his own toils for *her*.

But after all did she love him? The question was still under examination when her friends called her to prepare for the marriage ceremony,

and she dismissed every subject but that of her appearance from her thoughts. *She did not love him** No, she loved the splendor he promised her. She loved the society of the cultivated and the fashionable to which he would conduct his bride. She loved herself; was willing to have him minister to her pleasure—and he loved her with all the strength of his passionate nature. Every look and smile of hers he treasured up with a miser's care. In his love for her he was ready to sacrifice the habits of his life. His passion for what he believed almost an angel's purity and goodness stirred the deep fountains of his spirit, and recalled, for the hour, something of the purity and freshness of his own early youth. And even if Caroline had known that he was a fierce tyrant over his servants, cruel in his passions, self-indulgent to the last degree, and impure as he was cruel, the new existence of such feelings as now filled his heart should have led her to hope for his reformation. Nay, had she been what he fondly deemed her, his love for her would have been the dawn of a new existence for John Grahame. Corrupt he was, but not hardened—your men of strong and quick passions do not become seared to all impressions from truth and goodness even when they greatly err, as those of cooler temperament do. With the latter, sin is more a matter of deliberate choice. It defiles the mind and the conscience, as well as fills the heart with evil. Hence they become almost incapable of good.

There will still traits of character in John Grahame that the indulgence of his passions had not rooted out. He was generous to a fault. No thirst for the miser's gold made him industrious. His diligence was the result of the habits of his childhood. If he injured others in the fever of his passions, he was prompt to remedy the evil when reflection returned, and reason resumed its sway. In short, he had all the excellences as well as all the weaknesses of a warm and impulsive nature.

He was an infidel. At the age of twelve he left the parental roof for a distant city. At that period nearly all the young men connected with the business in which he engaged were unbelievers, admiring readers of Paine, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, and other writers of the same class. His pursuits gave him access to works of that sort; and his reading, and the jesting of his associates acting still more powerfully on his ardent mind, made the stripling of fifteen think himself *too wise* to believe in a revelation that has commanded the cordial belief of all the great analytical minds of every age, the discoverers in every branch of science and art. It is only among the leading minds of the inferior, the

synthetic class that you will find any great intellect rejecting the Christian revelation.* The mind whose highest natural province is *the theft of other men's ideas* is just fit to be the leading spirit of infidelity, and to repeat its stale witticisms, all borrowed from Lucretius or Voltaire, as the coruscations of its own original genius. The former gives everything that can be said against the religion of nature: the latter, all the folly ever coined against the religion of the Bible. In both John Grahame was well versed before he was twenty years old. His subsequent reading and his personal habits tended to confirm his path in these evil principles. The political and religious or irreligious circles in which he afterward mingled in the capital of the state of which he was now a resident, were under the guiding spirit of one equally distinguished as a scholar, (of the synthetic class,) as a statesman, and as a bold and witty impugner of the truth of the Christian revelation. The relations of this distinguished man to the literary institutions and to the leading political party of the state, made the influence of his infidel views still greater, and he was surrounded by a large number of men whose talents, learning and political influence gave his even atheistic views a temporary popularity that such opinions have never attained among the educated classes of society in any other part of the land. Wit, wealth, fashion and power combined to make the profession of faith in Christ disreputable. Comparatively few in the wealthy circles of the gay capital escaped from the contagion of such examples.

The moral results were just what they have ever been, in similar circumstances. The foundations of virtue were sapped. The most licentious principles were freely avowed by persons of both sexes; the most licentious practices tolerated, and palliated by many who were not themselves corrupt enough to engage in them. Vice was half divested of its hideousness to the youthful mind by its association with refinement, fashion and wealth. Connected with political power and all the dreams of ambition, the distinctions between virtue and vice were lost in many minds. The grand leader in this crusade against religion and stable government was too shrewd to assail the sanctity of the marriage tie, openly, as the Owenites did to win a coarser set of minds. He sought to attain the same end indirectly, by eulogiums on the native purity of love, the folly of all legal violations of the great social law, and the heroism of a virtue that soared above all law—

* An idea that was suggested by a classmate of the writer, before Dr. Chalmers seized upon it with such power, and illustrated it so conclusively by facts.

may, which needed none to regulate its own native impulses.

John Grahame was one of the most devoted friends of this great man. He was his oracle in questions of science and religion, his guide in politics, his adviser in difficulty. Such was the society to which he introduced his young, giddy, extravagant, and very beautiful wife. The tone of society was not uncongenial to her feelings as Grahame expected, and even *hoped* it would be. He did not wish to see her a saint, as he affected to term all religious persons. But he was really gratified when she asked, the day after they reached his house, which was Sunday, where he went to church, and if he would go with her?

"Certainly, my love, I should think it very strange if I suffered you to go alone. We will go to the Presbyterian church. Mr. C—— is a very eloquent divine: not at all like the Sleepy Hollow preacher whose church we attended in Ohio." She did not notice that he evaded her question as to where he commonly went to church. In truth he seldom went at all, after the first year of his residence in the city. The preacher was an eloquent man, and he knew it, because he had heard him speak in some literary meetings, where the pastor had not shunned an encounter with the great champion of scepticism: and some thought the champion was worsted in the combat.

For a few Sabbaths Grahame regularly attended his wife to church, till his old companions began to sneer at him, and the influence of the society in which they mingled made her less careful to observe the external duties of religion. He watched the declining influence of her early religious education with strangely mingled feelings. Sometimes he rejoiced at it, because it assimilated her more perfectly with himself—and then, as he saw how vain she was; how the flattery paid to her beauty delighted her, and how soon she learned to discuss the value and obligations of the marriage tie, his passionate attachment for her made him jealous of all who approached her. Might she not imbibe too far the principles that were so readily inferrable from his sceptical creed? The thought made him half mad! Carefully did he place in her way, without seeming to do it, the most alluring works in which the great principles of the Christian faith and morals were denied, noticing with eagerness their effects in dispelling what he deemed her prejudices; and then he groaned over his own work, lest her virtue should expire with her religious faith.

There were other agencies at work to form her character, the effects of which he did not notice so much. He was accustomed to a

luxurious diet, to the choicest wines very freely used, and to late hours, and the other attendants of a life of fashionable dissipation. He was reckless of expense, and his income was quite large, and rapidly increasing. He had no fear that her extravagance would affect him. Gaming she did not love, though she did not wholly avoid what was so common in their circle. And when he saw that the excitement of the ball, of society the most brilliant, and of the sparkling wine cup, had given *too much* fire to her eye, and *too much* keenness to her wit, it never occurred to him that she might imbibe the same *love* for a dangerous habit of which a relative had thought proper to warn *him*, not long before his marriage. He was pained to see that Caroline did not manifest any very strong attachments to him. That she should prefer the conversation of others more gifted than himself, in mixed society did not surprise or displease him. But he looked for affection in their private intercourse, and he did not find it. She was kind, but cold, she endured his caresses, but seldom returned them—and even the birth of her beautiful infant, a perfect image of her own loveliness, seemed to make no difference in her feelings toward him. She did not appear to love her child so much as the poor slave who nursed her! This was in accordance with the principles he had taught her; but he felt in the bottom of his heart that it was contrary to nature's law. All the sophistry he ever read about the higher duties people owed to society in general, did not sanctify even a seeming want of natural affection for her children. *Men may love to have their wives sceptics in theory: but they always desire to behold them Christians in practice.* In John Grahame's inmost soul there rested a conviction that if his wife preserved her virtue unstained, amid all the seductions of the corrupt society to which *he* had introduced her, vain and giddy as she was, it was *no virtue in him* that she was pure. If the *ignes fatui* of false principles that *he* had spread before her, in such alluring colors, had not led her astray, it was no credit to him, who should have guarded both her principles and her person with a miser's care. If her conversation and manners were more free than when he took her from her mother's roof, it was *his* work. He had wished to keep her like himself: and what if he had succeeded only *too well* for her peace and for his own? He could not help remarking with what pleasure she listened to the flatteries of one of the most distinguished men in the city; a "gallant, gay Lothario," who was the most eloquent of the political sect who now ruled the state. He had bid her smile upon him, for he hoped the eloquent senator would secure his political advancement. For John Grahame now

began to dream of power. Why should not he who already possessed wealth and social influence that made him an object of the flatteries of the great, become a partaker of their power, and sit in the halls of legislation? He felt himself quite as worthy of such honors as many who shared them, and quite as much so as the patron by whose aid he sought to attain them!—and he would have the great men often at his table. He must be treated with great attention. His *friendship* would be the wealth of political life to any one who was honored with it. His wife must aid, not by any sacrifice of virtue, indeed, but by her smiles, by all the witcheries of youth and beauty, in fixing the purposes of the great leader in her husband's favor. When he saw the danger to which he had exposed her, loose as her principles had now become, knowing, as he did, that she had often, recently, avowed her belief in the doctrine of the witty Jean Jacques, that the loss of reputation is the greatest evil of the loss of virtue, knowing, too, that this was *his own work*, his proud and passionate heart was filled with anguish such as no care, no disease, no affliction ever caused before. Ah! John Grahame. Is your own work so hateful to you? Why not repent and strive to undo it? Why turn from reflection to the wine cup so madly? Why, when wine has destroyed half your reason, and kindled in your heart that jealous passion which the wisest man called "*THE RAGE OF A MAN*," do you burst into your wife's parlor just in time to see her *repel* the embrace of the great man on whom *you* bade her smile? She *did* repel it! She would have done so if your step had not been heard in the hall. She was not so corrupt as your fears made her: not so corrupt as your great friend hoped to find her. She had dashed aside the poisoned bowl when he presented it with a grace and fervor that *he* thought could not be resisted; *few* had resisted it. But with Caroline Grahame, as with many others, *habits of virtue remained when the principles of virtue were dead*. This is the secret of the morality of many who, in theory, deny the obligations of the Christian code of morals. The mind may be perverted, the conscience defiled, and the heart polluted, while the *habits* of virtuous conduct are unbroken. But, alas, how frail are these barriers then! How feeble before the blasts of passion, how weak to resist the snares and seductions of the tempter!

The speechless rage of John Grahame could not prevent him from seeing that his wife had guarded her own honor better than he had done. A rupture with his great friend he dared not venture. He was assured that it was *all* a jest; that he should soon have substantial proof of his friendship in an important office; that intoxication

blinded him; and that, if he *doubted it*, *two pistols at five paces* were ready for his choice.

John Grahame was not a coward. But he knew he was intoxicated. He knew he had exposed his wife to insult after corrupting her principles. His ambition urged him on, and his great friend was forgiven. But the expression of his jealous doubts of his wife's purity, now first made, roused in her heart the spirit of vengeance. She had never loved him much. Now, she began to hate him. To be suspected when she was resisting, for his sake, the very snares he had thrown about her path, was more than her spirit could endure. Eagerly she engaged in every scene of gaiety and folly, drowning reflection with the whirl of society and the wine cup, seeking, rather than shunning the flatteries of the crowd, and more than half resolved to give him occasion for the jealousy he showed.

Four years had nearly elapsed since their marriage, when John Grahame was suddenly involved in the calamity by which so many thousands were deprived of their means of living, the first suspension of specie payments by the banks. All his means were locked up in the vaults of the bank through which he transacted his business. He owed a large sum to his creditors in the northern cities, and payment was demanded just at this crisis. The result was inevitable; he became a bankrupt. His wife and children were sent, with a friend's family, to Saratoga, and he, awakened from his dreams of ambition, and roused from his luxurious, not to say intemperate habits, toiled night and day for a year to rescue his business from utter wreck. It was in vain. On settling with his creditors only a few hundreds of his property was left—and though they expressed great confidence in his integrity, and were willing to show him every indulgence, there seemed to be no hope, for some years, that he could resume his business with any rational prospect of success. When his last debt was paid, Grahame found that of all his wealth, only a few dollars, and the wild land in the north-west remained to him.

Like thousands of others, conscious that his ruin was not to be traced to anything in his own course, he found, or fancied he found, its causes in the financial measures of the then existing administration of the Federal Government. An eager politician before, he now became a bitter one. Heaven and earth must be moved to expel from their seats of power the men who had brought such woe upon their country, such misery to the firesides of hundreds of thousands of her best citizens. This alone could restore to them and to their country the prosperity of which bad government had deprived them. He would resort to the capital, consult with the party leaders

there, and devote himself in any way they pointed out to the great work of reform. What if his few remaining hundreds were spent in this glorious work? Did not a suffering country demand it? Had *he* not suffered till endurance was no longer a virtue? And, if successful, who would have a better title than himself to share in the rewards that a grateful people would bestow upon those who had redeemed them from the power of a scourge far worse than the cholera? Thus thought John Grahame. His great friend bade him believe it, and urged him, when his business was wound up, to come to Washington, and *he* would make his cause his own case.

And where is Caroline Grahame all this while? She is the gay, the thoughtless belle of Saratoga. Her children are trusted wholly to the care of the servants, and her days and nights are spent in a ceaseless round of dissipation that drains her husband's now scanty purse, till he is compelled to write her that she *must* desist. Does she stop? No!—she plunges into new expenses, sports gayer dresses, goes more frequently to the billiard rooms, rides oftener, and seems to leave no whim ungratified. Is that all?

No!—she no longer calls on her husband for money, while she dutifully writes him that she has abridged her expenses, and lives in a style of the closest economy! Is that all? Doubtless when the day of reckoning comes it will absorb all that Grahame has saved from the wreck of his business. *If that is all it is well!*

Look into her luxurious parlor, in the PAVILION. Everything bespeaks the profuse habits of expense that befit the very wealthy, if anybody; but not, surely, the wife of a poor bankrupt. The children and servants are sleeping in another apartment. It is long past midnight: and yet Caroline Grahame is not alone! On whose bosom is she leaning? Whose arm encircles her as she reclines on the sofa, in her becoming undress that has been so much admired by all the visitors? It is the GREAT MAN whose smile was to give her husband power and office!

Why tell the tale of her guilt? How the seducer toiled, deceived, flattered, betrayed! How he took advantage of her poverty, her debts, her wasteful habits, and the loose principles she had learned in the elegant society of the gay southern capital? Her husband is far away. He will not know her crime. No friend is near to warn her—God is forgotten. Her debts are paid, her husband is deceived, her purity is gone! A few months fly quickly by, the dream of pleasure is over, and a small remittance from her still trusting, confiding husband directs her to meet him, in a few weeks, in a distant city, on their way to visit his and her relations.

They met, the guilty one and her *real* destroyer, the husband—they met as they met on the bridal morning, his heart warm with passionate love, hers cold and seared, then by selfishness, now by guilt. Then her sparkling beauty and wit, her grace and sweetness of manners charmed him. Now, she is pale and thin, almost haggard, her wit has become bitter sarcasm, and her manners are graceful or otherwise according to her passing humors. The load of guilt weighed upon her mind and heart, and her loss of flesh and spirits was attributed by Grahame to the climate, or to anything but the concealed cause. In public her treatment of him continued kind; nay, it was more affectionate than ever before. But when they were alone, she took little pains to conceal her indifference, and often her contempt of his person and character. She had even the meanness to taunt him with his poverty, to which her own extravagance had contributed not a little.

Pass onward two or three years. The fierce contest of the parties who have struggled for the mastery is over: and the successful party is that to which John Grahame has linked his fortunes. With his wife and children he hastes to the capital to seek for the reward of his patriotic exertions for the welfare of his country. Thousands from every part of the land are equally eager to present their claims, to tell their services, and demand the reward.

Grahame's heart beats high with hope. His last cent of ready money is gone, with nearly all he had realized from the sale of his western lands. But what are his emotions when his GREAT FRIEND turns from him with coldness, bids him remember that his intemperance unfits him for office or honorable society, and declines any farther intercourse with him! And what are the emotions of another heart whose peace that foul traitor has forever destroyed? They were too deep for words, too burning for tears. For weeks afterward the light of a partial insanity burned in her eyes; and the bitterness of her tongue it was almost impossible to endure—and then she seemed at once to resume the gaiety of her earlier years. She sings almost wildly. Her wit is sparkling and incessant, and not always harmless, whether friends or foes are the objects of it. She seeks to shine in society, and she succeeds. Some frown upon her levity as unbecoming a wife and a mother. But there is a crowd of the sterner sex around her, attracted by the very levity on which the purer of her own sex frowned. Her unnatural gaiety is sustained by the wine cup—her heart is not in it—what is now her aim?

There was a strange, but not very unusual combination of feelings in her bosom. She saw

that, in the crowd of applicants for office, who had more weight of character, or more influential friends to recommend them, Grahame was overlooked and quite forgotten. Those in power were too busy with men of more importance to their party to attend to his claims, and the record of his political services. A few months had rolled away, and their money was gone—she did not love her husband, she had but little love for her children. She knew that her wealthy friends would not see her and her children suffer. But she *would not desert the man she had injured!* She would acquire influence, and secure him an office, even if it was at the cost of added guilt! I know not if she was spared the commission of sin. I believe she was. Her smiles and flatteries had influence where political services were disregarded, and the desired office was obtained. But in the process the jealousy of Grahame was again roused by her levity, and, no longer controlled by prudence, he openly charged her with hatred of himself, which she admitted, and with criminal love for the man through whose agency the hand of power had been reached, and the office conferred.

Maddened by the injustice of this charge, she sought for sympathy by telling the supposed wrong doer of the charge made against them both—dangerous sympathy!

John Grahame no longer cherished his sceptical opinions. What he now began to believe had been their effect upon his wife, opened his eyes to their tendency, and he renounced them. His habits in all other respects were reformed, and, if his temper had been soured, and his passions rendered coarse by his previous habits, he evidently sought to restrain them, and to imitate those amiable traits of character which he saw won the affection and respect of others, even if he was conscious he did not possess them. Even now, had Caroline Grahame been what he believed Caroline Willis was, when he took her to their southern home, John Grahame would once more have become what he was when he left his father's house, save the difference that matured character and years must make. His passionate nature was not hardened; he might become pure. But she could not. Hers was not a passionate nature. No passion, but vanity was strong in her heart. She had deliberately surrendered her integrity to gratify it without any affection for the foul destroyer. And now, while seeking to obtain an office for her husband, she had become as much attached to one who had aided her, by his influence, as she was capable of loving any one. He was a bold, bad man. No moral principle restrained him from the gratification of any passion of his heart. He professed the highest principles

of honor; but they were entirely subservient to his passions or to his interests. He was constitutionally a brave man, reckless of life as he was of the nature of the means by which he attained his ends. He read the lines of human character with the nicest discrimination, and was pre-eminently skilled in touching all the springs of passion and feeling in others. His person was fine, and he covered *his* want of good breeding with an affected frankness and kindness of manner that won one's regard, even when his obliquities of conduct were suspected. Such was the man to whom Caroline Grahame thought she owed the success of her husband in obtaining office, and who now sought her side, *pitied* and *condoled* with her as the victim of tyranny; and with affected agitation exclaimed,

"No, I'll endure this no longer! Your youth and beauty shall not be wasted on such a brute! I will not allow you to suffer any longer for my sake while I have power to protect you. You shall leave him."

He paused; for he noticed her changing countenance and visible shudder. Bending his mouth to her ear, he whispered—"remember the pavilion!"

"Fiend!" she shrieked, "who told you—how dare—away! leave me."

In the conflict of her pride and passion she had fainted. Even the hardened man pitied her. Her shriek alarmed the family, and they flew to her relief. The bad man, for that time, shrunk away in confusion; but he did not give up his prey. The victim's reputation was in his power, and she knew it. And it was well for her that the necessity for his absence from the city, for some months, and the decisive interference of some who believed her as pure as he was known to be vile, saved her from his society.

Reader, my sad tale is over. Turn again to the picture of the parties that I gave you, at the outset. John Grahame is a disheartened, miserable man. Without proof of the errors of his wife, he has no confidence in her purity. Their lovely children he dreads to see trained up under her care, or rather, cursed by her neglect and evil example. His heart still beats, at times, with passionate love for her, while he dares not, he cannot introduce her into the society of the unspotted of her own sex: and the vile of his own are too ready to flatter one, on whose good name, whether justly or not, suspicion has breathed its passion. He loves not her society, yet he seeks hardly any other, lest she should mingle with those whose intentions he suspects, or whose character he abhors. Mutual recriminations make their hours of union most wretched. There is neither respect nor confidence between them.

She still cherishes the corrupt principles he taught her; though her agonized spirit often recurs to the hours of youth when she knelt before her Maker, in her father's house, with reverence, if not with filial love. Restless, pallid, affecting in society a proud, unnatural gaiety, that gives way to settled gloom, or to the gnawings of remorse, or bitter murmurings at her lot, and revilings of her husband; Caroline Grahame is as wretched as her worst enemy could wish. Bitterly does she rue the hour when she wedded John Grahame for the splendors of his luxurious home. Bitterly does he mourn the day when he sought to lead the wife he idolized to cast away the principles of the faith in which she was nurtured, and which alone could have preserved one so giddy from ruin. It was with tears of great anguish that he read to her, a few days since, when his eye chanced to fall on the sacred page, (and her frame, too, trembled with emotion as she listened,) "THEY HAVE SOWN TO THE WIND, THEY SHALL REAP THE WHIRLWIND."

THE MARTYR.

BY H. J. BRADLEY.

HE stands amidst a menial throng—
He wears the fetter and the thong—
His limbs are bound—his lot is cast—
His dying hour approaches fast—
But yet his soul, his thoughts are free.
Superior to his destiny.

Oh! grievous 'tis to see him die,
Yet in his proud, unquailing eye,
We read a soul which scorns to fear—
A fortitude which knows no tear.
The flames arise, and hark the shout—
The yell of triumph o'er his knell!
It comes from that unfeeling rout
As might a demon's cry from hell—
To mark a demon's wild delight,
O'er some new victim to his might.

The flames mount up—he struggles now
To hide the pangs which rock his frame.
The sweat drops start upon his brow,
Yet sudden dry amid the flame—
And still he uttereth no cry—
His noble spirit spurns its clay,
And eager waits its time to fly
To realms of joy and bliss away.
Yet nature claims her boon—one groan,
One bitter, mournful, heart-wrung moan
Bursts from the sufferer—'tis past,
The fiercest pang was eke the last,
And happy, ere the shout which rose
That moment from his sated foes
Was hushed—his soul far from this clod
Stood in the presence of its God.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

IN a sweet, rural valley, nestled among the hills of old Massachusetts, stands a pleasant village, with a picturesque mill-pond and factory. Three summers ago this hamlet was the temporary residence of two young men, who were apparently travelling artists, as their chief occupation seemed to consist in sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty. Their arrival had created some stir among the villagers, for without a bit of pretension, both young men had a certain dignity of manner that made them looked up to, and many a pretty factory-girl, as she tripped to her work, cast back a look over her shoulder, if she met either of the handsome strangers.

Though the society of the village was unusually intelligent, and the females were remarkable for loveliness, there was one famed beyond all the rest, in both mind and person, sweet Edith Mather. She was an orphan, without sister or brother, and lived with an aged aunt whom she chiefly supported by her labor in the factory. Edith was popular with every one. She was so gentle, considerate and kind that even those who at first envied, learned at last to love her. The younger of the two artists, whom we shall name Lovell, soon became interested in this sweet creature: at least if looks, tones, and a constant seeking of her presence were any proof, he was thus interested.

One day he and his friend had clambered up some rocks on the steep hill-side, from which the village was overlooked, and as they sat there the bell of the factory rang, and the green was immediately covered with the girls employed in it, wending their way thither after dinner. Among them it was easy to recognize the light and graceful form of Edith.

"Is she not beautiful? Where can you show me a person so sylph-like?" said Lovell, with undisguised enthusiasm.

His companion made no reply for a moment, but then abruptly remarked.

"I think it is time we left this village."

"Why?" asked Lovell in a tone of surprise.

"Because, if we do not, you will have that girl in love with you. Your admiration is evident to all her friends, and you are too honorable to hold out hopes you never intend to fulfil."

"Hold out hopes I never intend to fulfil!"

"Yes!—for you don't think of marrying the girl, do you?"

"To be sure."

"The deuce you do," said his companion, starting to his feet in unaffected astonishment.

Lovell indulged in a hearty laugh, and then asked,

"Why not?"

"Why not! Why, for a thousand reasons. She's only a factory girl, a lady of neither birth nor education. but a simple country lass, very good indeed in her way, only no match for Fred Lovell. Think of presenting her to your fashionable friends in town! No—no—it will never do. Shake off this love-fit: pack up your trunk, and let us be off to-morrow."

Lovell shook his head.

"I am, perhaps, a more romantic man than you are, Harry," he said, "but I have *some* common sense about me, and I think I have brought it to bear upon this question. We have now been here a month, in which time I have become pretty well acquainted with Edith. I left town—we *both* left it—heartily sick of its frivolities; and on my part, with the firm opinion that I knew no woman in our set there whom I would be willing to make a wife. The city girls are so frivolous, so fond of parties, so eager for wealthy alliances, and really so ignorant of household affairs that for a man of my tastes to marry one of them would be folly. I am not fond of gay life—I think it wastes too much precious time; and I want, therefore, a wife who will be domestic, and not involve me in a round of balls and other entertainments. I do not wish to be a hermit, a few friends are a great blessing, and I shall always be glad to gather around me a small circle of the right kind; but promiscuous, fashionable visiting I detest. Now I think I have found just the partner I require in Miss Mather. She is well-informed, agreeable, simple in her tastes, has sound sense, and withal possesses a large share of personal beauty, and, if I mistake not, the power of loving very deeply. If I marry her, and take her to the city, her intuitive tact—and she has this in a remarkable degree—will soon supply any deficiency in manner. In short I do not know where I could make a better choice."

"How?—when she has no accomplishments?"

"She can sing with untaught grace; and as for jabbering French, I don't know how that would make her better. She would soon learn too, with her quick parts. Besides I care more to have a wife usefully informed than to have one possessing only superficial accomplishments."

"But her family! Recollect who your grandfather was."

"And who was hers?—a worthy divine, poor I grant, but estimable. Besides I am above the cant you talk of. If her parents had been honest, I would care little whether they were of royal blood or peasant extraction. I believe with Burns

that 'worth makes the man,' and the only degradation I acknowledge is that of crime."

"Well, if you are resolved on it, I know enough of your obstinacy to say no more. But faith! Lovell, if you had a guardian and I was he, I would take you from this place to-morrow. You'd thank me for it when you recovered your senses."

The conversation here ceased; and directly the two friends retraced their steps to the village.

The next morning Lovell's companion came down stairs attired for a journey.

"I am going back to town," he said, "for I am tired of ruralizing. The fit for that is over; and I'm afraid, if I stay here, I shall be as foolish as you."

So the two friends parted, for Lovell remained behind; and, in less than a week, it was known everywhere in the village that he and Edith were engaged to be married.

"If you can content yourself with the precarious life of a poor artist," he said, when he told his affection, "we may be happy."

Edith answered by a look of her bright eyes, so tender, confiding and eloquent that Lovell adored her from that moment more than ever.

In a fortnight they were married, when Lovell took his bride to see his relations, in the southern city whence he came. Edith's parting with her aunt was sorrowful, but it was made in the expectation of speedily returning. Arrived at Philadelphia, the carriage drove to a handsome residence in Walnut street. It was evening, and Edith was dazzled by the glare of light that burst from the windows.

"This is the place," said Lovell, assisting his wife to alight, and almost carrying her into the superb parlor, with its Saxony carpet, rose-wood furniture, costly curtains and gilded mirrors reaching from ceiling to floor.

"Whose house is this? Have you relatives living thus?" said Edith, surprised at so much magnificence.

"It was my house, it is now yours, dearest," said her husband, "I'm not a poor artist, but a man rich in worldly goods, yet richest of all in you."

Three years have passed since then, and Edith has fulfilled all that her husband foretold of her. She has made the best of wives; and is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the circle she moves in. Lovell's friend married a silly, fashionable woman, and no greater contrast in happiness exists than between these two former friends.

A handsome rural cottage, filled with all the appliances of luxury, has been erected in Edith's native village, and thither, every summer, she and her husband repair to visit her aged aunt, who has been installed mistress of this pretty retreat.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

ARMLETS.—It is becoming fashionable to wear an armlet, above the elbow; the sleeve being worn in consequence very short. This ornament, on a fair and rounded arm, is very beautiful, and will, we are confident, become very generally popular. Even a bracelet always looks better when worn on the bare wrist, instead of over the sleeve. Speaking of the armlet, Willis says—"It takes an arm, plump and not too plump, to wear this clasp with a grace, but where the arm is really beautiful, no ornament could be more fitly and captivatingly located." In reference to the same fashion Miss Walters—excellent authority, by the way, in all matters of taste—remarks. "We once saw a lovely girl dressed for a full assembly—and surely never was beauty more bewitchingly attired. The robe of delicate white muslin was clasped on each shoulder with Cameos of exquisite carving, and the armlets and wristlets were of a perfect match. The hair was braided in a classic knot which was encircled by a bandeau of the same ornamental construction, and thus the dress was richly complete without flower or tinsel furbelow. A simpler attire was not to be seen in the crowded ball-room, nor one more striking from its severe simplicity. It was a pattern dress, and she who wore it was a model of happy beauty."

THIN SHOES.—The approach of the wet weather of March reminds us of what a late writer says on the subject of thin shoes. "Let parents look well to this matter; let them see that their daughters wear good thick shoes and stockings, during cold and damp weather. Let them compare their own thick boots, with the low, thin shoes of their daughters, and they will more fully realize the insufficiency of the latter. And let the ladies not suppose that a sensible man is more pleased with a pale and feeble woman, than with one blooming with health, vigor and beauty—with a small foot than with a good judgment. For the one who is over anxious about the former, must certainly have an insufficiency of the latter." This advice cannot be too much attended to. Nothing, indeed, is so unreasonable as the practice among American ladies of wearing thin shoes in the street. In England such an indiscretion is never thought of. If a lady has to go out, and there is the least appearance of rain, or even if the side-walks are damp, she puts on, if she does not ride, thick shoes, and sometimes pattens.

TIGHT LACING.—It is a very erroneous notion, prevalent in some quarters, that tight-lacing is necessary to an elegant figure. On the contrary, tight-lacing almost invariably produces a crooked person and uneven shoulders. Very few, who habitually lace tight, are without a stoop: this deformity indeed is a necessary consequence of the practice, for the chest becomes weak by the habit of leaning for support on the corset, and falls forward. The unnatural compression of the waist has a tendency to twist the person, so as to elevate one shoulder higher than the other. We say nothing, here, of the injury to the health resulting from tight-lacing; but all physicians bear testimony to

its being a prominent cause in bringing on convulsions, pains in the side, asthma, and consumption.

The most graceful figure in the world is that of a young girl, who has not yet been subjected to the tyranny of tight-lacing. Every movement is easy, natural and sylph-like. Her wild and unstudied grace has a charm, which is forever lost, when she puts on the stiff corset and begins to lace. The Italian girls, who are remarkable for elegance of person, never lace. Some of the most graceful women we know have never laced tight. The muscles of the chest, if left to their natural and free exercise, will always give an elasticity to the carriage of the bust and shoulders which no artificial aid can supply.

It is a mistake to suppose that fashion imposes this curse on the sex. One of our objects is to give styles for dress which shall obviate this; and we shall continue sedulously to advocate the abolition of tight-lacing. If the dress fits, and is well cut, this is all sufficient: and the best fit is that where the waist is not too tight. for in this case the attire always sets more easily.

PLAIN NETTING.—We have received several requests to give directions for netting purses, a subject to which we alluded to in our January number. We accordingly comply.

"Take the mesh in the left hand (having previously made a long loop with twine, and fixed it to any convenient support,) between the first two fingers and the thumb. The netting needle must be threaded with the material, and fastened by a knot to the long loop before spoken of, and the mesh must be held up as close as possible to this knot, *under* the twine. The needle is to be held in the right hand between the fore finger and the thumb, and must be passed under and around the left hand, so that the material may be formed into a slack loop, passing over all the fingers except the little one. In this position the material must be held between the upper side of the mesh and the left hand and thumb, and the needle must be passed back round the pin or mesh, allowing the material to form a larger loop, so as to include the little finger. The needle will thus be brought round in front of the mesh, and must pass under the first loop between the mesh and the fingers, and thus through the loop called the foundation loop, and thence over that portion of the material which goes backward, for the purpose of forming the second loop. The needle must be kept in its position, till the right hand is so brought round as to be able to pull it through; and then the needle being drawn out and held in the right hand, the worker must disengage all the fingers of the left, except the last, which is to retain its hold of the second loop, which was formed by passing the material round it. By means of this hold retained by the little finger, the material is to be drawn to the mesh, and the knot thus formed, be drawn tight to the foundation. This process is to be repeated until a sufficient number or stitches are found to be necessary according to the width of the net desired. As the mesh becomes filled, some of the loops must be suffered to drop off; and when the row is completed, it must be drawn out, and a row of loops will be found suspended from the foundation by their respective knots, and moving freely onward. The work is then to be turned over, which will cause the ends of the rows to be reversed; and in netting a second row, it will be done as before, from left to right. In commencing the second and all the succeeding rows, the mesh must be so placed as to come up close to the bottom of the preceding row or loops, and the former process with the needle must be repeated. It will be useful to have a sufficient quantity of the material always wound on the needle, or otherwise it will not move freely round, as it is indispensable it should do."

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

THE popularity of the opera, this winter, induces us to give a plate of opera dresses, especially as, in our last number, we presented the latest costumes for out of doors as well evening dresses. The plate we issue has been pronounced the most elegant in design and arrangement of any yet published in the United States. One of the opera dresses is also appropriate, as will be seen, for an evening attire.

We also give full descriptions of the latest styles for cloaks, ball dresses, &c., with the changes in the mode that have occurred since our last. *We alone* keep up an accurate chronicle of the fashions.

BALL DRESSES are at the present moment a subject of great importance amongst our *élégantes*. The following are what we have selected as most worthy of the attention of our fair friends. For instance, a robe of blue Italian taffetas, trimmed *en tablier* with fullings of the same material attached at regular distances with *nœuds* or bows of blue silk; plain body *à triple corsure*, the point of the waist being very deep and long. Another is composed of rich white satin, *à trois jupes*; each skirt edged in a vandyke, and bound with lavender satin, and beautifully embroidered in lavender floss silk, giving the dress the appearance of having three deep flounces; very low pointed corsage; the top part decorated with folds of spotted *tulle*, forming a point in the front, where it is attached to the dress with a *nœud* and two ends of lavender satin ribbon, loops of the same decorating the top of the *corsage*, and a double row continued round the short sleeve, which is made loose at the lower part, and faced with folds to match the top of the bust; three folds are put on to a foundation of stiff net, so as to set out from the sleeve, and joined so as to form a point at the side of the front part of the sleeve. The hair simply arranged in front with two long ringlets *à la Anglaise*, and a round plait at the back of the head.

We must not omit mentioning that the former dress is rendered complete by the addition of a most becoming *berthe*, made of a double row of English point lace.

CRISPINS are much in favor, particularly for throwing over an evening toilette; they are very pretty when made in pearl grey *poult de soie*, lined and bordered with a broad band of white plush, which is again repeated round the arm-holes; also those mantilles, with sleeves attached made in black velvet and trimmed in a most graceful manner with lace.

FULL DRESS ROBES are principally composed of satin, and the *damas Pompadour* richly trimmed with *volants* of English point lace, whilst velvet dresses are generally ornamented with the *Alençon* lace, that being of a heavier and handsomer description. We may cite as a very elegant model, a dress of light green satin *glacé*, white, *à double jupon*, each trimmed with a broad *falbalas* of *Alençon* lace; the sleeves and *berthe* formed of several rows of lace placed close together.

SHAWLS.—The most novel are those of black cloth or cachemire fitting quite plain all round the throat, and fastened in front as far as the waist with a double row of buttons, laced across with braid, and decorated all round with a narrow embroidery of braid in a large

Gothic pattern, the same being continued round the shoulders, and at the corners of the shawl.

MUFFS are now universally adopted; they are made in every kind of fur, with their usual accompaniments those useful *manchettes*, and are lined with *moire* or satin fastened at each end with a pretty fancy *nœud* of ribbon of the same color as the lining.

MANTLES are also in great request, particularly for the theatre or evening costume; those having satin sleeves are extremely commodious for a *sortie de bal*; they are remarkably elegant when composed of white satin lined throughout with ermine, and encircled with a deep bordering of the same. This kind of *pelisse* is very pretty for young people, when made in pink or blue satin, trimmed with swansdown or *grise*, the ends of the sleeves edged to match.

EVENING HOME DRESS.—This elegant costume is made in pale pink *gros de Tours* or *moire*; the skirt very full, and perfectly plain; high pointed body, open in the front and upon the shoulders, showing the under chemisette of thin white *batiste*, edged round the throat with a narrow white lace, and attached across with bands of pink velvet, fastened on each side with small round buttons of the same; half long sleeve, made straight and open from below the elbow, having on each side of the opening a row of velvet buttons; small open *jockey*, attached across with velvet bands and buttons; under loose sleeve of lace inlet and *tulle*; small narrow bands of black velvet are tied round the wrists. The hair arranged at the back in a serpentine twist, catching back the front hair in the form of a band, from which depends one very long ringlet.

LE CARACO.—Here we have something quite after the ancient style of dress, at least as far back as 1786, consisting of a kind of high body, *à basques rondes*, so as to be very much cut or marked, having the appearance in front of two small pockets, put on sideways. That which is most remarkable, however, in the new style of *Caracos*, are the sleeves, the top part being nearly like the *Amadis* sleeve, the lower part being sufficiently enlarged to allow of an under full sleeve, a small closed up *jockey* decorating the top part of the sleeve in *Pekin velouté*, *poult de soie glacé*, or *cameleon à quarte reflets*. These style of dresses have a very good effect upon plain materials, they ornament the edges with three rows of narrow ribbon velvet.

WEDDING DRESSES.—At the late wedding of the eldest daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, in London, to the Austrian minister, the bride was attired in a dress of magnificent *damas d'Isly*, trimmed with deep flounces of rich point lace, ornamented with bouquets of orange blossom, the body and sleeves trimmed with point lace and bouquets to correspond; coiffure composed of a wreath of orange flowers and myrtle; the entire toilette covered by superb and costly point lace, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls, the latter genus predominating. The bridesmaids were all attired uniformly in chaste and elegant costumes of pink and white.

FASHIONABLE COLORS.—Rich full hues are still all the rage, as well as *noisette*, *bruns*, greens, violets, &c.; black, also predominates, particularly for out-door costume; and azure blue, pink, white *paille* and *hortensia*, for evening dress.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Conversations on some of the old Poets. By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol. J. Owen, Cambridge, 1845.—This is a beautifully printed volume, containing a series of criticisms on the old English Poets, embodied in the form of a dialogue between two persons called John and Philip. The conversations are quite discursive, and indeed the author makes no pretence to anything but a rambling criticism, interspersed with whatever beautiful ideas association calls up. The book is written in an earnest tone, and the style is clear and manly, abounding in good old Saxon idioms and words. The author very modestly says in his preface, "I am not bold enough to esteem these essays of any great price." Nevertheless he has produced one of the most readable books of the season; and we think we can best do him justice by a few extracts. The following are full of noble sentiments, eloquently expressed.

"Love never contracts its circles; they widen by as fixed and sure a law as those around a pebble cast into still water. The angel of love, when, full of sorrow, he followed the first exiles, behind whom the gates of Paradise shut with that mournful clang, of which some faint echo has lingered in the hearts of all their offspring, unwittingly snapped off and brought away in his hands the seed-pod of one of the never-fading flowers which grew there. Into all dreary and desolate places fall some of its blessed kernels; they ask but little soil to root themselves in, and in this narrow patch of our poor clay they sprang most quickly and sturdily. Gladly they grew, and from them all time has been sown with whatever gives a higher hope to the soul, or makes life nobler or more god-like; while, from the over-arching sky of poesy, sweet dew forever falls, to nurse and keep them green and fresh from the world's dust."

"The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one; it has no conscience. Napoleon is the readiest instance of this. If his heart had borne any proportion to his brain, he had been one of the greatest men in all history. As it is, his triumphs are of the intellect merely, which memory, indeed, may wonder at, but will never love. * * * What pang of the world's sore-distressed heart did he make the lighter? What gleam of sunshine streamed into the dim hovel of our race the more freely and bounteously for him? The great intellect dies with its possessor; the great heart, though his name in whose breast it had its ebb and flow be buried in the mouldered past, survives forever, beckoning kindred natures to deeds of heroic trust and self-sacrifice."

"Poetry is something to make us wiser and better, by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls; not by picking out the petty faults of our neighbors to make a mock of. * * * Asmodeus's gift, of unroofing the dwellings of his neighbors at will, would be the rarest outfit for a satirist, but it would be of no worth to a Poet. To the satirist the more outward motives of life are enough. Vanity, pride, avarice—these, and the other external vices, are the strings of his unmusical lyre. But the Poet need only unroof his own heart. All that makes happiness or misery under every roof of the wide world, whether of palace or hovel, is working also in that narrow yet boundless sphere. On that little stage the great drama of life is acted daily. There the Creation, the Tempting, the Fall may be seen anew. In that withdrawing closet, Solitude whispers her secrets, and Death uncovers his face. There Sorrow takes up her abode, to make ready a pillow and a resting-place for the weary head of love, whom the

world casts off. To the Poet nothing is mean, but everything on earth is a fitting altar to the Supreme Beauty."

Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review, January, 1845 Robinson & Jones, Cincinnati.—This periodical, under the editorship of Messrs. E. C. Judson and L. A. Hine, has become quite an ornament to Western literature. In character it is something like the Southern Literary Messenger. Each number has sixty-four pages; but there are no embellishments. The articles are generally well-written: the "yarns" by Mr. Judson especially so. We find, in the present number, poems by Mrs. Welby, Nichols and Albert Pike. The work deserves eminent success, and we cheerfully extend to it the hand of welcome, trusting that its "days may be long and happy."

The Waif. A collection of Poems. 1 vol. J. Owen, Cambridge, 1845.—This is a selection of fugitive poems, compiled by Longfellow, who has written a fine proem to it. Many of our especial favorites, which have been floating about the newspapers for the last four years, are here gathered together and put in a dress worthy of them. Both this book, and the one of Mr. Lowell, are bound in illuminated covers, a very pretty idea imported from Paris.

History of the Consulate and Empire under Napoleon. By M. A. Thiers. No. 1. Carey & Hart, Phila.—We cannot praise the style in which this work is got up: but the matter and translation are both excellent. Mr. Thiers is more favorable to Napoleon than the English historians, and the work should be read, therefore, by all desirous of hearing both sides and forming a candid judgment.

Ladies' Hand Books. T. B. Peterson.—Here are four little books, containing directions for canvass work, zephyr, knitting, crochet work, &c., just what are wanted by our fair readers, curious in such matters and desirous of instruction.

THE SIMPLON.—We give, in the present number, an original engraving of this celebrated road over the Alps. The Simplon is one of the great works of Napoleon, and connects Switzerland with Italy, by a highway carried over cataracts, along the foot of avalanches, and through tunnels under the mountains. It is one of the grandest undertakings of modern times.

POSTAGE ON THIS WORK.—An important consideration to mail subscribers is postage. This is lower on our Magazine than on any other. The mode in which this book is printed makes each number rate as a *two sheet*, instead of a three sheet periodical. This reduces the postage, over one hundred miles, from seven and a half to five cents.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—In both literature and embellishments we have reason to be proud of the present number. We give three illustrations, each one executed on steel. No old wood cuts are called in to swell the list of embellishments on the cover; but everything in the number is in the highest style of art.



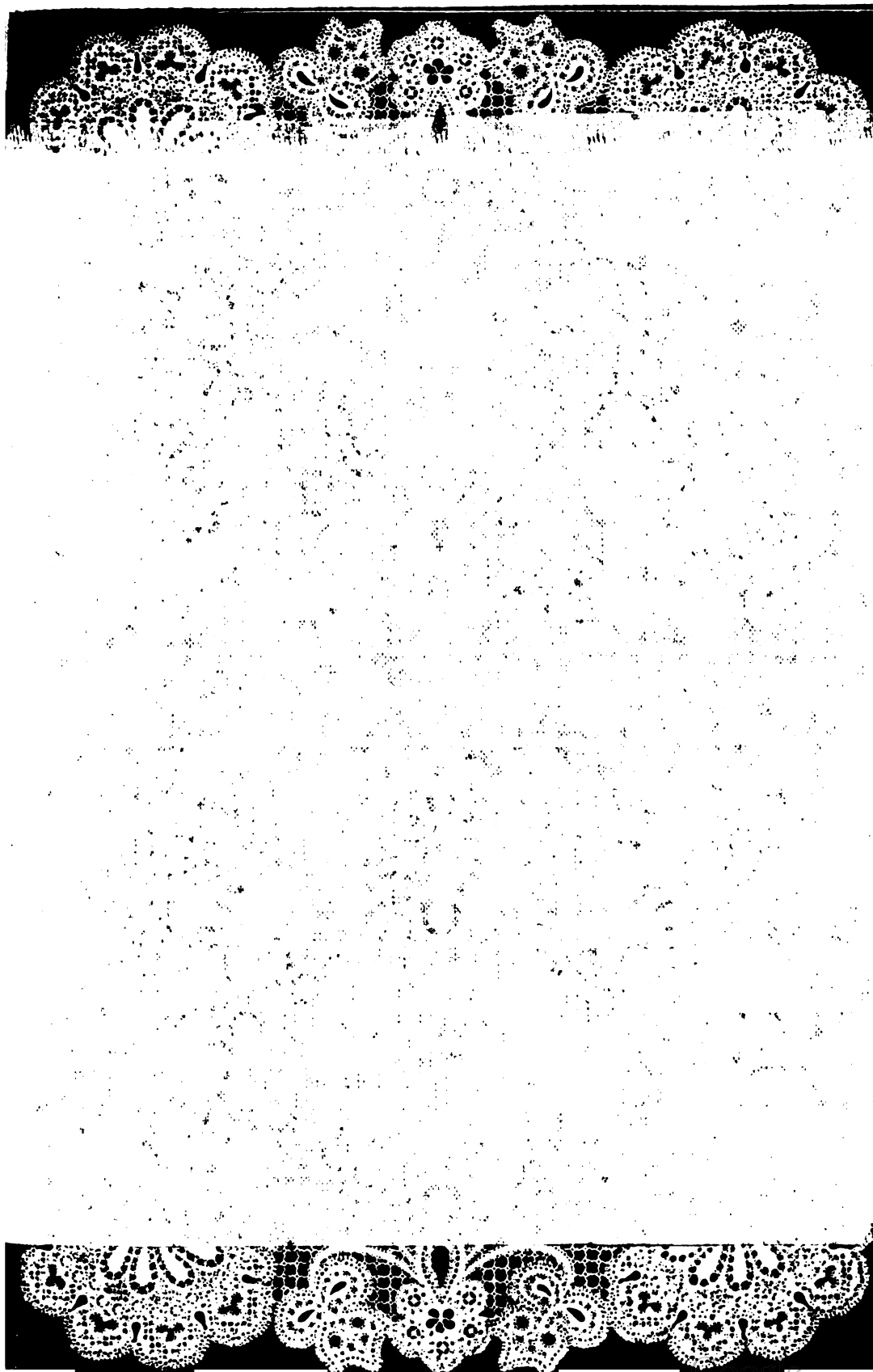


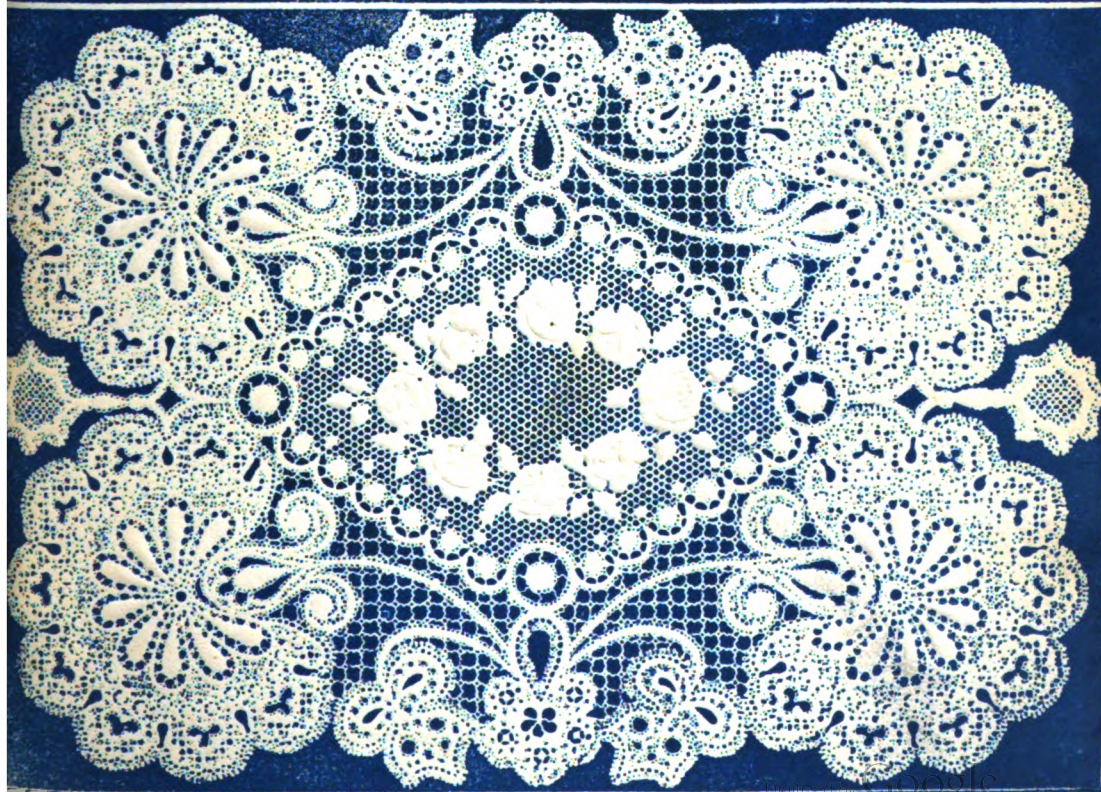
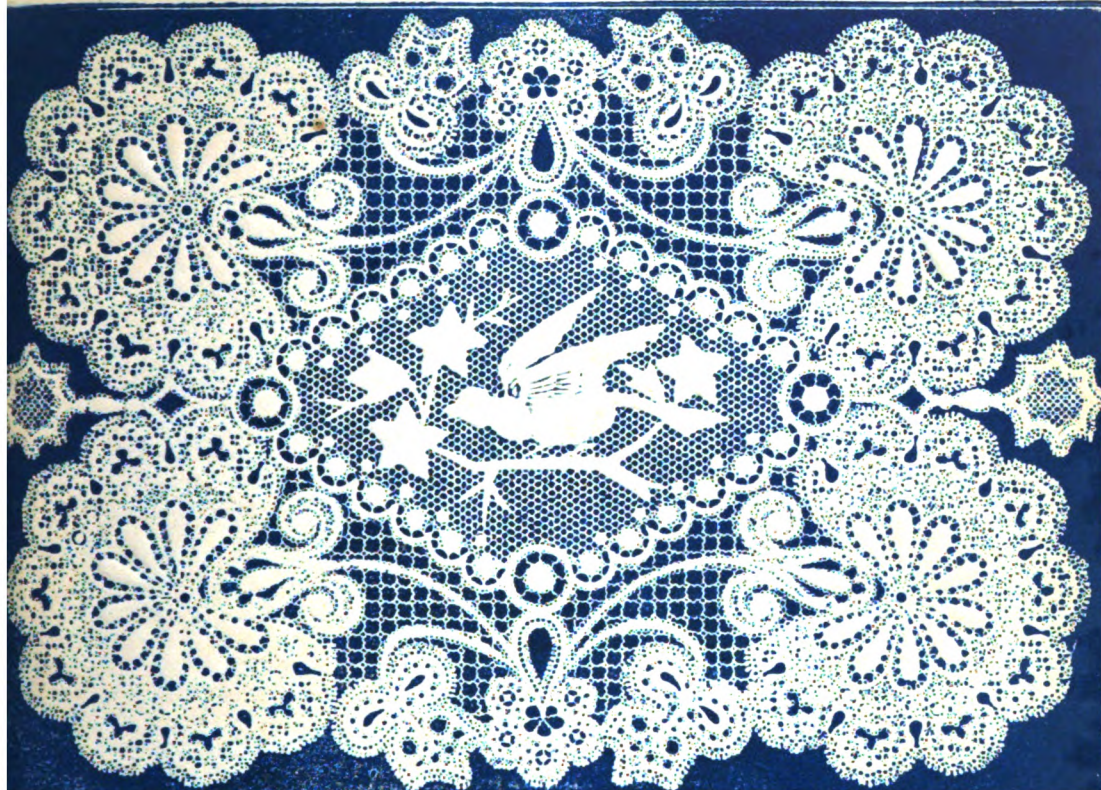
Engraved & Printed by J. M. S. S. S.

GABRIELLE.

Portrait of Gabrielle d'Estrees.

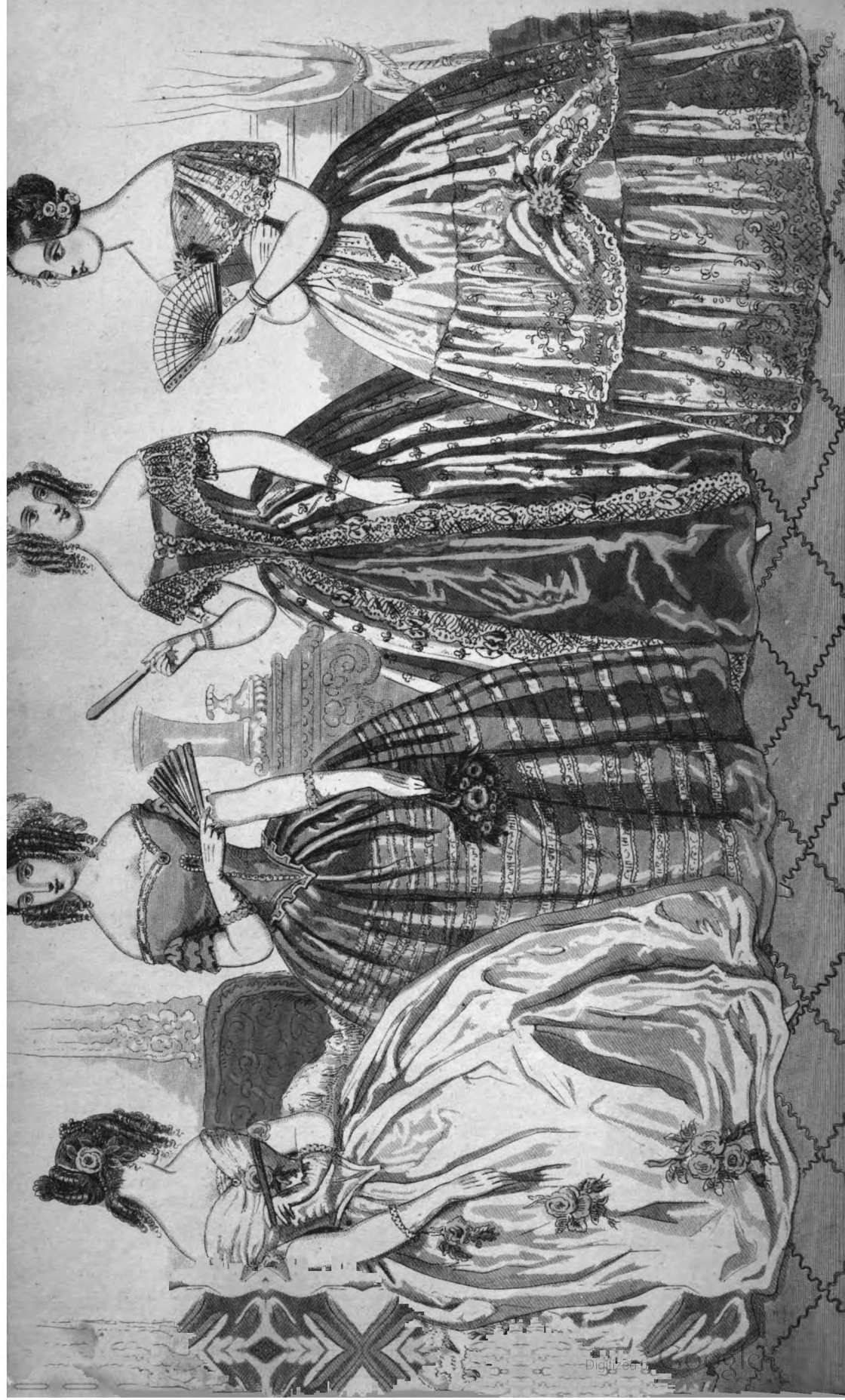
Portrait of Gabrielle d'Estrees.











LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA: APRIL, 1845.

No. 4.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

—WHERE'S OUR 'ER she is
Her heart weighs sadly.
—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE beams of a summer sunset were gilding the ivy-mantled battlements of an old and half ruinous castle that threw its dark shadow across a narrow stream that washed the base of the rugged height on which it stood. The river, dark and swollen, where nothing impeded its course, broke with a wild and rushing sound over the sharp rocks that lay in its bed, wreathing them with snowy foam, among which the lingering sunlight glistened like sparks of diamond.

In one of the dim old rooms, through which floated the breezy murmurs of the "tall, ancestral trees" as they rustled their foliage against the half open lattice, sat two females. One of them, Anne Howard, was of that age when the opening flower of youth was just disclosing its richest bloom, but the impress of sorrow as well as intellect was upon her beautiful features, and it was sad to see how much of the melancholy was mirrored in the depths of her large, dark eyes, which, for many years, had laid as a blight upon her heart. She was clad in a simple white robe, and her only ornaments were a plain gold ring and a circlet of pearls, that partly restrained the flow of a profusion of bright raven hair.

The deepening twilight was gradually filling each remote corner of the chamber with gloom, and dimming the bright tints of the arras and the warm hues of the crimson curtains that fell in heavy folds round the bed. The only beam of light that yet lingered in the west, broke with a faint lustre over a blue velvet mantle that fell in rich drapery from an embroidery frame that still enclosed one of its corners, where a few of the leaves and buds composing the beautiful pattern that bordered the garment, remained unfinished.

"I never saw any embroidery so rich, and at the same time so delicate," said the companion of Anne, as she sat regarding the mantle.

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"Yes, it is well enough," replied Anne, "and though it has been a task that has given me some pleasure, it has caused me still more pain. Oh! Margaret, if Philip Howard, when he looks upon these buds and flowers, could only know how many of them have been wet with my tears—how many—." Her voice broke, and burying her face in her hands, she, for a long time, remained silent.

When she again looked up twilight had deepened into night. A lute lying near the open casement gave out a few a wild, broken notes as the breeze swept its strings. She took it up, and as she touched its chords with a skilful hand, she warbled a little air expressive of the deepest melancholy.

"Sweet, but far too sad," said Margaret.

"Nothing can be too sad for the deserted and the—I may as well say it—the hated wife of Philip Howard."

"If he could only see you," replied Margaret, "he would not, could not hate you."

"It is not likely that we shall ever meet again," said Anne.

"Is it not a very long time since you saw each other?" enquired Margaret.

"He has never seen *me* since our marriage, which, as you are aware, took place in obedience to the wishes of our parents when we were children. We parted at the altar—he to commence his travels on the continent, I to return to my paternal home. Unknown to him, I by chance saw him once since his return."

"And he has never expressed any wish to see you?"

"Never. On the contrary he has ever resisted every measure taken by his grandfather, the Earl of Arundel, to bring about a meeting. Flattered and caressed at court, if he ever thinks of me at all, it is only as the obstacle to his ambitious hopes."

"What is Philip Howard, that he should look higher for a wife than to the ancient and honorable family of Dacre?" said Margaret. A faint smile flitted over the features of Anne.

"You have not heard then," said she, "that it

is whispered at court that if he were not shackled with a wife, he might dare aspire even to the hand of the queen."

"Do not believe it. It is a foul slander invented by some person who would add to your discomfort. I only wish that my power was in proportion to my will, and he should obtain a sight of you before he was a week older."

"Not for worlds would I hazard a meeting," said Anne, "I now only endure the pain of desertion. I have not the courage to encounter direct marks of his hatred and disdain."

"And yet you intend to send him this mantle that you have toiled and wept over for months. I would see it on the shoulders of a beggar first."

"Yes, I *do* intend to send it to him."

"What if he should reject it?"

"He may, yet I do not think he will. He is naturally mild, gentle and generous, and cannot find it in his heart to inflict unnecessary pain even upon me. Come, Margaret, set the candles near the embroidery-frame, for it must be finished to-night."

It was near midnight when Anne had completed the mantle. Before folding it she fastened a scrap of paper to one of the corners, on which she had written these words.

"A birthday present from your wife, who, though exiled from your presence, never ceases to pray for your happiness."

A page was then called, to whose care she entrusted it, with directions for him to set out early in the morning for Greenwich, where the queen was then holding her court, and deliver it into Philip Howard's own hands without telling him by whom it was sent.

"Why so grave this morning," said Sir Ralph Hewet, addressing Philip Howard, as they stood in the presence chamber of Greenwich palace.

"It is time for me to look grave, I think," he replied, "for I am this day twenty-five years old."

"A very venerable age, truly," said Lord Egerton, who had listened to their remarks.

"And a still better reason for his gravity than the weight of twenty-five years," said Sir Ralph, "is, that he has been a Benedict for at least ten of them."

"Upon my word, Howard," said Lord Egerton, "I always took you to be a bachelor. How happened it that you turned your thoughts toward matrimony at the tender age of fifteen?"

"My thoughts turned as they were guided," replied Howard reddening. "My good mother and the Lady Dacre laid their heads together and made the match between them."

"What prevents you from bringing the wife

they so kindly and considerately provided you with, to court?" enquired Lord Egerton. "It would surely," added he with a sneer, "afford her great delectation to witness the high favor in which you are held by all the ladies."

"If a man have a clog," replied Howard, "he should, at least have the privilege of leaving it as far behind as the chain that fastens it to him will permit. But not a word more—do you not perceive that we have drawn upon us the eyes of the queen?"

As he spoke there was a stir near the door, and after some slight altercation a page with a resolute air elbowed his way to the spot where Howard stood, and placing a package in his hands, immediately withdrew.

"A present from some country friend, I will wager the lace of my best doublet," said Sir Ralph, "for though the little page was sufficiently malapert, it was plain to see that he had the air of a bumpkin."

"I think that you will lose your wager," said Howard, "for I dare say that it is nothing more nor less than the old felt cloak I took to shelter me from the rain, and purposely left at Sir John Carew's, and which his careful dame has been at the pains of sending me. A dainty article truly to be encumbered with on the present occasion."

Elizabeth, whose quick eye nothing escaped, now beckoned Howard to approach the spot where she was seated in her chair of state. He threw the package on the floor and prepared to obey.

"Nay," said the queen, "it is our pleasure to see the inside of the bundle you have so irreverently cast aside. It is your birthday, if we mistake not, and we are anxious to see the kind and quality of so bulky a present."

Howard, who had a kind of presentiment respecting the source whence it came, reluctantly took it up, and advancing within a few paces of where Elizabeth sat, knelt before her.

"Rise," said she, "and undo the fastenings, for we are all impatience to see what was thought worthy to be guarded with such manifold care."

The gordian knot itself proved not more perplexing to the fingers of the conqueror than the simple one that the flurried and abashed young man vainly essayed to untie.

"You are a bungler," said the queen smiling, "and unless you fear to sever with steel lest it should prove an evil omen, a knot that may have been tied by the dainty fingers of some sweetheart, we would recommend the use of the dagger, whose jeweled haft sparkles so bravely above your belt."

Thus constrained he severed the cord, tore off

the envelope, and held up the rich and beautifully embroidered mantle.

Alas! had perception lurked within its shining folds, of how many vain regrets, bitter sighs and scarce breathed hopes, as the hand of the young wife, with its throbbing pulses, formed the leaves and buds that now glowed beneath the curious gaze of strangers, would it have been the repository.

"By my troth, it is a mantle worthy a regal wearer," said the queen, "and methinks it would be a perilous experiment for you to wear it unless you have the courage to brave the envy of all the gentlemen at court."

Howard received this speech as a prohibition for him to appear in the mantle, and bowing low, replied, "that as he should be sorry to be an object of envy to any person, he should certainly abstain from wearing it."

"We are glad to find that your discretion exceedeth your vanity," said the queen, "but what have we here?" and as she spoke she took hold of the corner of the mantle to which Anne had fastened the short note addressed to her husband.

She eagerly tore it off and commanded Howard to read it to her. He obeyed with the air of a culprit, not on account of his wicked and heartless desertion of his wife, but because he had received from her a splendid gift which it was the queen's pleasure for him to refuse.

Elizabeth, who could easily read what was passing in his mind, dismissed the subject by turning to one of her ladies, and making some remark relative to her proposed progress with her court into Sussex and Hampshire.

Several weeks after Anne sent the mantle to her husband, she received a letter from the venerable Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, his grandfather, who, on account of declining health, requested her, without delay, to proceed to Arundel House where he then resided. She commenced making immediate preparation for the journey, and was so diligent that everything was in readiness the following morning. She arranged to spend the first night at Elvetham Park, the seat of the Earl of Hertford, she being on terms of friendship with his countess. Though in September the day was warm and sultry, and when she arrived in sight of the Park she was weary and dispirited. As she drew near she was surprised at beholding the Earl of Hertford issue from the Park gate, attended by a numerous train of followers, wearing chains of gold about their necks, and in their hats black and yellow feathers. She sent forward one of her attendants to enquire what it meant, but he could obtain no satisfactory information. Too fatigued to go further, she proceeded to the house, where

she received a cordial welcome from the countess, who was attired with the utmost magnificence. Everything around bore marks of preparation for some splendid fête, and she soon learnt from the countess that they were expecting the queen in season to partake of the evening banquet. The information filled Anne with consternation, for she had every reason to suppose that her husband would be of the party. She confided to the countess her fears, and entreated to be permitted to seclude herself in some private apartment till after the departure of her guests.

"I shall do no such thing," replied the countess, "Philip Howard has never seen you since you met at the altar, when you were a large, awkward girl of ten, and so different from the lovely woman of twenty that it will be impossible for him to recognize you. You have for his sake subjected yourself, during ten long years, to a seclusion rigid as that of the cloister, and now that fortune has thrown you in the midst of this fair revel, I am determined that you shall abide the issue of whatever other freak she may be pleased to play you."

"But the queen—I cannot think of meeting her, for although she never saw me, I well know that she regards me with dislike, and if I should happen to catch her eye, there will be no eluding her curiosity. My dress too"—and she glanced at her riding-habit covered with dust.

"There will be little chance for the queen to observe you among so many," replied the countess, "and as for your dress, as there is short time for you to exchange it, you must go about it with the greater diligence, and whatever your hastily packed wardrobe may lack, may, I doubt not, be supplied from mine. Come, I will myself be your tire woman."

Saying thus, she took Anne by the arm and led her to her chamber.

"Oh, that will not do," said the countess, as Anne produced a simple black dress.

"What else should a deserted wife wear?" enquired Anne.

"I shall insist on your wearing this, and no other," said the countess, displaying a robe of rich white brocade.

The bodice, which was closely fitted to her fine form, was ornamented with a double row of pearls, and a running vine of leaves and buds worked with silver thread, while the point lace ruffles of such exquisite fineness that they resembled wreaths of snowy mist as they fell over her dimpled elbows, were looped with pearls and ribbons of silver gauze. From beneath the cincture of a light wreath composed of leaves of silver gauze intermingled with pearls, fell a cloud of soft black curls in beautiful contrast with the

unsullied purity of a complexion to which excitement had imparted the richest bloom.

"I could not have believed you were so beautiful," said the countess, regarding her with looks of admiration. "You will eclipse every lady present. You may be perfectly sure that Howard will not recognize you."

"This is wrong—very wrong," said Anne, as she beheld herself in the mirror. "Instead of appearing conspicuous, it is my wish to shun the observation of all."

"That would be impossible," replied the countess, "even should you wear a russet gown, so content yourself and strive to quiet your trembling nerves."

Anne found it impossible for her to follow her advice, for at that moment Queen Elizabeth and the numerous company forming her escort, appeared in sight, and she earnestly entreated to be permitted to remain in the chamber. The countess, however, was peremptory, and playfully forcing her from the apartment, she hastened down stairs that she might be in readiness to welcome the queen. Anne, anxious only to elude observation, took this opportunity to leave the house, and perceiving a pavilion at no great distance in the Park, which had been hastily erected for the occasion, she hastened to conceal herself within it. Though the outside, which was covered with green boughs and clusters of ripe hazelnuts, had the appearance of a sylvan lodge, she found the interior furnished with great luxury and splendor, the roof being lined with tasteful devices in ivy leaves, and the sides hung with arras, wrought with the most gorgeous colors. Almost breathless with the haste she had made, she sunk down on a pile of cushions, glowing with the same rich hues as those of the living flowers which were there imitated.

The confused murmur of voices, mingled with strains of music, which, at intervals, were borne by on the fitful breeze, became louder every moment, and she, at length, stole a glance from the window, fearful that the company were approaching the pavilion. Much to her relief she found that the queen had arrived at the hall door, where the Countess of Hertford and a fair group of ladies were ready to welcome her. She more than ever rejoiced at her absence from the scene when she caught a glimpse of the mantle she had sent her husband. With a sudden emotion of joy she clasped her hands together as she exclaimed, "he accepted it—he wears it." It were vain to attempt the bitter revulsion of feeling she experienced the next moment. The person wearing the mantle turned his face full toward her, and she then saw that it was not her husband. Till she felt the broken reed on which she had leaned

piercing her heart's core, she knew not how strong had been her hope. Not content with refusing the gift over which she had toiled and prayed and wept, he had degraded her by bestowing it on an inferior. Agony which might have embittered a whole life, was crowded into the brief space of a few minutes. But she was neither destitute of the energy nor the spirit which distinguished the Dacres, and pride, at length, came to her aid, so far as to enable her to assume the semblance of composure. All at once she was startled by hearing persons speaking close to the pavilion.

"Who could it possibly be?" said one of them.

"I cannot tell," was the reply, "but suspect it was some rustic maid intended to perform a part in some pageant. One thing I do know, however, she was the loveliest creature I ever beheld, and what more than anything enhanced the effect of her charms, was the air of timidity with which she hastened through the Park, afraid, no doubt, that she should be discovered and brought back to enact the part assigned her."

"Why did you not keep your eye on her?" enquired the other voice.

"I did as long as I was able, but a thicket of evergreens hid her from view, and just as I had made up my mind to go in pursuit of her my presence was required elsewhere."

"What if she has hid herself in this pavilion?"

"I do not think she has, for her course was in a different direction at the time I lost sight of her."

"There will, at least, be no harm in looking," said the other.

Anne, when she heard this, ran to the door with the intention of making her escape, but finding the persons so near as to render it impossible, she attempted to conceal herself behind the arras. Before she had time to effect her purpose one of them had entered the pavilion. He was a tall, handsome young man, whose demeanor showed that he was by no means ignorant of the advantages bestowed on him by nature.

"By the mass, it is she," he exclaimed, "and a kiss, my pretty maiden, is only a reasonable reward for discovering your retreat."

As he spoke, he hastened to the spot where she stood, with the evident intention of claiming the reward he considered so reasonable. She did not speak, for her eyes were riveted on his companion, who, at that moment, appeared at the door, but she motioned with her hand to repel his approach with an air of dignity and decision which could not have been outdone by Queen Elizabeth herself. It was Philip Howard, her husband, whose footsteps pressed so closely upon

his who stood before her in mute astonishment at himself for being awed by one whom he imagined only a humble village maiden dressed in robes of splendor that she might sustain her part in the pageant. At sight of Howard her face grew pale as death, but the color which had so suddenly receded rushed quickly back, for the moment she had time for thought she recollected she was to him an utter stranger. Determined that neither word nor action should betray to him who she was, with an effort as if struggling for life, she succeeded in crushing down her rising emotions, and by the time he was fairly before her there was no trembling of limbs, no quivering of nerves—nothing except the crimson spot that burnt on either cheek, and a slight compression of her lips as if she feared some imprudent word or exclamation might involuntarily escape them. Howard, who attributed her appearance to fear and resentment, occasioned by the freedom of the person with him, hastened to assure her that she might consider herself perfectly safe, as neither of them were so lost to honor as to presume upon her unprotected situation.

"Certainly not," said Howard's companion, "I find that I was mistaken, and humbly beg pardon for the pain I unintentionally inflicted."

The words of Anne were choked in their utterance as she essayed to accord the requested pardon, for though she could preserve the appearance of calmness while silent, the mere effort to speak was like breaking down the barrier that stays the rushing tide. She stopped short, pressed her hands against her forehead and burst into tears.

"Lady," said Howard, and he dropped on one knee as he spoke, "I know not who you are, nor will I ask, for vows are upon me which would make the knowledge unavailing; but one thing I *do* know, that the unequalled loveliness which I now behold must ever retain a place in my memory, and I would add in my heart, were it not all unworthy to enshrine the image of one whom I feel assured is as spotless as beautiful."

He then pressed the hem of her robe to his lips, rose and linking his arm within that of his companion, they left the pavilion together.

"Stay," said Anne, for the words of Howard had awakened the impulse to confess to him who she was, but the noise of their receding footsteps drowned the faintly uttered word.

After their departure she wept long, but not those bitter tears she had been accustomed to shed, for a gleam of sunshine now broke from the cloud which had so long hovered over her. Lost in her own thoughts, she heard not the distant sounds of revelry and song. Time too passed unheeded, and she was unmindful that the shades of evening were fast darkening the

pavilion, when a hand softly closed over her own which lay listlessly on the cushions where she reclined. She started up in alarm and beheld the Countess of Hertford.

"Owing to the stir and excitement of the queen's arrival," said the countess, "I did not miss you at first, but when I did, and found that you were nowhere in the house, I began to be seriously alarmed. I was soon relieved, however, by Howard, who came to me to enquire about a lady whom he described of transcendent beauty, that he had seen in the pavilion."

"And what did you tell him?" said Anne.

"Nothing satisfactory. I tantalized him with a story that completely mystified him, and had the satisfaction before we parted to perceive that, in spite of his efforts to conceal it from me, he was madly in love with his own wife. Be of good heart, for I foresee that all will come right at last. But you don't think of spending the night here, do you?"

"I cannot again meet Howard," she replied, "nor can I think of appearing in the presence of the queen."

"No, as affairs have turned it will be better for you to risk seeing neither. Look, I have brought you a cloak and hood, which will conceal your dress, and enable you to pass unobserved to your chamber."

Anne put them on, and favored by the darkness, for night had now completely set in, they succeeded in gaining a private entrance to the house without attracting observation.

As the illness of the Earl of Arundel, her husband's aged relative, made it imperative for her to lose no time, before parting with the countess it was arranged that she should take her departure at an early hour, before the queen or any of her court would be likely to leave their pillows after the protracted festivities.

When Anne arrived at Arundel House, she found that the earl was fast sinking beneath the pressure of age and disease. As Philip Howard was the lineal heir of his grandfather's title and estates, it was soon after her arrival thought to be expedient to send a messenger to apprise him of the earl's situation, but the message was unaccompanied by any intimation that his grandfather desired his presence. This omission and the coolness with which the earl had long regarded him on account of his total neglect of his wife, would, it was apprehended, prevent him from coming, and it was, therefore, deemed unnecessary to inform Anne that any message had been sent.

Night was far upon its second watch, and

Anne sat alone by the bedside of the earl. The harvest moon looked in at the open casement, weaving its mellow beams with the fantastic shadows which the heavy bed-curtains, stirred slowly by the wind, cast upon the wainscot and ceiling; but neither the moon nor the pale night lamp could pierce the gloom that seemed piled in palpable masses in the remote corners, and lurked amid the dark folds of the velvet hangings.

A heavy sleep had fallen upon the invalid, and as she sat listening to his deep breathing with her eyes fixed upon the slowly shifting shadows, they seemed to assume the shape of funeral figures, beckoning her to join them. An awe crept over her that thrilled in every vein, and rising from her seat she bent over the earl, in order that the sight of a human face might dispel her superstitious terror. All at once he started and opened his eyes.

"Ah, it is you, Anne," said he. "I thought, but it must have been a dream that my grandson was standing by me. I remember now that I have not sent for him, and it is not likely he will come."

"Do you wish him to be sent for?" she enquired.

"I do—I wish to see you together by my bedside before I die. Do not wait for morning—it may then be too late."

"I will make your request known instantly," was her reply.

She turned to leave the chamber and saw Philip Howard standing just within the door.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I behold her whom I saw in the pavilion at——"

"Say nothing of that now," said she. "I will tell your grandfather that you are here."

The earl, who was again sinking into a kind of lethargic sleep, roused himself at the mention of Philip's name, and requested him to draw near his bedside.

"Philip Howard," said he, "you are the heir of my title and all my possessions, but remember that my blessing goes not with them unless Anne Howard is received into your house as its mistress and treated by you as a wife."

"Why," said Philip, "did you defer telling me this till now? A week ago I would have made an effort to obey you—now it is impossible."

"As you please," said the earl, "but remember the coronet will not be without its thorns, that is bequeathed with a dying man's malediction."

"What can I do?" said Howard. "I might easily promise all you require, but the blessing gained by falsehoods would not sit more lightly on my spirits than your curse."

The earl waved him impatiently away.

"Anne, my child, come hither," said he.

Howard started at the name of Anne, but he

did not venture to incur the further displeasure of the earl by again approaching the bed.

"Were it not for you," said the earl addressing her, "whose happiness has so long been sacrificed to that selfish and graceless young man, and were it not that you must still remain the victim of his cruelty, I would suffer him to receive his inheritance in peace, but now—let me not see your face, Philip Howard, but listen to your grandfather's curse."

"Stay," said Howard, rushing forward, "first tell me who this lady is."

"Do you not then know that it is Anne Howard, your wife?"

"How should I know it?" said Howard, "for what resemblance did the girl I last saw at the altar, ten years ago, bear to the lovely woman now before me?"

"Yes, she must have greatly changed," said the earl, "and you have always obstinately persisted in refusing to see her. I might have known that you could not recognize her."

"I have, as you say, been very obstinate, and in every respect very culpable—so much so that I can hardly hope for her forgiveness, without which I must ever be miserable."

"Accustomed to the selfishness and hollow professions that prevail at court," replied the earl, "you are but an ill judge of the self-sacrificing devotion of such a woman as Anne Howard. Her generous heart has been bared before me with all its wealth of pure affection, and it is yours all unworthy as you are of the priceless gem. All you can now do is to endeavor to merit it."

"God knows with what earnestness and sincerity I shall set about the task," replied Howard—"but can I hope that my grandfather has judged rightly?" said he, addressing Anne, "it is possible that you can forgive the many wrongs I have lavished upon you?"

Anne did not speak, but there was no mistaking the eloquent look with which she answered his appeal as she gave him her hand.

"Now shall I depart in peace," said the earl, "and may my blessings ever rest on you both."

These were his last words. Exertion and excitement had exhausted the last lingering energies of life, and sinking back on his pillow he quietly fell into that sleep which can never be broken.

Philip Howard, now Earl of Arundel and premier peer of England, withdrew from court and took up his residence at Arundel Castle, where, in company with his wife, he found how superior was the happiness of the domestic fire-side, to those seductive pleasures by which he had so long been flattered and deceived. The mantle

his wife sent him as a birthday present he purchased back at a high price, and there was not a leaf or a flower glowing on its border that was not dearer to him than the jewels in his coronet.

A REPLY

TO ONE WHO SAID "WRITE FROM YOUR HEART."

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

An! woman still
Must veil the shrine,
Where feeling feeds the fire divine,
Nor sing at will,
Untaught by art,
The music prisoned in her heart!

Still gay the note,
And light the lay,
The woodbird warbles on the spray,
Afar to float;
But homeward flown,
Within his nest, how changed the tone!

Oh! none can know,
Who have not heard
The music-soul that thrills the bird,
The carol low,
As coo of dove
He warbles to his woodland-love!

The world would say
'Twas vain and wild,
Th' impassioned lay of Nature's child;
And feeling, so
Should veil the shrine,
Where softly glow her fires divine!

SONNET.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Oh! weary not of suffering sent from heaven
A messenger of God's, to teach the soul
The noblest lessons unto mortal given,
Endurance, fortitude, and self control,
While milder virtues follow in its train:
Sweet sympathy that bids us keenly feel,
And probe with gentle hand another's pain,
That we with soothing words the wound may heal:
Divinest charity, faith's warmest glow,
And clear eyed duty spring from founts of woe:
The purest hearts by sighs are purified,
And *those* who float upon griefs bitter stream
Drink from the light of Paradise a beam,
Which proves through sorrow's waves to bliss they glide.

DISTANT RELATIONS.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

"Pon my honor," said Augustus Cleaveland, placing his right hand on the spot where his heart ought to have been.

"Fie! Cleaveland, cannot you give us a more characteristic asseveration?" asked Constance Seymour, fixing her large grey eyes on him with a most fashionable stare.

"Nay, then, on my elegance, if your beauty so wills it," said the exquisite, as he sauntered up the apartment, and looked into one of the splendid mirrors with a languid yawn of self-satisfied admiration.

At this moment the servant announced my entrance, and a second yawn more heartfelt, and consequently more decided welcomed me. Constance was beading a silk purse, or rather affecting to do so; the last new novel was on the table, and the leaves were divided at page three by a gold pencil case, to denote where her morning studies had terminated. Her mother seated in a distant part of the room was reading the "Art of Beauty," while her daughter was practising its wiles. They were a goodly group, but by no means a singular one.

Now in the house where I sketch this picture I am one of those care-for-nothing animals denominated "distant relations"—an old bachelor, moreover, with more money than airs, and consequently I am allowed to make rude remarks which are not resented, and to do rude things which are unnoticed. "Oh, that's just like my cousin!" from the fair lips of Constance, or the faded ones of her dignified mother, always exonerates me. Now as I grievously dislike this said Augustus Cleaveland whom I have brought on the scena, and as my young cousin is about to add him to the number of my "distant relations," there were moments I included him in my little *bon queries*, and so it chanced this day.

"No, but 'pon my soul!" recommenced the lover, resuming the conversation which my entrance had interrupted. "You, Constance, are awfully hard upon me—if mine is not the finest horse in New York may I be thrown the next time I mount him."

"Such an event would create little surprise," said I, dryly, "the scum always runs off first."

"Ah, that's just like my cousin!" half smiled, half pouted the bride elect.

"Why you know he stumbled, Cleaveland," said the mother pettishly, "or you would have not offered him for four hundred and fifty to Gœlet."

"No, on my veracity!" cried Cleaveland, "I

only thought that in case of such an event Gœlet's head might as well be broken as mine."

"I should apprehend," said I, once more mingling in the conversation, "that there was little risk of such a catastrophe; the fall might perhaps cause some little sensation after your decease, for as soft substances are the most susceptible, there might be an awkward bump on the skull, which, however, the phrenologists would doubtless determine, did not exactly denote any particular quality."

There was a pause; Constance curled her lip until I read on it had I not been a bachelor, with a good fortune, she could have been as bitter on me as I was on her lord elect. However, I had learned in the few moments of my stay that Augustus Cleaveland was a horse jockey; and I moreover knew that Gœlet was his friend.

"So you bought the large emerald at the sale the other day, did you not?" asked the mother of Constance, internally marvelling that it had not yet been transferred to her daughter.

"I faith, yes," replied the exquisite, with a knowing wink, "and quiz me I was near bit—took it to Marquand's to have it mounted for Constance, and he found a flaw; so I had it put up again, and told old Mrs. Bingham, the nabob's wife, in confidence, that it was unique, and she bought it at sixty dollars more than it cost me—ha! ha!" and Augustus Cleaveland laughed as heartily as tight stays and affectation would permit.

Strange! thought I then no man ever lacked intelligence to be a knave; so this suitor of Constance was a swindler.

"Apropos de vin, Constance," continued the lover, "D'Aubry and I drank the bet last night."

"I should imagine you were a little en l'air, Cleaveland," said the lady, calmly, as she added another bead to her purse.

"Pon my conscience, I was not en l'air to my knowledge, but this morning I discovered that some plebeian had incarcerated me in the watch-house for having sung an opera air somewhat above concert pitch."

At this period of the conversation I took my leave, with the pleasant conviction that we were about to engraft a horse jockey, a swindler, and a drunkard on the family tree! I was afraid to stay longer, lest I might be further enlightened on the merits of this honorable suitor of my fair cousin. But all these are mere venial errors, I am told—the offsprings of fashion. Augustus Cleaveland is caressed by a large and wealthy circle; he rides fine horses, attends the Italian opera; eats, drinks, walks, yawns and gambles fashionably; is in fact (so says the mother of Constance) in every respect the husband she

should have selected for her daughter—he is rich, well looking and fashionable. Constance Seymour is a sensible girl, but she has out flirted some score of dangles, and now she prefers matrimony and a fool to independence and self-respect. She must, she does see his folly; but she shuts her eyes against conviction, and treats reason like an intruder. Will she do this when she has been a wife twelve months? I only fear that if by the period I have mentioned Augustus Cleaveland has not broken either her heart or his neck, she will wish she had hearkened to the warning voice of a "distant relation."

WOODS IN SPRING.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

How beautiful! how beautiful!

The forest cool and sweet,
The broad limbs waving overhead,
The moss-turf at my feet!

The clear brook laughing clear and wild
Amid this world of bliss,
The hazle stooping to its brim
As if it longed to kiss.

And lo! the wild flowers springing round
Among the shadowy leaves;
The glory of the garnered year
Their infant cradle weaves.

How sweetly innocent they look,
All turning to the sky,
As if they had a *soul* to give
When they fold their leaves to die.

One silver bell—oh! it is mine!
The *first* one of the year;
I'll press thee to my eager lips,
Sweet flower, how doubly dear!

And list—what music murmuring?
'Tis the poem of the Spring,
The wild and fitful melody
God's little songsters bring.

How thrillingly and sweet it comes—
The air is full of song,
As underneath the trembling boughs
The rich notes gush along.

Soft—soft—I scarce may dare to breathe,
Is *this* God's temple-dome,
And bends he from the flashing skies
To build an earthly throne?

His finger-prints are burning here
On every new-born flower,
The minstrel harpers thronging round—
Oh, God! I *feel* thy power!

Hush, hush, my harp-strings! be ye mute
And still at Nature's voice;
While yet in breathless ecstasy
I'll linger and rejoice.

THE THREE ERAS IN THE LIFE OF WOMAN.

GIRLHOOD.

"A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl
With step as soft as summer air,
And fresh, young lip, and brow of pearl
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair.
A mind, rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf serenely bright
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower.
A heart, which like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And even when the tongue was mute
From eye and lip in music spoke."

— WHITTIER.

Such, in the language of one of the sweetest poets, is a picture of what, many think, the brightest and happiest period of woman's existence. From the fairy child, whose sunny smiles and gleesome laugh, summon a thrilling recollection of by-gone times to even the seared heart of the aged, whose light step chases the butterfly and the bee, whose springing elasticity of spirit makes her heart indifferent alike whether the sun shines or clouds lower, she merges gradually into the light-hearted, yet timid girl, beautiful in the early development of intellectual powers, and beautiful too in the possession of the yet unopened treasures of a warm and loving heart.

She has been taught, while yet a little child, that God made the earth and all things therein, her infant voice has lisped prayers at the throne of an Almighty whose care and goodness she scarcely comprehended; but now she looks upon the glorious works of His creation, upon the far off heavens circling above the earth, and glowing with the light of the great sun, or gemmed with those countless and mysterious orbs, to attain a knowledge of which wise philosophers have studied long, weary years almost in vain; she thinks of the myriads of human beings endowed with immortal souls like herself, that over every one is exercised the same good care, and that His eye traces the windings of every heart, and a feeling of deep awe and reverence within her, acknowledges His presence. This makes her humble, trusting.

The unsuspecting, guileless innocence of the young girl, her pure and unsophisticated heart, with the warm, living fountain of her affections ready to gush at every kindly touch, the brilliant sunshine of her temperament, her capacity for finding sources of enjoyment at all times are her loveliest endowments. Toward her friends she cherishes the most fervent and lively attachment. There has been nothing of the world's care and trouble to dampen the ardor of her youthful

feelings. She is full of life and joyousness, like a fine picture with the dew and the fresh verdure of morning glowing in the sun's full light. She has passed the season of childish griefs and annoyances, her mind is opening to a fuller appreciation of its own powers, she scarcely entertains a wish beyond the present, the sorrows of the past are all buried in oblivion—she is happy.

MAIDENHOOD.

"Maiden, with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies.

Thou, whose locks outline the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run.

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse.

Deep and still that gliding stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of youth.

Oh, that dew, like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth steal.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart—
For a smile of God thou art." LONGFELLOW.

The opening bud has expanded into the blushing flower, the gem has been cut and polished into exquisite transparency, the sun of the bright landscape shines yet more glowingly upon its varied beauties. Years have passed on the fair head of the young girl, and something of experience in the high and noble purposes of life has cast a shadow upon her sparkling eye, and given a tinge of thoughtfulness to her smiling lip. She has learned, by the direction of her own heart, to look abroad into the world—that world which is still gloomy and beautiful to her, although much of the wild enthusiasm which gave spirit to her girlhood has departed. Still if she be gifted with the treasures of a fervent and glowing imagination, her mind may conceive many active sources of enjoyment which would be tame to others, giving a zest to arduous undertakings, and conjuring up visions of rare loveliness.

She may have caught some whispers of the world's perfidy. But the fresh, untrammelled heart never believes that anything can exist less open and confiding than itself, and it is a beautiful trait in the maiden to invest life even with an ideal glory, to rely with perfect confidence upon the faith of every friend—for if she be

guarded by the shield of unconscious innocence, and firm, correct principles, no danger can threaten which may not be warded, and mistrust or suspicion should never darken the sunniest moments of her life.

The maiden is less selfish in her enjoyments than the girl. She knows that in the wide arena of life there are thousands as good, as worthy, though far less happy than herself, and her heart expands in sympathy, and glows with kindly feelings for every one of God's creation. Hers is the period of disinterested affection. There is nothing so bright, so fresh in its earnestness as the devotion of the maiden. In her friendships she is true and constant. The evanescent dream of childish romance has vanished; though she still invests beloved objects with every excellency, and loves them for the virtues she ascribes to them, clinging to them amid all the vicissitudes of life. Her heart is like a book, filled with beautiful illuminations, though not to the gaze of every one shall each leaf be folded open, for beneath the quiet and mild, or gay and brilliant exterior, the worlding cannot pierce the depths of true feeling which she alone perceives, who formed and fashioned all.

It is not alone from the present that the maiden derives her greatest enjoyments. Beyond this there is a lovely world of hope: a world teeming with the most beautiful fancies, and radiant with the brightest dreams of the spirit. The very air she breathes fills her souls with undefinable sensations. She goes forth from the gay parlor, and with heaven for her canopy, and the trees and flowers for her companions, she calls up thrilling visions of that, which alas! life never realizes. Yet say not that these dreams are idle. The young are ever prone to view life's sunniest side, and such imaginings make the heart cheerful, and dispose it to cast aside the fitting clouds and shadows that might obscure its brightness.

It is a mistaken opinion entertained by many that the maiden is susceptible of repeated attachments, all alike sincere and heartfelt. She can never love *truly* but once, be it first or last. Her *first* love may not necessarily be her *true* love, although those trifling predilections in favor of various persons scarcely merit the term of affection. They are as different from the one object of her holy and devoted love, as are those fine pieces of chrysalized quartz from the real diamond. Their appearance to a casual observer may be nearly similar, but test the quality, and like the heart, the true jewel is revealed. A sensitive and feeling maiden can scarcely love unwooed. It needs constant, unremitting attentions and intimate companionship to make manifest the tastes and wishes of both—for unlike as

the two may seem to the world, there are chords in both bosoms that vibrate to the same touch, and thoughts that meet an answering response, else where is the congeniality that can give rise to an enduring affection? And beautiful beyond all other dreams is love to the heart of the maiden when her judgment follows her fancy's leadings. Hers is no feverish passion, no impetuous and resistless torrent, rushing heedlessly over the level plain, and turned aside by, perhaps, the first serious obstacle, exhausting its strength in vain foamings; it is the deep, silent stream, winding amid the dangerous cliffs of life, and forcing itself quietly between the fissures of the very rock that would thwart the progress of the torrent. There is so great a charm in quiet and true affection, that she who blesses with her wealth of love an attached and generous being, winds herself around every fibre of his heart and becomes as it were indeed,

"The ocean to the river of his thoughts."

WOMANHOOD.

"For thou art woman—with that word
Life's dearest hopes and memories come,
Truth, beauty, love, in her adored,
And earth's lost Paradise restored
In the green bower of home.
What is man's love?—his vows are broke
Even while his parting kiss is warm—
But woman's love all change will mock
And like the ivy 'round the oak,
Cling closest in the storm."

HALLECK.

I have now arrived at the most beautiful, though probably not the happiest era in woman's life; and yet I may be wrong in coming to this conclusion. There is not the perpetual sunshine, the happy exuberance of spirit, the reckless love of pleasure that constitute the enjoyment of girlhood; nor yet the perfect trust and confidence, the bright enthusiasm of maidenhood.

She has passed through the world loving and loved—perhaps courted and flattered in gay life, or stealing quietly along its humbler paths, and she has learned in either situation many sad and bitter lessons. She has seen artifice and envy, and anger concealed from the outward world, yet rankling at the heart; she has seen the full tide of affliction rushing upon some devoted object, and she herself has experienced at periods that feeling of utter desolation that benumbs the faculties, when the well springs of her affections have been broken up, and some beloved friend torn from her earthly companionship by the rude hand of death—she has passed through the ordeal. She has gained strength and fortitude to encounter all the vicissitudes of life, the energy of her character is fully developed, the rich stores of her intellect are revealed; she feels the promptings of a new and proud life. Nor would she exchange

one free thought from that wide world of intellect, that field of knowledge which her matured capacity has opened before her, for all the aimless pleasures of her childhood. Her appreciation of happiness is more just, and her enjoyments more heartfelt because she knows how few there are without alloy, and the disappointment of one moment makes her turn with keener relish to the joy of another.

It has been said that man surpasses woman in depth and energy of intellect, while she excels him in quickness and delicacy of perception; and I believe such is the case, although it by no means renders him her superior. She was certainly not intended by nature.

"——To guide the storm of war,
To rule the state, or thunder at the bar."

All the qualities necessary for properly filling such offices are repugnant to every feeling of her heart. But her readier imagination and clearer perception supply many a deficiency for which men are inadequate.

Woman is superior to man in the sincerity and fortitude of her affections. Unlike the maiden she weaves no fanciful charms to adorn the object of her love. She appreciates all the actual virtues he possesses—her heart, divested of youth's "*colour de rose*"—is capable of the most sacrificing love, and if harshly, cruelly treated, she sometimes clings with all the energy of despair to the remembrance of former kindness, and living on suffers in silence.

Where is there a more beautiful character than that of the devoted wife? Endeared to her husband by those loving and noble qualities of heart and mind which he only can appreciate, he finds in the harmony of his domestic fireside the admirable arrangement of his household, the ready sympathy and interest in all that concerns him, a happy remuneration for irksome details of business, for years of toil, and for the greater evils that help to sum up the minutiae of life. Does the sun of prosperity shine upon him? he enjoys not his blessing alone. There is one beside him who rejoices with his rejoicing, who smiles upon his happiness. But in adversity—ah! then it is that the noble qualities of a true woman are unfolded. Strong in her steadfast love in her own heart, she comes to cheer his drooping spirits. She listens with apparent calmness, though her very soul be bowed with internal anguish to the phrenzied exclamations of a disappointed man. She is the only witness to his deep humiliation. She alone knows how faint that heart that once beat free with hope. Higher, yet higher rises her determination for his sake, and the small gleam of light that probably is the precursor of a bright day, is pointed out by her. For his sake her own

grief is forgotten, her mind perceives bright vistas in a future that is, to him, dark as midnight. In after years he may well point to that woman as his earthly saviour.

And place her by the couch of pain amid sufferings the most poignant. Will not her true affection make her heart firm to minister to him, to calm the ravings of delirium, to soothe the fevered brow, and by her gentle and untiring assiduity arrest the ravages of disease? Will she not

"——Trim the midnight lamp, and from her eye,
Though dim with watching, bid soft slumber fly—
With lightly whispered voice, and noiseless tread
Steal like an angel 'round the sick man's bed.
With tireless patience watch the speaking eye,
And all unasked his slightest wants supply?"

Man owes everything to woman. She is the author of his being, the mother whose ceaseless care ministered to his helpless infancy, whose training first taught his tongue to lisp, and guided his tottering steps. She soothed the sorrows of the boy, she entered into all his little plans and amusements, she taught his heart to love God, and inculcated precepts and principles that remain with life; for go wherever he will, and into whatever scenes, that man has still something good within him whose earliest years have been hallowed by the teachings of a judicious mother.

I have now given, as one of the sex, a description of what I believe to be, what should be, and what are the three eras in a true woman's life.

A LOVE SONG.

BY ROBERT H. DUNLAP.

I LOVE thee!—I love thee!

And why should I fly
From the wildering charm
Of thy radiant eye?

Its spell is upon me—

I may not depart
Till its joy-linked fetters
Are loosed from my heart.

Though long I have loved thee

One sweet smile of thine
Hath cherished Hope's blossom

In shade and in shine;
And the floweret that drooped
'Mid tempest and strife
Now sways to the breeze
In the full flush of life.

Then why, fairest lady,

Oh, why should I fly
From the wildering charm
Of thy radiant eye?

One soul-thrilling glance
From its rich deeps of blue—
No lover so loyal,
So ardent and true!

THE MURDER.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I WAS sitting one morning, at an early hour, in my office, and had just opened the yet damp newspaper in search of the latest news from the Chesapeake, where Admiral Cochrane was at that time plundering and burning the houses of the inoffensive inhabitants, when my eye fell on the following paragraph, placed conspicuously near the head of the first column.

DREADFUL MURDER.—We learn that an atrocious murder was perpetrated at C—, Md., on Friday last. The victim is James Wilson, Esq., one of the most worthy and influential citizens of the state. He left home, it appears, in company with a young man named Henry Duval, who had lately married a ward of Mr. W. The union, we understand, was in opposition to her guardian's wishes, and it is supposed that an angry altercation arose concerning it, between Mr. Wilson and the young man. High words were heard between them, and they were seen entering a wood, in which, on Sunday evening, the mangled body of Mr. Wilson was found, horribly mutilated, and so disfigured as scarcely to be recognized. The whole country is in a tumult. Such an excitement has not reigned in our district since its first settlement. The murderer has fled, but the proper officers are already out in pursuit of him.

A little below was another paragraph, stating that the accused had been arrested the preceding evening in our city, and consigned to prison, denying, however, all knowledge of the murder, and expressing the utmost sorrow for the deceased's untimely death. But there was no doubt, added the editor, of the guilt of the prisoner.

I had scarcely finished the paragraph, and a host of indistinct memories were crowding on my brain, as if at some time or other, I had met with the names of the parties, when a faint tap was heard at my door, and desiring the person to enter, a closely veiled female stole timidly into the room, and asked with a tremulous voice if I was Mr. —. Wondering what her mission, at so early an hour could be with me, I answered in the affirmative, and desiring her to take a chair, waited for her to speak.

A more exquisitely moulded form I had rarely seen. It was slight, almost girlish, and had that peculiar delicacy which we call aristocratic. Her countenance—for on taking her seat she had put aside her veil—was eminently handsome. With a fair complexion; a classic outline of feature; a deep, blue eye, and an expression full of spirituality and feeling, reminding me of one of Raphael's faces, she would, at any time, have won admiration for her beauty, but now there was something so touchingly sad in her looks,

that I felt interested in her history at once. I knew that sorrow visits even the young and innocent, and might not she be one of these? Her dress, though studiously neat, was coarse, and contrasted with her manners, which were singularly refined. I felt with a sigh, that perhaps she was another of the victims of misfortune, living in poverty the life that began in wealth.

"Will you please to read this note, sir?" said a low, tremulous, yet silvery voice. Starting, for I had been lost in thought, I bowed, and taking from her hand a piece of soiled and crumpled paper, apparently torn from some book, and folded into the shape of a note, I proceeded to open and read it. Its first sentence struck me dumb. I gave it word for word.

—Street Prison.

Dear —,

I know not how to write to you. My brain is on fire. I feel as in a fever. The last two hours have nearly drove me mad—but why delay? I am arrested, and—good God!—on a charge of murder—and that too of the murder of my bride's guardian, Mr. Wilson. Perhaps you will have seen an account of it in the papers before you get this, and, like all the rest, may believe the tale; but oh! as you remember our school-boy days, as you value truth and honor, and justice, as you would not break my young wife's heart, do not give credit to the falsehood!

Come to me. I know not what to do. I am in prison, and ironed. Who can I trust? Even this I have procured with difficulty, and my sweet wife is the only messenger I can rely on. I have no right, I know, to claim your aid except the memory of former friendship and of happy days spent together, but in the name of that do not desert me!

H. DUVAL.

The manuscript was hurriedly and incoherently scrawled, but at the first glance I recognized the handwriting of my old schoolmate, and instantly the truth flashed upon me. *His* was the name known to me in the catastrophe of which I had just been reading. And could he be guilty? I would not believe it. I had known him intimately for years; and never had there been a nobler heart. True, we had not met for years, and all correspondence had for a season died away, but I felt such a confidence in his rectitude, that I could not but think him the victim of either perjury or mistake. All this flashed through my mind like lightning, and uttering a hasty ejaculation as I finished the note, I looked up, and became sensible that his wife—for that sweet creature was indeed she—had been, as I read each word, anxiously perusing my countenance, with that intensity, which a consciousness that life and death depended perhaps on my determination only can produce.

"Can anything be done?" she eagerly asked,

losing all diffidence in her engrossing anxiety for her husband. "Oh, Mr. ———, you will not desert us. You know that he is incapable of the deed, that he is too noble, too good for it; but yet, what can be done? I am but a poor, weak woman," she continued, while the tears, despite her efforts, streamed down her face, "and can do nothing. They will perhaps imprison him—they cannot do more. Oh! can they? But no time is to be lost," she said, rising, "for they are to re-examine him this morning, and I was so afraid I should miss you, that I have been walking up and down the street this hour, waiting for you to open your office. You will pardon my earnestness," she continued, looking touchingly at me, while her eyes were suffused with tears, "but I am his wife."

I was deeply affected. I was yet a young man, and my heart was not then, nor ever has been seared to misery. The perilous situation of an old, and I had no doubt of an innocent friend, was enough to rouse all my faculties in his favor; but when to this was added the eloquence of his almost heart-broken wife, I felt as if I could have gone to the world's end, to restore him to freedom and her to happiness.

I hastened to assure her that every faculty I was possessed of should be exerted in behalf of my friend, and not doubting that the charge was exaggerated, comforted her by an assurance of his speedy enlargement. "Indeed," I continued, seeing that her feelings still overpowered her, "indeed, there is no room for fear. The charge will, I trust, be easily disproved. To-night will see your husband free. But now let us hasten to his aid," and calling a coach, I ordered it to drive to the prison.

Never shall I forget the sad yet grateful smile, with which that angelic woman, thanked me for my promptness. It seemed as if her whole soul was wrapped up in her husband, and as if every moment of suspense or delay was to her worse than death. I would have put her down at her lodgings, but she could not be persuaded to desert him to whom her vows were plighted. What is there in this world like the constancy of woman?

The meeting between my old schoolmate and myself was one of interest to both. As I pressed his hand, a crowd of former memories rushed across my soul. For a moment we forgot all but the past. But then came the terrible consciousness of the present, of the ignominy of Duval's situation, and the perils that threatened to break his poor wife's heart. One brief word, one hasty assurance of my friendship, and of my confidence in his innocence was all that the time permitted us. He said nothing, for the jailer entered to conduct him before the committing

magistrate—but I could see that he turned his head aside to brush away a tear, and hear, as he pressed my hand, the fervent ejaculation, "thank God!" I would not have given that one moment for the richest hour ambition ever had.

With much difficulty his wife was persuaded not to accompany us to the police office, where a re-examination was to be given to the prisoner before his final commitment to answer before his fellow men for the awful crime of murder. As it is necessary for the unity of my story, I will premise the circumstances of his marriage as I subsequently learned them, both from his own lips, and during the course of the examination.

In the village of ———, though celebrated for its female beauty, there was no one to rival Mary Symmes, the ward of the wealthy Mr. Wilson. Even when I first beheld her, and when sorrow had made sad havoc with her countenance, she was still eminently handsome; and sure a more exquisite expression I never saw in any human face. She was an orphan. Her father dying left her under the care of his friend, bequeathing her a large fortune, with the not unusual provision that she should not marry without the consent of her guardian. Beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress, she had no sooner entered society, than her hand became the prize for which wealth and family contended. But to all her suitors she was indifferent. They amused her leisure, but they touched not her heart. Conscious of feelings not accorded to every one, she longed for some kindred spirit who might love with an intensity equal to her own. From the crowd she turned away, wearied with their selfish and empty protestations. She longed to be loved not for her fortune, but for herself; and when, at last, she met Henry Duval, and listened to his high and lofty aspirations, she felt, before they had known each other a month, that her destiny was woven with his. And he loved her in return, ay! loved her with an intensity of which only exalted natures are capable. Little did they think, in the guilelessness of first affection, that woe, and sorrow, and misery should yet fill their cup to the brim. But the web of fate was already woven.

Henry Duval, was indeed, a being to be loved. Frank, generous, and confiding; with a fine person and noble air; possessed of talents as brilliant as they were varied; with a mind disciplined by study and enlarged by travel, the fascination of his conversation and the openness of his heart, fixed the admiration which his address was calculated to excite. Is it to be wondered that Mary Symmes reciprocated his affection? It never occurred to her that his poverty was in her guardian's eyes; an insuperable bar to their union; and when Mr. Wilson, at last aware of the danger

of further intimacy between his ward and Henry Duval, forbade the latter his house, the beautiful heiress for the first time woke to the consciousness of her situation. She knew her father's will, and that she would be penniless if she married without her guardian's consent. But it was too late. Their troth was plighted to each other, and shortly afterward they were married.

For the first time that lovely girl disobeyed her guardian. But she was happy. In the presence of him she loved she could forget fortune, friends, flatterers and all. She trusted too that her guardian would relent. Poor thing! how she deceived herself. Her letters were returned unopened, and she herself spurned from his presence. Their future history was that of hundreds before and since. Poverty began to lower around them. The utmost exertions of her husband, opposed as he secretly was by the influence of her guardian, scarcely sufficed to win the necessities much less those superfluities of life which habit had made invaluable. As a last resort he removed to the city; but his pride forbade him to seek his old acquaintances. At this time it was that our correspondence ceased, and I lost all knowledge of him. Here too he fell sick. Want began already to haunt his lowly dwelling, and to strip it of its last few comforts. Yet in that dreadful winter his lovely wife was as an angel from heaven. Friendless and alone; almost without means or sympathy; deserted by all who had formerly crowded around her, she maintained themselves for four weary months on the profits of her mother's long cherished jewelry, watching day and night, through cold and sickness, over the fevered bed of her husband.

At last he recovered; but it was only to shudder at the prospect before him. He was yet too weak to earn a sustenance, and his pride revolted at applying to strangers for relief. He saw his wife grow paler and paler, yet without a murmur or a tear; he felt that she had watched over his illness till death had almost made her his own, and as he strained her wildly to his bosom, he resolved to make one last effort to move her guardian, even at the price of leaving her forever. But he kept his intention secret from her. He made a pretence one day that he had been summoned on an offer of business to the country, and stealing from her hastened to —, where by accident he met Mr. Wilson just as he reached the village. But the guardian was pitiless. Stung by his injustice the young man with an anguished heart, left him at the entrance of a wood which skirted the town, and, almost mad with his gloomy prospects, set out that very night for the city. To his astonishment, in a few days,

the officers of justice arrested him for the murder of his wronger. Mr. Wilson had not been seen since their interview, a dead body supposed to be his had been found in the wood, and every circumstance pointed suspicion at my innocent friend. It was in the first moment of surprise and horror that he penned the incoherent epistle which his sweet wife had brought to me.

We were now at the magistrate's office. After much pompous and well feigned concern for my client, the justice proceeded to hear the evidence against the prisoner. It was terribly strong. The interview, the altercation, the place where Mr. Wilson was last seen, as well as the finding of the body, and the singular concurring departure of Duval, were all incontestibly proved. The prisoner, however, admitted at once everything up to their parting at the wood. There was a frankness about him which predisposed all in his favor, but few who were strangers to his character could resist the chain of presumptive testimony adduced against him. I saw that one by one the countenances of the spectators grew more expressive of his guilt, and my heart died within me as I beheld it. I cross-examined every witness, searchingly and siftingly—but in vain. All I could elicit favorable to my client was a want of certainty in one or two witnesses as to the identity of the body, and the seemingly valueless information that Mr. Wilson had left home on horseback, to proceed some miles down the bay, and that on that very day several hours later, the British forces under Cochrane, had landed and burned the village. The magistrate commended my zeal, but smiled when I dwelt upon the possibility of Mr. Wilson being still alive and a prisoner with the enemy. I saw that all was over. Duval was fully committed.

When I broke the news to his poor wife and she fell senseless to the floor, I thought that her eyes were never again to open upon the woes of life. But it was not thus to be. She recovered, and many a day of suspense and agony crept by, while her cheek paled and her eye grew dim, for her heart was slowly breaking.

Time passed on. I never for a moment doubted my friend's innocence, but there was a mystery connected with the transaction I in vain endeavored to unravel. The story of Duval I believed implicitly, but how could it be substantiated? I called in the aid of the most eminent criminal lawyer at that time at the bar, and we labored, though in vain, till the day of the trial to account for the disappearance of Mr. Wilson. My colleague was baffled for once. I know not, but it seemed to me at times, as if even he doubted the innocence of Duval. The horizon grew darker as days rolled by. Yet, never for a moment,

from the first hour I met him, did my client lose the calm, self-collectedness of his manner. He felt that man had left him, that his name was everywhere loaded with suspicion and shame, and that unjustly and wantonly he was outlawed from the human race; yet with the proud loftiness of his character, wrapping himself up in the consciousness of innocence, he sat down prepared for either fortune. His fate was before him, dark and ignominious perhaps, but to be borne without repining. At times, however, when gazing on the pale face of his wife, he would turn his head away to hide a momentary tear. He met obloquy and danger with defying scorn, but his stern soul melted before a woman's uncomplaining tears. Yet, though he strove to hide it, anguish was eating out his heart. Like Prometheus tied to the rock, the undying vulture was preying on his vitals.

I remember one night in particular. His lovely wife was absent after much solicitation, for an hour's ride with one of my female friends. The chamber was of stone, gloomy, damp, uncomfortable, and lighted by a narrow grated window, through which the rays of the setting sun calmly stole, falling on the cold pavement, and playing uneasily on the wall as if they felt a dungeon was no spot for them. Duval had been pacing up and down the room with rapid strides, conversing upon the progress of our enquiries, and ever and anon pausing a moment to cast a glance over the prospect of hill, and wood, and stream, that flooded in a summer sunset, opened away through the narrow casement. As the cool breeze wanted over his brow, playfully lifting the dark curls from his forehead, it seemed as if by some mysterious association the memory of other and of brighter days came stealing over his soul. For some moments he paused by the window silent and absorbed. The hour and the memories of childhood softened him, and for the first time the whole current of his feelings found vent.

"Well, it is a mockery, this justice," he exclaimed bitterly, "after all. A chain of fortuitous circumstances will happen, and where are we? Little did I think when I first entered life, buoyant with hope and burning for distinction, that my sun should set in a felon's death. I know what you would say," continued he, with startling energy, as I ventured to express a hope I scarcely felt, "but I cannot if I would, deceive myself as to the issue of the trial. I have no evidence—I can get none—even your efforts have failed—I am hunted down by a powerful and vindictive family—the net of a relentless fate is around me, and all I can do will be to submit calmly to the destiny I cannot avert. But I could bear it all were it not for Mary. It will break her

heart. Poor, poor thing!" he continued, softened almost to tears, "she little thought when she promised to be mine, that I should die a murderer's death. But let it come—what boots it how many hearts are crushed?"

I felt awed by the terrific energy of his manner, and for some time, as though a spell had been upon me, I could not speak. Hour after hour, for many a long day, his feelings, stung by injustice, had been goading one another in his bosom, and now found vent in this burst of mighty passion. At last I ventured to speak.

"You cannot, Duval, mistrust me," I said, "and I feel that you look at your cause too hopelessly. Your innocence will be maintained. God will never suffer the guilty to escape, and, believe me, another month will restore you to society, and that faithful wife to happiness and peace. It wrings my heart to see you thus. Do not, I beseech you, distrust an all-seeing Providence. He will yet rebuke your enemies, and maintain your innocence."

"I thank you," he answered, clasping my hand, "and I feel rebuked. For once I have been weak, but your's has been the first mortal eye to see it, and it shall be the last. Yet it is a terrible thing to feel that a few days will consign you either to a premature grave, or to a living death. I see you shake your head, but, again I say, though you deceive yourself you cannot deceive me. What room is there for hope? I am in the toils and must be the victim. But better death than imprisonment. Think you I could bear for years to be shut up in the dull walls of a prison, to see no sun rise or set, to hear no more the birds sing, never to listen to the sound of a human voice, cut off from friends, from character, and the world, until the eyes grow dim, the hair grows grey, and your very relatives forget you live. And then to know that your wife's heart is breaking, to hear that she has died, and not even to press a last kiss on her brow. Oh! my God," he continued, burying his face in his hands, while his frame shook convulsively with emotion, "that I should live to suffer this."

It is terrible to see a strong man struggling, like Laocoon, with the folds he cannot break. I could have spoken words of consolation, but he shook his head. I shall never forget the firm, rigid, expression of his countenance, as after a momentary pause he continued.

"But let us forget this scene. I have been a child; yet the struggle is over. Better men than I have rotted in prisons, and why should I complain. But Mary—poor,—poor,—poor Mary!—"

The day of the trial came at length. As a

matter of course it took place in the village of —, that being the county town; and such an excitement had perhaps never reigned in that vicinity. The history of the accused was well known, and men alternated beneath their wish for his acquittal and their doubts of his guilt. With a large portion, however—mostly relatives and intimates of the deceased—there was a firm persuasion of his criminality, and a determination, at every hazard, to convict him. Pity seemed to be dried up in their bosoms. The most able counsel of the bar had been engaged for the prosecution, and such an array of talent was never scarcely brought against a single man. All this contributed to deepen to an unusual degree the interest at all times attending a trial for murder; and long before the hour for the opening of the court the whole village was alive with persons hastening to the scene of the trial. From every lane and street, from every house and hovel they poured along, rich and poor, old and young, jostling and crowding each other until the ample room was filled, and hundreds of eager faces peered from the area, the bar, the bench, and looked down from the gallery above. Even the windows were blocked up by the multitude; and the court-yard without was overflowing with hundreds waiting to catch the slightest sound from within.

The prisoner entered with a firm step and undaunted look, and taking his seat in the bar bowed to the judge, ran his eye a moment proudly round the room, and then dropped it to the ground before the eager gaze of the thousands of spectators. His sweet wife had resisted every entreaty to be absent, and now sat by his side, clasping his hand, and gazing up into his face as the trial proceeded with that deep, trusting look, which seemed to say that if all the world deserted him, she, at least, would cling to him through woe, and shame, and mockery, ay! even to death itself. The aged judge upon the bench, who had known both her and her husband in better days, turned his head away, and did not disdain a tear. His feelings were with the prisoner; but he was sworn to try the accused according to the laws of God and man.

The trial began. The jury was empanelled, the indictment read, and the prisoner arraigned. He plead, "not guilty," put himself upon God and his country, and then the clerk, in the solemn response of the law, answered, "God send you a good deliverance!" There was a thrill of sympathy ran through the crowd, and hundreds of hearts echoed the pious wish.

The opening speech of the prosecutor's attorney now began, and nothing could have been more artful and effective. Not content with stating

the evidence against my client, he dwelt rhetorically upon the virtues of the deceased, the history of the prisoner's marriage, and the benefits likely to accrue to him from Mr. Wilson's murder. I saw Duval's eye flash an instant, but then all again was calm. The attorney took his seat and, from the altered countenances of the jury, I felt that the tide was turning against the accused. My heart failed me, for I knew that the evidence of the commonwealth was terribly strong, and that we had none or little to rebut it. Though I had spent some days in scouring the coast, enquiring if Mr. Wilson had been seen prosecuting his journey after the hour of the supposed murder, I had been wholly unsuccessful. My colleague shook his head, and, with a mournful look, unfolded his papers.

The testimony was the same as on the examination. The identity of the body was the first point to be proved, and though there was here some doubts expressed by one or two witnesses, most of them swore positively to the corpse as that of Mr. Wilson.

The prosecution then gave in evidence from an examination of the skull, that the blow was by a blunt instrument, fracturing that portion of the frame. The flight, as they called it, of the prisoner was proved, and various other minor facts, all, however, strengthening the suspicion against him. My heart died within me as they proceeded. At last the evidence was closed, and there was a mutual exchange of intelligence in the jury box, which went like an ice-bolt through my heart.

We followed, and opened our defence. Our evidence was slight, and only calculated to establish the former high character of the accused. We admitted there was much to create suspicion against him, but we dwelt upon the dangers of presumptive evidence, and appealed to the lofty sentiments, and unblemished honor which the prisoner had ever entertained. But why continue?

I well remember the impression my colleague made. Up to the moment of his rising to address the jury, we had hoped that some information, though tardy, might arrive, accounting for the absence of Mr. Wilson, or at least proving that he had been seen after the hour of the supposed murder—but when none came, and the order of the cause compelled him to proceed, he almost sank under the difficulties which threatened to overwhelm his cause. He knew that his own conviction of the prisoner's innocence would weigh nothing with the jury. At first he faltered, and was embarrassed. But he soon recovered himself, and launching boldly into his theme, maintained his brilliant reputation. He felt that it

was no uncommon cause, and that a tender, confiding heart, looked up to him as its preserver. All that his vast talents, all that his professional experience could do, was done. As he proceeded the interest became intense. He dwelt upon the spotless character of the accused, his behavior at and after the arrest, the contradictions and misstatements of the witnesses, the want of certainty as to the reality of the murder, and on the various topics which either could arouse pity, excite admiration for his client, or raise a doubt as to the identity of the body. In commenting upon the contradictions of the evidence he was unusually severe. As he warmed in his theme his voice grew louder, his eye kindled, his form dilated, his gestures became more impassioned, until finally he had fired his hearers with a portion of his own feelings, carrying them away before his impetuous eloquence. When, as he concluded, he pointed to the group in the bar, and in simple pathos, alluded to the eager interest with which that lovely wife watched every step of the trial; when he hinted at her hopes and fears alternating with almost every word; and when, by a sudden transition, he brought before the jury another and a higher bar, at which they would answer for their verdict, a thrill ran through the vast assembly, which was succeeded as he sat down by a pause of fearful suspense. Every one drew a long breath. The excited spectators were carried away with one universal desire for the prisoner's acquittal; while that prisoner's wife, silently pressed his hand, looking up into his face with a consciousness of triumph. Though her sweet eyes swam with tears, they were those of confidence and joy rather than of sorrow.

It is singular what a change a few moments, in the progress of a trial, will sometimes make in the feelings of the audience. Like the ocean, they are swayed ceaselessly to and fro, looking indifferently on, or with partial interest in the cause, and too often utterly regardless of the hearts that are breaking at the event. But it was not so in this. The calm, noble, self-collected bearing of the accused, and the gentle, yet touching looks of his lovely young wife, had awakened an interest in their favor, which made the hundreds of spectators catch eagerly at any ray of hope. But alas! it was not they who were the arbiters of the prisoner's fate.

The argument of the prosecution now began, and was a most masterly display. Carefully eulogizing the eloquence of my colleague till he had destroyed its power in the minds of the jury, he proceeded to narrate the evidence in detail, but so carefully connecting it with the former history of my client as to create the impression

that the deed arose not from malice but from a thirst for gold. He then boldly taunted us with our want of evidence, and the known exertions we had made to obtain it. In conclusion, after dwelling upon the character of the deceased, he recapitulated the testimony again, welding incident with incident, until the chain seemed perfectly irresistibly. All this time by an apparent candor, and a show of the greatest tenderness and liberality, he had been sapping the jury's sympathy for the defence. He sat down, and a murmur of impatience ran through the court. In short, as the trial approached its end the suspense seemed growing intolerable. The interest was intense. A few moments would decide the prisoner's fate forever.

The judge began his charge. It too was long talked of afterward for its eloquence. With a firm voice he laid the case before the jury, never suffering his sympathy for the prisoner to interfere with his impartiality as a judge, and while dwelling long and earnestly upon the character of the accused, giving to every word of the testimony its full and terrible weight. He admitted that there seemed a mystery about the prisoner's connexion with such a crime, but he did not think the discrepancies in the testimony of the witnesses more than natural, or that they failed to prove the identity of the body. "There can," he said in conclusion, "be no reasonable doubt that a murder was committed—and as little, on the testimony of three unimpeachable witnesses, that the body found was that of Mr. Wilson. With you, gentlemen, it remains to say, whether under all the circumstances, the prisoner at the bar is guilty of that murder—and in your deliberations remember his former character, and that he is entitled to every doubt that may arise. We have both a solemn duty to perform, in which a fellow creature's life is at stake. Mine is now done. I dismiss you to yours; and may God Almighty guide you aright."

He ceased. For a moment, after the faltering tones with which he finished had died away, there was a profound silence, and then came a low, smothered sob, as of a feeling of suspense too great to be supported. The prisoner's wife was fainting!

The jury retired. Few words were spoken by those who remained, for all felt it was no time for idle talk. Every eye was directed to the group in the bar. But the bearing of the prisoner was as unruffled as ever, and no sign betokened that like all around him, he felt the terrible suspense. Calmly, and self-collected he sat there, winding his arm around the slender form of his wife; while that wife burying her face in his bosom, waited breathlessly for the

word which was to restore him to life, or send her broken-hearted to the grave.

At last the officer announced that the verdict was made up, and the jury, following him with slow and solemn steps, entered the box.

It is always an eager moment when these arbiters of life and death appear, as the countenance of one or another of them generally betokens, in an exciting trial, the result of their deliberations. But in vain did I scan them now. Save a solemn, awful responsibility depicted on the face, there was nothing either of hope or fear.

As the prisoner was ordered, according to the usual form, to stand up and look upon the jury, a convulsive quiver past across the face of his wife, and then, with breathless interest she gazed upon the event.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, in the usual formality, "is Henry Duval, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

The moment that follows this is of the most intense suspense. All the hopes and fears that the prisoner or his friends have cherished during a long and harrassing trial are then brought to a crisis, and the instant elapsing between the clerk's question and the answer of the foreman seems prolonged into an age. This feeling too pervades the spectators, and on the present occasion it had been wrought up to the highest pitch. A silence like death hung over the crowded room. The judge advancing from his seat, stood up just behind the clerk, and looked anxiously at the foreman. The officers of the court leaned forward breathlessly, while a thousand anxious faces, piled one above another, as they rose backward from the bar, looked eagerly down upon the silent jurymen. The prisoner alone betokened no anxiety; for save a slight and almost imperceptible quivering of the mouth, he was as calm and self-collected as ever. One arm rested on the chair, and the other wound around the trembling form of his wife. All this in a moment the eye took in; for years seemed crowded into seconds.

"Guilty," said the foreman, in a low, solemn tone, but which, so strained was the attention, was heard distinctly in the further corner of the apartment.

A wild, fearful shriek, rang through the crowded room, and then all was again as still as death. It was the prisoner's wife.

The judge hastily drew his hand across his eyes and said to the clerk in a husky voice.

"Poll them—every man!"

It is a merciful provision of the law which gives the prisoner a right of asking the jury individually

for their opinion. It thus secures him the benefit of any change of sentiment, and prevents all doubt. The right is not always exacted, but the judge in this case himself required it.

"John Fletcher," said the clerk, solemnly, "how say you, is the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

"Guilty," answered the forman, with terrible calmness.

And so they continued one by one, amid a thrilling silence, to give in their condemnation. Men's breath came thicker as they drew nearer and nearer to the end. The twelfth man was about to answer, when I cast a hurried look at my client. But though his features were rigidly set, not a muscle of his countenance betokened fear. His half dead wife gazed alternately at her husband's lofty look, and at the jurymen about to answer.

"George Holcombe," said the clerk, "how say you, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

The man paused an instant and cast a compassionate look at the prisoner, as if almost tempted to save him. His wife saw it, and gave a convulsive sob as if to speak, half rising from her seat, seemingly with the intention of supplicating the jurymen.

What might have ensued I know not, but at this moment, as if echoing her cry, a solitary voice was heard far off through the open windows, apparently from its faintness beyond the utmost verge of the crowd, shouting, "make way!"—and as the sound came rapidly nearer it was caught up by mouth and tongue, until a hundred voices rung it forth upon the air, and rising nearer and louder, and deepening as it rose, it swelled into a wild uproar from the thousands without, that roared and echoed round the building like a roll of continuous thunder.

Every man started to his feet. The jurymen looked in wonder at one another and the judge. The judge in mute astonishment, ran his keen eye over the crowd toward the entrance, where the uproar seemed concentrating—while the attorney-general grasping the rails of his box, gazed up at the bench and toward the tumultuous entrance in silent wonder. The prisoner himself started, as if he had been shot, and then fixed his proud, lofty eye upon the doorway, still shielding his wife, whose color went and came like the shadows of a summer landscape.

The uproar deepened. The thousands without seemed swayed by some tempest of sudden passion; but amid their loud cries and wild shouts it was impossible for a time to distinguish anything. All was suspense. Then that clear, giant voice

was heard ringing out again over all the thunder of the crowd, "make way—make way—make way!" and directly the dense masses in the doorway swayed to and fro, as if some one was struggling ineffectually to enter. The next instant the form of a man was seen elevated on the shoulders of the mob, it was borne through the entrance, it shot to the bar, and there, not two feet from the prisoner, in full life and health, *stood James Wilson, the very man for whose murder my client was arraigned.*

What a moment followed! Suddenly the uproar ceased, and men gazed in awe and wonder at the new-comer, as if he was a spectre from the dead; while the prisoner, who had remained unmoved till now, placed his hand on the intruder's arm, gazed a moment wildly into his face, and gasping, "thank God!" fell back trembling like a child into the arms of my colleague.

That silence lasted but a minute. Hundreds simultaneously recognized Wilson, and losing all thought of the place, broke into a shout of triumph. A whirlwind of passion swept through the room. From bar and jury box, area and gallery, men started up in frantic joy, and while even grey haired sires waved their arms on high, a roar of tumultuous applause arose, which shook the old building like an earthquake, and caught up by the thousands without, rolled from voice to voice, and crowd to crowd, until the very welkin trembled again. Never shall I forget it. All command of the faculties seemed lost, and a sympathetic excitement, shot like wild fire from breast to breast.

It was some minutes before the uproar was checked. Judge, bar, clerk and all, though used to such scenes, were moved to tears, and when the attorney-general rose, his voice trembled so that he could scarcely speak.

But why dwell on the picture. As the verdict had not yet been given in, and as fifty men could testify to the person of the new-comer, the formalities of proof were soon despatched, and the prisoner acquitted. The transition was too great for his wife. She was carried from the court room in a fainting fit, to the house of the judge, and for a long time her life was despaired of. But she recovered, and a lovelier being never smiled upon prosperity. From thenceforth, thank God! sorrow was a stranger to her bosom.

Mr. Wilson's tale was short and soon told. After parting with Duval he had proceeded on his journey, fallen in with a marauding party of British seamen, been wounded, taken prisoner, carried off on board the fleet, and thus, for months, cut off from all communication with his countrymen. He had once or twice forwarded the intelligence of his capture to his friends but

the casualties of war had prevented its receipt. At last he was exchanged—but what was his horror on reaching New York, to see a notice of the intended trial of his ward's husband for his own murder. In an instant the whole current of his feelings was changed. But a few days were left to the trial, and starting that hour, he rode express day and night, and arrived just in time to save my client from an ignominious conviction. The feelings of all may be better imagined than described.

The frankness with which Mr. Wilson begged that all old memories might be forgotten, did more to subdue Duval than months of shame, anguish, and imprisonment. But we drop the curtain. Suffice it to say, that his angelic wife came into instant possession of her fortune, and that he whom she loved so devoutly, has since by his talents, made his name ring through more than one state of our union. If ever this meets his eye, I know he will pardon the friendship which, under feigned names, has striven in this sketch, to do honor to his own fortitude and his wife's affection.

THE SONG OF THE CHIPPEWA MAIDEN.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

TAKE back the wreath you twined me,
It hath no charm within it now;
No spells are left to bind me
Of all that lit its earlier glow,
While thou wert mine it flourished,
The leaves were fresh, the petals bright,
You've left me, and it perished;
And leaf and flower lost all their light!

My tears have bathed it nightly,
'Tis thou hast caused those tears to fall;
And sighs have swept, not lightly,
Yet not one hue could they recall.

No malisons upon thee
I breathe, if eyes more bright than mine,
If softer tones have won thee
To bend before a fairer shrine.

Then take the wreath you gave me,
When every vow so fondly breathed
Was whispered to enslave me,
Oh! take the idle flowers you wreathed.
Yet no! still let me keep them
In lovely memory of the past,
Still midnight tears shall steep them,
And sighs around their blight be cast.

They'll teach me, by their fading,
Love only wears the light of spring;
And wintry storms o'ershading,
Dim all the splendors of his wing.
I'll keep them, even in token
Of their soft light and gentle breath;
Then though thy faith be broken,
Oh! leave to me this withered wreath.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

BY J. H. NEWTON, M. D.

No subject is of more importance than education; yet few are so little understood. If a child is put to school at an early age, if care is taken to provide the best teachers, and if attention at home is paid to the manners and morals, all is considered to be done that duty requires. Parents appear not to know that good health and a vigorous constitution are more valuable even than a well trained intellect and mind richly stored. They seem to forget that there is a physical, as well as a mental culture to be attended to, and that the happiness of the child depends quite as much on the former as on the latter; for no matter how accomplished the mind may be, there is never real enjoyment where the body is sickly and weak.

The neglect of physical education is most observable in the training of females. Boys possess such a passion for violent plays that they generally obtain sufficient exercise. Girls, on the contrary, are from childhood too much confined within doors; and even their amusements partake of a sedentary character. A boy's fondness for his hoop, and a girl's delight with a doll are forcible illustrations of the difference in the two sexes in this respect. But while the boy educates his physical powers, notwithstanding the neglect of his parents, the girl grows up without proper daily exercise, and, in consequence, as a woman is weak, nervous, and sickly looking.

We cannot do a better service to our fair countrywomen than by discussing in the pages of this widely popular magazine, so important a subject. Our remarks will be quite as applicable to adults as to children. It is our deliberate conviction, from a long and intimate examination, that this neglect of the physical education of females weakens the health, injures the beauty, and is a fertile source of insanity and nervous disorders generally.

Children are put to school too young. Their first years—up to the ages of seven or ten—should be devoted to laying the foundation of a strong constitution. Constant application to study, such as is required in many infant schools, saps the health by diverting to the brain the nourishment which should go to the muscles; for every parent knows, or ought to know, that study exercises just as much wear and tear on the brain, as manual labor does on the muscles, and that the one grows strong at the others expense. Children who are prodigies generally have large brains, are weakly in consequence, and very often subject to convulsions. In such cases care should be taken to tax the brain as

little as possible, and to present every inducement to the child to take exercise. Nothing has ever been lost by keeping a child away from its books during the few earlier years of its life. We know a little girl who showed great precociousness when very young: we advised that she should be left to her plays until she was seven; our opinion was taken; and in consequence she now possesses a vigorous constitution, and, although but eleven, has outstripped all her companions of the same age at school. Cobbett says children ought not to be taught the alphabet until ten. Chancellor Kent, who is now over eighty, began to study at fourteen—the former part of his life having been spent in healthy out-of-door exercise, such as fishing, leaping and running. He has possessed in consequence ever since a vigorous intellect and almost unbroken health. Instances might be multiplied to show that nothing is gained, even in mental cultivation, by devoting the earlier years of childhood to play instead of study; while examples are numerous to prove that confirmed bad health is very often the result of too severe application to books on the part of children. It is shameful that in some schools, little girls are kept at their desks for six or eight hours a day. A late writer, Broussais, says forcibly. "We rarely see these prodigies of intellectual education prospering. If encephalitis does not carry them off, they infallibly perish with gastritis or scrofula. Or they are seen to decay and die, in the prime of life, if they are not destroyed, in spite of all the efforts of the art, by the first violent inflammation that attacks them." Macnish says. "When the body is growing rapidly, there is a great draft of nervous energy made upon the brain to effect the growth. If, therefore, the brain is worked much at this time, a deficient supply of such energy is sent to the frame, and, as a natural consequence, the process of growth is checked." Tissot remarks, "the course to be adopted with children, for the first ten years of life, is neither to press nor torment them; but by plays, exercise of the body, entire liberty well regulated, and good nourishment, to effect the salutary and progressive development of the physical, moral and intellectual faculties." And in another place he says, "infancy should be consecrated to those exercises which fortify the body, rather than to mental application which enfeebles and destroys it." These remarks are particularly applicable to females, who, as being more nervous naturally than men, are more liable to suffer in health by intense study when children. Many of the sick-head aches among young girls may be traced to a too active brain, or one overtaxed by application.

The neglect of physical education is not less

injurious to personal appearance. Constant and free exercise in the open air gives grace to the figure and elasticity to the movements. The attitudes of children are noted for their elegance. Captain Cook speaks particularly of the graceful walk and beautiful persons of the women of Otaheite, and of the other tropical islands where they were accustomed to living almost constantly out of doors. Even to this day the Irish peasantry, who spend much of their time in the open air, are remarkable for well-proportioned figures. The Italian women, especially those around Rome, are distinguished for beauty, chiefly the result of their mode of life. Health is, indeed, indispensable to loveliness; and a want of proper exercise in youth and afterward is a prominent reason why the American women fade so much sooner than the English. Mental culture is of great service in heightening the mere physical beauty of the face, but without health enduring loveliness is impossible, and even an intellectual expression fails to redeem a countenance worn thin by sickness. High animal spirits have a powerful effect in producing beauty of face, and these disappear with disease. Females, whose physical education has been attended to in youth, retain their charms much longer than those who have been neglected in childhood. English ladies of rank are proverbial for their fine persons and for wearing well; and, perhaps, no race of men or women is so well educated physically as the members of the English nobility. It is not altogether the climate to which a British female is indebted for her beauty.

But to turn to the effect which neglect of exercise produces on the young girl. Many of the nervous disorders prevalent may be attributed to this cause. The celebrated Hufeland says, "intellectual effort in the first years of life is injurious. We ought not to think of attempting this while nature is wholly occupied with the development of organs, and has need of all the vigor of the system to effect this object. The nervous system thus acquires a predominance over all others, which it preserves for the remainder of life, producing innumerable nervous complaints, melancholy, hypochondria, &c. &c." In later life the same effect may be produced by late or irregular hours, by devoting the mind too much to exciting fictions, by love, or by any other agitating cause. In our own observation we have known large numbers of interesting females whose health was injured by this neglect on the part of their parents while young, and subsequently by their own ignorance or folly in not counteracting, by proper exercise, the effects produced by late parties or otherwise. A subject so important deserves the serious consideration of every woman.

There is no doubt that civilization, while it has lengthened the term of life in the abstract (the annual mortality a century ago being one in twenty, whereas it is now only one in forty) has tended to increase the frequency of nervous diseases, such as apoplexy, palsy, &c. Dyspepsia is also more common. This is attributable to the neglect of proper exercise, the tormenting cares of business, and the late and irregular hours of modern life. Females suffer most from the first and last of these causes. Diseases of the heart frequently arise in the same way. Consumption may often be traced to a like cause. Indeed nearly every disorder of civilized life may be laid at the door of a defective physical education. Let the nervous system once obtain the ascendancy, and the least indiscretion will bring on sickness, and perhaps premature death. Nothing but a rigid attention to exercise, and a proper avoidance of all morbid influences can preserve the health or the beauty.

Insanity is another result. We have read, while preparing this paper, an account of a young Spaniard in the city of New York, who, during a fit of mental aberration, cast himself headlong from the house-top and perished. His melancholy story will be instructive to relate. He was the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in Havana, and from childhood had been accustomed to the lounging inaction of that warm and seductive climate. His person was slender, but elegant; his nervous system, naturally delicate, became more so from his mode of life. An attachment which he formed was opposed by his father, who had other views for him. The young man was at length banished from his parent's house and sent into honorable exile at New York until he should consent to meet his father's wishes. With a heavy heart he reached this country; but for a while the novelty of the scenes relieved his mind. This could not last long. He soon pined for his native land, and for the presence of her he loved. He wrote to his father entreating to return. For weeks before the answer came he alternated between despondency and hope. At length he received a reply. It forbade him to think of a reconciliation at home until he should consent to the hated marriage. The blow was too much for his delicate nervous organization. Despondency, unrelieved by hope, darkened into madness. In a fit of delirium he clambered through the dormer window, got on the edge of the roof, and in presence of a large crowd, joined his hands over his head like one about to dive, and plunged downward.

We could not cite a more forcible illustration. Had this hapless young man possessed a different organization—had the nervous system not

preponderated, he would, instead of sinking into despair, have risen superior to his misfortunes. But unaccustomed to relying on himself, brought up from childhood in luxury, the deprivation of his father's wealth and the loss of his father's kindness, working on a defective organization, destroyed the equipoise of his mind. We have not the means of determining whether the ascendancy of his nervous system was hereditary or arose from education: it probably was the result of both combined.

This subject is further elucidated by the fact that in the United States, where the intellect is more severely taxed from childhood than in any other civilized country, and where constant and proper exercise, which alone can counteract this labor of the brain, is comparatively little attended to, the number of insane persons is as two to one when compared with England. The same difference is perceptible in different sections of the country. In the rural districts of the west for instance the insane bear not more than half the proportion to the whole population that they do in the manufacturing districts of New England. In Scotland, too, where the people are of a meta-physical turn, the number of the insane is larger than in England. These facts show conclusively that wherever the nervous system is predominant there is a tendency to insanity; a startling consideration for parents, who, by neglecting the physical education of their children, increase the chances of this terrible disease. Adults, too, may profit by this lesson. Late hours, neglect of the practical duties, constant indulgence in high-wrought fictions, or other unnatural and sustained excitement, by increasing the relative influence of the nervous system, lays the foundation of a numerous train of disorders, of which consumption and insanity are among the foremost.

We would not be understood as opposing intellectual cultivation. On the contrary, nothing is further from our wish. But the improvement of the mind is not incompatible with the care of the body, and indeed the fancy is always brighter and the judgment more accurate in good health than in bad. Physical and intellectual education should go hand in hand; thus the body and mind would retain their relative positions; and the highest amount of temporal felicity be secured.

If these few remarks should awaken the attention of parents and of those as deeply interested in the subject, the fair and delicate daughters of my country, I shall consider myself amply repaid for the hours devoted to this paper. Could my lovely countrywomen know how much their health, beauty and happiness depend on physical education, they would no longer neglect a matter so important.

TO MRS. ———.

A LONELY mind—and wherefore art thou lonely
Amidst the world?—surrounded by thy kind,
Art thou the good, the pure, the gifted; only
A perfect gem, from the eternal mind.
As vain, as weak, eschew that dear delusion,
Think of the saints, the sages of old times,
Whose thoughts and actions raised them near the angels,
Far, far above thee; *weaver of weak rhymes*,
And think of those in later days, whose numbers
Have charmed the sense, or wrapt the soul in fire,
Whose hallow'd strains have woken a nation's slumbers,
The great and mighty masters of the lyre,
And those high souls, the noble, the devoted,
Who in all scenes, all ages, and all lands,
Have gathered firmly round their hearths and altars,
And bled, and perished, Freedom's gallant bands;
They too the meek, the humble, pure in spirit,
The martyrs at religion's holy shrine,
Who thought not every sacrifice could merit
That place in Heaven, so boldly claimed as thine,
Lay down thy pride, the sin that most besets thee,
Learn to be patient, gentle, humble, kind,
To do good offices, to love, and *hide not*,
And thou wilt then find *many* a kindred mind.
Doubt that thou art sublimed above thy nature,
Thy genius is not of that lofty strain,
Thou, a poor, sinful, weak and erring creature,
Darest thou, against thy Maker's laws complain?
Thy fellow mortals listen to thy wailings,
And turn disgusted from thy impious lay,
They hear indeed thy follies and thy failings,
And bid thee in repentance weep and pray. * *

TO GENERAL LAMAR.

BY MARIA E. KELLOG.

WARRIOR of the Southern land,
Listen to a maiden's strain;
Never may her trembling hand
Wake the minstrel chords again.
Deep within her bosom lie,
Fires to all the world concealed;
Feeling strong and passion wild,
Which may never be revealed.
Seek again thy fairy plains,
Land of sunshine and delight,
Where unfading beauty reigns,
And the stream of life is bright;
There amidst the scenes you love,
Blest with freedom bravely won,
Let a grateful nation twine
Laurels for her favorite son.
Daughters of the Lonely Star,
Brilliant as your own bright clime,
Singing to the light guitar
Sweeter strains than this of mine,
Welcome to his home once more,
Him who claims your songs again,
Gifted as Italia's bard,
"Hero of the sword and pen."

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. C. G. MORTON.

It was early in November of the year '34, that Clara and Alice Loveland were seated in the sumptuous parlor of their father, situated in a beautiful part of New York city. They had been silent for some time when Clara, the eldest of the sisters, said,

"Well, Alice, I have been thinking how I should spend my time after I am married."

"Indeed, Clara! Have you come to any conclusion about it?" inquired Alice.

"Well, in the first place, I must of course give a party, and then, I am informed, Mrs. Green and the other friends of mine are to give one each, which I shall attend, and by that time I shall be heartily sick of home, and as I have an aunt residing in Philadelphia, I've concluded to pay her a visit of a month, and then I will give cousin Clarence, who lives in Richmond, a call, and return home. By the time I have performed these acts it will be necessary to prepare for a visit to the Springs, where I shall spend the summer. Ah, what a dull, monotonous place this is to one of a lively turn of mind. If I were compelled to stay at home I should shortly become melancholy and fall into a decline. Why, in very deed I have marked out a fine parcel of business to transact. Come, sister Alice, why do you sit there so thoughtful? One would suppose, by your appearance, that you were engaged in reflecting upon some *grand* scheme, maturing some *noble* plan, upon the success of which depends your existence, or at least happiness."

"I am resolving some scheme in my mind, sister, which will materially affect my happiness, and probably through that of my existence. I have thought that home would not fail to wind around my heart tender chords which time could hardly sever, even when I gave myself into the keeping of another—chords which would cause it to vibrate to every fixed principle of life, every combined particle that goes to the formation of propriety. I have thought that the idle jest and sneer of the party, although they would for a moment dazzle, would fail to create such a lasting pleasure as could be obtained at home. I would say go rarely to parties, visit but few. Then those you visit will know that your happiness is not dependant upon their society—but that you rather can enjoy yourself at home, and visit them not so much to 'kill time' as for the purpose of giving them personal assurances of friendship and esteem. They will then love you, admire your principles, and be charmed by your society."

"But sister," said Clara, "permit me to inter-

rupt you. Am I to understand by what you say that parties are wholly a nuisance, calculated to chill the sympathies and weaken the affections of mankind? Do you believe they should be obliterated from good society—that they are at war with propriety and demeanor, dangerous to these by whom they are given, and those by whom they are attended?"

"You mistake, sister," said Alice. "I would not abandon social parties entirely, neither would I have them so frequently. But whether others give them or not I would neither attend nor give one, unless some fit occasion should present itself, and I would take particular care that such occasions should not occur too often, for it is my opinion that both sexes become oftener disgusted than pleased with each other at these great parties. For by mingling in society to so great an extent we are liable to lay open every weak feature, as well as every agreeable element in our character. And the majority of the community are more likely to view the picture upon the wrong side than otherwise. And why? Because when you exhibit any disagreeable faculty they, rather than undertake to balance it by something calculated to please, seek others similar to it, and thus in a short time make out for you an even worse character than you really possess."

"But why do you promise so much, and condemn the community before you are taught by experience that the opinions you hold are correct?"

"Because I am led by the undeniable occurrences of the past to judge of what is likely to take place in future."

"Indeed, but does not your experience thus far (though brief) already contradict the correctness of the position you hold?"

"No, sister. Far from contradicting, it confirms all I have said, and even though older than myself, you are undoubtedly supporting principles that are not correct—principles that will most assuredly interrupt your happiness and mar your future enjoyment."

"I am indeed older than yourself, and am I not, therefore, best capable of judging, and are not my decisions entitled to higher consideration than yours?"

"Why, I cannot perceive the reason of that opinion, for the oldest individuals are not always certain to judge correctly. And would you, I ask, follow an individual in his career who blindly dashed himself from a precipice, merely because that individual was older than yourself, and therefore *best* able to judge, and most likely to judge correct?"

"Most assuredly I would not follow in the wake of such an individual. But because some

are such hot-headed varlets and mad supporters of our scheme or opinions, would you in like manner denounce the opinions of all others as you would those they advocate."

"No, sister, I would not unless I supposed I discovered in the principles they advocated the elements of weakness and danger, and then I would unhesitatingly pronounce them incorrect and deleterious."

"Well, I cannot continue longer to argue the point, but wait until I am married, and you will then perceive what happiness consists in, and whether or no it can be enjoyed at home, and there alone."

"We will, sister," said Alice, and here the conversation ended.

And now let us pause for a while and contemplate the characters of the two persons whose conversation has just been concluded. Clara, the eldest and most presuming, was indeed what the fashionable world would term a *perfect* lady. Easy in her manners, and peculiarly lively in conversation, that is when the conversation turned upon a favorite topic which was nearly always the case when she visited, she was sought by nearly all who desired to have an agreeable party, for the reason that it was not complete without her. Though lively and cheerful in company, her interest was not calculated to last. It was the jest of the moment, and forgotten as soon as uttered. She could pretend to no very great beauty, though one could not by any means denominate her as very humble in appearance—she was not, therefore, calculated to enchain the attentions of the "self-styled" gentlemen of the commercial emporium, but was courted by those alone who were desirous of having a companion in life that possessed a merry and lively turn. From the number who paid their addresses to her she had selected Charles Hubbard, in every way a respectable and intelligent young man. Finding her ever willing to converse, he supposed her mind naturally inclined toward a love for knowledge, and from this assured himself that when he should join his fortunes to hers, a happier pair it would probably be difficult to find. She was ever fond of decorating her person in a gaudy and rather luxurious manner; but he regarded this as not in reality the choice of her mind, but rather assumed for the purpose of satisfying society of the fact that she was not penurious. But in his scrutiny of her character he had failed to discover that she possessed no settled purpose, but was continually flying from one thing to another. He had now paid his attentions to her for two years, and the day had been set for the celebration of their nuptials. Contrast the roving, ill at ease disposition of Clara with that of Alice, and what a vast

difference do we observe. She was thoughtful but lively, cheerful but modest, polite but not haughty, and generous without boasting. Her sister attended nearly every party that was given—she attended but few. The result was that Clara was considered as a mere equal, while she was treated as a superior. Wherever she went her visit was considered as a mark of respect shown by her to those upon whom she had called. When in company her conversation was interesting, at the same time that it was instructive. Her dress though plain, was sufficiently ostentatious to command attention, and even admiration. She loved home, she was enchanted with its scenes, and felt a delight scarcely to be conceived and not to be described, when after a short absence she returned to mingle in its concerns. She too had a suitor, who perceiving the true excellence of her character, sought her company and paid his addresses to her. And like her sister, the day for the consummation of their bliss had been appointed, and she was revolving in her mind every scheme by which home can be made happy and agreeable. James Hall was respectably and worthy of her in everything save one—he was addicted to gambling. However, this fact she knew nothing of, or she would most likely have sought and effected a reform in this practice, or a dismissal from her favor would have been the result of a refusal to accede to her desires. Thus we fairly have the two subjects of our tale before the reader. Watch well the course of events as they follow each other in rapid succession. Clara has a lover in whose character no fault can be found—she is old enough to judge between right and wrong, and can, therefore, if she be willing, either turn the tide of events in her favor or direct it against herself. Opposed to her are the principles of her sister, who has a suitor with a character blemished by one feature. She has boldly avowed her belief, and they soon will have the opportunity to put that belief and those principles to the trial. She is about to seal her destinies for life. But conscious of the rectitude of her course, the propriety of her conduct, and the justice of her principles, with a jealous sister to watch her progress, she stands up a "tower of strength," ready and willing, nay, even eager for the opportunity to put these principles she believes, and the opinions she entertains, to a severe and unchanging test.

We must now view the subjects of our tale in a new and interesting position. They have bound themselves to those with whom they are destined to make the journey of life. But two months from the time that we last spoke of them and they both were wives. United in the bands of wedlock to doating and affectionate husbands, to

whom the very earth upon which they walk was dear—to whom their least word seemed like the sweetest music. But we have to inform you, reader, that one husband was vastly deceived, while the other was highly delighted. The companion of Clara, soon after their marriage, discovered to his shame and mortification that his wife was much more happy at any other place than at home, and that she never was too happy anywhere. As she had determined, numerous parties followed her marriage, and when these were past and over, she was eager for visiting her aunt. Her husband remonstrated with her for being so much from home, and so soon after their wedding. He said they had purchased a beautiful dwelling and furnished it in the best style, and that everything was there which could afford to any *reasonable* mind comfort. But Clara was not to be so easily shaken in her purpose. Her long cherished desire must be gratified. He at last yielded to her entreaties, and they in due time started for Philadelphia, in which city they remained nearly two months, when they proceeded from thence to visit Clarence, her cousin in the capital of the "Old Dominion." Here another month was soon numbered with those that had been, at the expiration of which period they returned to their home. The time, according to Clara's estimate, had now arrived when it became necessary to commence preparations for a visit to the Springs. To this desire her husband readily gave his consent, as he was accustomed to going thither every summer. At last the day came and they went where a large share of the wealth, beauty and talent of the land are wont to congregate and spend the season. Again at home she was engaged in preparing for the return of winter parties. This was the course she pursued for the first year of her marriage, and which she seemed likely to continue during each consecutive year.

But we will leave her for the present, and proceed to look after the sister. How vastly different were the avocations of Alice. She married and immediately proceeded to her new residence: gave a party and there paused. She remained ready to receive the congratulations of her friends until the summer season arrived, when she spent a few weeks at Saratoga, and was then again presiding over the affairs of her household, exhibiting the most beautiful traits that adorn the path that woman walks, and exciting the admiration of all around. Here at home she found a pleasure in attending to what she deemed the imperative duty of married women. Far from being disappointed in her, her husband began to discover the existence of new gems, and the possession of new facul-

ties for pleasing the circle of his acquaintance, and cheering the scenes enacted at the domestic fireside. Many had predicted, prior to his marriage, that Alice would find her *peculiar* notions, as they termed them, unfit for the realities of married life, and that ere she had passed six months in her new situation, she would abandon her barbarous ideas and take to the real truths as held by them in regard to domestic duties and domestic happiness. But ere we have concluded our tale we shall see how near they came to the truth.

* * * * *

Time makes a change in every society. Some new opinions are promulgated and old maxims disregarded. What was considered the future becomes the present, and what is expected to result favorably often turns out in a contrary manner. The strength and weight of opinion becomes tested, and the fallacy of idle imaginings unquestionably elucidated.

Reader, we wish to take you a little distance on a walk for investigation. It is December, and we are compelled to draw our cloaks closely around us, in order to exclude all possible cold. The wind in fitful gusts sweeps by us as we pursue our ramble, and every now and then a half suppressed sigh escapes the heart-stricken victims of squalid poverty. But we will pass on and seek some particular spot, in which place we may pursue our researches. We are now in a narrow, dirty street in the city of New York, where filth and poverty seem to go hand in hand. Do you see yonder building, or rather the remains of what once was a building, with only here and there a pane of glass, and half a shutter only? Do you see that miserable stoop, to ascend which is but to endanger your limbs—that door, almost anything but a door? The dwelling looks as if it had been a stranger to the painter's brush for years. And altogether that house appears to be the abode of penury and extreme want. Well let us enter its portals. We are in a sick room: upon the bed lies a man on whom disease seems working its direst effects. He has the appearance of one who has not always been placed in such an indigent station. Examine the apartment in which he is. Here and there are parts of chairs, and a miserable smoky and tottering stove. Altogether have you ever observed a room worse tenanted by unsuitable furniture? Probably not. But has this been the portion of the man upon yonder couch, you enquire? Reader it has not. That young woman who sits beside his bed watching every moment for some change was once young and lovely, of high family and good fortune. He was the same. They married, she immediately sought happiness in every

other circle save that where it could most certainly be obtained, viz., the bosom of her own family. Her husband remonstrated, represented to her the expense, the risk of health, the danger of contracting unsettled habits in life; but she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, scorned the idea of expense, treated the thought of disease as if it were insane, and ridiculed the prospect of an unsettled ill at ease disposition. The result was he was forced to bear the expense, and her company not being likely to be enjoyed at home, was not so pleasant and agreeable as he had anticipated when he began to sail with her the ruffled ocean of life. He sought the gaming table, he immured himself in its folds, and soon enlisted his interest in the game. He lost his fortune, beggared himself and wife, and was forced to leave the sumptuous apartments of his mansion to be inhabited by others. They hired this miserable dwelling, and live here not knowing one day the result of the next day's concerns. And I tell you, reader, that the diseased man who has become sick from the exposure of himself in order to gain a livelihood, is Charles Hubbard, and the wretched female that sits beside his bed is the once admired Clara Loveland. But you have ere this suspected it. But why this beggary?—where is Alice? Where are Clara's parents? Yes, where is Alice? Clara having found out so disastrously the error of her belief, had been deterred by shame from making known to her sister her destitution. And her parents are dead. Her mother having passed from existence long ere Clara's marriage, and her father having about the time of her beggary died insolvent. Therefore they are free from these scenes, and unaware of her suffering.

But let us turn into another street. Here behold how neat everything is. It appears as if cleanliness had established here her throne. Look yonder, do you see that noble structure? Do you perceive how bright, how beautiful every portion of the exterior appears. Let us also enter here. We are conducted into a beautiful and sumptuously furnished apartment, through a neat and modestly fitted hall. See what a carpet—what a mirror—what a sofa, and how neat every article of furniture appears. A lady enters, it is Alice, once the bright and much loved Miss Loveland, now the sober, yet cheerful Mrs. Hall. We have conversed with her but a moment, and who is that neatly dressed man that enters, a modest smile playing across his face as if his heart was the very birth-place of happiness. She raises her eyes as he enters, and as they meet his they both involuntarily smile. Why this mark of peculiar affection? The answer is plain, he has been lured from the sin of gaming by the affectionate

manner in which she was wont to receive him. Home thus to him was enrobed in the drapery of happiness, and he gladly left the excitement of the board for the company of his wife, who thus unconsciously drew him from the whirlpool of destruction. We are seated, and all around seems buried in gladness. To an enquiry from us how she enjoys herself, hear her reply.

"How do I enjoy myself, you enquire? Why as well as heart could wish. I have a fond husband (ah, and James you need not laugh,) who will immediately supply my wants, because I always yield to him my opinion, and seldom ask when unnecessary. I have a lovely child, in whom I can trace the workings of a pure spirit. Humanity never enjoyed itself better than I do at present. My home is my temple—my husband and child my idols, and my fireside the abode of temporal bliss."

Do you see the contrast, reader, how striking and how delightful? This is domestic happiness. "But why, but go and visit her sister?" you ask. Because she does not know where to find her. But a notice has just appeared in the city papers. Read it.

"Died, this morning, Charles Hubbard, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. His funeral will be attended this afternoon from No. ——— street."

The above is a sad warning to the young. Beware of the enchantment of the gaming board. He was once rich and respectable, he is now poor and humble. Yes, reader, thus is the last sad epoch of his life passed. Let us attend the funeral. The assembly are seated, when lo! a carriage is seen dashing down the street, seemingly in the direction of this mournful abode. It is Alice and her husband. They have come to the funeral, and how red are her eyes. She is weeping—she enters the house, and the two sisters embrace. Tears of joy and sadness mingle together and brush away the shame of poverty and disgrace. The services have been performed, and the dead has been placed in his last resting-place, the tomb. The flower of hope that blossomed in the summer of life in Clara's bosom, though crushed by the storms of adversity, is again springing up in its dwelling place, nursed by the consoling words of an affectionate sister. She now resides with her sister, and is again moving in that society from which she was taken by her own mad career; but justice to her requires us to say that she has long since relinquished her false ideas.

Read, maidens, and reflect ere you are forced to acknowledge the superiority of domestic happiness, learned by the sad teachings of an unfortunate experience.

THE PASHA'S BRIDE.

BY JANE MYRA.

'Twas eve—and in the welkin blue, serene
In virgin beauty, rode high Heaven's queen
Clad in her silvery robe—while round her throne
In simpler guise, her gem-like pages shone.

Beneath a wide-spread gorgeous-lighted dome
In sunny land—the fairy spirit's home—
On downy damask couch of broidery rare,
Reclined with sylph-like grace a maiden fair:
The magic of a poet's dream was painted there!
Faultless her form, and lovely was her face,
But ne'er could artist's magic pencil trace—
The chiselled lip, whereon reposed such grace,
The eye that did the soul's deep music speak,
Or the soft curtain on the velvet cheek.

What means the coronet above that brow?
No life-blood starts into a living glow!
No throbbings stir that breast of breathing snow!
And why the bracelet wreathed around that arm?
No brilliant gems or pearls the fair one charm!
Say, why that robe of azure by her side?
'Tis for the sylph-like form of Hassan's bride!
The fair Armida, of his house the pride!

Wood'd by the mighty Pacha of her land—
She dares not disobey her sire's command,
But cold and passionless, accepts his hand!

This is Al Hassan's nuptial night, and this—
The consummation of his long-sought bliss.

Another hour—Armida's favorite maid
Would come, her tresses soft and dark to braid
Around her classic head—her snowy neck
To clasp with pearls—her airy form to deck
In that light robe—yet there she silent lay,
Seeming unconscious that her bridal day
Had dawned, or that her bridal day had set;
Save that her lashes were with dew-drops wet!

And now a smile is on her lip—'tis past—
'Twas all too bright—too Heavenly long to last!

Hark! to the notes by unseen minstrel played!
Sure, 'tis some spirit from its bright world strayed!
So sad the music borne along the gale,
It seems the echo of a seraph's wail!

The maiden breathes—again that smile flits by:
Again the light enkindles her dark eye:
She lists the strain that lingers on her ear—
Her bosom bears no sigh—her cheek no tear.
She knew those mystic chords, and faintly said,
"Henrich, I come," the sinless spirit fled—
Nor left a sign of presence with the dead!

AN ODE TO M——.

Oh! were I equal to the bold design,
Or could I boast the musers art divine,
So just a fancy should my numbers warm,
I'd paint in beauty every high-wrought charm,
In such sweet order would my verses place
To give them life and eloquence, and grace,
Each line should speak in bright and heavenly lays,
And echoing music would repeat thy praise. W. A. C.

A NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER I.

DAME Catharine, the old watchman's wife, threw open her little window at nine o'clock on New Year's eve, and put out her head into the open air. The snow was falling in still, heavy flakes, reddened by the light from the windows on the streets. She saw people hurrying to and fro, going to the shops to purchase New Year's gifts, or pouring in and out of the various inns and coffee-houses—or making for the dances and merry-making with which the New Year is generally welcomed. But when some large, cold snow-flakes fell on her nose, she drew her head back, closed the windows, and said to her husband—"Gottlieb, stay at home, and let Philip go out for you to-night. It snows very fast, and the cold, you know, will do your old bones no good. The streets will be alive the whole night. In every house there seems to be dancing and feasting: and I see several masks. Philip will not find it tedious."

Old Gottlieb nodded his head in token of approbation. "My barometer," he said, "the wound above my knee, has given me warning for two days past of a change of weather. It is but right that the son should lighten his father's work, since he is to succeed him."

It may here be mentioned that old Gottlieb had formerly been sergeant in a regiment, under the banner of his king; until at a storming of a hostile fort, the walls of which he was first to mount, he had been shot in the leg. The officer who commanded the assault, was promoted in consequence of its success, and received a reward of military honors; while the poor sergeant was fain to return home with his wounded leg. The place of school-master was given him, from sympathy with his misfortunes, for he had a good character, and wrote an excellent hand. In this situation he was afterward replaced by a younger man, not so well qualified; and Gottlieb was made watchman, with a reversion of the post to his son Philip, who meantime had learned the gardener's business.

They were very poor, but Catharine was an excellent housewife, and Gottlieb very economical, so that they managed to be content with a small pittance. Philip received only his food and lodging from the gardener for his services, but had presents occasionally made to him when he carried home flowers to the rich people. He was a handsome youth of six and twenty; and his

* From the German of Zschokke.

good looks doubtless often procured him gratuities from many fine ladies, which a lad of less prepossessing countenance would not have received.

Dame Catharine had already put on her cloak to go to the gardener's and call her son, when he entered the little apartment.

"Father," said Philip, while he gave a hand to each of his parents, "it snows, and the bad weather will do you no good. I will take the watch for you to-night; you can go to sleep."

"You are kind, my son," said old Gottlieb.

"And I have thought, to-morrow is New Year's," continued the young man, "and I can come and spend it with you. Mother, you have perhaps no joint in the larder; and——"

"True," answered the dame, "but we have the rest of that round of beef, with potatoes, and rice with laurel leaves; and for drink, a flask or two of beer. You must come, Philip! we shall dine very comfortably! Next week there will be the New Year's gifts for the watchmen, and we shall have our share. Then we will have fine times."

"I am glad of it for your sake, dear mother," said the young man. "But is the rent of the house paid yet?"

Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders.

Philip laid a roll of money on the table. "There are twenty-two dollars," said he, "that I have saved. I can very well spare them; take them as my New Year's present. So we shall all three enter on the new year free from debt or care. God grant that you may live through it in health and happiness! For everything further we must trust to Providence."

The mother's eyes filled with tears, and she kissed her son. Gottlieb said—"Philip, you are indeed the comfort and stay of our old age. God will reward you. Continue to be honest, and to love your parents; and the blessing will follow. I have nothing to give you for a New Year's gift—but my prayers that you may always keep your heart good and pure. Then you will be rich enough; for you will have heaven in your own breast."

The old man then went and wrote down the sum of twenty-two dollars in his large account book. "You have now, Philip," said he, "repaid me all I spent for you in your childhood. We have received from you three hundred and seventeen dollars, out of your savings."

"Three hundred and seventeen dollars!" cried Catharine in astonishment. Then, turning to her son, she said in a voice full of affection—"my dear boy, you grieve me. Yes—indeed—you give me pain. If you had saved and laid by that money for yourself—you might have bought a piece of land, set up as gardener for yourself,

and married Rose. Now, that is not to be thought of. But take comfort; we are old; you will not much longer have to support us."

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man, and he looked a little reproachful—"what are you talking about! Rose is indeed dear to me as my life. But I would give up a hundred Roses rather than forsake you and my father. Where could I find such parents?"

"You are right, Philip," said the old man, "love and marriage are no where commanded; but it is a *duty* to honor and maintain poor old parents. It is the true gratitude of a son to give up your own inclinations to your father and mother. God will bless you for it; he will make you rich in heart."

"If only," said the mother, "Rose would not find the time too long—or prove faithless at last! Rose is a pretty girl, that is certain; and will have no lack of lovers, poor as she is. She is good too, and understands housekeeping."

"Fear not, mother," answered Philip; "I am satisfied with Rose's solemn promise to marry no other man but myself. Her mother has no objection to me; and if it were in my power to support a wife, Rose would marry me to-morrow. I am only troubled that her mother will not allow us to meet as often as we wish. She says it can do no good; but Rose and I think differently, and find it does us both a great deal of good. And so we have agreed to meet to-night at twelve, before the great door of St. Gregory's church; for Rose is spending the New Year's eve at the house of one of her friends. Then I am to take her home."

In the midst of their conversation, the neighboring clock struck three quarters. Philip took his father's great coat from the warm corner where Catharine had carefully laid it, put it on, and taking the horn and staff, wished his parents good night, and betook himself to his post.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP stepped with a measured pace along the snow-covered streets, in which there were as many people walking as in the day. Carriages were driving in different directions, and the houses were all brilliantly lighted. Our watchman enjoyed the lively scene. He sang the hour and blew his horn in the appointed places at ten, and with right good heart, in front of the house near St. Gregory's church, where he knew Rose was with her friends. "Now she hears me," said he to himself. "Now she thinks upon me, and perhaps forgets the scene about her. She will not fail me at twelve, at the church door!" And as he went on his round, he frequently stopped before the house and looked up at the window.

His heart beat quicker when he saw female figures at the window; for he thought one of them might be Rose. Sometimes he observed the shadows on the wall or the window blind, to see if it was Rose's shadow, and what she was doing. It was no very pleasant occupation to stand thus making observations in the frost and snow. But what are frost and snow to a lover? And watchmen at this day are as romantic lovers as the most chivalrous knight of olden time that ever figured in romance or ballad.

He became sensible of the cold, however, when the clock struck eleven, and it was necessary to begin his round again. His teeth chattered. He could hardly sound his horn, or call the hour. He would gladly have gone into some tavern to warm himself.

As he went through a lonesome bye-street he met a strange figure. It was a man with a black half mask over his face, wrapped in a flame-colored silk mantle, with a fantastic looking hat on his head, turned up at one side and ornamented with several tall waving plumes.

Philip would have passed the mask, but he stepped in his way. "Hallo!" cried he, "you are a fine fellow! I like your looks! Tell me, where are you going?"

"I am going into Mary street to call the hour," answered Philip.

"Good," cried the mask. "I will go with you. Such things are not to be heard every day. Come along, my good fellow, and give us your music; but remember, I am a first rate judge. Can you sing a merry song?"

Philip saw that the mask was in a joking humor, and replied—"I can sing better with a cup of wine by me, and a warm fire, than in this freezing weather out of doors." He then went on his way to Mary street, where he sang and blew his horn.

"That's but a sorry performance," said the mask, who had accompanied him. "I can do better than that; give me the horn. You shall be wonder-struck at my music."

Philip yielded to his request, and they went on their round, the mask singing and sounding the horn. Three and four times this was repeated; the mask did not grow weary of his task, and talked of the delights of a watchman's life. Philip could not help laughing at his raptures and eloquent praises of his own performance. It was evident that his extreme hilarity was owing to an unusual potation of champagne.

"I'll tell you what, my jolly fellow," he said at last—"I should like to play watchman for an hour or two. I doubt if I shall ever come to such an honor in my life. Give me your cloak

and broad-brimmed hat, and take my domino. Go into an ale-house, and treat yourself at my expense. Afterward you can come back and give me my masking dress, and you shall have a couple of dollars for your reward. What say you?"

But Philip had no mind to comply with this proposal. The mask, however, would not be denied, and persisted till he was obliged to give up. They were now in a dark street, and Philip agreed to let the young stranger be deputy watchman for an hour. Then he was to come to the great door of St. Gregory's church, and give up the great coat, hat, horn and staff for his own gear. He named also to him the four streets in which he was to call the hour.

The exchange was soon completed; the mask put on the watchman's hat and coat, and took the horn and staff in his hand! Philip tied the mask on his face, put on the plumed hat ornamented with a buckle of brilliants, and threw over his shoulders the flame-colored silk mantle. His heart misgave him as he saw his substitute commence his walk, lest he might in his gaiety compromise the dignity of a watchman. He turned to him once more, saying—"I hope, sir, you will behave with propriety while you fill my place; else you may bring me into disgrace and lose me the situation."

"What do you mean, fellow?" cried the new deputy. "Do you think I do not know my business? I will take care of my behavior. Off with you, or I will lay this staff about your shoulders. But do not fail me at twelve, at St. Gregory's church! Begone, I say."

The new official walked on, and Philip went in another direction, where he intended to thaw himself in a neighboring tavern.

CHAPTER III.

He was passing the door of a palace, when he was stopped by a person in a mask, who had just alighted from a carriage. Philip stood still, and in a low, subdued voice asked what the person wanted with him.

"My gracious lord," replied the mask—"in your abstraction you have passed the door! Will not your royal highness—"

"What! royal highness?" interrupted Philip with a laugh. "I am no highness. How could you make such a blunder?"

The mask bowed with the deepest respect, and pointed to the diamond buckle in Philip's hat.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "if I trench on your disguise. But whatever dress you might assume, your noble figure and bearing would betray you. Be pleased to lead the way. May I ask if you will condescend to dance?"

"I—dance? • No!—you see I have boots on," answered Philip.

"Or will you play?" inquired the mask.

"Far less. I have no money with me," answered the assistant watchman.

"Heavens! my purse is at your service, and all I possess!" cried the other. With this he forced a full purse into Philip's hand.

"Do you know, then, who I am?" asked Philip, refusing the purse.

The mask made a profound bow, and whispered—"his royal highness, Prince Julian."

Just then Philip heard his substitute in an adjoining street calling the hour, very loudly, and recollected the exchange he had made. Prince Julian, well known in the capital for a wild, handsome, good-hearted young man, was the person with whom he had exchanged clothes. "Well," thought Philip, "as he plays the watchman so well, I will try to enact my part, and see if I cannot be the prince for half an hour without discrediting the character! It will be his fault if I make any blunder," so saying, he wrapped himself more closely in the silken mantle, took the offered purse, and said—"Mask, tell me who you are; I will return your money to-morrow."

"I am the chamberlain, Pilzon."

"Very well, go on before. I will follow you."

The chamberlain obeyed and ran up the marble steps, Philip following. They entered a spacious hall, illuminated with a thousand wax lights and chandeliers, whose light was reflected from magnificent mirrors along the wall. A confused multitude of masks were there in various disguises. Sultans, Tyrolese girls, harlequins, soldiers, Turks, knights in armory, nuns, enchanters, Greek divinities, nymphs, flower-girls, monks, Jews, and Medes and Persians, jostled each other. Philip was for a while dazzled and bewildered; he had never witnessed such a scene, nor so much splendor before. In the middle of the hall hundreds of dancers were floating in harmony with the gorgeous music. Philip, though the warmth of the room was grateful to him, was so much confused that he could only reply by nodding his head to various persons passing, who addressed him, some with an air of deep respect, others with familiarity.

"Will you go to the card-table?" whispered the chamberlain beside him, whom he saw in the light was dressed as a Brahmin.

"Let me first thaw myself," answered Philip; "just now I am in a frozen state."

"A glass of mulled wine?" enquired the Brahmin, and led him into a side room. The pretended prince did not object; and one glass was emptied after another. The wine was capital, and soon diffused a warmth through Philip's veins.

"How is it, Brahmin, that you do not dance to-night?" he asked of the chamberlain, as they went back into the hall.

The Brahmin sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "I have no heart now," he said, "for dancing, or play, or gaiety at all. The only one I cared to dance with was the Countess Bonau—I thought she loved me—and our families were willing! Think of my despair! she suddenly broke off with me!"

"Ha! this is the first I have heard of it," cried Philip.

"Is it possible, you have not heard of it? The whole city speaks of nothing else!" sighed the chamberlain. "A fortnight since she broke with me without a word of explanation. Three letters of mine she has sent back, unopened. She is an open enemy of the Baroness Reizenthal; and I promised to have no further acquaintance with her. But here is my misfortune: when the queen mother made the hunting party to Freudenwald, she appointed me to attend on the Baroness. What could I do? I could not refuse: I was obliged to go—and that on the birthday of the lovely Bonau. She heard of it—but she did not know my heart."

"Well, Brahmin, avail yourself of the season, all differences must be made up with the New Year. Is not the countess here?"

"Do you not see her yonder, at the left, the Carmelite, by the three black masks? She has taken off her mask. Oh, my prince! your gracious word in my behalf, world——"

Philip was inspired by the wine, and thought—here is a good deed to be done! He did not wait for the chamberlain to finish his sentence, but made directly for the Carmelite. The Countess Bonau, as he took his seat beside her, looked at him for some time coldly, though with a heightened color. She was a beautiful young creature; but Philip could not help thinking his own Rose a thousand times more beautiful.

"Countess—" he said, but stopped in some embarrassment when he met her clear, bright eye fixed upon him.

"Prince," said the countess, "you were somewhat too bold an hour since."

"Fair lady, I am for that reason the more quiet now."

"The better: for then I need not run away from you."

"Fair countess—permit me to ask but one question. Have you put on this nun's dress in order to do penance for your sins?"

"I have nothing to do penance for."

"Nay, countess, your cruelties—your injustice toward yonder unhappy Brahmin, who seems forsaken by all the world."

The beautiful Carmelite cast down her eyes and seemed a little uneasy.

"Do you know, fair countess, that in the Freudenwald affair the chamberlain is as innocent as I am!"

"As you, prince!" repeated the countess, contracting her brow; "what did you tell me not an hour ago?"

"You are right, dear countess, I was too bold. You yourself said so. Now I declare to you, the chamberlain was forced to go to Freudenwald by command of the queen mother, was forced to go against his will, and to be cavalier to the Baroness Reizenthal, whom he hates——"

"Whom he hates!" repeated the countess with a scornful laugh.

"Yes—he hates—he despises the baroness. Believe me, he has drawn much odium on himself for his neglect of her; he has not even treated her with ordinary respect, I know this; and also that he has done it all for your sake. He loves—he adores—you alone. And you—you repel him!"

"How comes it, prince, that you intercede so warmly for Pilzon? It was not so once."

"Because, countess, I did not know him before; I did not know the distress into which your cruelty has plunged him. I swear to you he is innocent. You have nothing to forgive in him, though he has much to forgive in you."

"Hush!" whispered the Carmelite, who looked not displeased at what she heard. "We are observed here; let us go away." She put on her mask, rose and took the arm of the pretended prince. They walked across the hall and went into a side apartment, which was empty. Here the countess gave vent to many bitter complaints against the chamberlain, but they were the complaints of jealous love. She wiped away some tears. The Brahmin, meanwhile, came timidly into the room. There was an embarrassed silence. Philip knew nothing better to do—so he led the chamberlain to the Carmelite, joined their hands, without saying a word, and leaving them to their explanations, returned into the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

He was stopped suddenly by a Mameluke. "I am glad to find you, Domino," said he. "Is the Rose girl in yonder room?" Without waiting for an answer, the Mameluke went thither, and returned a moment after. "A word with you, Domino!" he said, and led Philip to a recess by a window in the hall.

"What do you wish?" asked Philip.

"I conjure you," said the Mameluke, in a suppressed but agitated voice, "tell me, where is the Rose girl?"

"What is the Rose girl to me?"

"To me she is everything," cried the Mameluke, who was evidently agitated by a violent internal struggle. "She is my wife. Prince, I conjure you, drive me not to distraction! Think no more of my wife!"

"With all my heart," answered Philip drily.

"What have I to do with your wife?"

"Prince! prince!" exclaimed the Mameluke, "I am resolved what to do, even if it should cost me my life. You had better avoid me. I have discovered all. Here—look at this!—here is the note my false wife put into your hand. Before you had time to read it you dropped it in the crowd."

Philip took the paper. On it was written in pencil, in a female hand—"change your mask. Everybody knows you; my husband is watching you. He does not know me. If you obey me you shall be rewarded."

"Hem!" said Philip. "I assure you this was not written to me. I know nothing about your wife."

"Prince—you must not urge me to madness! Do you know who stands before you? I am the Marshal Blankenschwerd. Your pursuit of my wife is not unknown to me since the last rout at the palace."

"Marshal," answered Philip, "you must permit me to repeat—that you are blinded by jealousy. If you knew me well, you would never accuse me of such a piece of folly. I give you my word of honor, I will not trouble your wife."

"Are you in earnest, prince?"

"Perfectly so."

"Give me proof of this!"

"Certainly. What shall I do?"

"Till this time, I know, you have blinded her from going with me to her relations in Poland. Will you recommend it to her now?"

"With all my heart, if you wish it."

"I do—I do—your royal highness! You will prevent a great deal of misery."

For some time the Mameluke continued to talk on, now in a strain of entreaty—now of furious threatening, so that Philip began to be afraid he would lay violent hands on him. He made his escape from him as soon as possible. Scarce had he mixed again with the assembly when a female mask, in widow's weeds, touched him on the arm and whispered,

"Whither away, butterfly! Have you no sympathy for the disconsolate widow?"

Philip answered with much courtesy, "pretty widows have no lack of comforters. May I then add myself to the number!"

"Why are you so disobedient as not to change your mask?" asked the widow, while she led

him apart, where their conversation would not be observed.

"Do you think, prince, that you are not known by every one here?"

"The people," answered Philip, "are quite mistaken in me."

"No, indeed, they are not!" insisted the widow, "and if you do not change your dress this moment I shall avoid you for the rest of the evening. I do not want to give my husband an opportunity for a scene."

Philip knew now with whom he was speaking. "You were the lovely Rose girl," said he. "Are the roses so soon withered?"

"What is not perishable? Not man's constancy! I saw you going off with the Carmelite. Confess your faithlessness! You can no longer deceive me!"

"Hem," muttered Philip; "you had better not accuse me, or I will retort the accusation."

"Do it if you can, butterfly."

"For instance, you have no more faithful lover than the marshal."

"That is true, and I have done wrong—grievous wrong, to listen to you so long. I have reproached myself enough for it. But alas! he has discovered the flirtation between us."

"Since the last rout at the palace—fair widow!"

"Where you, faithless one, were so attentive and so unguarded."

"Let us make amends for all. Let us part. I esteem the marshal, and for my part, would not willingly give him pain."

The widow looked at him in speechless astonishment.

"If you have really," continued Philip, "any regard for me, you will go with your husband to your relations in Poland. It is better that we should not meet. A beautiful woman is beautiful; but a faithful and virtuous woman is still more beautiful."

"Prince!" cried the amazed widow, "are you in earnest? Have you ever loved me? or have I been deceived?"

"Nay," answered Philip, "I am a strange sort of tempter. I seek truth and virtue among women, and seldom find it. Only the true and virtuous can fetter me, so that I am fettered by none; stop! yes—I am the slave of *one*. But—fair lady! that one is—not you!"

"You are in a strange humor, prince," said the widow, and the trembling of her voice and her quick breathing betrayed perceptibly her inward agitation.

"No," said Philip, "I am as reasonable, I assure you, as it is possible to be. I wish only

to repair a mischief. I have promised it to your husband."

"How?" exclaimed the terrified widow, "you have told the marshal all?"

"Not all—only what I knew."

The widow wrung her hands in violent agitation. At length she asked—"where is my husband?"

Philip pointed to the Mameluke, who in a moment walked toward them.

"Prince!" said the widow in a tone of inexpressible rage—"I will never forgive you this! I never thought a gentleman—a man capable of such abominable behaviour! You are a traitor. My husband is a nobleman in Mameluke's dress, and you a barbarian in the disguise of a nobleman! In this world you see me no more!" With these words she turned proudly away from him, went up to the Mameluke, and was soon absorbed with him in earnest conversation.

Philip laughed to himself, and said, "my substitute, the watchman, will find I am repairing his misdoings; I am not so bad at the part of a prince. I only hope he will go on as well as I have begun."

He went up to the dancers, and saw with satisfaction the beautiful Carmelite at the side of the distressed Brahmin. As soon as the latter caught sight of the flame-colored mantle, he kissed his hand to him, and gave him to understand by signs that he was at the summit of felicity. Philip thought—"it is a pity I am not really a prince. The people would soon be delighted with me. There is nothing in the world easier than to be a prince. With a single word he can do more than the best lawyer with a long speech. He can speak freely, and go straight to the point. Yes! if I were a prince—my Rose would be—lost to me! No—I would not be a prince!"

He looked at the clock and saw it was half past eleven. The Mameluke came to him in haste, drew him aside and gave him a paper. "Prince," cried he, "I could fall at your feet and thank you for what you have done. I am reconciled to my wife. You have broken her heart; but it is for the best. We shall leave the city to-night, and travel to Poland, where we shall stay. Farewell! Whenever the time comes—I shall be ready to give my life in the service of your royal highness. My gratitude is eternal. Farewell! Farewell!"

"Stop," cried Philip, as the marshal turned away; "what am I to do with this paper?"

The marshal answered—"it is the amount I lost at hazard to your highness last week. I had forgotten it before; but must settle my debts before my departure." Saying this, the marshal disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

As we issue our fashions very early in March, and before the weather has altogether lost its inclemency, we shall principally confine ourselves to indoor costumes, appending, however, a few remarks on walking and carriage dresses for spring weather. The plate represents four *distingué* costumes for evening.

FIG. I.—A SOIRÉE DRESS of white tarlatane: the skirt made full and ornamented with three bunches of roses: pointed low corsage, the top part decorated with folds of muslin, and is attached in the centre with a bunch of roses, a bunch of the same on the extremity of the short sleeve: long white kid gloves; hair curled and trimmed with roses.

FIG. II.—FULL DRESS.—This costume is composed of pale blue satin; the skirt, which is ample in its width, being ornamented with a succession of rows of blue and silver gauze ribbon of different widths, gradually narrowing upward; plain low pointed corsage; the waist surrounded with a very narrow kind of vandyked frilling bound with silver ribbon; up the centre of the corsage is placed a fancy ornament of pearls, the upper part of the corsage having a row of silver forming a heading; the short sleeve is entirely formed of three double frillings put on moderately full; the top of the long white gloves surrounded with a narrow fulling of *tulle*. The hair is handsomely decorated with three twisted ostrich feathers, and a mixture of pearls amongst the plaits of hair; the front part arranged in ringlets confined with splendid silver-mounted front combs.

FIG. III.—EVENING DRESS of silk, striped yellow and white, the white stripe being figured over with small pink roses; the *jupe* of this costume is made open, so as to show an under front breadth of yellow satin, joined on to the skirt by means of a rich black lace, which is put on plain, and ornamented with *nœuds* of yellow satin ribbon. The corsage is made very low and pointed, *à triple couture*, the two front pieces being composed of yellow satin, similar to the front of the skirt, and richly embroidered the whole length in gold. *Mantille* of black lace, the front part descending as low as the point of the corsage, and reaching no further than the side seams, so as to render the whole of the centre part visible. Very short sleeves, and *manchettes* of black lace, raised or caught up with a *nœud* of yellow satin ribbon.

FIG. IV.—A BALL DRESS of rich white satin; the *jupe* splendidly ornamented with two broad flounces of *point d'Angleterre*, the upper volant being caught up on the left side with a splendid passion flower, beautifully shaded, the green leaves being of velvet; plain corsage, and very short sleeves, which are entirely concealed by a rich lace *berthe*, meeting in the centre at the top of the corsage, and confined with a flower similar to the one on the *jupe*. The hair simply arranged with half-wreaths of pale pink shaded roses, the green leaves which are attached being very small, and forming in a kind of point on the top of the head, where they are attached together.

CAPOTES.—These vary little in form, the change being so far in material. We observe that those made of satin are much in favor trimmed with velvet,

particularly morning ones; when they are made in light colors no other trimming is used but ribbons; for a *demi-toilette*, *velours épinglé* is the material preferred, both in white, sky blue and pink; these are decorated with bouquets of small feathers *posée* upon the sides, or marabouts of the same color as the material, edged with white. Another very becoming style of morning capote are those which are made in pale fawn color *velours épinglé*, lined with pale pink satin, and decorated with *nœuds* of pink ribbon in the interior, and slender leaves of the same material as the exterior falls of over each side of the crown, attached in the centre, and on the top of the crown with a knot of the same. We have seen a very pretty capote of fancy straw, lined with pink silk, and decorated with a *oiseau de paradis*; feather and *nœuds* of shaded straw colored ribbon.

WALKING DRESSES.—For the warmer weather of April we may suggest a dress of pretty pink and white cachemire, made in the *redingote* style, and fastened down the centre front with *nœuds* of striped ribbon, attached in the centre with silver or enamelled buckles, gradually enlarging the edge of the dress. Tight high corsage; plain double sleeves, the upper one descending no further than the elbow, and edged round with a plaiting *à la veille* of ribbon. Another costume for the month is a dress of rich lavender *pour de soie*, made in the pelisse form, meeting in the centre where it is cut in the form of a wave, edged with a broad white English lace, and caught at regular distances with *nœuds* of lavender satin ribbon, forming three bows. Straight sleeve, fitting rather loose to the arm, edged with three rows of white lace, and sufficiently short to show an under sleeve of fulled muslin, surrounded at the wrist with a tripple frilling of very narrow lace; plain high corsage, and rounded waist. Castilian coats may be worn for April; rich cachemires will also be in vogue.

COIFFURES.—They are of infinite variety, the generality of them being, however, formed *à la Fanchon*, showing to great advantage the lace of which they are composed; a profusion of flowers are now also much used for the decorating of those pretty little caps called *jeune femme* for a theatre; no style of coiffure can be better adapted (particularly becoming to young ladies) than those wreaths of gold or silver ribbons placed very far back on the head. We have observed that the most fashionable head-dresses are worn very shallow at the ears, and are more or less placed backward on the head; long drooping ends of ribbon *des pompons*, or branches of detached flowers, descending upon the neck, being the sole *prolongements* permitted in *coiffures à la mode*.

SPENCERS.—A favorite style for the spring will be to cut the bodice rather high, but opening in front with a slope like a vest. Spencers will be very much in demand. These will be worked in cambric, lace, &c., according to the fancy of the owner. Many beautiful patterns have been imported this month, which we have had the pleasure of seeing.

CORAL.—In London coral is just now all the rage, it having been successfully introduced by the young and beautiful Duchess of Aumale.

COLORS.—For evening dress, light colors prevail, such as *mauvé*, pink, blue, pale lilac and white.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

FOR HOUSEWIVES.—We give a few receipts, this month, in various little matters of housewifery, which, though simple, often are forgotten and cannot be found when wanted.

TO CLEANSE GLOVES WITHOUT WETTING.—Lay the gloves upon a clean board, make a mixture of dried fulling-earth and powdered alum, and pass them over on each side with a common stiff brush: then sweep it off, and sprinkle them well with dry bran and whiting, and dust them well; this, if they be not exceedingly greasy, will render them quite clean, but if they are much soiled take out the grease with crumbs of toasted bread, and powder of burnt bone: then pass them over with a woollen cloth dipped in fulling earth or alum powder: and in this manner they can be cleansed without wetting, which frequently shrinks and spoils them.

TO SCOUR CLOTHES COATS, PELISSES, &c.—If a black, blue or brown coat, dry two ounces of fuller's earth, and pour on it sufficient boiling water to dissolve it, and plaster with it the spots of grease: take a pennyworth of bullock's gall, mix with it half a pint of stale urine, and a little boiling water; with a hard brush dipped in this liquor, brush spotted places. Then dip the coat in a bucket of cold spring water. When nearly dry, lay the nap right and pass a drop of oil of olives over the brush to finish it.

If grey, drab, fawns, or maroons, cut yellow soap into thin slices, and pour water upon it to moisten it. Rub the greasy and dirty spots of the coat. Let it dry a little, and then brush it with warm water, repeating, if necessary, as at first, and use water a little hotter: rinse several times, in warm water, and finish as before.

TO EXTRACT GREASE SPOTS FROM SILKS AND COLORED MUSLINS.—Scrape French chalk, put it on the grease spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate, filled with boiling water. The grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it, brush or rub it off. Repeat if necessary.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF SILK.—Mix together in a phial, two ounces of essence of lemon, one ounce of oil of turpentine.

Grease and other spots in silks, are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the above composition.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF MAHOGANY.—Mix six ounces of spirits of salts, and half an ounce of rock salt of lemons (powdered) together. Drop a little on the stain, and rub it with a cork till it disappear. Wash off with cold water.

TO TAKE THE STAINS OF WINE OUT OF LINEN.—Hold them in milk that is boiling on the fire, and they will soon disappear.

FOR THE BOUDOIR.—The following receipts will be found useful.

COLD CREAM FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Take an ounce of oil of sweet almonds, and half a drachm of each, of white wax and spermaceti, with a little balm. Melt these ingredients in a glazed pipkin, over hot ashes, and pour the solution into a marble mortar; stir it with the pebble until it becomes smooth and cold, then add gradually an ounce of rose or orange flower water; stir all the mixture till incorporated to resemble cream. This pomatum renders the skin at once supple and smooth.

COMMON ALMOND PASTE.—Take six pounds of fresh almonds. Blanch and beat in a stone mortar, with a sufficient quantity of rose water; add a pound of finely drained honey, and mix the whole together. Exceedingly good for the hands.

PERFUME FOR GLOVES.—Take of damask or rose scent, half an ounce, the spirit of cloves and mace, each a drachm; frankincense, a quarter of an ounce. Mix them together, and lay them in papers, and when hard, press the gloves; they will take the scent in twenty-four hours, and hardly ever lose it.

TO PERFUME CLOTHES.—Take of oven-dried best cloves, cedar and rhubarb wood, each one ounce, beat them to a powder and sprinkle them in a box or chest, where they will create a most beautiful scent, and preserve the apparel against moths.

ALMOND PASTE.—Take of blanched sweet almonds one pound, blanched bitter ditto, half a pound, sugar half a pound. Beat up with orange flower water.

FOR THE KITCHEN.—We append a few receipts for the kitchen.

METHOD OF PRESERVING GRAPES.—Take a cask or barrel, inaccessible to the external air, and put into it a layer of bran, dried in an oven, or of ashes well dried and sifted. Upon this, place a layer of grapes well cleaned, and gathered in the afternoon of a dry day, before they are perfectly ripe. Proceed thus with alternate layers of bran and grapes, till the barrel is full, taking care that the grapes do not touch each other, and to let the last layer be of bran; then close the barrel, so that the air may not be able to penetrate, which is an essential point. Grapes thus packed, will keep nine or even twelve months. To restore them to their freshness, cut the end of the stalk of each bunch of grapes, and put that of white grapes into red wine, as you would put flowers into water, to revive or keep them fresh.

TO RESTORE BAD YEAST.—Mix with it a little flour, sugar, salt, brandy, and beer, and these will confer on it the qualities of good yeast. Good yeast may also be made by adding the same mixture to the grounds of ale.

PRESERVING VINEGAR FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.—Cork it up in glass bottles, set them on the fire with cold water, and as much hay or straw as will prevent them from knocking together; when the water nearly boils, take off the pan, and let the bottles remain in the ley a quarter of an hour. Vinegar thus prepared never loses its virtue, though kept many years, or occasionally left uncovered, and is peculiarly suitable for pickles.

TO JOIN GLASS TOGETHER.—Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding thereto about a fifth part of water, and using a gentle heat: when perfectly melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so that the fracture will be hardly perceived.

FOR THE GARDEN.—As appropriate to the month we give the following:

ALPINE STRAWBERRY.—The process consists of sowing the seed on a moderate hot-bed in the beginning of April, and removing the plants, as soon as they have acquired sufficient strength, to beds in the open ground. They will begin to blossom after midsummer, and afford an abundant late autumnal crop. This strawberry ought always to be treated as annual plants.

TO RESTORE FLOWERS.—Most flowers begin to droop and fade after being kept during twenty-four hours in water. Place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one-third of the length of the stem: by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh; cut off the ends, and put them into cold water.

TO DESTROY INSECTS ON PLANTS.—Tie up some flowers of sulphur in a piece of muslin or fine linen, and this with the leaves of young shoots of plants should be dusted, or it may be thrown on them by means of a common swans-down puff, or even by a dredging-box.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Woman in the Nineteenth Century. By S. Margaret Fuller. 1 vol., 16 mo. Greely & McElrath, New York, 1845.—Whatever may be thought of the opinions advocated in this volume, every candid reader will acknowledge the author's ability. Miss Fuller, indeed, is no common woman. She is a scholar and thinker, is earnest and high-souled, and longs, with almost a poet's yearning, for the amelioration of mankind. Her publication is a discussion of woman's present position and future destiny in society. As such it deserves a notice.

Miss Fuller has traced the history of woman through all ages and in all conditions, and has elucidated her subject lavishly with illustrations from ancient and modern literature. In the course of her remarks she advances some bold opinions. She doubts whether Christianity has elevated the position of the sex. She asserts that our present social system retards, instead of assisting the development of the intellect and heart of females. She thinks that woman is by no means on terms of equality with man—that she has power indeed, but not legitimate influence—that marriage, as at present viewed, makes the wife belong to the husband, instead of forming a whole with him. She denounces as a vulgar error the opinion that love is the whole existence of woman. She seems to consider that sex ought not necessarily to make any difference in avocation, and claims for woman the right, as well as the capacity, to plead at the bar, consult in the senate and thunder at the head of armies. With more truth she wages war against the present system of education.

In some things we find no fault with Miss Fuller. That, in very many cases, woman fills a subordinate position, or is often little more than the favorite slave of a brutal husband, no one can deny. Neither will we assert that the female mind is inferior to that of the male, either in kind or in power. We believe that a girl may be educated so as very nearly to resemble the boy in intellect, just as we know that her physical system may be made as capable of enduring fatigue. We admit that it is quite possible to make good sea-captains instead of indifferent musicians out of girls deficient in tune; to turn young ladies into knavish pettifoggers instead of cunning old maids; to teach a bad woman to lie and cheat in the game of politics as well as in the game of cards; and to transmute with no great trouble, a scolding hoyden into a swearing captain of hussars. In the same way nervous men might be changed to seamstresses and meek boys into house-keepers. But we doubt whether society or human nature would be the better for it. We are willing to grant that many abuses toward woman exist in the social system, but we are yet to be convinced that the whole system should, therefore, be overthrown, as it would be if the changes which Miss Fuller calls for were to occur. As well might you destroy Christianity for the sins of its professors. Nor does it follow that woman, because her occupations differ from those of man, is necessarily in a subordinate position. To our mind it is as important a work to mould the character of the rising generation as it is to rule that which is on

the stage. No mission can be more holy than that of a mother. As a wife, too, woman holds an exalted position. She is, wherever matrimony is not abused, the confidant, the adviser, the helpmate, often the guardian angel of the man; and not rarely do her words and example sustain the husband in disasters that would otherwise overwhelm his soul and consign his fortunes to irremediable ruin. God has given to her a clearer sense of religion than to man, and whether this arises from sex or education, the result is still the same: it keeps alive, within the sacred penetralia of home, a reverence for things not of this earth, a longing for supernal happiness, and a treasure of comfort in the darkest hours of sorrow, which would be unknown, if woman, as well as man, mingled promiscuously in the world, and lost, in its hard wear and tear, its knavery, its deceit, its meanness, the heavenly purity of character which now forms her brightest gem. As society is constituted in Christian countries woman is the priest who watches the sacred altar, man is but the Levite who draws the water and waits without. Would, you change her situation?

Nor is her influence less than that of the other sex. On the contrary it is even greater, and often more direct. If her throne is the fireside, her empire is the world; if she rules by affection it is better than governing by fear. To make home happy with the light of her smiles, as if an angel had come down and filled the room with radiance, is no unworthy task; to cheer the bed of sickness, to smooth the pillow of remorse, to win the erring back to virtue, surely these reflect no disgrace on woman, surely these do not make her a slave. And we doubt very much whether the law which gives the husband the property of the wife, does not create a community of interest more powerful than could any other means which human wisdom has divined. In a thousand ways she exercises influence. The very character of her ministrations enables her to obtain it when all others, no matter of what sex, would fail. There is scarcely an event that transpires with which the influence of woman has not had something to do: in the choice of a vocation for the child, in the destiny of an empire, in the artist's *chef d'œuvre*, her influence is felt. She inspired Raphael's Madonna, she roused Europe against Napoleon's despotism. And to all time she will continue to exercise influence.

It is not in the social system, but in the abuses of that system where the evil lies: and against these, therefore, the argument should be directed. Marriage is a holy and sacred thing, yet it is far better that when improperly contracted it should continue, than be lightly broken, as in the case of Shelley, which Miss Fuller seems to favor. It is a choice of evils, and we believe the present doctrine of divorce less injurious than the more loose one of licentious France. But great care should be taken, in forming a matrimonial relation, that the parties to it are congenial in nature; for compatibility is of far more importance than splendor of fortune. And when joined in the connubial tie there should be a perfect confidence between husband and wife, a mutual yielding to each others wishes, a love that should raise no questions as to which should be superior, but, in its self-sacrificing nature, ensure a perfect equality.

Modesty is, perhaps, the greatest charm of woman. It is to her like the halo around the Madonna's head, and more than everything else causes that holy reverence with which the first love of man regards his future wife. To send woman out into the arena, where she may declaim, as we have seen her, before a yelling mob, destroys this sentiment and injures her influence. You may call this prejudice on the part of man, but would not women despise him, in turn, if he took up the distaff? Each sex has its vocation, and any departure from it destroys the harmony of life.

It is too often the case that persons, like Miss Fuller, take slight abuses for radical defects, and would overthrow a system when they should rather reform it.

The Chimes, of some bells that rung the Old Year out and the New Year in. 1 vol. Lea & Blanchard, Philad., 1845.—This is second only to the "Christmas Carol." It has less unity as a story, and the sequence of the tale seems aimless, while, on the contrary, in the "Carol" the reformation of Scroog's is the practical effect of his visions. But if inferior in these respects, and in showing in every page that it is an imitation of its predecessor, the "Chimes" has more thought, a larger scope of illustration, and is directed against public instead of private errors. The picture, drawn in this little volume, of the distress and slavery of the poor in England is truly harrowing. The characters of the baronet and alderman are admirable satires on false and hypocritical philanthropists. Will Fern is a terribly graphic sketch, wild, haggard, and fierce in every feature. Toby Veeks is one of those personages whom only Boz could create. In the History of Lilian there is deep pathos. Through every page of the work breathes that deep and earnest love for humanity, which, quite as much as his imagination, has tended to make Dickens so popular. The "Chimes" will amply repay a second reading.

The edition before us is very neat, and is adorned with illustrations. Those who wish to preserve the book—and it is well worthy of a place in the library—should purchase this edition.

Texas and the Gulf of Mexico; or, Yachting in the New World. By Mrs. Houstoun. 1 vol., 16 mo. G. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia, 1845.—This is one of the pleasantest books of the season. The fair author is an Englishwoman, the wife apparently of a gentleman of fortune. Being in ill-health, a voyage, in a private yacht to the West Indies was projected for her benefit. The vessel touched at Madeira, thence proceeded to Barbadoes, and after visiting New Orleans and Galveston, stopped at Havana on the way home. Of all these places Mrs. Houstoun has given us agreeable sketches. In writing of the United States she displays more liberality than is common to her country. Some of her remarks on our ladies we recommend to the sex as worthy of consideration. At times, however, she is quite severe. She seems especially to reprobate the habit of young married people living in boarding-houses, and has an equal dislike to the neglect of attention too often shown here by the stronger sex to their wives. Mrs. Houstoun and her husband travelled some distance into the interior of Texas, of which she has given us a very interesting account. Her descrip-

tion of society in Havana is quite piquant. We recommend the work to our fair subscribers.

White Lies. By Mrs. Opie. *The Royal Sisters.* By Agnes Strickland. *The Fashionable Wife and Unfashionable Husband.* By Mrs. Opie. Boston, Sexton and Kelt, 1845.—Here are three volumes, very neatly printed, of standard fictions, all so well appreciated by the public that praise would be superfluous. The romance by Miss Strickland is, perhaps, less known than the two others, but we have found it deeply interesting, both on account of the story and of the pictures of feudal manners. The time of the fiction is laid in the reign of Henry the Seventh of England.

Remarks on the influence of Mental Cultivation and Mental Excitement upon Health. By Amariah Brigham, M. D. 1 vol., 16 mo. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1845. This is the third edition of a work, which has been re-printed successfully in England, with a preface by MacNish, the author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness." It is a well digested treatise, full of valuable statistics. The subject, too, is one of vast importance. An essay, in our present number, is on a somewhat similar theme, and those who desire to peruse the enquiry started there should avail themselves of this volume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Among the books on our table are "Life and Exploits of the Duke of Wellington," published by G. B. Zeiber & Co. We have also the first number of "Frost's Pictorial History of the World," which promises from the specimen to be a superb work, far superior indeed to the illustrated History of the United States by the same artists. Dunnigan still maintains, with spirit, his illuminated Bible. Verplanck's Shakespeare has passed into the hands of the Harpers, who will continue it with its old splendor. Littell's "Living Age" is one of the best publications of the day, for it gives weekly the cream of the Foreign Reviews, newspapers and magazines. "Scenes in Georgia" is the title of a mirth-moving volume just issued by Carey & Hart: the writer is the author of "Major Jones's Courtship."

ANTIQUE COSTUMES.—We have a favorite idea of illustrating the different fashions in female attire, prevalent in modern Europe from the Conquest up to a comparatively late period, by engravings copied from authentic sources. The picture of "Gabrielle" was executed for us in pursuance of this notion, and represents a young female of noble rank in the dress of the court of Charles VII. of France, the age of Joan d'Arc. Our fair readers will notice that the difference in costume between that day and this is not so very striking, the quaint head-dress being the most curious part of the attire.

ERRATA.—In our March number, at the beginning of the article entitled "OUR FEMALE POETS—Mrs. E. F. Ellett"—read "born about the year 1816" instead of 1810.





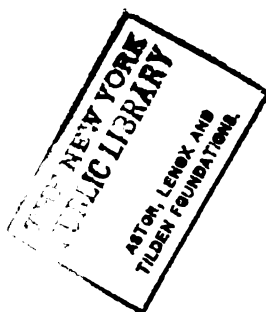
PSYCHE AND CUPID

Psyche reclining on a rock, Cupid standing behind her.









LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1845.

No. 5.

MAY DAY;

OR, THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

It was with glad rejoicings that the Utawas hailed the advent of the month of May, or as it was poetically termed by them and other tribes, the moon of flowers; for, at its approach, the chains of winter fell from his hands, broken in every link—the snow-wreaths of his twining melted away—the mountain streamlet, freed from its enthrallment, rushed with a joyous shout along its rocky path—the fountains again threw up their silvery spray into the sunbeams; and the bright flowers raised their youthful forms, summoned into life by the thousand spells that floated through the warm, sunny air. The hunters of the tribe, rejoicing in the promised pleasures of the chase, hailed the hour that called them from their winter home to bound through the forests, and wander among the reedy fens—the favorite haunts of the red deer. The maidens, too, wearied with their long and dreary confinement, welcomed with songs the return of their favorite season, during which they might twine the simple gems of earth's new-born loveliness in wreaths for their dark shining hair, or shoot in their light canoes along the waters of the lake, when satiated with the pleasures of the land. On the first morning of May, according to tradition, they met to sing the following song:

SONG OF MAY.

Summer winds have come,
Through the forest flying;
Green leaves wake in bloom,
Where their breaths are sighing.
Streamlets leap in glee
Down the mountains brightly,
From winter's fetters free,
The glad waves laughing lightly,
Leave our winter bowers;
For o'er leaf and fountain,
Over dale and mountain,
Smiles the moon of flowers.

Warrior! from its sleep
Bid thy spear awaken;
Let thy dark plume sweep,
On the free winds shaken!
Hunters! grasp the bow;
And, o'er wide plains sweeping,
Rush where wild deer now
Unpursued are leaping!
Past are winter hours;
And o'er leaf and fountain,
Over vale and mountain,
Smiles the moon of flowers.

Maiden! hie thee forth,
Joyous sounds are swelling
O'er each young leaf's birth,
In thy summer dwelling;
Bind thy fair young brow—
Deck thy shining tresses—
Breeze and floweret now,
Woo thee with caresses!
Leave thy winter bowers;
While o'er leaf and fountain,
Over vale and mountain,
Smiles the moon of flowers.

But there was one, the young Yeruka, the daughter of their chief, that, on one occasion, alone seemed to regard with indifference the advent of that delightful season. She neither participated in their song of exultation—nor mingled with them in the dance beneath the forest trees. A shade of melancholy spread over her fine features as she sat apart brooding over darkened dreams of the past. The wild radiance of her once bright black eye had faded; and the happy spirit that shone beamingly through it was withdrawn. The glorious dreams that floated brilliantly before her youthful fancy had fled, like the mists of the morning; and her happiness had faded as suddenly and fleeting. How gentle a thing is the heart of the young!—like a lute that sends forth the rich treasures of its sweets to every sigh of the zephyr, yet becomes breathless and mute beneath the storm-wind; its soft frame withered and broken; and its sweetness scattered forever, while the hopes of the future lie floating with the wrecks of the past.

About two years previous to the time at which we date our tale, Yeruka had strayed from her companions, to enjoy alone the loveliness of a calm summer evening; and tired with the sports of the day, sat awhile to rest beneath a large chestnut, from among whose roots a pure spring of bright water gushed forth with its gentle murmurings, shedding a coolness through the air around.

In this situation she was surprised by the appearance of Wahtomah, a young warrior of the Huron tribe. He had watched her from a neighboring thicket, and subdued by her charms, came forth from his hiding-place to declare his passion for the beautiful Utawa. He was tall, and of a fine form; his countenance open, and his features regular and handsome: a dark plume waving gracefully over his manly brow, and his commanding appearance bore unequivocal testimony that he filled a position of no small importance in his tribe.

"The Huron warrior has been captivated by the brightness of the sunbeam of the Utawas!—Will she consent to become the bride of Wahtomah?" said he in a gentle voice, at the same time throwing himself at her feet.

"The scalps of the Hurons are among the trophies of the Utawas; our tribes meet but in conflict. They are sworn enemies forever; then how can the Huron chief seek a bride among the maidens of the Utawas?" said Yeruka, while a softer response beamed from her dark eyes as she spoke.

"The bride of Wahtomah will be the dove of peace to the hostile nations—their wounds shall be healed by her presence—our warriors will meet at the council fire; and use the same hunting-grounds—their former animosity will be forever forgotten."

"They would weave the death-song for Yeruka if her tribe knew she could love the warrior of the Hurons," said the maiden, with a sigh that told that she was more deeply interested in the young Wahtomah than she appeared.

"They shall not harm the sweet flower of their nation; for the arm of Wahtomah is powerful to protect her! His band is numerous and brave."

"This is no place for the Huron," said Yeruka, "each moment he delays is fraught with danger that he dreams not of. His tribe is not now around him."

"Wahtomah entertains no fears," said the Huron, "but her comrades are waiting for the sunbeam to light up their circle. Farewell!—Yeruka will meet with the Huron warrior again in these shades."

Yeruka bounded away to her companions,

while Wahtomah took his solitary way through the woods toward the village of his tribe.

Some time had passed, during which the meetings of Wahtomah and Yeruka were frequent; and in the meantime he had succeeded in overcoming her feelings with regard to the hostility of their respective tribes. His fine form and manly bearing had due weight; and the passion he entertained for her was conclusive. At all their meetings he breathed his love in the most fervent tones: and not in words alone did it make itself manifest; for they were insufficient to declare its ardor; but by numerous other means still more unequivocal, for

"Love hath a language of its own—
A voice that goes
From heart to heart, whose mystic tones
Love only knows."

But while the lovers were employed so agreeably together, matters were secretly arranged to destroy the bright dreams of the future they vainly indulged in. Their secret meeting had been discovered; and the plan of Yeruka's escape to the village of the Hurons, had been overheard by a lurking spy of her own tribe, one whose proffered love she had once rejected, and who nursed in secret the wound her disdain had caused.

He laid the whole secret, together with the manner in which he had gleaned his information, before her father. The old man heard it with mingled astonishment and indignation; but preserved silence on the subject, determining, however, to thwart the designs of the Huron.

On the evening appointed for her departure he set a watch over Yeruka; and at the same time placed a guard in ambush to surprise the young Wahtomah, with strict orders to arrest or slay him.

Wahtomah, suspecting nothing, came fearlessly on to meet his betrothed; but had scarcely entered the ambuscade when he fell, pierced by a dozen arrows.

His body was borne to the camp of the Utawas with demonstrations of the wildest joys. The feelings of Yeruka upon the occasion we will not attempt to describe. The wildness of her grief knew no limit, as the extent of her love was boundless. She preserved the dead body of her lover from the rude insult it would otherwise be exposed to—sung his death-song, in which she recounted the many heroic actions of his life; and had his remains consigned, undefiled, to the peace of the grave. A settled melancholy took possession of her, from which she never after recovered. The gaiety of her spirits departed like the music of a sweet-toned harp when the wires and frame are shattered.

But to return. The Utawas hastened to prepare

their canoes, to set out immediately in search of a pleasant spot for their summer residence. All seemed delighted at the idea of leaving the dull, monotonous round of winter life, to spend their days in the pleasant greenwood, or wander at will over the mountains, and through the delightful valleys—the gift of the Great Spirit to their father.

They had all at length embarked in their frail skiffs, and swept in a cluster down the winding stream of the shining river. In some canoes were seated two or more; while others were paddled along by a single occupant.

Their songs and wild shoutings were echoed by the woods around them. Some of the younger members of the tribe, desirous of testing the steadiness of their hands, were shooting at the water-fowls, as they rose every now and then, scared from some quiet resting-place by the boisterous mirth that assailed them; while others amused themselves and the entire company by trying their skill in rowing, and the speed of their canoes, in short, by races to some particular place further down the stream.

In such sports they glided rapidly down the river, and were now not far from the point at which they intended to land, there to remain until their scouts would bring them back intelligence as to the prospect of a summer settlement, when the canoe of Yeruka was seen darting away from the company like a bird on the wing. They could not divine the meaning of her strange movement, and all rested on their paddles in mute astonishment.

In a few moments four or five of the swiftest skiffs were seen in pursuit, to watch her movements; but they were left far behind by Yeruka, who was acknowledged to be the most dexterous of all her tribe in the use of the paddle. As her canoe shot swiftly along down the stream, she commenced in a rich, clear, melodious voice the death-song, which we here insert.

YERUKA'S SONG.

THE MOON OF FLOWERS o'er the glad earth is shining;

Her countless spells o'er mountain, lake and vale,
Bright treasure-gifts of joy are sweetly twining;

Her tones are breathing through each sighing gale.
Lost gems of earth are brought back by the summer,
To sparkle on its freshened brow once more;

But never can the pure, the radiant comer,
Each faded dream the heart indulged, restore.

Why should Yeruka linger 'mid the brightness,
The joyousness around her, where she seems
A shadow 'mid the glorious sunbeam's brightness—
A murmur by her own glad mountain streams.

Weep not, companions of her earlier hours!

Though she may move amid your spheres no more;
Bright leaves have come to grace your summer bowers;
But earth cannot her once bright hopes restore.

She had scarcely finished her melancholy lay, when she took up a wreath of flowers that lay beside her, and twined it in her long, dark hair. Her pursuers saw from a distance what she had done, and understood immediately the meaning of her flight. They redoubled their exertions, however, in the hope that by this time her's had exhausted her strength. But, alas! she was already within sight of the falls—another moment, and a wild shout of exultation rose above the roar of the cataract, telling of the joy with which she resigned herself to its waters—the waving of a vest was seen for a moment—then the terrors of her fearful death were past.

For many years after the incidents we have related had occurred, the story of Yeruka continued to be told by the youths and maidens of the Utawa tribe, at each return of the MOON OF FLOWERS.

THE SEA SHELL.

BY MARIA C. PARK.

GEM of the sea, can'st thou not tell

The secrets of thy native place?

Where mystic forms forever dwell,

Enshrined in ocean's cold embrace.

Hast thou not seen the pearls which light

The darkness of thy coral cave?

The flow'rs no mortal touch may blight,

Which bloom beneath the azure wave.

Tell us the visions thou hast seen

By moonlight through the waters sweep;

The chrysal halls of blue and green,

Which dimly sparkle through the deep.

And hark! sweet murmurs wake the shell,

As if it were some ocean lyre,

Within whose concave Peris dwell,

And ever thus the song inspire.

The voice of rushing waves—the sound

Of many waters heaving near,

The seas which from the rocks rebound,

Thou pourest on the list'ning ear.

The morning wind is sweeping by,

The surge seems rolling at our feet,

The ship—the seamen's watchful cry,

The sounds which on the billows meet—

All mellowed come, with sighs for home,

Which murmur near us low and soft;

The bending mast, the boiling foam,

The rustling flag which streams aloft.

Harp of the sea, within thy breast

The voice of music floats along;

In ev'ry change thou still art blest,

For all thy murmurs turn to song.

Oh! ever thus may virtue bring

Her own sweet concord round the heart;

And grief in vain still touch the string

From which such gentle tones depart.

GABRIELLE.

THE DAYS OF JOAN D'ARC.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely evening in the year of our Lord 1429, when a young French cavalier might have been seen walking up the long avenue leading to the castle d'Rouvrai. He seemed absorbed in thought, and did not look up until he had nearly reached the building: then he raised his eyes and a flush of joy lit up his face as he beheld, leaning over a stone balustrade just above him, a fair young girl apparently on the very verge of womanhood. She was attired in the quaint, but superb costume worn by maidens of rank in that day. The waist of her rich damask dress was high, but the bodice came low down on the shoulders, fully revealing their exquisite and rounded proportions. The tight sleeve, instead of concealing her beautiful arm like the fashion of a later day, showed its delicate shape to the best advantage. On her head she wore the curious dress then in vogue, being a sort of inverted bonnet trimmed with lace. She was leaning pensively on one arm, the elbow of which rested on a richly illuminated book she had been reading, and did not hear the approaching footsteps of the cavalier.

"Gabrielle," he said, pausing beneath her and looking up.

The maiden started, and a flush like that of the Aurora suddenly streamed over her face, doubling its already wonderful beauty.

"Henri!" she exclaimed joyfully. "This is indeed a glad surprise. I thought you at Orleans. But come up to the terrace."

The lover, for such he was, placed one foot in the fretwork of the balustrade and swung himself, with a single effort, to her side. The next moment his arm was around her waist and her head reposed on his shoulder.

Henri Decourt and Gabrielle Rouvrai had been affianced lovers from childhood, when they had gathered flowers together near her father's castle, the old Lord of Rouvrai being guardian of the young count. But the affection which at first promised to contradict the old adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth," soon began to be clouded. The Lord of Rouvrai died, and his daughter fell, according to the feudal law, into the wardship of the king, who, or rather one of whose favorites, had other views for her. The projected alliance between her and Henri was accordingly broken off, and the lovers left to despair. But the war then raging with England fortunately interposed to prevent the sacrifice of Gabrielle to the rapacious favorite. The king

was driven from his capital: the nobles were disheartened; and the foreign invader ruled in the land. The monarch even talked of retiring to Dauphiné. In such circumstances Gabrielle was, in part, forgotten. But, though preserved from the arms of the hated minion, she could only see Henri at long intervals and in secret; for the king had summoned her to his court, and any interview there between the lovers, if discovered, would have been dangerous. A few days, however, before the opening of our story, Gabrielle had been suffered to retire to her father's estates; and thither, with the speed of the wind, the young count had flown, determined to see her at every hazard.

"God be thanked, and all the saints," said he impetuously, "that you are still my own and not another's."

"I will be ever true to you, Henri," she said. "But, glad as I am to see you, I must reproach you for the risk you run. Know you not that if seen, you will be reported to the king, and your life, perchance, be the forfeit?"

"I care not. To live without your presence is death. But stay—reproach me not, for I come to tell you that I have hit on a way to win the monarch's favor and obtain your hand. My visit here is chiefly to gain your sanction: that once mine and my course is clear."

"Tell it me then, quickly. Oh! if it requires the greatest of sacrifices on my part, gladly will I make them for your sake."

"It requires none, dear girl. You have heard of the heaven-directed maiden, whom they call Joan of Arc! She has had a revelation from on high, commanding her to redeem our country from the invader, and even now she has put on arms and is marching to the rescue of Orleans. Many disbelieve her mission; but others are less skeptical. Yet, whether she be deceived or is really a divinely constituted messenger, her sincerity and courage are unquestionable. But the enterprise she goes on is almost certain death."

He paused, as if unwilling to proceed. Gabrielle seemed to understand his motive and eagerly took up the conversation.

"You would go with her! If you succeed, the king will yield to our suit. Is not that what you would propose?"

"It is. Were I not bound to you by a tie dearer than life I would go, as every patriot should. But you have a claim on me now, as well as my country; and I cannot go without your sanction, for, dearest," and he took her hand and looked in her face, "it shall not be concealed from you that the enterprise is almost certain death. Perhaps, if I go, we shall never meet except in a better world."

Gabrielle burst into tears. To be called upon to decide in so terrible an emergency was almost too much for her; but womanly weakness at last yielded to a conviction of duty, and raising her eyes to her lover's, she said.

"Pray, forgive me for this! It is wrong, and you shall see no more of it. Go, dear Henri, and help to redeem your country. Even if the gaining the king's approbation did not depend on it, I should still say 'go,' for it is your duty."

"God bless you!" he said, "I knew you would decide thus. And if we never meet again on this earth, let us pray to be re-united in heaven!"

After a short hour spent in each others society—an hour of happiness that would have been unalloyed but for the peril of the coming expedition—Gabrielle and Henri parted, the one to don his armor and join the succors sent to relieve Orleans, the other to retire to her chamber and pray for his success.

CHAPTER II.

It was a memorable day when the little band of patriots, led on by Joan of Arc completely equipped in armor, marched to the assault of the English fortifications. Bearing aloft with one hand her consecrated banner, and waving in the other the sword which had been revealed to her in a dream in the church of St. Catharine de Fierbois, she inspired her little handful of followers with the most exalted enthusiasm, so that they rushed to the attack with an impetuosity that soon carried everything before it. Foremost among her little troop was Henri, covering her with his shield from the arrows of the foe, for almost at the beginning of the assault a shaft had struck her in the neck. But nothing dismayed she plucked it forth with her own hand, and thenceforth our hero made it his especial care to keep by her side and protect her, regardless of his own peril amid the showers of missiles. He joined his own more manly voice, too, with hers to cheer on the assailing troops, when in the crisis of the fight finding themselves opposed by overwhelming numbers, they began to falter.

But it is not our purpose to follow the battle in detail, or emulate the historians of that day by painting the consternation that at last seized the English. The enemy gave way after a fiercely contested fight, and Joan of Arc entered the city of Orleans amid the acclamations of the inhabitants.

The noise of the gallant act spread far and wide, and all who had participated in it became favorites both at court and with the populace. Henri alone seemed denied the approbation of his monarch. Charles received him with but cold thanks, and still turned a deaf ear to the petition of the lover.

It may appear strange to some of our readers that the young count, rich and powerful as he was, did not set the will of his sovereign at defiance and wed Gabrielle. But the structure of society was then such that an act like this would, sooner or later, have led to the ruin of both; for a monarch rarely, if ever, forgave a subject the commission of an act which was so much opposed to the kingly prerogative as to be regarded as little better than overt treason. Henri knew that his marriage with Gabrielle, without the consent of Charles, would lead to the confiscation of both his and her estates, and might, perhaps, bring his head to the block. Under such circumstances Gabrielle refused to marry him, unwilling that his rank and good name should be sacrificed through her. In a stolen interview, which followed the king's renewed denial of their suit, the lovers plighted again their faith, but determined to wait for better times. Alas! when we would envy the fair dames of chivalry, for whom noble knights were ever ready to do *devoir*, little do we think of the slavery with regard to marriage, in which the feudal system held them, so that the hands of too many were disposed of as in a market-place without those most interested even being consulted.

"The king may yet relent: you will yet do some great deed of arms to shame him into it," said Gabrielle, striving to cheer her lover. "But if, in time, there should still be no gleam of hope, I will listen to your entreaties, and together we will fly from this land and seek some other less unjust, where we can be all in all for each other."

"So be it," said Henri. "I will live on that hope. We can gather together a few jewels that will carry us to some foreign people, where my good sword shall support us. I would fly even now——"

"Nay! nay!" said Gabrielle, "name and honor must not be lightly thrown away. Try a year or two yet, dear Henri; and then, if the king does not relent, we will sacrifice everything for each other. But not until no other course is left ought you to banish yourself from France and bring your proud lineage here to an end."

And so they parted: the lover again to his arms, the maiden to her oratory.

Meantime all France rung with the heroism of Joan of Arc. From the rescue of Orleans she proceeded to the capture of the innumerable fortified towns between it and Rheims, in order that the king might be safely conducted to the latter place and crowned. Prodiges of valor were told of her every day. At the siege of Gergeau she mounted to the highest step of the scaling ladder and waved her banner; just then a stone struck her helmet and she fell headlong to the ground;.

but springing up, miraculously unhurt, she exclaimed, "God is for us! One more charge!" and carried the place by storm. When all the intermediate posts had been captured, she presided at the coronation of the king, holding the consecrated banner over his head while the archbishop anointed him with the holy oil. Then prostrating herself before the monarch she declared her mission accomplished, and would have retired to her native village but for the entreaties of Charles, by whom, against the monitions of her heart, she was induced to remain in his service. Fatal error! since it led to her capture by the English, and her burning in the market place of Rouen.

CHAPTER III.

It was a few days before the execution of the unfortunate Joan of Arc when the young Count of Decourt entered the presence of his monarch. Charles was deeply agitated, for he had just learnt the shameful intention of the English.

"Well, Count Henri," he said, "you are willing to undertake this matter and rescue the poor girl. God knows I have been blamed unjustly for not saving her; but the brutal captors will listen to no offers in my power to make, and there are those around me who envy her so, that they cripple my exertions in a thousand ways, for alas! I am yet little more than a king in name. But I have ever found you faithful, though I have made you ill requital, I fear. However, I now, on my knightly and kingly word, pledge you, in return for undertaking this perilous enterprise, that I will bestow on you the hand of Gabrielle Rouvrai, let those who would have it given elsewhere do their worst."

"That is like your own kingly self," said Henri, "and here is one sword and one life ready to defend you, my liege."

"Thank you—thank you!" said the monarch. "These are evil times, and we, the Lord's anointed, have hitherto had power, rather in name than fact; but hereafter we shall teach some of our proud lords that we will be king in earnest."

Henri bowed, for he knew that the king spoke but too truly, and that, between the influence of his mistress, the beautiful Agnes Sorel, and the weight of a few mighty lords, who were rather turbulent allies than obedient vassals, Charles, too often, did the very opposite to what his natural impulses would have prompted.

Taking with him a few trusty followers Henri reached Rouen, and after much difficulty succeeded in getting a message to the imprisoned Joan. A plan of escape was arranged, for the intelligence of the king had been accurate, and the death of the heroic girl was already resolved

on by the merciless duke of Bedford. The count was to be under the window of her jail on the succeeding morning, with a few followers; and a couple of fresh horses were to be ready close at hand. Henri was faithful to his promise, but the unfortunate girl in leaping from the window injured herself, and though our hero rushed forward, sword in hand, to raise her from the pavement and bear her off in his arms, the soldiery, alarmed by the noise of her fall, poured forth from the guard-house close by, and, with overpowering numbers, cut off the count's retreat and made him prisoner. The heroic Joan of Arc was borne back to her cell, a chain was fastened around her body, and she was bade to prepare for the dreadful death of a sorceress.

By a refinement of cruelty, Henri, whose only crime consisted in his attempt to rescue her, was forced to be a spectator of her death. A pile was erected in the *Vieux Marché*, and opposite it were placed two scaffolds, on one of which, amid the secular judges, our hero unwillingly stood. He saw the heroic maiden led forth to her ignominious death—he beheld her mount the fatal pile—he witnessed the flames slowly ascending around her, and though she uttered no complaint, but endured the torments of her enemies with the sainted resolution of a martyr, his indignation could not endure the sight, and unable longer to control his speech, he taunted her oppressors with their cruelty, and defied them, as a French gentleman, to knightly combat. But the hardened judges seemed to exult over his rage, and returned only smiles of scorn to his mad reproaches. When at length, the sad spectacle was over, and the soul of Joan of Arc had passed to heaven with the name of the Saviour yet on her lips, they consigned the Count Decourt to their deepest dungeon and left him to doubt whether to the murder of the heroic girl was not speedily to be added his own.

There he long lingered, but the Bishop of Beauvais, who, though he had been one of the judges of Joan of Arc, had been moved to tears at the execution by her meekness and sufferings, and was now touched by remorse, at last interposed for our hero and procured his liberation.

Henri immediately hastened to court, where he narrated to his monarch the ill success of his mission. The king was deeply affected, and though our hero heard many a court whisper reflecting on the apathy of Charles, and many wonders why a monarch who owed his throne to the captive maiden had not raised an army for her rescue, yet the young count was satisfied that his prince really mourned for the ill-fated Joan of Arc. His subsequent conduct in causing the reversal of her sentence, and the institution

of a solemn procession in her honor, lead us to hope that the charity of our hero was not misplaced, and that historians have done Charles wrong.

In one thing, at least, the king was sincere. The promise he had made to Henri was faithfully kept, and in presence of his whole court he bestowed on the young count the hand of Gabrielle. Many were the brave knights and powerful lords who envied our hero his bride; and as the ladies of the queen crowded around to offer congratulations, more than one wished herself fortunate enough to have won the brave and noble bridegroom.

How happily Henri and Gabrielle lived together—what fair children grew around their board—and how, at a good old age, they were gathered to their fathers, it becomes not our province to tell. We may only say that their trials ended with their marriage, and thenceforth their lives passed calmly and pleasantly.

THE WORLD'S FIRST BORN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

EDEN was desolate.

The untrain'd vines
In masses hung, or grovelling chok'd the flowers,
The four broad rivers thro' its lonely bound
Flow'd murmuring, as of man's offence aware.
The tree of knowledge droop'd, and strove to hide
In shame the fruit that wrought his fearful fall.
Hoarse rose the lion's roar on midnight's ear,
And the fierce tiger answered from his lair;
For innocence and harmony had fled
The inferior creatures since their lord rebell'd,
And swerving from his own obedience, lost
The gentle rule o'er them that Heaven ordained.
No more angelic wings at close of day
Were heard with tuneful sound, nor 'neath the shade
Of palm, or olive, or by rose-wreathed bower,
Celestial forms, in friendly converse sat
With him, whose brow Jehovah's image bore.

Eden was desolate.

The wandering pair
Humbled and weeping, had gone forth to till
The earth with labor, that indignant mix'd
The thorn and thistle with their harvest bread.
They had gone forth with weeping, each to share
Their portion of the guilt-awarded doom,
Heart-wasting toil, and sorrow's untold pang.

Eden lay desolate.

Yet was there joy
In Adam's bower. For there, a blossom lay,
Fairer than aught that openeth to the sun.
Breath heav'd its bosom, and each polish'd limb
Exulting in the movement of new life,

Bore the fresh impress of the Almighty Hand.
Sleep had embrac'd it, and the rosy lip
Smiled in its dream.

Fast by, sate watchful Eve,
Trembling with pride and pleasure. She had strew'd
As a rich mantle o'er the precious gift
Tuberose and jessamine, and violet,
And arrogantly thought within herself
In the uplifting of her heart's new love,
She would no more regret lost Paradise.

Swift seasons fled—and lo! upon the turf
Two brothers sported. One, with sinewy arm
Wielded the spade; the other gently led
A lamb he lov'd.

Full soon those blooming boys
Put on the strength of manhood, and with zeal
Each in his own vocation toil'd to dress
Earth with new charms, or tend the peaceful flock.

But Envy came, where Disobedience erst
Wove its foul snare in the frail, human heart.
The evil thought, the frown, the blow, the blood,
Death in the world, and by a brother's hand—
Mourning and misery, the curse of God—
Oh! let me pass them quickly, for my strain
Is faint with terror.

Nor would I profane
With an unskilful touch, our father's woe,
Bearing the body of his murder'd son,
Nor that worst anguish of despairing Eve,
When the soft green, all sprinkled thick with flowers,
That at her babe's first smile o'erspread her soul,
Changed to a lava-stream.

Thou too, pure brow'd
And lovely one, so late a timid bride,
Folding in rapturous wonder to thy breast
Thy beautiful first-born, thou can'st not know
What deeds that little powerless hand may do
In manhood's prime—or if that velvet lip
Thou preessest in such ecstasy of love
Shall speak such words as bar it out of Heaven.

The veriest felon at the dungeon-grate
Hath felt affection's tear upon his cheek
In stainless infancy, and many a head
O'er which the dotage of parental pride
Hung day and night, hath to the dust gone down,
Dishonored and unblest.

Oh! be not proud,
Young, loving mother! let thine every breath
Be as a sigh to Him who heareth prayer,
To Him who is thy strength.

Nor let the flush
And joyousness of life divide thy thought
From His blest aid, who holdeth in His hand
Thy darling's deathless soul, lest evil come,
And the inherent vanity* that blights
Earth's fairest hope, disclose itself, and leave
Thy spirit like lone Eden—desolate.

*The signification of the Hebrew name *Abel*, is *vanity*.

A NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136.

PHILIP opened the paper, and read in it an order for five thousand dollars. He put it in his pocket, saying to himself—"well, it is a pity I am not a prince!"

Just then a voice whispered in his ear, "your royal highness—we are both betrayed. I will shoot myself!" Philip turned, and saw a negro beside him.

"What do you want, mask?" he asked, quite unconcerned.

"I am Colonel Ralt," whispered the negro. "The marshal's wife has been blabbing to Duke Hermann, and he is enraged to the last degree against you and me."

"He is welcome!" said Philip.

"But the king knows all!" insisted the negro anxiously. "It is likely I shall be arrested to-night, and carried to-morrow to the castle. I would sooner hang myself."

"No need of that," replied Philip.

"Shall I submit, then, to life-long disgrace? I am lost! The duke will demand a bloody satisfaction. His back is black and blue with the marks of the beating I gave him. I am lost—and the baker's girl too. I will jump from the bridge and drown myself this very night!"

"Heaven forbid!" said Philip. "But what have you and the baker's girl to do in the business?"

"Your highness is joking—and I am in despair! I humbly beseech you to give me a few moment's private conversation."

Philip followed the negro into a retired room, where there were but few lights. The negro threw himself on a sofa and groaned aloud. Philip found a table with wine and refreshments, and helped himself with the utmost coolness.

"I cannot conceive how your royal highness can be so composed in the midst of this woeful affair!" exclaimed the negro. "If only the rogue Salmoni, the Neapolitan, who played the conjuror, were here! the fellow is full of cunning, and might, perhaps, save us by some trick! But he has slipped out of the scrape."

"So much the better," said Philip—and replenished his glass; "now he is gone, you can lay all the blame on him."

"How can that be done? The duke now knows that you and I, the marshal's wife and the baker's girl, were all in the plot, to take advantage of his superstition. He knows that you directed Salmoni to act the conjuror; that I persuaded my baker's girl, with whom he is in

love, to entice him into the snare; and that I played the ghost, who knocked him down and thrashed him so unmercifully. If I had only not carried the joke so far. But I wanted to cudgel his love for my sweet-heart out of him. It is an infernal business. I'll take poison!"

"Better take a glass of wine! it is capital!" said Philip—filling his own glass by way of example. "And let me tell you, my dear colonel, I cannot help thinking—that for a colonel, you are something of a coward, to talk of hanging, shooting, drowning, and poisoning yourself—all on account of such a ridiculous story! One of them were too much! In the next place, I must say—that I do not understand quite clearly the account you have given of the affair."

"Your royal highness, take pity upon me; I hardly know if my head stands straight on my shoulders. The duke's page—he is an old friend of mine—told me a moment ago, that the marshal's wife, possessed by the devil himself—had gone to the duke and told him—that the whole farce in the baker's house was planned by Prince Julian, who was unwilling that his marriage with his sister should take place; that the witch he saw was herself, sent by the princess to be a witness of his superstition; that the prince was in possession of the written promise given by him to the baker's daughter, to make the girl his mistress immediately after his marriage with the princess; that the spirit who had cudgelled him was Col. Ralt, who was assistant to the prince; and that this was the cause of his marriage being broken off. This was the story the marshal's wife told the duke."

"A fine story, indeed!" muttered Philip, shaking his head. "Such doings would be disgraceful to the lowest and meanest of the people."

"True," cried the colonel, indignantly; "no one could act more meanly than the treacherous marshal's wife has done! The woman must be a fury. My gracious lord, you must protect me."

"Where is the duke?" asked Philip.

"The page said he had left his seat at once, saying that he should go to the king. Only think, prince! if the king hears the story colored in this manner!"

"Is the king here, then?"

"Certainly. He is at play in the next room with the archbishop and the minister of police."

Philip walked slowly up and down the room. The case required some reflection.

"Your highness," repeated the negro—"I implore you to save me. Your own honor is involved. It will be easy for you to do it. Meanwhile I will have everything in readiness, at the first rumor of danger to fly across the

border. To-morrow I shall expect your highness' commands as to my further movements." With these words the negro withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is high time I was watchman again!" said Philip to himself. "I am getting myself and my substitute into scraps, out of which neither his prudence nor mine can deliver him. Well, after all—I am glad I am not a prince. But heaven and earth! what things are done in courts and palaces, that we of the horn and lanthorn, or the spade and hoe, never dream of! And we think the great folks are like the angels, without sin or care! What a mistake! In half an hour here I have learned more tricks and wickedness than I should have done otherwise in all my life!"

"So lonely! my prince!" whispered a voice close behind him. "I am happy to obtain a moment's conversation with your royal highness!"

Philip looked round him. The speaker was a miner, covered with gold and jewels. "What is your wish?" he asked.

"A moment's gracious audience," answered the miner. "My business is pressing, and concerns you much."

"Who are you, then? if I may ask the question."

"Count Bodenlos—the minister of finance, at your highness' service," answered the miner, lifting his mask. His small, deep-set eyes and great copper-colored nose looked like another mask under the first.

"Well, count, what do you want with me?" enquired Philip.

"May I speak freely? I have called three times upon your royal highness, and never enjoyed the favor of being admitted. And yet, heaven is my witness! there is no man in the whole court who has so deep an interest in your highness as myself."

"I am beholden to you, count," said Philip. "But what is your business now? Be brief as you can."

"May I speak of the house of Abraham Levi?"

"As much as you please."

"They have been to me about the fifty thousand dollars, for which you stand indebted to them. They threaten to apply to the king: and your highness knows what a promise you made the king when his majesty last paid your debts!"

"Can't the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the brothers Goldsmith will wait, who have a claim on your highness for seventy-five thousand dollars."

"It is all one to me. If they will not wait, I must—"

"No rash resolutions, my gracious lord! I am in a condition to make it all right again—if——"

"Well—if what?"

"If you will grant me the favor to listen to me for one moment. I hope to cover all your debts without difficulty. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up immense quantities of corn, so that the price is greatly raised. Importations being prevented from the neighboring states, it will become three-fold higher. Then let Abraham Levi have the monopoly, and the business is arranged. The house not only cancels your debt, but undertakes for you the payment of the seventy-five thousand, and I hand you over the receipts. But all depends on my continuing some years longer at the head of the finance. If Baron Greifensack succeeds in getting me out of the ministry, it will be quite out of my power to act for you as my wishes would prompt. If your royal highness will but leave the party of Greifensack, our business is done. It is indifferent to me whether I remain in the ministry or not. I sigh for repose. But I am not indifferent on your royal highness' account. If I cannot shuffle the cards, I lose the game."

Philip knew not for a time what to reply to this proposal. At length, while the minister of finance, in expectation of his answer, took a pinch of snuff from a snuff-box set with brilliants, he said—

"If I understand you rightly, count, you mean to starve the country a little, in order to pay my debts. Think how much misery you would cause. Would the king consent to it?"

"If I undertake the business, all that shall be my care, my gracious lord. If the price of grain rises—the king will immediately himself think of allowing importation. The house of Abraham Levi, who will have the monopoly, can bring in as little as they choose. But all, I repeat, will be knocked in the head if Greifensack comes into office. A year would pass before he would be at home in the department; and till then he would have to play the honest statesman, in order to be able to cheat the king and country afterward. He must first make sure of his ground. He is an arrant Jew—that Greifensack. His avarice is notorious."

"A pretty scheme!" cried Philip. "And how long, think you, must a minister of finance be in office—before he can lay his shears on the flock, to clip something for me and himself?"

"Hem—if he is prudent, he can manage the matter in a year's time."

"Then the king should be advised to have a new finance minister every twelve-month if he will be faithfully and honorably served!"

"I hope, my gracious prince, since I have been at the head of this department, that the king and court have had nothing to complain of!"

"I believe it, count, and the poor people have the best reason to believe it. Even now they hardly know how to pay their taxes and imposts. You should treat us with a little more mercy!"

"Us? Do I not do everything for the court?"

"It is the people—the people—I mean."

"My prince—I know what consideration I owe to you. The king and royal family are the people I serve; those who are called the people have but little space in my thoughts. The country is the property of his majesty. The people are only worth notice in so far as, like other cyphers placed after a number, they increase its value. But this is no time to discuss the rights or interests of the people; I am here to ask your highness if I shall have the honor of paying your debts in the manner I have mentioned?"

"I answer—no—never! never—at the expense of hundreds and thousands of suffering families!"

"Please your highness, all that will go to the reckoning of the house of Abraham Levi. Suppose, in addition to the payment of your debts—the house presents your highness with a gratuity of fifty thousand dollars! I think the house will make so much by the operation, that——"

"It can, perhaps, afford to present you also with a gratuity, sir count!"

"Your royal highness is pleased to jest—I shall gain nothing thereby. I desire nothing but to obtain your gracious favor."

"You are very obliging."

"May I venture to hope, then?"

"Count—I shall do what is right; you must do your duty."

"My duty is, to serve my prince. To-morrow I send for Levi, and conclude the bargain with him. I shall have the honor to hand over the said receipts to your royal highness, besides the small gift of fifty thousand dollars."

"Go—I will hear nothing of it."

"And I shall depend on your royal highness' protection? For, unless I remain in the ministry, it will be impossible for me to deal with Abraham Levi——"

"I wish you and your ministry, and your Abraham Levi at the devil! Hark you, unless you take off some of your burthens from the people, bring down the price of corn, and deprive that horrible Jew's house of the monopoly—I will go directly to the king—reveal all your villainous projects to him, and get you and Abraham Levi banished from the country! Look to it, sir; I shall keep my word." So saying, Philip turned and went back into the dancing-room, leaving

the minister of finance standing petrified with amazement.

CHAPTER VII.

"WHEN does your royal highness want the carriage?" said a voice in his ear, as he passed among the crowd of masks. The speaker was a thick figure dressed like a Dutch merchant, with a cropped wig.

"I do not want it at all."

"It is half past eleven and more. The beautiful singer expects you. She has waited."

"Let her sing herself something, then."

"How, prince—have you changed your mind? would you desert the charming Rollina? Lose the golden moment you have sighed for in vain for two months past? The note you sent this morning by me to the Signor Rollina, with the watch set with jewels, has worked like a miracle. Her proud and demure ladyship has surrendered. You were in such raptures at noon, and now are as cold as ice? What is the meaning of this? I do not comprehend the change!"

"It is no matter if you do not."

"But you ordered me to accompany you at half past eleven. Have you other engagements?"

"Very likely"

"Perhaps a supper with the Countess Born? She is not at the ball; at least I do not see her among the masks here. I could tell her among a thousand, by her walk, and her manner of carrying her graceful head—eh, prince?"

"And if it were so—must I confide the affair to you?"

"Ah! I understand, and am silent. But will you not at least send to let the Signora Rollina know you are not coming?"

"If she has let me sigh two months for her, she may sigh another two for herself. I shall not stir a step."

"And the splendid necklace, you were to give her for a New Year's gift, is, perhaps, no more thought of?"

"So far as depends upon me."

"Will you then break with her entirely?"

"There is nothing to break, that I know of, between us."

"Well then, prince, I will speak openly—and tell you a secret, that perhaps you know already. While you were in love with the signora, I did not speak, but I may as well do so, now that you have changed your mind. You have been deceived."

"By whom?"

"By the artful opera singer. You have to share her favor with a Jew."

"A Jew?"

"Yes—the son of Abraham Levi."

"Is that rascal mixed up in everything?"

"You did not know it, then? I tell you nothing but the truth. If it had not been for the attentions of your highness, the Jew would have taken the venal beauty to himself. But I am sorry on account of the watch."

"I am not sorry."

"The jade deserves the tread-mill."

"There are many who do not get their deserts."

"True, your royal highness. For instance—I have lately discovered a girl—oh, prince! the whole city—the whole kingdom can show nothing more beautiful? The Rollina is a witch of Endor to her! This charming creature is almost unknown. Fancy a girl—of slender and elegant shape—complexion like sunset upon snow; eyes like stars—flowing, golden ringlets—in short I never saw anything in my life so lovely! She is a Venus in peasant's garb. We must give her chase."

"A peasant girl?"

"Yes—a grisette only; but—you must see her for yourself! What are all my description and praises worth? All you have ever imagined in your wildest dreams of beauty—is more than realized in this master-piece of beauty, and set off by the sweetest—tenderest—most immaculate innocence! She is rarely seen, for she hardly ever leaves her mother. But I know her seat in church, and the walk where she goes with her parent on Sundays. I have found out too, that a likely young fellow, a gardener, pays his court to her. But they cannot marry, for he is very poor, and the girl has nothing. Her mother is the widow of a weaver who died of consumption."

"What is her mother's name?"

"The widow Bittner, in Milk street; and her daughter, sweetest of flowers, is called Rose."

At mention of this name, Philip felt a shiver run through his frame, and the blood rush to his face. His first impulse was to knock the speaker down; but he restrained it.

"Are you the fiend himself?" exclaimed he.

"I knew you would be delighted!" said the Dutchman. "But you must see the exquisite creature yourself. Or, prince, has your practised eye already lighted on this pearl of price? Do you know her?"

"Intimately."

"So much the better. Has my praise been too warm? Do you not think it deserved? She shall not escape us. We will go together to the mother; you must play the philanthropist. You have heard of the widow's poverty, and cannot bear that any one should suffer. You enquire sympathizingly after the circumstances of the good dame; leave her a present; repeat the visit, and finally become acquainted with Rose. The

rest follows of course. The gardener lad is soon disposed of; or perhaps he will give us help, if a dozen hard dollars are slipped into his hands."

Philip's rage burst all bounds. "You villain—I'll kill you—if——"

"If I don't keep that clown, the gardener, out of your way?" interrupted the Dutchman. "Leave that to me! The girl is yours—and in return I hope for your royal highness's good word for the chamberlain's key. The gardener shall be sent to the army to fight for his country. You remain master of the field; for the girl, I understand, is attached to the fellow with true peasant like obstinacy. It will not be easy to make her unlearn the lessons she has acquired in that low school. But I will take her in hand."

"I will break your head for you!"

"You are too good. But your recommendation with the king—for the chamberlain's place——"

"Villain! I have a mind, upon the spot——"

"Do not flatter me—please your gracious highness! You know my life is every moment at your service. Had I known you thought so much of the dear creature, she should have been yours long ago."

"Not a word more!" cried Philip, in a voice hoarse with rage, yet struggling to restrain himself, exposed as he was to the observation of the assembly. "Not a word more."

"Not words—but deeds!" assented the Dutchman. "To-morrow morning the siege shall be commenced; then—press on—for you are used to conquest. We shall soon carry the outposts. I will take charge of the gardener; the mother you can easily gain over; then for victory!"

Philip could no longer contain himself. He seized the Dutchman's arm with violence, saying—"sire—if you dare attempt——"

"For mercy's sake, my lord, moderate your transports. You will make me cry out; you crush my arm."

"If you dare attempt to go near this innocent maiden, as true as I live—I will crush every bone in your body."

"Well—well!" cried the mask in great pain—"may it please you to let me go?"

"If I ever find you lurking about the girl, or even in the neighborhood of Milk street, I will throttle you with my own hands! Now begone with you!"

The Dutchman seemed stupefied. "Your royal highness," said he, trembling, "I could not know, certainly, that you were so monstrously in love with the girl as you seem to be?"

"I love her, indeed; and will own it before the whole world."

"And are you beloved in return?"

"What business is that of yours? Never speak

to me again on the subject. Never think of the girl again; for your very thoughts are defilement to her. Now you have my mind. Take yourself off!"

With these words Philip turned his back, and the Dutchman went away muttering.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEANWHILE Philip's substitute, the watchman, had played his part in the streets. It is unnecessary to say—that this person was Prince Julian. For a short time after he had left Philip, he called the hour, and blew his horn from street to street in a very regular manner, adding, however, to his watchman's verses some extempore comic rhymes of his own.

While he was thinking over some new verses, a door of one of the houses opened; a girl came out, wrapped in a cloak, and beckoned him toward her. She then drew back into the shadow of the wall.

The prince forgot his verses, and followed this pleasing apparition. A soft hand clasped his in the dark, and a sweet voice whispered—"good evening, dear Philip! Speak low, or some one will hear us! I have slipped away from the company only for a moment to greet you as you passed. Are you glad to see me?"

"Delighted, my angel!" replied Julian. "How could I be otherwise?"

"Philip, I have good news for you! You must dine with us to-morrow; my mother is willing I should ask you. Will you come?"

"To be sure I will!" cried Julian—"and stay as long as you like. I wish we could be together till the world's end! That would be charming!"

"Listen—Philip! In half an hour I shall be at St. Gregory's church. I shall expect you there; you must not fail me, nor keep me waiting long. Then we will have a walk. Go, now—lest some one should surprise us!"

She turned to go back into the house, but Julian held her back, and threw his arm round her.

"Are you going to part from me so coldly?" whispered he, and tried to press his lips to hers.

Rose did not know what to make of this boldness, for Philip had never kissed her but once, and that was when they had been separated by command of her mother. That first kiss had been given in sorrow and affection; and he had not ventured to ask for another.

She struggled; but the supposed Philip held her fast, and fearful of betraying herself by any disturbance, she submitted to the kiss, saying—"Now, Philip—you must go."

But he did not stir. "Do you think," said he, "I am such a fool! Is my horn, pretty one, better company than you? No—indeed!"

"Ah—" said Rose, "but—it is not right."

"Why not, sweet? Is kissing forbidden in the ten commandments?"

"Yes," replied Rose, "if we could marry—it would be different."

"Marry!—you can marry me any time you please!"

"Philip—why do you talk so strangely? You know it is no such thing."

"In good earnest, I will marry you whenever you like."

"Philip—have you been drinking? whenever I like! Go—you are mocking me! Listen, Philip! I had a dream about you last night."

"What was it, my beauty?"

"You had drawn a prize in the lottery, Philip. We were both so rejoiced! You had bought a beautiful garden. As fine a garden as is to be found in or out of the city. Everything was complete; there were flowers on flowers—and beds of the finest flavor, and trees full of fruit. I was sorry enough to wake, and find it only a dream. Tell me, Philip, have you a ticket in the lottery? have you won anything? The drawing was to-day."

"Who knows what has happened, darling? How much must I win to get you too?"

"If you were only so lucky as to win a thousand dollars—you might buy such a lovely garden."

"A thousand dollars! And what if it were more?"

"Oh, Philip—what do you say? Is it true? Do not deceive me, like the dream! You never bought a ticket—you have won?"

"As much as you can wish for!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Rose, and flung her arms round Julian's neck. "More than a thousand dollars. And will they really pay you all that money?"

Julian hardly knew what to make of her joy—but he returned her caress very warmly.

"Tell me, tell me," repeated the girl. "Will they pay you such a heap of money?"

"I have it already; and if it will make you happy, I will give it to you."

"What, Philip, you have it about you!"

The prince took out of his pocket a purse full of gold, which he had brought to stake at the card-table.

"Take it and weigh it, my girl," said he—putting the purse into Rose's hand, while he kissed her again. "You will love me, then, for this?"

"Oh, no, Philip—not for this—not for the money—if you were not my own Philip."

"And if I had given you this, and yet were not your own Philip?"

"Then I would fling the purse at your feet, and make you a polite curtsy," said Rose.

Here a door opened; and they heard voices and laughter. The light fell from above on the steps. Rose was started, and whispering—"at St. Gregory's, in half an hour," ran up the steps. The prince remained in darkness: he went out and looked at the house, and at the lighted windows. He was rather disconcerted at the sudden disappearance of the girl, whose name he had not been able to find out, nor to get a full view of her face. But he consoled himself with the rendezvous at the church door. It was the very place where the watchman had promised to meet him. Julian soon comprehended that it was the watchman for whom the confiding girl had intended all the marks of regard he had received.

CHAPTER IX.

THE exhilaration of the wine was so much increased by the interview with Rose, or the effects of the cold night, that the watchman's hilarity now began to break bounds. Standing at the corner of a street filled with passengers, he blew his horn so furiously that the women screamed and ran away from him, and the men stood still with amazement. Then he called the hour loudly, and began to sing—

"The trade in this our goodly town
Alack the day! is all put down;
Our very girls, both brown and fair,
Can get no sale, with all their care;
The wares are furnished to our mind—
But ne'er a husband can they find."

"Shameful—shameful!" exclaimed several female voices at the windows; "to liken us to wares!" But the men all burst out a laughing. "Bravo, watchman!" cried some; "Da capo!" exclaimed others. "How dare you, fellow, insult the ladies in the open street?" growled a young lieutenant, on whose arm a pretty girl was leaning.

"Mr. Lieutenant, the watchman sings nothing but the truth!" cried a young miller; "and the lady on your arm proves it, too! Ha—young madam! do you know me? Pretty behavior! for a betrothed bride to be walking the streets o' nights with other men! To-morrow I shall tell your mother; and I will have nothing more to do with you."

The girl hid her face, and pushed the officer's arm, to lead her away. But the lieutenant was too much of a soldier to leave the miller in possession of the field. He treated him to a round of oaths, and as the other was no ways backward in the vocabulary of abuse, he soon had recourse to his stick. But suddenly, two stout Spanish canes wielded by a couple of burghers, were held in a threatening manner over his head.

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"Hark you," cried a broad shouldered brewer. "I will have no fighting for the sake of that worthless girl! I know the miller; he is a good fellow. He is in the right—and the watchman too—as sure as I live. An honest tradesman now-a-days can hardly get a wife out of our city. The women all think themselves above their sphere; instead of knitting stockings, they read novels; and go to plays and concerts in place of being good housewives. Everything is out of sorts at home, and abroad they dress like duchesses. I speak from experience. I should have been married long since if our girls had not been so spoiled."

Shouts of laughter greeted this speech. The lieutenant dropped his stick before his new adversaries, but grumbled, "it is outrageous to have to listen to a sermon from this vulgar rabble."

"What—vulgar rabble," exclaimed a smith, armed with a heavy stick—"you aristocratic idlers, whom we have to support with our taxes, call us the vulgar rabble. We have to keep you in your dissipation—by our labor."

Here several of the officer's companions joined the party; and a number of workmen and apprentices also came to have a share in the dispute. The boys amused themselves by sending volleys of snow-balls into the thickest of the crowd. One of the balls hit the lieutenant on the nose; and he, roused to fury, laid about him with his stick. The battle became general.

The prince, who had heard only the beginning of the quarrel, speedily got out of the way and escaped into another street, quite unconcerned as to the consequences of his improvisation. He came now to the palace of Count Bodenlos, the minister of finance. He was not on the best terms with this dignitary, as Philip had already discovered at the masquerade. The countess had a large party. Julian was still in the humor of extemporizing his satirical verses, and stationing himself directly opposite the palace, he blew a loud blast on his horn. Several ladies and gentlemen, who seemed at a loss for amusement, opened the windows, curious to hear what the watchman would say.

"Watchman," cried one of the gentlemen—"sing us a song for the New Year." This invitation drew many more of the countess's guests to the windows.

Julian called the hour after the approved watchman's fashion, and then sang out, at the top of his voice,

"All you—who sigh in poverty,
And dread the fate of bankruptcy,
Pray—I advise you, sirs, that you
Be chief of the finances too!
Then *you* may rob your helpless land,
And keep the purse for your own hand."

"Intolerable," exclaimed the minister's lady, who was looking out of the window with the rest. "Who is the impertinent villain who dares such an insult?"

"Your excellency!" answered Julian, disguising his voice so as to imitate the dialect of a Jew. "I only wantsh to shing you a fine song. Pleash your grace, I am the court Shew, Abraham Levi; your excellency knows me very well."

"Insolent varlet," cried a voice from the window; "how dare you call yourself Abraham Levi! I am Abraham Levi, myself. You are a vile impostor."

"Call the police," cried the minister's lady; "let the villain be arrested."

The guests withdrew in great confusion from the windows. Nor did the prince remain there, but escaped through a small cross street in double quick time.

A crowd of servants, accompanied by one of the secretaries of the minister, rushed out of the palace door seeking the offender. After some little search they laid hold of the real watchman of that quarter, who was going his round quietly, entirely innocent of any knowledge of the disturbance. He was overpowered, in spite of his remonstrances, and carried to the police office, to be put in ward for his libellous verses.

The head officer of the police shook his head somewhat embarrassed, and said—"We have already one watchman in custody, whose verses about the city girls have caused a serious fray between some young officers and the towns-people."

The prisoner would confess to nothing, but complained bitterly that he had been set upon by a crowd of people, who seemed by their fury to have drank too much, in the peaceable exercise of his duties. The secretary of the finance then repeated the lines that had caused such disturbance, and given such offence to the minister's lady. The policemen could not help laughing, but the poor watchman only protested the more earnestly, that such things had never once entered his head.

While this business was going on—the watchman asserting his innocence, and the secretary and footmen beginning to doubt if they had got hold of the right man, there was a noise without, and a cry of "watch—watch."

The guard rushed out; and soon after the field marshal entered, accompanied by the captain of the guard.

"Bring in the rascal," cried the marshal, making a sign with his hand. Two officers brought in another watchman, from whom they had taken the badges of his vocation, holding him firmly between them.

"Are the watchmen all gone mad?" asked the officer of the police, in increasing astonishment. "I'll make the scoundrel pay for his infamous verses," cried the incensed field marshal.

"Your excellency," stammered the new prisoner, trembling—"Heaven is my witness, I never made a verse in my whole life."

"Be silent, fellow," roared the field marshal: "I will have you to prison or the gallows. If you contradict me again, I will hew you to pieces on the spot."

The captain of the guard observed to the marshal with all respect, that there must be a poetic epidemic among the watchmen in the city; for he had three brought up on the same charge within a quarter of an hour.

"Gentlemen," said the field marshal to the officers who accompanied him, "since the fellow refuses to confess that he sang the verses, I must beg you to write them down for me while they are fresh in your memory. To-morrow I will find means to bring him to confession; but now I have no time to lose. Who can repeat them?"

The officers made the verses out between them, and the chief of the police wrote down as they dictated:

"A feather o'er his empty pate,
Adown his neck a cue of state,
With padded breast, and slender waist,
That is the soldier to your taste!
Cards, fiddling, dancing, flirting, plays,
Make the field marshal now-a-days."

"Will you deny, villain?" demanded the field marshal, in renewed rage, of the terrified watchman—"will you deny that you sang these verses as I was coming out of the door of my house?"

"Let who will have sung the verses—I know nothing about them," answered the watchman.

"Why did you run away, then, when you saw me coming toward you?"

"I did not run away."

"What," cried the two aid-de-camps—"were you not out of breath when we caught you here by the market?"

"Yes—I was frightened half out of my senses, the gentlemen fell upon me with such violence. I tremble yet in every limb."

"Put the obstinate dog in close ward," said the marshal to the captain of the guard; "he will have time for reflection till to-morrow." So saying, the angry field marshal strode away.

The alarm in the streets, and the story of the watchman, had set the whole police in motion. In less than quarter of an hour two more astonished watchmen were seized and brought to the police office. One was accused of having sung libellous verses before the door of the minister of foreign affairs, to the purport that there were no affairs to which the minister was more foreign

than those of his own department. The other was charged with having sung under the window of the papal legate, verses informing him that the lights of the church were not wanting in tallow, but diffused throughout the country far more smoke than illumination.

The prince, who had played all these tricks at the expense of the poor watchmen, was always fortunate enough to make his escape, and became bolder with every attempt. The affair made a deal of noise. The minister of police, who was at cards with the king, was informed of the strange insurrection among the watchmen, and as a proof, some of the verses, written down, were brought to him. These were directed against the police, busy in the private affairs of everybody, except those properly belonging to its jurisdiction, and highly amused his majesty. He laughed heartily, and gave orders that the next poetical watchman should be brought into his presence. He then rose from the card-table; for he saw that the minister of police had lost his good humor.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

DEATH.

BY JANE T. BRADFORD.

THERE is a cloud whose gloomy fold
Hangs o'er joy's evanescent bower—
Which makes his warmest raptures cold,
And clothes in dust his gayest hour:
It comes when the excited soul
Reels in the fulness of the wine—
It is a serpent in the bowl,
Around whose draughts its folds entwine!

It checks the joyous laugh of youth,
And sometimes veils its swimming eye—
It sheds the blighting spell of truth
Upon its careless revelry:
It makes the brow a thoughtful thing—
It bids the heart its throbs restrain:
It broods with melancholy wing
O'er early life's untrodden plain.

It is the fear of death—whose power
Sinks, like the sad and sombre pall
On many a gay excited hour,
In thickening darkness over all:
We feel that life is scarcely ours—
We know our hold is frail and brief
As Autumn's pale and smitten flowers—
The wide, old forest's lingering leaf!

Yet is there for the heart a trust—
A hope that may this fear subdue,
And clothe the shadows of the dust
In colors beautiful and new;
Who would not clasp that heavenly power
In rapture to his kindling heart,
And long for the rejoicing hour
When the free spirit might depart.

THE OUTLAW'S CRAG.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

THE little town of Chichester, situated on the M—— river, was once far more important than it is at present; for while everything else in this wide country prospers, it is falling slowly but surely to decay. Many years have passed since I visited it, and even then it was a melancholy sight. Houses which I could remember as once inhabited were tenantless, and often roofless—and fields which when I last saw them were waving with corn, now lay white and desolate, scorched by the rays of an August sun. Fences were torn down—tenements were tottering to ruin—the skeletons of old sloops lay bleaching on the shore—even an ancient church-yard hard by was turned into a desolate common, and over the whole scene decay appeared to reign with melancholy sceptre.

It was different once, though that was years ago. But I only allude to the place to call to mind how fleeting everything is in this care-worn world.

About a mile back of the village stands an old, weather-beaten house, built of thick hewn logs, and consisting of a single room below, and a narrow garret above. It now forms the kitchen of a more modern structure, but at the period of the Revolution, and indeed, until within a few years, it stood alone. It is a plain old tenement, and stands at right angles with the road. Behind it is, or was, a garden, stretching down to a little swamp, through which runs a stream of clear, cool water, at which many a time I have drank. An apple orchard once stood on the right of the house, and a modest barn in front, though time may have levelled both these long since with the dust. But that is neither here nor there—so I will go on with my story.

It was a bright day in early summer, when a young girl stood at the door of the house, looking anxiously up the road, as if watching for some expected one. The sun was just sinking behind the forest trees, pouring his mellow light along the sandy road, and over the dark sombre green of the melancholy pines. Everything was in repose. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the leaves—the lowing of cattle was heard faint from afar—the ripple of the little stream came pleasantly to the ear, and the hum of insects growing every moment more low died at last away. Still that young girl watched. She was beautiful, but it was the beauty of a high resolve and of a proud form. Neither did she, when you looked at her a second time, appear so young as she at first seemed. She was

perhaps eighteen, she could not be over twenty, and yet had it not been for an air of womanly dignity about her, she might have passed for a girl of sixteen only.

"What can detain him?" at length she said, as shading her eyes with her hand, she gazed anxiously from the door.

The words had scarcely been spoken before a figure emerged from the woods up the road, and with a glad smile, she was rushing forward a pace or two to meet the comer, when suddenly she checked her steps, she turned as pale as death, and scarcely ejaculating "The Refugee," she hurried back to the house.

The cause of her emotion was easily explained by the character of her approaching visitor. The Refugees were, at that day, the brigands of the country. Taking advantage of the turmoil of the times, and of the absence of most of the male population in the continental army, they ravaged the country at will, plundering and burning farm-houses, and even, in some instances, committing personal violence upon females. They were consequently the terror of the country.

Of these men David Rowel, or as he was familiarly called, from the darkness of his complexion "Black Davy," was the most notorious. Sometimes moving alone, and sometimes accompanied by others, but always marking his track with some outrage, he had gained for himself a notoriety as wide-spread as it was terrible. It was the sight of this individual which checked the steps of the young girl, and drove her trembling, to seek refuge, in her home.

But her fear, it seemed, soon vanished. She had scarcely crossed her threshold before, as if actuated by some sudden recollection, she hastily turned back, and with an unshrinking face, though a beating heart, confronted the Refugee. Whatever was her motive, her fearless demeanor abashed the renegade. He stopped and was silent.

"What want you—what would you have, sir—why do you seek a lonely house like this at such an hour?" asked the girl with flashing eyes.

The abashed Refugee had by this time recovered his confidence, and with an easy air he whistled aloud, and then answered the girl.

"Not so fast, mistress, not so fast—we are here after your good man, my dear, and though you have been married only a fortnight or so, we must settle our account with him. I have signalled my men, and you see they are coming. We must search your house—come on boys," and with these words the renegade, accompanied by three rough looking men, who had just come up in answer to his call, passed into the house. The young wife—for such she was—gazed after

them, and lifting her hands on high, murmured a thanksgiving that her husband had not yet come.

In about a quarter of an hour the men returned, and swearing loudly at their ill-success, began to search among the few out-houses for the master of the place. But their efforts were in vain. The young wife meanwhile, though betraying no sign of fear, stood there, scarce knowing whether the enraged ruffians would not, the next moment, take her life.

"By—, this is too bad," said the leader, after their unsuccessful search, "he will certainly be here some time to-night—let us wait for the rascally rebel, and shoot him down on his own threshold."

The brutal proposition just suited his desperate followers, and taking up their quarters within, they ordered the young wife to prepare them some supper. Though loathing the sight of her tormentors, and trembling momentarily lest her husband should arrive, she was forced to obey their commands. She contrived, however, always to keep in sight of the door, so as to obtain a view of her husband as soon as he merged from the woods, determining to warn him at once to flee, though she herself would risk her own life by the generous act.

Suddenly she darted toward the door, for her keen eye had detected the one so long looked for, and waving her hand, she shouted,

"Fly—fly—Richard—fly."

"What the — does the jade mean!" angrily exclaimed the leader of the refugees, rushing after her; and lifting his piece, he continued, "come on, or you are a dead man."

For an instant the husband paused. He saw at a glance the situation of affairs, and though it was agony to leave his wife in such hands, he knew it would be certain death for him to approach the house. His firm whig principles had made the refugees and Tories his political foes, and he knew that more than once "Black Davy" had sworn to take away his life. His only hope, therefore, was in a precipitate retreat. That no personal injury would be offered to his wife, he felt almost certain, for deeds of that character had, never yet been attributed to the present leader of the refugees. These rapid thoughts caused a momentary delay, which had well nigh proved his ruin. The refugee captain had already raised his piece, and when he saw the husband turn to flee, he fired. But the self-devoted wife, at that very instant, sprang forward and struck up the musket, at the peril of her life. The ball whizzed harmlessly over her husband's head, and in another moment he was lost in the surrounding forest. The ruffian turned with the scowl of a demon on his face, and

lifting his heavy piece into the air struck down the heroic wife. She fell senseless and bleeding to the earth. The refugee gazed on her a moment, and then with a curse, called his men to follow him in pursuit of the flying husband.

An hour after, the husband returned, having thrown his pursuers at fault. Language cannot describe his emotions on beholding the condition of his wife. A neighbor chancing to pass, apparently some ten minutes after the refugees had departed, discovered her senseless on the ground. She was now scarcely revived, and could with difficulty speak. Yet she strove to smile, and faintly extended her hand to her husband, calling him in those fond tones which only a wife may use.

"By all that is holy," exclaimed the agonized man, as he rushed from her bed-side, "I will avenge this on that renegade, or die in the attempt. But Ellen must not know of it. I will wait until she is asleep and then depart on my errand. God will favor the right."

The stars were faint and few that night, as the bold farmer, extorting from the kind neighbor a promise of secrecy, stole out into the air, armed with his trusty piece, and after looking a moment at the sky above, struck rapidly across the forest. In less than an hour he had visited two farm-houses and obtained three neighbors to aid him in his design. Striking right into the heart of the forest, they pushed on for several hours without any apparent fatigue and almost in silence. At length they came to a halt.

"Their haunt is somewhere about here, I have learned," said the husband, "I heard it by chance from one of their gang who mistook me for Bill Richings, who you know, was supposed to have no objection to their ways. I shouldn't be surprised, if the knowledge of my possessing this information, has led to the attack to-night."

"Hark," said one of the band, "do you not hear a tread coming through the woods?"

"It is—it is—we have found them—lie close now, and wait till they come up."

The group instantly relapsed into silence, and each of them taking up a position behind a huge tree, or some fallen trunk in the swamp, waited breathlessly for the approach of the comers, whose tread might now be heard, growing more and more distinct, as they approached. Directly voices were recognized, conversing in a careless tone, then a loud laugh rung across the night, and after a momentary silence, one of the approaching band burst into a song.

"Now is our time," whispered the husband to one of his companions, "take the right hand man, and leave the leader to me—ready—fire."

The report of their rifles rung sharply through

the woods, and three of the refugees leaping into the air, fell dead upon the ground. The piece of the husband flashed in the pan, but did not go off. The captain of the renegades was unharmed. Springing back a few steps from the covert where his assailants lay concealed, he shouted,

"We are betrayed—we must run for it, my boys," and before the enraged pursuers could well understand his intention, he had turned and fled, followed by those of his band who still remained behind. It was no time, however, for hesitation. The baffled husband was the first to dash from his covert, and without pausing to see whether the fallen men were dead or not, he thundered,

"Forward—forward—pursue them to the death."

As he spoke, he dashed off in pursuit. His companions hesitated but a moment, and then followed his example. Three of the refugees had escaped, but there were four in pursuit. Fear seemed, however, to have seized upon the renegades, else why should they have retreated before a force so little exceeding their own? It is probable, however, that they imagined a far greater number of the enraged inhabitants were on their track, for they could scarcely suppose that four men would have the hardihood to penetrate to their fastness, when their full number was known to equal a dozen. Whatever was their motive, however, they continued their flight, their pursuers the while pressing hotly in their rear.

It was toward morning when two individuals emerged upon the edge of an abrupt hill, many miles from the fastness of the refugees. One of them was the captain of the refugees—his pursuer was the injured husband. Both the companions of the outlaw had already been overtaken and slain. The eagerness of the husband had outstripped the pace of his companions, and after a pursuit of hours, he was now on the point of coming up with the refugee.

The rapid pace of the two men, pursuing and pursued, brought the latter to the edge of the abrupt hill before he was aware of it, and he saw at a glance that further flight was impossible. He turned and beheld only one foe in sight. He could hear the shouts of the others far behind in the forest, and he resolved to grapple with the foremost pursuer, and by destroying him effect his escape before the others came up. He turned at bay. The rifles of both the combatants had been discharged in the pursuit, and they now stood face to face, with no weapons but their hunting-knives. A moment they gazed at each other with all their mutual hate sparkling in their eyes.

"Villain—murderer—traitor," hoarsely ejacu-

lated the husband, pale with passion, as he darted at the refugee.

The outlaw made no answer, but he scowled a mortal defiance at his foe, and drawing his knife, awaited the onset of his antagonist. And it was terrible. For a few moments so incessant were their thrusts at each other, and so rapidly were these thrusts mutually parried that the eye could not follow the motions of the combatants. Now one—now the other seemed to have the advantage. The dry leaves flew in showers around the contending foes, and the dust rose in clouds, hiding them often from the sight. Not a word was spoken by either combatant. At length, after one or two slight wounds on either side, at a desperate thrust made by the husband, his knife struck against the iron buckle of his antagonist's belt, and was shivered into pieces. The refugee saw his advantage, and raised his knife to strike. As a last hope his pursuer grasped his wrist. A desperate struggle ensued. Both were men of great personal prowess, but the outlaw having already received a wound in his right arm, was perhaps the weaker of the two. After a protracted contest he yielded, and in a fierce effort made by the husband to obtain the knife, it flew from the refugee's hand to the distance of some yards. By this time they had imperceptibly been drawn to the very edge of the hill, where a rugged precipice of some fifty feet, shot perpendicularly downward beneath them. Gathering every energy for this last endeavor, the pursuing husband strove to force the outlaw over the precipice, and had partially succeeded in it, when he felt the gravelly bank giving away beneath them. With one hand he hastily grasped a twig, and with the other, making a gigantic effort, he thrust his antagonist over the precipice, so that the outlaw dangled in the air, having no support but the hold he kept upon the left arm of his antagonist. All hope for the refugee was over, but he determined that his foe should perish with him. Moments passed away, at every one of which the bank gave way more and more. The utmost efforts of the victor to shake off the dying man were in vain, and he felt that his last hour was come. He heard no more, even the shouts of his friends; and with a sickening sensation he felt they had either lost their way, or deserted him. Could they only have come up he might have been saved. He felt the twig begin to yield—he had already slipped half off the bank—and the struggles of the dying man were becoming more desperate every moment. He gazed at the gulf below. Broken limbs of trees, and uprooted pines lay mingled promiscuously together, so that to fall into the abyss would be certain destruction. The countenance of the outlaw already wore a demoniacal

smile in contemplation of the ruin to which he was dragging the young man. And that bridegroom—was there hope for him? Alas! all was gone. He gave one thought of his bride—one look toward heaven—one prayer to his God, and then shut his eyes against the awful catastrophe he felt had come. Suddenly, however, a sharp report, as of a rifle, rung wildly in his ears, and at the same instant he felt the hold of the outlaw relax from his arm. He opened his eyes only to behold the dying man shooting like an arrow down the abyss—only to see his mangled body lying shattered on the trunks of the trees below. In a moment he was drawn away from the bank, and clasped in the arms of his companions, who, coming up at the very last moment, had, by shooting the outlaw in the heart, rescued their friend from a horrid death.

It was a glad night, that one at the little farmhouse, after the return of the hardy adventurers from their expedition. Mary was by this time completely recovered, and a happier evening never was spent by two fond young hearts than by the young bridegroom and his bride.

The refugees were from that time extirpated in the vicinity. But their memory yet survives, and though the incidents of this tale depending hitherto on tradition for preservation, are now known to few, yet there are still living, or were some years ago, one or two tottering patriarchs, whose eyes would kindle, and whose breath would come quick as they told of the outlaw's fate.

The spot where the fastness of the refugees was located, is deep in one of those tangled swamps, which skirt the shores of M—— river, and which are almost impervious to the sunshine, and impenetrable to the foot of man. It is many a long day since the writer of this little sketch penetrated to it under the guidance of an old woodsman; and he will never forget the refreshing draught he took at the little spring of cedar water, hard by the site of the tenement. The rude cabin which the outlaws had constructed, had for years lain rotting on the earth; the wild deer had trotted gaily over the spot where it once stood; young saplings, and then rugged trees had sprung up within the circuit of its fallen walls, and only a few decayed timbers, crumbling with age, and covered with moss, betokened the position of the dreaded habitation.

The hill on which the final encounter of the combatants took place is, to this day, shown not far from a little creek, emptying into the M—— river, some miles from Chichester. It is still a bold, rugged, broken precipice, though within the last forty years, it has fallen considerably away, through the action of the snows and rain. The

little ravine into which the outlaw fell is now half filled up with slides of earth from the precipice above. Tradition, however, still preserves the exact spot where the last conflict occurred; and well do we remember the eagerness with which in our boyish days, we listened, as we stood on the very brow of the hill, to an old veteran's thrilling account of the outlaw's death struggle.

HEIGH-HO.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

LIKE the dow-drop born
From the blush of morn,
Is the girl I love, heigh-ho!
A lily's her cheek,
Where the rose blooms meek,
And she's mild as a dove, heigh-ho!

She folds her heart
From the world apart,
Like a flower at night, heigh-ho!
Though she shrinks away
From the garish day,
Of her home she's the light, heigh-ho!

As the altar spark
That illumines the dark,
She's ever the same, heigh-ho!
Or a calm, sweet star
Shining down afar,
Sure from heav'n she came, heigh-ho!

I'm a wild, gay lark
Like a rudderless bark,
She'll never be mine, heigh-ho!
But I'll worship still
With a holy thrill,
At her saintly shrine, heigh-ho!

SONG OF MAY.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE joyous month of May has come,
And perfumes load the air:
The bee is out with drowsy hum,
The angler throws his snare;
The silver waters from the hill
With music dance along,
And hark! the morning woodlands thrill
With many a warbler's song!

The violet blows beside the stream,
The blood-root in the wood,
With daisies all the meadows gleam,
Like stars on solitude!
The lilac blooms by larches thin,
The grass springs green and gay,
And song and beauty usher in
The laughing month of May!

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM a small public house near Westminster bridge, and close on the banks of the Thames, came sounds of uproarious merriment—shouts of laughter, with the ringing of ale cans and punch ladles against each other, forming a rude bacchanalian accompaniment to the snatches of broken song which burst riotously through the windows, and were taken up by the lusty voices of several waterman, who lay upon their oars a little out upon the river, back of the house.

These sounds were by no means unusual about the building. It was the common resort of the lackeys and retainers of noblemen about the court of Queen Elizabeth, and not unfrequently a taste for low pleasures led the dissipated young courtiers themselves beneath its roof. On this night some half a score of lackeys had appointed a meeting at the White Lion, and when the evening closed in it found them at the height of their convivial enjoyment. Some two or three of the gaily dressed valets were already giving signs of absolute intoxication, and the whole company was more or less affected by the strong drinks which had been plentifully supplied.

"Now for the chorus," cried a thin, sharp eyed valet, with a hooked nose and thin lips, whose faded color did but feeble justice to the spiced ale that had just warmed them. "The bowl is empty: strike up, lads, strike up," and securing an ale can, he turned it bottom up and began beating a sort of rude music with that and the punch ladle, while a ridge of froth that remained in the can streamed over the flowers of tarnished gold that covered his crimson doublet.

"Nay, nay, we have sung with dry throats long enough," cried a stout, little serving man who sat at one end of the board, dashing his can hard upon the table, and pursing his small mouth up into a vain attempt at ill humor.

"Let us have the flow of punch with the flow of song. Jacob, Jacob—what keeps the varlet? he might have buried a hogshead of punch by this time—I will go and see." The little dapper serving man lifted his round body from the bench and moved with a very irregular step toward the door: after fumbling at the latch awhile he flung it open, revealing the jolly waiter outside with a huge punch bowl lifted to his mouth between both hands, intent on refreshing himself with something more substantial than the fragrant steam which rose so temptingly to his nostrils, before resigning his precious burden to the destroyers within.

A burst of uproarious laughter greeted the grotesque operation of the waiter, who, terrified by his detection, stood with the bowl uplifted, and looking ruefully at his tormentors through a cloud of steam that still rose mockingly from the brimming bowl.

"Ha, Jacob, Jacob, we have caught you at last," cried the little, rosy valet, seizing the crest-fallen waiter by one ear, and leading him toward the table so abruptly that the hot punch dashed over the poor fellows hands at each awkward step. "Don't spill the punch, Jacob, don't. I say, come, there is no use in being down-hearted. The drink should have done you more good."

"I had not taken a drop, gentlemen—not a single drop," cried Jacob, looking ruefully around as he placed the steaming liquid on the table, "but it is a sore temptation on a poor fellow, this brewing of luscious drinks which he must not taste," and wiping his moist lips with one hand, Jacob cast a deprecating look around the table.

"Poor fellow, who can blame him," cried the rosy valet, with a melancholy twinkle of the eye. "Give him a ladle full—such punch, poor fellow, it *was* a sore temptation."

The valet poured a dripping ladle full of punch into a cup and handed it to Jacob, shaking his head and muttering, "it was a sore temptation, poor fellow! all the while that Jacob was inhaling the grateful beverage."

"Now," said the thin valet, whose sharp, eagle eyes shone clear and bright amid the misty orbs that were turned upon him. "Let us drain the last bowl right heartily and without loss of time: some of us have outstaid our orders, I warrant."

At these words the rosy faced valet dropped the ladle which he still held into the punch bowl, and looked around for his cap, forgetting that it was on his head.

"What is the hour?—can any one tell me the hour?" he said, with a sort of misty consciousness that he was long behind his time.

"It is full eight of the clock," replied the spare valet, rising and taking his cap from a bench.

"But you are not going yet?" exclaimed the rest, rising boisterously, and crowding around them. "We have but just commenced."

"You see Mr. Crasp there has an engagement. He will require a friend to see him safe to his boat—do you understand, gentleman?"—a noisy laugh was the reply, while Mr. Crasp tied the points of his doublet somewhat unsteadily, and taking a stick from the floor went out, followed by a great shout from his companions. Amid the confusion and merriment that followed, Mr. Simpson, the thin faced valet, stole out just in time to see Mr. Crasp stagger to his seat in a

boat that lay near a landing close by the house, and look anxiously around as if for some person whom he expected to find waiting.

As Simpson passed a little shed which stood near the landing, a man darted out just far enough to reveal himself, and drew back into the darkness again.

"Is that you, John?" said Simpson, in a low voice, "are the things ready?"

"Everything—step in, step in," replied a voice from the shed.

The valet followed the voice to a corner of the shed, a slight rustling and a few low whispers succeeded, then Mr. Simpson stepped forth, with his gay livery entirely concealed by a waterman's dress, and walking quietly down to the landing, stepped into the boat and took up an oar.

"Come, make haste, John, we shall have a hard pull down the river," said Mr. Crasp, seizing the remaining oar with his unsteady hand, and flinging it deep into the water with a desperate effort at speed. His sober and consequently more skilful companion, gave a few vigorous strokes, and sent the boat shooting like an arrow down the river. They were going with the stream, and glided rapidly forward for half an hour, till the boat came opposite one of those large gardens which sloped from the numerous noble mansions at that day lining the banks of the Thames. During the last few minutes Mr. Crasp had almost slept upon his oar, his eyes were closed, and his plump lips were gently parting that his sluggish breath might escape more easily, when a jar of the boat aroused him with a sudden shock. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked anxiously toward the bank.

"Why, John, John, I say—we have passed the Lady Herbert's garden, what carelessness. You must have been drinking, John—come put the boat about. Yonder is the landing, with the iron lamp swinging from the gate posts."

The disguised valet muttered some apology in an under tone, and turning the course of the boat, it was soon brought up against a flight of stone steps that led to a spacious garden.

"My lord is not here, we must go up and give a signal at the house," said Mr. Crasp, examining the shrubbery on each side the gate; "I suppose he is tired of waiting, and will be in a royal passion. I say, John, remember that an oar was broken which kept us half an hour—then, then—"

"I had to get a new cable before we could start," replied the waterman.

"Exactly, John, I see you understand: not a word about the White Lion: and now take my arm, it will steady your walk, our lord must not see that you have been drinking—depend on me,

not a word shall be said of the matter, only do be more careful hereafter, John."

With this affectionate advice Mr. Crasp took the arm of his companion, and they walked slowly together up a graveled avenue leading to the back entrance of a mansion, which was now entirely shrouded in darkness, with the exception of two deep windows, from whence a light came stealing softly out upon the turf and shrubbery around.

"There he is safe and happy as an eagle in his nest," said Mr. Crasp, pointing with his unsteady, plump hand toward the shadow of a man that passed for a moment athwart the window: "now I'll be sworn he has not missed us, and who can wonder with so fair a lady by his side! Now let us back to the boat—this standing in the night air makes the eyes heavy. Come, do not be afraid, you shall have my arm yet—only do be more prudent another time."

Mr. Crasp hung still more heavily on his companion's arm as he uttered these words, and drew him down the walk again. When they reached the boat, Mr. Crasp gathered his master's cloak around him, and coiling his limbs up on one of the seats, was almost instantly lost in profound slumber, while the seeming waterman sat with his arms folded on the steps, gazing into the water that rippled sleepily against them.

When perfectly satisfied that his companion was asleep, Mr. Simpson crept noiselessly up the damp stairs, and darting through the shrubbery in and out, never stopped to take breath till he planted himself under an acacia tree, directly opposite the lighted window. His position commanded but an imperfect view of the room within. But directly before him was one of those massive mantle-pieces of black stone, beautifully carved, and glittering like a vast pile of jet in the light which fell from three wax candles that filled the massive silver candlesticks which surmounted the mantle-piece, like glittering turrets of fire at the top. Directly before this mantle-piece stood two persons in earnest conversation. The gentleman had risen from a seat near by, and with his cap in one hand, stood smoothing its ostrich plume that streamed from it with the other, as if ready to depart, and only detained by the fair fingers which were laid softly on his arm, and gleamed out like a snow-wreath from the deep green sleeve of his velvet doublet. Mr. Simpson instantly recognized the tall and graceful form of the nobleman, the rich brown hair that clustered over his forehead, and the large, sparkling eyes that were bent with such intense admiration on the fair being before him. He knew also that sweet and fairy-like face, the little mouth dimpling into a smile, while every other instant the cheek mantled with warm

damask, and the profuse tresses of golden brown that fell now in wavy masses, and again in glossy curls from a band of jewels that flashed out here and there like star-beams from their golden depths.

"There," muttered the valet, "my fair lady, I have you now—I have you now!" and as he spoke the eaves-dropper thrust one hand into his bosom, and watched every movement of that beautiful vision with eyes that kindled and grew more serpent-like in their expression each instant. He saw the beautiful love-light break over those sweet features, brighter and brighter, like sunshine on a blossom. He marked the child-like motion, the graceful bend of the head swaying in soft harmony with every gentle movement of her petite form. He could see each movement dislodge the tresses that fell on her neck, and scatter them in a shower of golden brown over the deep mazarine blue of her dress; and he could perceive that each instant sent some new charm to her presence, and kindled with more intense devotion the noble features that were bent seemingly upon her.

At last, as if compelled by some impulse which he could not resist, the nobleman flung his arm around the slender form which was already so near his heart, and pressed his lips with a sort of passionate adoration upon her tresses, her forehead and cheek. The lady made a faint effort to resist him. Her face, her neck, and even those small hands were in a glow of rosy blushes. Then her face was drawn gently to his bosom, and he seemed pleading with her in a low voice: when she lifted her head again tears hung upon her cheek like those drops which a wild rose shakes off after a rain.

Once more the nobleman laid his hand caressingly on that beautiful head and held it to his bosom, then releasing her form gently from his arms, he moved toward the door, looking back and speaking as he went. She followed him, and seemed to be speaking eagerly, and though her lips trembled, the glow was still on her face, and her eyes were bent to the ground. For another brief moment he seemed persuading her, and then passed forth into the garden. Again she followed him, and they stood so near the concealed valet that he was obliged to draw back behind the tree to secure himself from observation.

"Oh! Hertford, let us take more time," she said, earnestly; "I tremble at the danger of this clandestine measure. Let us start for France: I will go anywhere—but this defiance of the queen's order terrifies me!"

"Have no fear, beloved; trust me, there is scarcely a shadow of danger; my people are faithful: everything can be concluded with the

strictest privacy. Remember how many times we have met during these three happy months without creating even a suspicion?"

"But there is one whose vigilance we cannot hope always to escape," said the lady in a low, sad voice.

"Is it the queen?" replied Lord Hertford, drawing in his breath sharply.

"No. Herbert, my former husband."

In a moment these words were followed by profound silence. At length Lord Hertford spoke, but his voice shook, and the eaves-dropper could see that he trembled from head to foot.

"Listen to me, Catharine," he said, almost sternly, "this man has resigned you—at the first hint from Queen Elizabeth he cast you away rather than forfeit court favor. I have heard instances where even cowardice and treachery base as this, have been returned by devotion—when the more worthless the object, the more tenaciously woman's love will cling to it, as the ivy twines around the ruin, whose blackness it conceals. Tell me, is there one vestige of affection remaining in your heart for Lord Herbert?"

The lady hesitated a moment, and even in that dim moonlight the color might have been detected ebbing from her face till it became white and almost stern in its expression. "Hertford," she said, in a cold, steady voice, "I say to you now that which a noble born lady and true wife should seldom acknowledge to her own heart. I was but a child when the lord protector commanded my union with Lord Herbert—so young that I scarcely knew what love meant, or how terrible a thing it is to struggle against the heart when once it is filled with thoughts of another, and yet bound to resist its own natural pleadings. I was young, alas! too highly born and helpless from my very greatness. I was married to Lord Herbert—but never loved him—never loved any one till now!"

"God bless thee, beloved, for these sweet words," cried Hertford, grasping both her hands and kissing them passionately. "They have taken the last shadow from my heart—no more of these doubts, dear one, but sweet dreams, and good night!"

"Good night," said the lady, with a touch of gentle sadness in her voice. "Good night—God protect us both!"

With these words the Lady Catharine Herbert went into the house, only pausing a moment on the threshold to wave an adieu to her lover, who exhaled a deep breath as the door closed after her, and walked quickly toward the water.

Mr. Simpson had but just crept from the thicket and resumed his station on the river steps, when

Lord Hertford sprang by him into the boat, and giving Mr. Crasp a shake of the shoulder, commanded him to get up and row back as speedily as possible.

Mr. Crasp flung his master's cloak from off his head, and being somewhat restored by the sleep which he had obtained, seized the oar, and commanding the disguised valet to loose the cable, the boat was soon making its way swiftly up the stream. Not a word was spoken either by master or men till they reached a landing back of the White Lion. Lord Hertford sprang ashore, and flinging a piece of gold to the supposed waterman, commanded Mr. Crasp to follow him, and disappeared in a neighboring street.

The moment Lord Hertford was out of sight, a man came out from the White Lion and went down to the boat.

"Here, John, is the piece of gold I promised," said Simpson, handing the coin he had just received to the waterman, which was more than double the usual price. "Let me know if they wish to engage you again, remember that."

"I will not forget," replied the man, taking the gold—"but be careful how you take off the clothes, by that sound you have made a rent in my best jerkin already."

"Take that to mend it with," cried Simpson, adding a half crown to his former gift, and flinging the garments he had taken off into the bottom of the boat, the valet stepped ashore, and calling for the waterman to remember his promise, followed the direction which Lord Hertford had taken. He saw that nobleman enter his own mansion, and then made the best of his way back to the White Lion. The sounds of merriment that had filled the building but a few hours before were now entirely hushed. Two or three of the lackeys that had drank deepest early in the evening, lay asleep upon the benches in an ante-room. As Simpson passed through it he cast a scrutinizing glance at their faces to be certain that none but his master's followers were left; and then, taking a light from the table, mounted to a chamber directly over the room where the retainers' meeting had been held. He knocked lightly at the door, but without waiting for a reply to his summons passed in. It was a large chamber, rudely furnished with settees and plain oaken tables. Curtains of coarse worsted muffled the narrow windows, and two large chairs, cushioned with leather, stood on each side of the yawning fire-place. In one of these chairs sat a young man richly, nay, gorgeously dressed in all the extravagance of the time. His doublet was of maroon velvet, heavy with gold; puffs of rich orange satin broke through the slashes of his trunk hose, and a delicate golden embroidery

ran over the glowing velvet. His stars were of crimson, frosted with pearls and with great diamonds sparkling in the centre of each snowy rosette. His figure was slight, and a languid, dissipated look hung about him which detracted very much from the regularity of his features.

The young man had evidently been striving to cheer his solitude in the manner best suited to his taste. A book lay upon the little table by his side unopened, as it had been the whole evening; but a silver cup stood empty close by his elbow, and a tankard of spiced wine occupied a corner of the table, now scarcely half full, but its former contents marked by the spice dust which had formed a ring near the top.

Lord Herbert started up impatiently as his valet entered, and moved a step forward.

"Well," he said. "Well, I see you have news, speak out! Is the waterman's story true? tell me all at once!"

"Not in one breath, my lord—a whole evening's work like mine can hardly be related in a minute," replied the man calmly, "besides I am tired with hard rowing, and my throat is too dry for many words."

"Ever wilful Simpson," said the young lord impatiently—"well, here is wine, and there a seat to rest in—will that satisfy you?" Lord Herbert took up the tankard and filled the cup with wine as he spoke, but his hand shook, and in his excitement he dashed the ruby fluid half on the table.

"Here, drink, drink," he said, pushing the cup toward his valet, and throwing himself in the chair again. "You know that my whole heart is in this business. Know, and so trifle with me."

"Not so, my good lord," replied the valet after having tasted a single swallow of the wine. "I am in good truth tired and out of breath with this new business. Why tugging at the oar for an hour at once is no trifle; though for your lordship's pleasure his poor servant would become a waterman in good earnest."

"I have never doubted your zeal, or failed to reward it Simpson," said the nobleman, tossing a purse across the table, "but now to your story. If wine will not unlash your tongue I know that gold will. There are thirty broad pieces, speak."

The valet caught the purse in his hand and turned away while he thrust it into the bosom of his doublet, but the gleam of his eyes and the exulting expression of his whole face remained long after he had received the money.

"Well, my lord," he said, leaning his arm on the unoccupied chair. "I succeeded in bribing the waterman, though his demands were exorbitant."

"I gave you five pieces," replied the master, tapping the arm of his chair with his jeweled finger.

"And none too much, indeed—but let that rest. I succeeded in getting that stupid fellow Crasp off his guard with strong punch—slipped on my disguise almost before his face, and put off with him. We drew up at the garden back of Lady Catharine's dwelling; the gate was left ajar with a lamp burning over it. The punch was too strong for Crasp, and he fell asleep in the boat exactly as I expected. I crept through the garden and found a place opposite the window of my lady's—I mean Lady Catharine's room—that which opens on the flower garden, your lordship will remember."

Here Lord Herbert made an impatient movement, and covered his eyes with one hand.

"The room was lighted up. Three wax candles on the mantle-piece, and as many more in the silver brackets; and there was my lady looking so beautiful, so blooming and happy."

"Blooming and happy," muttered Lord Herbert bitterly, "no doubt—no doubt."

"And bending over her," resumed the valet, "was——"

"Who?" exclaimed Lord Herbert, springing up and clutching his hand fiercely together—"not Lord Hertford, and at that time of night—be careful, Simpson, there must be no romancing here!"

The young noble shook from head to foot so violently was he agitated. His gray eyes literally flashed fire as he fixed them on the almost terrified valet, who, for an instant, hesitated to proceed.

"It *was* Lord Hertford that I saw bending over your—the Lady Catharine," he said at length, with renewed courage.

"Did he speak?—were you near enough to hear their conversation?" enquired Lord Herbert anxiously.

"Not then—but I saw his arm around her waist, her head on his bosom—there was little need for words after that."

"You saw this with your own eyes!" said Herbert, through his clenched teeth.

"I saw it with my own eyes—and not only that. She followed him into the garden, and *then* I heard their conversation."

"What was it?—tell me every word, do not omit a single syllable."

"They spoke of some project, a dangerous one, I should think, which she was afraid to undertake. She pleaded earnestly for delay, and proposed going to France with him."

Lord Herbert started suddenly up in his chair, "ha, to France—but go on!"

"She then spoke of you——"

"Of me—well, go on."

"She feared your vigilance, and seemed to anticipate revenge for the act they were planning."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the young lord, sharply, "what else?"

"They parted then, but——"

"Well, what—conceal nothing—I charge you man—but what—but what?"

"Your lordship is so violent, so fierce, I never saw you in this state before, and hardly dare speak—but Lord Hertford did not go till the Lady Catharine had told him of her love for himself, and that her marriage with you had been against her wishes. This is all that I have learned."

The valet turned away as he ceased speaking, and sat down on a bench in the farthest corner of the room.

For nearly fifteen minutes Lord Herbert sat motionless in his chair, now and then biting his pale lip and clenching his fingers nervously together, but in nothing else giving signs of the fierce emotions that were raging in his heart. He arose at last, held to his chair while he poured out a cup of wine and drank it off, then taking his cap from the table, he walked slowly toward the door. Simpson arose from the settle and followed his lord, who took no notice of him till he reached the scene of carousal below. Then he turned, and the valet started at the change that had come over him.

"Arouse these drunken churls and follow me home," he said, pointing sternly to the lackeys that cumbered the benches.

The men were with difficulty aroused, but after some confusion they succeeded in procuring torches by which their unhappy master was lighted to his own door.

Simpson followed him through the ante-room where some of his attendants were asleep, and was about to enter the chamber beyond; but Lord Herbert turned at the door and sternly motioned him away.

"Mention this to no one, but be vigilant—be vigilant." These words were uttered almost in a whisper, which was rendered still more indistinct by the tremulous lips through which they passed, then entering his room abruptly, Lord Herbert shut the door, leaving his valet puzzled and astonished by the violence of his conduct.

CHAPTER II.

THE Lady Catharine Gray—for by that title the wife of Lord Herbert was recognized after her divorce—sat alone in her chamber in solitude, yet with nothing of the repose and sweet quiet which solitude usually brings, brooding about her heart. She was partially dressed as

if for a festival; open jewel cases, scent bottles and perfumed cushions glittered on the dressing-table against which she leaned, and a robe of richly silvered damask lay, like a snow-wreath dashed with frost spangles across a neighboring chair. Her slight form was enveloped from head to foot in a dressing gown of light blue silk, falling open at the front just enough to reveal a lining of snow-white ermine, which was gathered up softly against her cheek, and swept down through the azure folds that covered her bosom, like foam-wreaths on a wave of the sea. Her little feet were still unslipperd and half buried in the crimson and gold of a cushion which had been flung on the floor to accommodate them. But her hair was more elaborately dressed than usual, and yet with great simplicity; for, though jewels of rare value blazed among the paraphernalia of her dressing-table, a single rope of pearls alone was suffered to loop up the tresses in rich golden waves from her forehead and temples, whence they swept back around her beautifully formed head, and were knotted among the ringlets behind with a single white rose, which drooped softly toward the snow of her left shoulder.

A pale and agitated face was that of Catharine Gray! Those soft blue eyes were heavy with unshed tears. The ermine against which her face reposed was scarcely more white than the cheek it kissed: now and then a tremor stirred her lips, and she pressed her eye-lids together as if to force back thoughts that were breaking up from her heart with painful intensity; still, with all this struggle of feeling, there was a gleam of joy—nothing but the sunshine breaking through storm clouds in the sky could be compared to the flash and glow which at intervals passed over those sweet features.

It was not till the last sunbeams were darting against the window close by, like a handful of golden arrows shivered in their flight, that the Lady Catharine seemed aware of the time which had elapsed since she had dismissed the women from her half finished toilet, that she might indulge the thoughts that came crowding on her heart alone. But when she saw the daylight passing away, her soul seemed to awake from a painful dream—she started up and looked eagerly out of the window. The shadows of a warm twilight lay among the shrubbery which swept down to the Thames, but a line of dying sunshine fell quivering upon the water, and as far up the stream as she could trace the golden track, she discerned a boat resting on its oars, but still sweeping slowly downward with the current. With quickened breath and lips quivering into a smile, she went back to her seat, touched a little bell that stood on the table, half flung off the

dressing gown, and then gathering it around her again, sat down trembling and almost breathless with agitation.

Her women were instantly in attendance, one was on her knees busy encasing those feet in their silken slippers, another held the dress up in one hand, and began to smooth the rustling folds, while a third drew the white and rounded arm from the loose sleeve which still concealed it, and wove a chain of pearls around the wrist, smiling as she saw the blood mantle in a rosy glow over the beautiful jewel she adorned.

She was standing up that her women might arrange the veil of delicate point lace which was to fall over her whole form like a mantle of gossamer, when a page entered from the ante-room and handed her a note. She tore the silk away which confined it and read. Her eye flashed, her lips began to tremble, again she crushed the note in her hand, and stood for a minute gazing upon the floor. Then smoothing the crushed paper again she held it between both hands, and with the crimson silk still entangled in her fingers, held her breath while she perused it again slowly and word by word.

"Catharine, I must see you," it said; "your fate is in my hands. Lord Hertford has been traced in his evening visits; as yet I alone am in possession of the secret. See me for a moment and promise to give this man up. You cannot marry him. Oh! Catharine, this can never be. To prevent it I would myself go to the queen, who has separated us forever. Do not drive me to this desperate step—I wait your presence below."

HERBERT.

The Lady Catharine sat down with one hand pressed hard against her heart, while she wrote with the other.

"Not now—I cannot see you now, Lord Herbert. Your note has agitated me, and I am ill—some few days hence, perhaps—but not now, it is impossible." She disentangled the silk which still clung to the trembling fingers of her left hand, twisted it around her note and gave it to the boy.

"Bring no message back again," she said, starting from her seat a few minutes after, as the page returned with a look of affright on his face, "I can listen to no other message," and motioning the boy away with both hands, the agitated lady fell back in her seat again.

There was an unusual tumult below stairs. Footsteps approached the door, and a voice trembling with passion seemed expostulating with the servants. The Lady Catharine shrunk back in her seat, shuddered faintly, and her head fell back white and motionless upon the crimson cushion. The waiting-women gathered around her in terror, two of them bore her to the adjoining

bed-room and placed her on the couch, while the third answered a sharp summons at the dressing-room door. Before she could reach the door it was flung open, and Lord Herbert entered.

"Where is your lady, I would speak with her?" he said, casting an impatient look around the room.

"The Lady Catharine is ill—very ill," cried the terrified woman—"she can see no one."

"Ill or not, I must and will see her—I, her husband, Lord Herbert—do you hear, woman?"

Without attempting to answer, for she was powerless from affright and surprise, the woman retreated into the next room. She had just time to ascertain that her mistress was quite insensible, and gather the velvet counterpane over the bridal dress when Lord Herbert appeared at the door. He caught a glance at that face gleaming out from the mass of glowing purple, and rendered still more pallid and death-like from strong contrast. He stopped short, the angry expression died from his face, and with an unequal step he approached the bed.

"Is she dead?" he inquired, in a subdued and broken voice, bending his eyes on the helpless creature his violence had prostrated.

"Alas! we know not," replied one of the weeping maidens—"she does not breathe—it seems like death."

"My Lord Herbert," exclaimed another, who had lived with the Lady Catharine during her marriage—"this is no place for you. The lady may not be dead, but your presence would but cast her back to this pitiable state again were she to revive and find you here."

Still Lord Herbert lingered near the bed, heedless of their entreaties; and absorbed with his own better feelings, he took the little hand that lay like a broken flower among the folds of the counterpane, and tears started to his eyes as he bent down and pressed his lips upon it. At that instant a sound came up from the river—the dash of oars—so faint that none but a most anxious ear would have noticed it. The confidential waiting woman gave a start and changed color. With a quick motion of the hand she sent the maidens from the room, and addressed Lord Herbert in a voice that shook spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"My lord, my lord—let me entreat you to depart—we can do nothing to relieve this poor lady while you remain. Think of all that has passed since you met before!—think of the queen's command! If you linger here there is peril to yourself as well as to her!"

Lord Herbert tightened his grasp on that pale hand, dropped it on the counterpane and went out. A few moments after the sound of hoofs

smiting the pavement rung up to that still chamber. They had scarcely died away in the distant street when other sounds were heard in the garden below. The quick, light footsteps of buoyancy and hope rose up from the gravel walk, entered a vestibule on the ground floor, where they paused for an instant, and then came rapidly up the broad oaken stairs leading to the apartment where Lady Catharine was still lying insensible.

They had been bathing her hands in flower water, weeping over her, and striving in vain to awaken animation in her prostrate form, but their busy hands and the strong perfumes that filled the whole chamber had less power over that sleeping heart than the sound of those footsteps. As they approached the chamber more and more distinctly, the feeble hand of the sufferer moved—the lashes that lay like mingled sunshine and shadow on those white cheeks began to quiver—a single tear broke through and hung upon them like diamonds crushed through a fringe of gold, and at last a smile—one of those pure, sweet gleams that is sometimes seen on the face of a sleeping infant, broke over her whole face.

"My lady, my poor, sweet lady," cried the attendant, bursting into tears, "she is better—she is better—how the warm rose tinge is coming back to her lips—she opens her eyes, but in affright—sweet lady, dear lady, have no fear, he has gone—and another is waiting in the room without."

"I have been dreaming, Alice," murmured the lady, moving feebly on her pillow, "dreaming—dreaming—let me think. *Has* he been here? Is this my wedding day? When will the hour come?" Lady Catharine rose from her pillow, and looked anxiously toward the windows. She could only see the gleam of a single star shooting through an open space left uncovered, where the curtains were gathered back from a sash.

"It is the evening star," she murmured with a sweet look of bewilderment. "I was to have been ready before it arose—how is it Alice that I am here in my bed chamber? Why have you scattered so much perfume about, my head aches with it?"

"Sweet lady, you have been agitated, and were taken ill just as we finished dressing you, but thank heaven, you are better now, and the hour has but just arrived. My Lord of Hertford is in the next room, and I see by the gleam which falls across the garden that they have already lighted the chapel."

The Lady Catharine fell back on her pillow, pressed both hands to her eyes, and remained for several moments lost in deep and troubled thought. Then arising from the bed she allowed

her attendant to smooth the disordered folds of her dress and cast the bridal veil over her.

"I understand it all, Alice," she said, turning to her woman with a faint smile, "this visit is an evil omen, but black clouds have ever hung over the wedding day of every member of our house. The marriage taper scarcely begins to burn dim when the funeral torch is kindled," she paused a moment, and fixed her eyes upon the floor, lost in painful thought. At length she aroused herself, took the gloves from her attendant and put them on, thoughtfully smoothing the fringe of seed pearls around her wrist, for some moments after they were fitted to her hands.

"It was but a quick passage from the altar to the scaffold with my sister Jane," she murmured, "Mary has had her victim: Elizabeth may not be more easily satisfied. Well, what is life without love?"

With these foreboding words on her lips the Lady Catharine Gray went forth to meet her second husband.

Lord Hertford was in the ante-room walking restlessly to and fro. He had heard of Lord Herbert's visit on entering the house, and the news had served to agitate him beyond measure. No one could tell him the object of this visit. The servants only knew that it was the first time Lord Herbert and his wife had met since the divorce urged upon them by the queen. It was strange that he should have chosen that hour to seek an interview with the woman whom he had resigned without a struggle and since neglected. These thoughts had been enough to chill the joyous spirit with which the bridegroom had leaped from his boat to the garden-steps. And when the Lady Catharine at length appeared, so pale, so calm and mournful, he opened his arms to receive her without one throb of that glowing happiness that had filled his heart but an hour before. As he folded that gentle creature to his bosom a sad and overflowing presentiment of evil came upon him. His soul was filled with sorrowful tenderness, brimming over with that pure affection which prompts self-sacrifice to any extent that its object may be made happy.

"Catharine," he said, taking the beautiful head which was nestled in his bosom between both his hands, and holding it back till he could look down into the soft and loving eyes that met his with an expression full of sad but unutterable fondness, "has anything transpired to change your wishes—to shake your resolution?"

"Nothing," she answered with gentle firmness—"I am still ready to fulfil the pledge which was not rashly made."

"But think again, beloved, we cannot live together in open and honorable wedlock as

becomes your station and mine," said Hertford, putting back the veil from her temples, and gazing still more earnestly into her face.

"We can die together, or I, your wife, can die for you," replied the lady, with a glow of devoted tenderness beaming over her sweet features.

"It may even come to that!" said the bridegroom sadly.

"But entire separation were worse than death, does not your heart say yes to the thought," murmured the bride, bending forward that the blush that warmed her cheek might escape his notice.

"It does, my sweet Kate," cried Hertford with sudden energy. "After all these forebodings of evil may never be realized. If we are prudent, and our friends faithful, there is scarcely a fear of danger."

At this moment Alice entered the room bearing her lady's mantle, which Hertford folded around the trembling form of his bride.

"Are the servants all sent out of the way? Can we go down with safety?" enquired the nobleman anxiously.

"The servants are all at supper in the lower hall," said Alice, opening the door; "there is no one in the vestibule, and the garden walks are quite dark. Go forth with my lady, I will follow and see that no intruder gets to the chapel."

Lord Hertford drew the Lady Catharine's arm within his own, and obeyed the directions of her faithful attendant.

It was a quiet, star-light evening, and the young couple found no difficulty in crossing a corner of the garden unobserved, which lay between the chapel and a wing of the dwelling house. The little building was entirely shut out from the street, and, though composed of stone, was so completely overrun with ivy, and embowered in trees that any casual visitor would have mistaken it for a capacious summer-house. It had been built by some Catholic family before the reformation, and the interior still bore rich traces of the taste and wealth lavished by the ancient church on its places of devotion. Though scarcely more than an oratory, it contained an altar of rich black marble, with gilded railings, and carpeted with crimson and gold. A tall, arched window behind the altar filled the whole building with a dim and gorgeous light when the sun was up, and powerful enough to penetrate its hundred panes of stained glass. The ivy which was thickly matted over two side windows, was kept away from this, and, as Lord Hertford and Lady Catharine came near it, a soft and subdued light streamed faintly through its diamond shaped panes without revealing the interior of the building.

Two persons had been waiting more than half an hour in this secluded building, when Lord

Hertford and his bride entered it. One was a divine of quiet and gentle mien, who had been long attached to the Lady Catharine's family. The other was an old acquaintance, Lord Hertford's good-hearted and faithful valet, who stood near the door anxiously waiting the appearance of his master, and keeping vigilant watch lest any intruding step should approach the building. Once, during his watch, he fancied that a muffled sound of oars had reached him from the water, and again some slight disturbance in the shrubbery aroused his suspicion, but the first had ceased instantly, and the appearance of his master immediately after the latter sound aroused his attention, sufficiently accounted for it in his mind.

Lady Catharine took off her mantle as she entered the chapel, and handed it to Alice, who followed close after them. Lord Herbert gave his cloak to the serving man, and the two advanced toward the altar. As they knelt before the priest, who stood ready to unite them, the wax candles by the altar shed a cold and gloomy light over their pale faces, and they breathed the vow which united their destinies forever almost in solitude, and half veiled by the gloom of night.

The ceremony was scarcely commenced when a slight crash and the tinkle of broken glass made every one in the chapel start and look around aghast. The clergyman closed his book, and the bride clung trembling to the hand which had just taken hers. A bird frightened from the nest she had built among the hangings of the altar, had darted wildly against the window, and was striving to force its passage out. It shot back, shrieking with affright, and after madly circling the candles and extinguishing one with a dash of its wings, flew to the ceiling, where it clung panting with open bill and outspread wings till the marriage rites were completed.

As Lady Catharine arose from her knees the exhausted little creature relaxed his hold on the ceiling, and falling at her feet expired with a single gasp.

"It burned itself in the candle: do not tremble at this accident," said Lord Herbert in a low voice, attempting to draw his bride from the altar.

"It is death," replied the bride in a whisper—"it is death."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

WOMAN'S HEART.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

Oh! he was one that woman's melting heart
May love to adoration, for it seems
That love forever throws his richest light,
And sweetest rose-buds, over the stern heart
And haughty brow, where passions strong and fierce
Sit throned in high dominion all supreme!

A MAY GARLAND;

OR, FLOWERS FROM THE OLD POETS.

THE apple blossoms are out, and as we sit with our window open, gushes of perfume ebb and flow capriciously through the room. What a delicious morning! The sky has not a cloud; the little brook in sight sparkles like a web of spangles; and the lilac, in the garden, rustles faintly, scattering "Sabaen odors" all around. Hail to May! Soon will the joyous month be here—and even now you may listen to her footsteps on the distant hills, and to the echo of her merry voice in the songs of birds, the gurgle of waters, and the hum of bees! We were out yesterday after violets, and, while we write, they smile on us from the delicate vase by our table. To-morrow we shall hunt for anemones! Oh! the snows have gone, and the spring time is coming. Blessings on the flowery May!

It was on just a morning as this—perhaps a little later in the season, though in England in the olden time the roses came earlier than now—it was on just such a morning as this that Chaucer's heroine went forth to see her flowers.

Emily ere day
Arose and dressed herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair;
A riband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose and wanted in the wind.
Aurora had but newly chased the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honor of the May.
At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and every rose she drew,
She shook its stalk and brush'd away the dew;
Then party-color flowers of white and red
She wove to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
Then men and angels might rejoice to hear.

Is not that exquisite? We love to go back to the old masters. There is something in the earlier poetry of England that reminds us of their good old May-day sports: such a fragrance as of early flowers, such a freshness and beauty, such an air of rural sights and sounds lingers around it! Take, for instance, this poem by Herrick.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,

As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

There is a touch of sadness about that; yet its plaintive tone is sweet to our ear as the low sighing of a night wind in the pines. But here is one in a gayer strain! Does it not transport you, at once, to the wood-side, with the smell of new mown hay all around, and the thousand varied tones of birds thrilling the air till it quivers? Alas! that here, in America, there are no nightingales.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
Oh! 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heav'n's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark! hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing,
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring,
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!

We seem to hear the very notes of the bird repeated over and over again as we read; while the leafing of the trees, the blossoming of the fruits, the gurgle of waters, and the thousand odors of early wild-flowers come up before us, by the weird power of association.

We have opened at that exquisite invitation, "Come live with me and be my love!"—and whether it be Shakespeare's or Marlowe's, it is both musical and appropriate. What a charming picture of rural life!

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivory buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

There is an answer to this, by Sir Walter Raleigh, almost its equal in beauty; but we have no space for it in our garland. The writings of Shakspeare abound in such pictures of rural life. In "The Winter's Tale," in "As You Like It," but especially in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," you meet everywhere with the most intoxicating pictures of opening spring, and of greenwood beauty. Howitt, in one of his books, records a visit he made to Anne Hathaway's cottage near Stratford on Avon, and if there exists around it the quiet and thoroughly rural beauty he describes, we can understand the fondness of Shakspeare for placing his heroines amid "green fields and babbling brooks." The old orchard behind the homestead of his early love is just such a one, according to Howitt, as that in which Hamlet's father was accustomed to sleep "o' afternoons." Indeed every page of the dramatist teems with rural images. He never is so happy as when he can get out into the open air. A city atmosphere stifles him. All his characters more or less partake of the same exulting love of the country. His men and women live under the open sky; Rosalind chooses the breezy forest rather than the close town; Perdita gathers "violets sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;" and Titania sleeps on a bank of roses, overarched with fragrant woodbine, the sweetest plant of fairy-land.

But our garland is woven! Like a child with its lap full of flowers, we have finished our chaplet without employing half of the blossoms before us. Another time we may take up the task again; perhaps, if this pleases you, reader, we may weave you a June garland, and it shall be one, too, from the garden of "old poesie." You know not a tithe of the beautiful lyrics that make musical the Elizabethan age: lyrics that are strewn prodigally along it like blossoms shed by the roadside!

* *

OBERON AND TITANIA.

ILLUSTRATED BY AN ENGRAVING.

THE scene depicted in our charming and appropriate engraving for the month, is that where Oberon squeezes the charmed flower, brought him by Puck, into Titania's eyes, so that she may love the first one she looks upon in waking.

Oberon. Hast thou the flower? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania.

15*

COMING OUT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHAT are you going to wear to-night, Lucy?" said Kate Balfour to her school-mate. "Oh! mother has bought for me the prettiest dress! It is of satin, with blonde over it. Mary Hanson's is not half so costly."

"I shall wear a white muslin: the same one I wore the other evening."

"What!—that plain thing? Oh! I wouldn't do that. Make your mamma buy you one like mine."

"The old one will do well enough," quietly replied Lucy. And smiling, she added, "you know I am not *very* fond of dress, Kate. We used to differ about that at school."

Kate Balfour and her friend Lucy were both on the point of "coming out." Though they had attended numerous little companies before, the party to be given that evening was the first large one to which either had been yet asked. This is always an important era in a girl's life. Her *first* party is talked of for weeks beforehand, her dress is usually arranged with great care, and she scarcely ever reposes her head on her pillow without dreaming of the eventful evening. But, perhaps, Lucy thought less of this party than did nine out of ten of her acquaintance. Brought up by a widowed mother of most excellent principles Lucy's natural good sense had been improved by education, and few of her age had less giddiness or vanity. The remarks she made to her companion, which we have quoted, show how superior she was, in a petty love for admiration, to Kate. Indeed, in this respect, her parent had fully succeeded in her laudable wish.

"My daughter," she would say, "never imbibe a passion for vain display. Every woman should dress well; for a neat and elegant costume is a very great charm. Perhaps the perfection of dress for a *real* lady is so to dress that, while there shall be nothing gaudy and unusual about the attire, it will yet stand the test of examination and leave on the observer's mind a conviction of the wearer's good taste. Therefore, my dear, choose rather to dress with simplicity than with vain show. I do not say this on account of the cost, for our fortune is ample; but I wish my daughter to be respected for her good sense. The sums uselessly lavished on the attire of some of our young ladies, every year, would support a poor family."

Imbued with these notions Lucy grew up; and we have seen her adhering to them even on the tempting occasion of her first party.

Yet we must confess it was with a beating heart that Lucy entered the apartment that evening

The glare of the lights, the crowds of dancers, the music, and the beautiful dresses forcibly impressed her imagination; and as with difficulty she made her way through the room, she could not help contrasting her comparatively plain appearance with the richer attire of most of the company. Lucy was not beautiful: she had only what is called an interesting face; and she could not conceal from herself, therefore, that less attention was paid to her than her other schoolmates received. Those, indeed, who were no more lovely than herself, but who were dressed more gaudily, had suitors when she had none.

But Lucy was most pained to perceive that her childish playfellow, Frank Ritchie, who had just returned from the law-school after completing his studies, scarcely noticed her. For years they had felt for each other that sort of an affection which two children of different sexes, who are thrown much together, often experience: a mingled friendship and love, half childish, half serious. When Frank left for college Lucy had been the last one on whom he called; and his parting gift had been treasured ever since. Girls are usually more lasting in their attachments than boys, and poor Lucy had always pictured to herself with joy the period when Frank should return. But now Frank had come, having arrived that very afternoon, and yet he scarcely spoke to her. Once, indeed, when the evening was nearly a third gone, he came and shook hands with her; but he did not remain five minutes. His whole time seemed to be engrossed by Kate Balfour, whose costly dress and showy style of face made her the belle of the evening, at least among the younger portion of the male sex. Lucy thought that Frank might have danced with her, if only once, for old acquaintance sake. Poor girl! how she deceived herself in that thought; for Lucy was in love, if ever a true-hearted being was, and had been so for years.

By and bye, as she sat neglected in a corner, wishing herself home with her kind mother, she overheard two gentlemen speaking. One was the celebrated Judge Baldwin, and the other a member of Congress. They were canvassing the people present.

"Now to my taste," said the judge, dropping his voice, though Lucy could not avoid hearing him still, "the best dressed young lady here is Lucy Morris—you knew her mother, did you not? She sits there on the ottoman. Good taste is the characteristic of her attire: there is no flash, no symptom of vanity about it: the girl who dresses so must be a most excellent creature; and judging from that fact alone I would sooner fall in love with and marry her than any one here."

Lucy thought she would have sunk through the

floor, for hers were ears unused to such extravagant compliments. Her cheek burned, but her heart bounded. Nor was she the only one who heard this speech. Frank was, at that moment, passing Judge Baldwin, with Kate Balfour hanging on his arm, and involuntarily turned to look at Lucy. The blush which suffused her cheek made her really beautiful at that moment, and Frank owned to himself that he had been as hasty in pronouncing her face plain as in overlooking the taste with which she was attired. For Frank was possessed of good sense; and though, like all young men of his years, he had been caught, for the time, by the brilliant beauty of Kate Balfour, he needed only reflection to make him sensible of the superior value of a girl like Lucy. He felt ashamed at himself for neglecting one whom such a man as Judge Baldwin praised.

Lucy was not aware that Frank overheard the compliment, and she was surprised, therefore, when Frank, a little later in the evening, approached her. She was then just about to dance with a young man whom the judge's wife had introduced to her, "no doubt," as she mentally said, "at her husband's recommendation." Lucy was piqued at Frank's previous coldness, and not sorry for this opportunity to revenge herself, for, with all her virtues, Lucy was but human. She replied, therefore, with cold dignity to Frank's address; and immediately rose to take her place in the cotillion. And Frank bit his lip and flirted more earnestly than ever with Kate Balfour.

From that moment, however, Lucy was no longer left to seclude herself in a corner, where her gentle loveliness was hidden from sight. Once on the floor a dozen eyes were attracted by her grace and elegant person; and as soon as the set was finished she was besieged with suitors, asking the pleasure of her hand for the dance. In a few minutes she was engaged for every quadrille during the evening. She went home with a proud heart to recount the events of the evening to her parent; nor will we conceal that a portion of her secret satisfaction arose from having been so much admired in spite of Frank Ritchie's neglect. There was something flattering to her pride in it, and we doubt if many of our fair readers would have felt differently.

The next day several of the gentlemen to whom she had been introduced called, and Lucy soon had a regular set of admirers, who vied with each other in making the long winter evenings pass agreeably to her. Frank Ritchie had called on her too, and still made occasional visits; but he never presumed on more than a common acquaintanceship; and their conversation was, therefore, reserved and even cold. Lucy, with proper pride, was determined to make no advances; and Frank

was daily becoming more and more convinced that she disliked him. He accordingly sought the society of Kate Balfour, who had first attracted him; and soon the gossips of the village pronounced that it would be a match between the gay belle and the rising young lawyer.

Yet Frank really loved Lucy, though he was becoming every day further entangled in the toils of the vain coquette. Judge Baldwin, who had been the bosom friend of Frank's father, suspected this, both from the character of the young man and from his demeanor when in Lucy's company.

"He was caught, at first, like very young men generally are," said the judge to his wife, "by the glitter of our village belle; but his strong sense must teach him that Lucy is the pure gold while Kate is but the counterfeit. It is a pity he should throw himself away. And I sometimes suspect that our sweet Lucy has not altogether forgotten their childish attachment."

"You are right," said Mrs. Baldwin. "I am no observer of young lady's hearts, if Lucy does not love Frank. But mutual distrust has grown up between them: he is reserved, and she is dignified; and really, I am afraid, it will end by his marrying Miss Balfour."

"That would be a pity, for I believe she only seeks Frank for his money. She is a vain, heartless flirt, who cares solely for admiration and display. Lucy, on the contrary, is a sweet creature, with a heart that would be a treasure to any one. I don't approve of interfering in such matters, but really I am sorry to see two young people sacrificed, who are so fitted for each other as Frank and Lucy."

"Stay! I have it," said his wife suddenly. "Trust a woman for managing a love-affair! I will bring Lucy and Frank together, if they admire each other; and, if not, no harm will be done."

"But how?"

"I scarcely know yet myself. But you may rely on me that all will be managed with due regard to the feelings of both Lucy and Frank."

"I am sure of that," said the judge, casting on his wife a fond look, which showed that twenty years of matrimony had not lessened his confidence in her discretion.

A few evenings afterward there was to be a social party at the house of the judge. Frank was there. So, too, was Lucy, and with her Henry Clarence, the young *millionaire* of the village, whose attentions to our heroine were the talk of the whole place. Frank was unsettled and nervous through the early part of the evening: his eyes constantly wandered to Lucy; and when he was not laughing gaily he was

plunged in abstraction. At last he stole out, as he thought, unobserved, on the balcony overlooking the garden. Directly, however, a light finger tapped his shoulder: he turned with a start and beheld Mrs. Baldwin.

"Ah!" she said, "did you think me Kate? Come, you have been absent-minded all the evening:—confess now it is because Miss Balfour is not here. But you know she was too ill to come."

"I did not know it till I came here," said Frank, pointedly.

"Ah! that will not do," gaily retorted his hostess. "I do not wish to pry into your secrets, Frank," she said, more seriously, "but I consider myself half a mother to you, and if you are going to marry Miss Balfour you ought to tell me, so that I might cultivate her acquaintance for your sake. All the village says it is so. Really, I must be growing old, for here are both you and Lucy about to be married, when it seems but yesterday that you were children."

"Lucy about to be married!—then, since you say it, it must be true," said Frank, surprised out of his composure.

"Frank," said his hostess, now fully convinced of the state of his heart, "you mistake. Lucy is not engaged, and if any one loves her he is very foolish to let another carry off the prize until he has seriously sought her hand. There is nothing like frankness in such matters: reserve and doubt on one side may be magnified into dislike on the other, and so produce equal coldness." She laid her hand on his arm as she spoke, looked earnestly into his face, and then disappeared into the crowded room.

"She has read my heart. The secret is out," said Frank, his first feeling being one of bitter mortification. But the next moment hope dawned on him. "Surely," he said, "Mrs. Baldwin knows more than she has told. She is too sincere to raise hopes she knows cannot be fulfilled. Can she have discovered anything in Lucy? What a fool I have been, at any rate, to be so reserved," he said, as in reviewing his conduct, he now saw what little his pride had suffered him to do to remove Lucy's coldness. "I can but fail."

Mrs. Baldwin soon met Lucy, who, though receiving the homage of a crowd of suitors, appeared spiritless and absent. The truth is she had just heard that Frank and Kate were really engaged.

"My dear," said her hostess, "have you seen this new volume of poems? They are on my centre-table," and she adroitly led her forward, for she saw Frank, at that moment, standing there. "Ah! here is Mr. Ritchie, he knows the author well," and with still further tact she thus

managed to draw the two lovers into a conversation on a subject in which she knew Frank would shine, if on any. Nor was she mistaken at the success of her plan. Frank had suddenly regained his old ease of manner, and Lucy, after a momentary embarrassment, likewise lost all restraint. Before the evening was spent every one was talking of the new flirtation between Lucy and her old playmate.

But it was no flirtation. Lucy was too frank to coquet with her lover, and his evident affection for her was soon rewarded by the promise of her hand. Many and worthy were her other suitors, for, while the vain and foppish sought Kate Balfour's society, the most estimable young men of the village had long preferred hers. So true is it that real worth, though at first it may be overlooked, must eventually win its reward. It would be well if all remembered this on coming out.

MUSIC.

BY H. KELSEY.

ALL things are music. Every sound that swells
Along the earth, is but a mingled note
In Nature's glorious anthem. O'er the fields,
And from the snowy tops of loftiest Alps,
Thro' dark green woodlands, in perennial fields,
And o'er old Ocean's waters, heaves and rolls
The eternal tide of song. How various, wild,
And magical its notes! Earth's first-born hymn
And holiest harmony! A melody
That, like the dews of Heaven, soft distills
Upon the weary, overburdened world and gives
Eternal freshness to its drooping flowers.

All things are music. I have felt the sigh
Of balmy zephyrs creeping to my heart,
And nestling there. In the deep night I've stood
And listened when the stars were bright and clear,
In yon blue concave, to the bird of night,
That poured in native strains her tearful plaint,
Breathed for the ear of night alone, which seemed
To catch the charm upon its pinions wide,
And bear it to its home beyond the stars!

All things are music. And a soul it hath,
Twin-soul with man's, responsive in each chord.
It speaks his feelings, mourning in his woes,
And smiling in his joy. It fills his heart
With an exulting bliss, stirs up the blood,
Prompts him to battle, melts him into love,
And lifts his thoughts in rapt desire to heaven!
E'en as the rose-tint paints the lily pale,
Height'ning his best emotions it is found.
In fountain-fall, in whispers in the wood,
In choral symphonies among the stars,
But most in woman's voice, melting and low,
Like wind among the reeds, or like the gush
Of cool clear waters from a spring it comes,
His weary spirit soothing into rest!

THE FLIRT'S PENALTY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"WHAT a beautiful creature, Caroline Derwent is!" said a young man to his friend, Horace Jones, at a party in one of our northern cities.

"Yes! but she is a heartless flirt! She broke the heart of poor Harry Wylie."

"How was that?"

"Harry was my schoolmate, and a noble-hearted man; he was frank, enthusiastic and full of confidence. Years ago, when Miss Derwent was but fifteen, he fell in love with her. She did not reject his attentions, neither did she decidedly encourage them, but she designedly acted so as to keep hope alive in his bosom, resolving, I have no doubt, to marry him if no better match occurred, for she is haughty as Juno and ambitious as a Semiramis. About a year ago, however, she became acquainted with Lieutenant McIntyre, a southerner of large estates, and Harry was unmercifully dismissed, just at a time, too, when, by her decided encouragement on several occasions, he began to be certain of her hand. He never recovered from it. You know how he threw himself away! I pity the lieutenant, for he may be trifled with in turn—that is he by the door. He has just returned from a cruise in the West Indies, and knows nothing of this. In a word, Miss Derwent is as false as she is beautiful."

"Hush!" said the speaker's friend. "Here comes Miss Derwent. She has heard you."

Horace looked up and met Miss Derwent's eye. Ungovernable rage sparkled in those dark orbs. As she swept by like another Cleopatra, she darted on Horace a look full of revengeful meaning. The two friends exchanged glances.

"She is in an unforgiving fury," said Horace, "and heard what I said. Well—if she was a man I should look out for a challenge," he added jestingly.

Caroline Derwent was indeed all that Horace had declared her to be. Beautiful from her earliest childhood and accustomed to continual flattery, her bad qualities had become worse, and she had grown up vain, haughty, self-willed and revengeful in disposition. Indeed there was scarcely a redeeming quality about her. But in society her beauty and her wit concealed her defects. It was the former that had fascinated the rich lieutenant McIntyre; and in his affianced bride, who knew well how to play her part, he worshipped a being of almost ideal perfection. They were to be married now in a fortnight.

Miss Derwent had, as Horace supposed, heard his words. He was one that had early penetrated her character; and this the imperious beauty well

know; for as he was possessed of an ample fortune, she had, at one time, determined to make him hers, and, in consequence, had lavished all her arts in the vain hope of ensnaring him. Finding she could not succeed, her love—for she had really loved Horace as much as she was capable of loving any one—turned into hatred; and what is more terrible than the hatred of an unprincipled woman? She now resolved to have her revenge. She knew her affianced lover to be high-spirited; and she counted on his blind devotion to her to make him her tool. That evening, as he escorted her home, she told him that Horace had called her as false as she was beautiful, and made use of her name otherwise in an insulting manner. She said, however, nothing about that part of the conversation which alluded to her victim, poor Harry Wylis.

"This I will not endure," she said, making no attempt to conceal her passion. "That a rejected suitor should revenge himself in insulting me is unendurable. Oh! if I was a man, or had a brother—"

"But, my dear Miss Derwent," said her lover, "would you have me fix a quarrel on a man whom I scarcely know?"

"And why not?" she said passionately, "has he not insulted *me*? And is your future wife to bear such things tamely, and you an officer in the navy. Others heard the words, and know I heard them; and you have to choose between being called a coward or revenging me."

Her companion, though infatuated by love, was shocked at her vehemence. He had not thought her capable of such a thirst for revenge, and, for the first time, he began to ask himself if the being he was about to marry was qualified to make him happy. He was still plunged in thought when the carriage arrived at the door. His bride elect had remained in passionate silence waiting his decision. He did not give it, however, but merely saying he would see her in the morning, bowed and took his leave.

No words can describe the passion of the proud beauty as she flung herself on her sofa. She had never loved her expected husband: indeed at his rigid notions on some subjects she would often curl her lip; but his vast fortune was a prize that she eagerly grasped at. But now her rage broke all bounds on finding his hesitation to become the tool of her revenge. "The mean, pitiful wretch," she said, "he shall not have me if he will not avenge me. I will be master—he shall know that!" and sitting down she wrote him a note, deferring her interview on the morrow with him on the plea of a head-ache, until the succeeding day, when, as the words ran, "she hoped to welcome him from the field on which he had avenged

her." This note she ordered her servant to deliver early on the following morning.

Her lover well understood that the note implied more than it expressed, and was, in fact, a dismissal unless he would challenge Horace. Nor was Miss Derwent disappointed in the effect of her missive. Before noon she received a reply which informed her, in hasty words, that a meeting had been arranged for the next morning, Horace refusing to take back his words.

All that day the proud beauty lived in the intoxication of gratified vanity and satiated revenge. She never contemplated the possibility of her lover's fall, for he was reputed too good a shot; but we shudder to record that she looked on the possible death of Horace without compunction. The morrow dawned; and when the time for the duel had come and gone, she stationed herself at the window to be the first to see and welcome her lover. But noon came without him, though long before, rumors of the meeting and of its result had reached town, and been retailed to Caroline's ears. Horace had been dangerously wounded, but her lover had escaped. What, then, could detain him? At length a note was brought her in his handwriting. She opened and read as follows.

"Lieutenant McIntyre's compliments to Miss Derwent. He has performed her wish, and by meeting Mr. Jones, hopes he has convinced her that he is no coward, as she was pleased to say she feared. He begs leave, now, to take farewell of her forever. The woman who could show such passion and revenge, whatever her charms, is not suitable for Lieutenant McIntyre's wife. Lieutenant McIntyre is no friend to duelling, and acknowledges that, under any other circumstances, he would have refused to be a participant in one; but, as he had made up his mind, on the exhibition of Miss Derwent's revengeful spirit, to break off their contemplated matrimonial connexion, no other course remained for him, *as an officer*, but to challenge Mr. Jones as she desired. Had he not before determined to surrender his claim to her hand, her note, making their union the condition of gratifying her revenge, would have opened his eyes to his infatuation and made him resolve to abandon the projected marriage."

The imperious beauty read the note through, scarcely believing that she was not in a dream. But the fatal truth forced itself upon her; and in shame and mortification she set off the next morning for the country. She is still unmarried.

Lieutenant McIntyre and Horace became intimate friends; and the former, on learning Miss Derwent's true character, was grateful for his opportune escape. The two young men not long after married sisters, and still continue inseparable.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

WE are enabled, this month, to give an unusual variety in our fashion plate; and the costumes will be found, moreover, much in advance of the season, one of the walking dresses being, indeed, quite well adapted for June.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of salmon colored silk, made with the fashionable laced boddice. The sleeves are *a la Turk*. A very beautiful black lace mantle hangs gracefully from the shoulders. The hat is of salmon color and blue, with drooping blue feather.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS, made rather high in the neck, open with a ruffle down the front: the waist being rounded, and having a wide sash. Sleeves long, but rather loose. Pink hat, trimmed with green sprigs.

FIG. III.—A PROMENADE DRESS.—This is of a still different pattern, and really very beautiful. There is an airiness and grace about it peculiarly appropriate for the "month of flowers." The boddice is loose and drawn, high in the neck, and with short sleeves over others of lawn. The skirt very full. The bonnet is very elegantly drawn also, and trimmed with wheat and lace.

FIG. IV.—AN EVENING DRESS.—We were so elaborate in descriptions of evening dresses, last month, that we shall give but one figure for May. It is a dress of pink *crêpe* worn over a *jupe* of satin of the same color; the corsage low and plain; the wrist long and pointed; the sleeves short and plain; a deep cape *à la berthe* surrounds the neck of the dress, and is trimmed with four rows of narrow black satin *rouleaus*; the skirt is very large, and extremely full, being perfectly plain; the second skirt, *à la robe*, descends a little below the knees, and is surrounded with black satin *rouleaus*, which decrease in width as they approach the waist; this costume is an exceedingly elegant one, and is at once both becoming and *distinguée*.

In addition, however, to the costumes given in the plate we have received others, which we shall hasten to describe at length, so that they can be imitated without the aid of an engraving.

A HOME COSTUME.—This is a *robeadingote* of a pretty chocolate-colored rich watered silk; the *jupe* is made very long and full; plain high Amazonian corsage, forming a slight point in the front of the waist, and fastened with two silk tassels of the same color, the corsage faced with velvet lappels of the same shade as the dress, and fastened half way up the front of the body; plain tight sleeves, opening up as far as the elbow, and let in with velvet, forming a lozenge pattern; plain rounded cuffs, also of velvet; *chemisette* of fine cambric, trimmed with a plaited stand up frill round the throat, supported with a cravat of purple velvet, tied in a pretty knot in the front, a row of fine cambric-work decorating the front part. Cap of India muslin, trimmed with two rows of white lace, the top row headed with a wreath of pale lilac satin ribbon, the left side being decorated with a *nand* of the same; strings to match.

EVENING SOIRÉE COSTUME.—The prettiest one for the season is a dress of white lace worn over a *jupe* of white satin; the corsage is low, the waist long and

à pointe; the sleeve is short and plain, and is entirely covered by the deep fall of lace which surrounds the neck; the skirt is long and extremely full, and has two very deep volants of rich lace, one falling over the other. Turban of white *crêpe* or *tulle*; the twist which is placed across the head being ornamented with gold, the long ends having a deep gold fringe, and are embroidered with a large gold flower.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—The most appropriate one for the forthcoming month will be a high dress of pale lavender striped silk; the body quite plain; the waist is very long, and droops in the front; this body fastens before, and is indented all round with small scallops, the body lying over the skirt in the form of a small jacket; the sleeve is tight, and open on the top of the arm nearly to the elbow; the edges are indented, and the scallops fastened together to correspond with the front of the body; a small *epaulette*, open in the centre, is placed on the top of the sleeves. The skirt is a double *jupe*, the one having an exceedingly deep flounce, the second *jupe* falling nearly to the head of it, giving to the skirt the appearance of two deep flounces only. Capote of drawn pink satin; it is lined with black lace, which is turned over the edge; the crown is covered with black lace, and there is a deep curtain of the same; small bows of satin intermixed with lace are placed low at the left side.

BONNETS.—The form of these vary little. Those, however, intended for *negligé* costume are chiefly of a close form; while those for full dress are slightly opened so as to allow of more ornaments in the interior. We may notice, too, the suppression of the *bavolet* replaced by a broad piece, which forms a continuation to the front of the brim, and which piece is raised high at the back, so as to show some of the lower part of the head. Several bonnets for May are out in advance from Paris, made of pale pink satin, covered with a veil of black lace attached on each side of the *calotte*. Those composed of fine straw or Leghorn, lined and trimmed with white, pale green, or lilac, are also making their appearance; when decorated with feathers, ostrich tips are preferred, slightly curled, and arranged in a kind of half wreath, the lower one nearly touching the shoulder; the interior decorated with half wreaths of shaded hedge roses.

ON DITS.—An attempt is being made to return, in a measure, to the old style of gored dresses. A superb ball-dress is out in London, with a skirt without fulness in the front or on the hips, but with a few gathers at the back. Spencers are very fashionable. Dresses of satin are mostly trimmed with lace. Embroidering continues in vogue. A favorite style of dress in Paris is with a plain skirt, the corsage of which is formed high upon the shoulders, and open about two-thirds up the front of the body, the facings of velvet being cut after the fashion of a man's waistcoat. Elbow sleeves, made perfectly plain; *gymp* of embroidered India muslin.

CAPS.—The change most perceptible in this style of head-dress, is their being made very short at the ears, the lace with which they are decorated being put on nearly plain all round, the manner of placing the ribbon is varied, elegant and original, rendering them always *la mode*. For instance, they are formed in *rosettes*, *coques*, or *pompons*.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

WE devote our space, this month, to bonnet-making, since it often happens that a woman finds an advantage in knowing this art.

Amid the variety of shapes for bonnets, the straight cottage form may, in our opinion, claim the pre-eminence: they will always, more or less, be fashionable, being general favorites. Drawn bonnets have been much worn, and are not likely to be soon out of favor; they are well adapted for summer, they have another advantage—they may be made of almost any material, and look well either in silk or satin. Net is also employed for the same purpose; and made either of white or colored muslin, they look extremely pretty. We hope the following directions will enable any young lady to make her own.

If the bonnet is a full-sized one, and is made of muslin the width of common print, the required quantity is one yard and a quarter; and if the material be silk or satin, two yards will be found necessary. The canes are bought ready prepared, or you may use whalebone for the slots if you prefer it: it has one advantage, that is, it is not so liable to break as the canes are; of course it is much dearer. Having got all the requisite articles, you proceed to make the bonnet as follows: First, make a foundation, either of willow or pasteboard, the shape you design the article to assume when finished, and you may make the crown and front of the bonnet all in one, or in separate pieces, whichever you think best. We shall first give directions for making a drawn bonnet, with the front and crown in one. This method is thus executed: It may be proper to premise, that in making a drawn bonnet with the crown and front in one piece, you find yourself obliged to join a piece of the material to the crown as neatly as possible, as neither silk nor satin is of a sufficient width, unless the bonnet be very small. You are first to take one yard and a quarter of the silk, and doubling it lengthwise, round off the corners by the pattern previously made; then slit the silk down the middle, and run it together at the outer edge. Then turn it so as to have the running on the inside. Next make the places to receive the canes. You are to make four or five of these runners close to the edge, all round, in order to give it sufficient strength, and just wide enough to admit the canes. Above these the other runners are to be made about half an inch distant from each other, and with a small hole to admit the canes; when the latter have been put in, these holes are to be sewed up. The runners are to be made with sewing silk, which is not to be cut off, but left, as by its means you can the more easily draw the bonnet to the proper shape. Continue these runners until you have completed the whole front, and then proceed to make the crown thus: Make runners the same distance as in the front, and the same number close at the top as you made in the edge. Having finished all the runners, measure the proper length of the canes by the pattern, cut them off, and insert them; you must also insert a wire of sufficient strength in the place of the second cane from the edge. You are then to draw up

the silk both of the front and the crown to its proper size, by means of the silk ends you left to the runners, and fasten them as neatly and securely as possible.

What is called the head-lining, is a piece of silk or muslin, neatly hemmed, and of the same depth as the crown, which having inserted, you cut the curtain from the silk, three quarters of a yard in length, and half a quarter deep; this curtain is to be finished by a narrow slip cut on the coss, sewn on to it, turned over, and hemmed neatly down on the under side. The curtain is cut crosswise of the silk. In preference to the narrow slip, some persons put a cord round the edge of the curtain, which must have a runner and cane at the top, on which you draw it to the size required. The bonnet is now complete, and can be trimmed as taste and fancy may direct.

Another method of making this kind of bonnet is to have the front and crown separate. In this case, the front is made in the same manner as in the former example in all respects. The same length of material is required, which is to be doubled and cut in the same manner. For the crown you make a foundation of willow or stiff muslin, and you must so make the round patch at the top as that it will stand half an inch above the edge. This top piece is to be covered with plain silk, and before you cover the sides of the crown you must sew it on to the front; you need not have the crown double silk, as an inferior material for the lining is quite sufficient. You make runners for the crown, and prepare the curtain as before directed.

Bonnets of this kind, when formed all in one piece, are best made of muslin or of net, and they are especially light and agreeable in the sultry days of summer.

Bonnets of various shapes are made of plain and figured silk or satin, and must in all cases be formed upon a stiff foundation. The best and most economical way is to purchase a foundation of the shape required, which is to be found in the different millinery establishments. Having procured one to your mind, proceed as follows: Detach the crown from the front, and shape the material by the pattern, tack the lining and the outside to the front and cord, or otherwise secure the edges. Then make the crown, covering the top first; then put on it the piece of the material that is to go round, in a proper manner, and secure it at the top by a single or double row of cord, fit it as tightly as possible to the frame you had before prepared, and fasten it on at the back. You then turn in the edges and set it on to the front. The edge of the crown is to be outermost, or over that of the front. You put in the head lining and attach the curtain as in the former examples, and trim it as you choose.

Mourning bonnets are made of black silk and trimmed with crape, or, if for deep mourning, covered with crape. In trimming mourning bonnets, the crape bow and strings are generally broad hemmed, the double hem being from half an inch to one inch broad. For very deep mourning, the front of the bonnet has a fall or veiling of crape, half a yard deep and a yard and a half long, having a broad hem at the lower edge. The upper edge, being drawn up to the size of the front, is either inserted between the covering and the lining, or is set in along the upper edge and covered with a fold of crape.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The World in a Pocket Book. 1 vol. G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia, 1845.—This is the third edition of a book which should be on every one's table. Its object is to present, in a compact form, statistics of the Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures, Population, Religion, Government, History, &c. &c., of every nation on the globe. For convenient reference the volume has no equal. Whether you wish to learn a fact concerning England or China, Belgium or Tahiti, whether you are curious in the manufactures or genius of either of these countries, your speediest method of resolving the riddle is to refer to Mr. Crump's book. As a matter of course the information is presented in the most condensed shape, and those who seek knowledge more in detail must consult voluminous gazetteers; but for general use this little book contains all that will be found necessary.

Harper's Bible.—This, the greatest American enterprise ever commenced in the book line, is prospering beyond all expectation. The multitude and finish of its embellishments, for almost every sacred passage is rendered pictorially—the great beauty of the execution—the richness of the paper, and in truth everything pertaining to it is of the most perfect kind. It will undoubtedly be the greatest work published this century that claims to be entirely American. Harpers have just published a most valuable book which will set the antiquarians and theologians half 'crazy with a desire to read. It is *Doctor Jarvis' Introduction to the History of the Church*. We have placed it in the hands of a learned friend to review for us, and in our next shall give the result of his research. Like all the books of real value got up at this house, this is beautifully printed and on good paper.

The Harpers have also just published a new work by Mrs. Ellis, a book half of travels, and half a domestic novel, interesting as all her books are, and full of pure thought.

The Wandering Jew. 1st vol. Winchester.—This is Herbert's translation, and beautifully is it rendered into English. It is, so far, a magnificent work. The disgusting pictures of immoralities which Sne's works usually exhibit, are not to be found in these pages. Jesuitical craft, deep hypocrisy, and those passions which hold closest affinity to the intellect, are here portrayed in vivid and almost appalling colors, but the low pictures of libertine life with which his Mysteries and other books abound, are wholly excluded from the pages of the Wandering Jew.

Winchester has also published *The Countess Faustina*, a book which reminds us somewhat of Madame De Stael's *Corinne*. Its heroine is an artist and a genius full of feeling, full of fancy, and beautiful as a fairy, but rather too much addicted to change for our ideas of a woman who is otherwise very charming in her character. The countess certainly behaves very shabby to her lovers, but then the book is full of exciting pictures, and interests us astonishingly, notwithstanding its faults, which are very serious ones indeed. The letters from Constantinople, which are to be found at the end of the volume, are spirited and full of life.

Martin's Family Bible.—This is a very splendid work, embellished by engravings, perfect as the art can make them, and beautiful in all its departments. The picture of Moses exhibiting the tables of the law is truly wonderful. The sublime beauty of the head, and the masterly finish of the whole engraving is unsurpassed. The holy family in the second number is remarkable also for its perfect finish, and for the soft and subdued quiet which seems falling over it like a sacred thought. The work will be most valuable and cannot fail to be popular. Martin has long been celebrated for the exquisite beauty of all the works he publishes.

Littell's Living Age. T. H. Carter & Co., Boston.—The first quarterly volume of this work for 1845 has been laid on our table; and we would say to all who desire the cream of the British periodicals, "take the Age!" The work appears at first in weekly numbers, but can be afterward bound up in volumes. Reviews from the Edinburgh and Quarterly, Kit North's delicious essays from Blackwood, sketches and tales from Hood and other magazines, with selected poetry and notices of all novelties in literature and the arts, constitute the materials of which the *Living Age* is made up. We really think it—always saving our own—the cheapest periodical published.

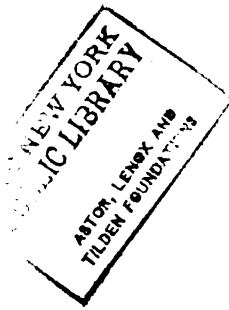
The English Woman in Egypt. 1 vol. G. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia, 1845.—For a correct account of the harem life of the East, and for information generally on the mode of life among Oriental women, we know no book that can be consulted with such perfect reliance on the accuracy of its statements, as this; for the authoress lived, during more than a year, on terms of familiarity with all the females of the first rank in Cairo, and was often a visitor in their harems. The book is written, too, in an easy and agreeable style.

The Regent's Daughter. Translated by Town, from the French of Alexander Dumas, an exciting and brilliant novel, but with a hero who allows his head to be cut off without any particularly good reason, after committing various eccentricities, such as an attempt at assassination, detracts somewhat from the entire consistency of a great character.

The Maid of Honor.—The scenes of this book are connected with the terrible events which transpired at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and of course is full of excitement and interest—though not exactly what a novel treating of that black event in history should be. Few ladies can handle such subjects with the strength requisite to perfect effect.

Eothen. By R. M. Milnes. 1 vol. Wiley & Putnam, New York, 1845.—This is really the most valuable book of travels we have seen for many a day. The author is well known as a man of talent in England, but though we expected to find merit, we did not look for so much freshness and spirit in *Eothen*. The book, too, is handsomely got up.

The Cotton Lord. By Mrs. Stone.—A readable novel, chiefly valuable for its pictures of life in the manufacturing districts of England. It has some good characters.





Engraved by J. M. C. L.

Engraved by H. E. L.

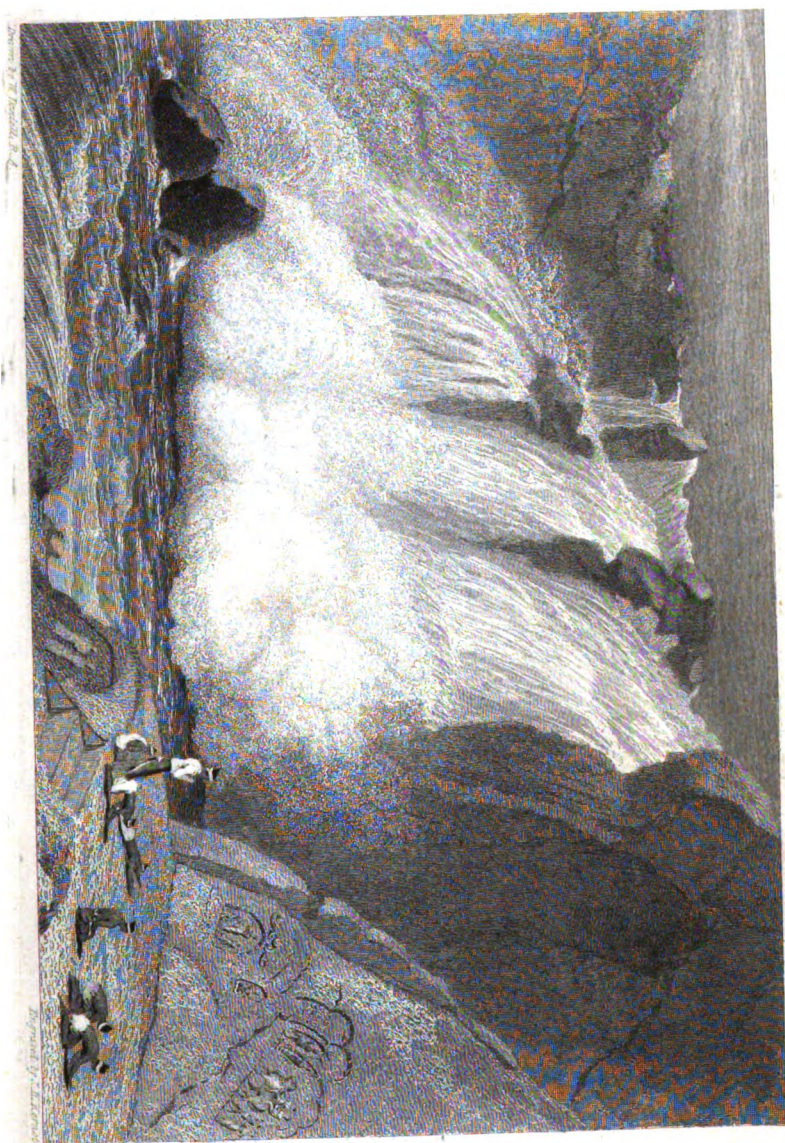
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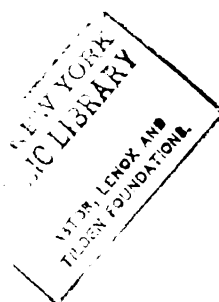
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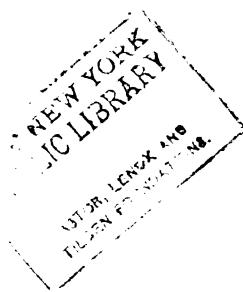




The Falls of the Rhine









LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA: JUNE, 1845.

No. 6.

THE MINIATURE:

OR, PRIDE AND PIQUE.

BY MRS. MARY DUNLAP.

"So you *are* going with the Misses Scotts and their party to-night?" said Charles Hereford, as with hat in hand he stood taking leave of his affianced bride, Mary Beaufort.

"To be sure," she said, with pretty positiveness.

The Misses Scotts were not favorites with Hereford. But especially he disliked several gentlemen with whom they were most intimate, and who he knew would accompany them on the party which had been made up for that evening, to go upon the water. Mary had been invited to the party, but as Hereford's engagement with her had not yet been made public, and as he had always shunned the acquaintance of the Misses Scotts he was not one of those asked. Afraid, however, that if he objected too positively to Mary's going she might attribute his opposition to the neglect, or might fancy him jealous of the gentleman who was to attend her, he was unwilling to tell the reason why he did not wish her to go. And Mary was unwilling to give up a pleasant party for what she thought a mere whim on his part. "If he has a reason," she said to herself, "he ought to tell me; and if he can't do that I will go, just to punish him."

Hereford was an exacting lover. He worshipped Mary with his whole soul; but, to own the truth, he required, as a proof of her love, that she should yield to his slightest wish, merely because it was *his* wish. He was bitterly disappointed when he found that she intended going with this party after his intimation of disapproval. He remained silent, looking on the floor. Mary, too, said nothing. Hereford was hurt: the beauty was piqued; and both were proud.

"I have a favor to ask, Mary," said he, looking up at length, though with some constraint. "Will you go with me to Riddal's to-night?"

"You forget that I am engaged with the Misses Scotts," she replied, a little angry.

"But you will break that?"

"I cannot."

"Not for me?"

"Not for you. It was a prior engagement!" she added, seeing that Hereford changed color.

"But consider our relations," said he, with a little haughtiness.

"Indeed!" said Mary, "you would play the tyrant."

"That is soon remedied," said Hereford, advancing to the door. He was about to pass out without further word, but he seemed to alter his mind: he stopped, and holding the knob in his hand, looked back. A flush of haughty pride overspread Mary's face.

"You will not go to-night?" he said.

"Certainly I will, sir," she replied. Then the blood ebbed from her cheeks, for Hereford had closed the door and disappeared. She stood a moment trembling violently. All her pride had vanished. Hereford was gone, gone in anger, and she had refused his last offer of peace. She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

The door opened softly and a well known step entered the room. Starting from her seat, she turned her back to the light and haughtily confronted the intruder, for a sudden revulsion had come over her feelings. Shame crimsoned her cheeks at the mere thought that Hereford had seen her weakness. Proud, proud Mary, how much that haughty bosom wars with your peace! Hereford, who thought in the hall he heard a sob, started back at the indignant Juno who now confronted him, her cheeks burning, her bosom heaving, her whole bearing indicative of haughty anger.

"Let me understand you," he said at length, rallying himself from his embarrassment. "Are you serious in saying you will go to-night?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"Then I have nothing more to say."

"Very well, sir."

"Mary," said he, again looking back.

"Sir!"

At that cold reply—so haughty, so stinging to

his pride—Hereford felt his proud cheek burn, and turning quickly on his heel he strode from the apartment. The next moment Mary heard the hall door clanging behind him.

In spite of her anger, that sound struck coldly to her bosom, for she knew how high-spirited Hereford was, and her heart misgave her that she would never see him again. She tried, however, to shake this feeling off; and began humming a gay tune. But it would not do: her voice choked, her eyes filled with tears, and leaning against the mantel-piece she wept uncontrollably.

As for Hereford he left the house in a whirlwind of passion. Nothing, he thought, could have been more galling than Mary's manner, when she rejected his last overture. He forgot that, after the tone he had assumed, a proud woman like Mary, could not be expected to reply otherwise to his almost imperious demand. Never again, he resolved, would he cross the threshold of her house.

But time brought better reflections, and when his anger had a little cooled he saw that Mary was not wholly to blame. "I was hasty and exacting," he said. "She will be sorry for what she said, and make a tacit apology by not going to-night. Then, to-morrow, I will call on her and all will be well."

But he little knew how a proud woman can act. Even though her heart should break, Mary resolved to go on the party, for she foresaw that her remaining at home would be considered by Hereford an apology.

And she went. Mary Beaufort was, on that evening, the gayest of the gay. Her smile was ever ready, her wit flashed keenest, the joyousness of her spirit seemed to defy all bounds. But little did her fascinated listeners dream of the pent-up agony within her heart. She might have been compared to a ruin decked in flowers, or midnight waters, glittering on the surface but dark within.

Hereford, when he heard of her going, had no longer any doubt that her injustice was wanton and premeditated. His returning softness passed away. He regarded himself as trifled with, and unwilling to remain where his mortification would be the subject of remark, he left the city the ensuing day, without even a word of explanation to Mary, on a long and perilous journey.

A proud heart may conquer its passion if the object is unworthy or it has been slighted without cause; but if its own perversity has brought about the separation, sooner or later it will melt into tenderness for the absent object. It was so with Mary now. On hearing of Hereford's departure, she resolved to cast him forever from her heart; but in a few days her purpose began to waver,

for she recollected that he had not been wholly to blame, and so she gradually began to nourish a wish and then a hope that he would return. "Surely," she thought, "he will not carry his anger to extremities." But days elapsed and still he was absent. She repented now that she had gone on the party. She blamed herself for her hasty words, for her self-will, for her indomitable pride. Still no Hereford came. Weeks passed, and then months. Summer became autumn, and autumn winter; and as the flowers drooped so did Mary; for her pride was now completely subdued, and she spent hours alone weeping vain tears of regret over her lover's absence.

At length she fell sick. Her illness was long, and for awhile her life was despaired of; but when almost at the gates of death a favorable change occurred in her disease, and she gradually recovered. She arose from that sick-bed a different being. Indomitable pride had been the great fault of her character, but that was now wholly eradicated. She had been purified in the furnace of affliction, and no one now was more gentle and loveable than Mary. Her affection for Hereford, however, still remained. In the wildest assaults of delirium his image had been present to her mind, upbraiding her for pride and heartlessness; and now that she had recovered she found a sad pleasure in going away by herself and brooding over the memories of the past. Her favorite spot on such occasions was a little arbor in the garden; and there would she sit for hours gazing on the miniature of Hereford, the only memento of him that remained to her.

But where was he? For more than a year no tidings had been received of him even by his own family, except a hasty letter dated from Malta, and containing the intelligence that he was about to set forth for Egypt and Syria. For Hereford sought in travel to drown the bitter remembrances of happy days now gone forever. From Cairo he passed to Jerusalem, and thence over the desert to Bagdad. Wherever excitement could be found there was he; and month after month he braved the dangers of a Bedouin's wandering life, hoping to discover that Lethe for which so many have sought in vain. He stood by the ruins of Babylon, he slaked his thirst in the broad Tigris, he passed through many a peril, and beheld many a strange land, but he could not shake from his mind the thought of Mary. There are some men who may love a dozen women: there are others of a more earnest mould who can never worship but one. Hereford belonged to this latter class. The deep fountains of his heart had been broken up, and the golden cistern thereafter was never to be at rest.

At length he resolved to return to his native land. Not that he hoped for happiness there; but an indefinable yearning came over him to tread once more its soil. Nor did he dream that Mary loved him still: yet, like a fascinated bird, he longed to hear of her, though uncared for, to be near her, though unseen. With him to resolve was to execute, and by the most rapid conveyances he reached home just as summer was opening.

It was a beautiful day in June, and the flowers were out in all their loveliness and perfume, when led by an irresistible impulse he rode out into the country, intending to pass by the country residence of Mary's father, where together they had once spent so many happy days. As he approached the house his heart beat with quicker pulsations, for he recognized familiar objects on every hand. The dwelling appeared to be closed, as if the family had not yet removed to it for the summer; and alighting from his saddle, he tied his horse to a paling of the fence, opened the gate and entered. Before him was the broad carriage-walk where he had often caught the first sight of Mary as she came to welcome him on his visits: there was the lawn where they had sauntered arm in arm; and hard by was the clump of chestnut trees under whose magnificent boughs they were wont to seek shelter in the sultry noonday. He walked on, his heart melted by the recollections these scenes called up, and listlessly turned into the garden.

Hereford had arrived from abroad but the day before, consequently he possessed no information respecting Mary. He had not ventured to ask whether she was married or not. He did not know, therefore, that on account of her health she had preceded the rest of the family into the country, and was now residing here alone, with the exception of the servants. But suddenly he came upon a little arbor of trellice-work, which had been a favorite resort of Mary and himself in other days. It was completely sheltered in thick vines, which he was about to put aside in order to enter, when he was arrested by the voice of some one apparently occupying it. He drew back, and the voice began the prelude to a song. Every tone was full of pathos—like yet unlike those of Mary. His heart beat violently, and he leaned against a tree for support. And now his doubts no longer perplexed him, for he fully recognized the voice of Mary, as in a tone of melting sadness she sang these lines of Moore.

"As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in coldness and darkness below;
So the face may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;

To which life nothing brighter nor darker can bring,
For which joy hath no balm and affection no sting."

The voice of the singer trembled as she proceeded, and became choked with tears as she finished the last line. Hereford put aside the vines and gazed stealthily on her. Oh! how pale was that sad, sweet face. And could it be, he asked himself, that she had suffered all this for him. She drew forth a miniature from her bosom, at this instant, and gazed earnestly upon it. From where he stood the face was plainly visible; and his brain grew dizzy with happiness as he saw it was his own. In that moment all his proud resolutions faded away, everything was forgotten but that pale, wan face, and the consciousness of Mary's love, long treasured in despite of absence and neglect. He sprang forward and fell at her feet.

"Will you forgive me?" he said. "Can you overlook my hasty anger and continued neglect? But oh! believe me, Mary, it has cost me unremitting agony."

Startled, confused, yet still sensible of her sudden happiness, Mary could only extend her hand to her lover and murmur his name, before she fell fainting into his arms.

You may well suppose, fair reader, they never quarrelled again; and though they have now been married for years (quite long enough indeed for the fashions to change materially as you may see by the picture) neither Mary nor Hereford have yet exchanged a harsh word. They made an agreement before they were united that both should not be angry at the same time, and the contract has been religiously kept in spite of PRIDE AND PIQUE.

HAPPINESS.

WHEN first the morning-beams on high,
And paints with gold the eastern sky,
When the buoyant heart like the rose in bloom
First whispers "Love" and its joys to come
In strains sublime.

When the midway sun his course has sped,
And tinged the azure vaults with red—
When the joyous heart—like the gentle dove
First sings of innocence, and love
In hymns divine.

When evening shades veil in the light,
And heavens queen ascends the night—
When modest Love with flashing eye
Speaks "Peace"—'tis true felicity!
Without alloy.

Felicity that reigns above
Consists in friendship and in love—
Thus angels chant these heavenly lays
In hymns of rapture and of praise
In perfect joy.

W. A. W.

A NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 152.

In the dancing hall, next to the card room, Philip, looking at his watch, found that it was time to keep his rendezvous at St. Gregory's church. He was not sorry at the thought of giving back his purple mantle and plumed hat to their rightful owner, for he did not feel altogether at ease under his distinguished mask. As he was going toward the door, hoping to slip out unobserved, the negro came up to him, and whispered—"your royal highness, Duke Hermann is looking everywhere for you." Philip made no reply, but hurried out; the negro after him. When they came into the ante-room—the black cried, alarmed—"Heavens! here comes the Duke!" and retreated into the hall.

A tall mask walked fiercely up to Philip, and said, "stop a moment; I've something to say to you. I have long been looking for you."

"Be quick, then," answered Philip, "for I have no time to lose."

"I would waste no time with you; I have spent enough in search of you! You owe me satisfaction. You have shamefully injured me."

"I know not how."

"Do you not know me?" asked the duke, lifting up his mask. "Now—you know who I am; and your own conscience will tell you the rest. I demand satisfaction. You and the infamous Salmoni have deceived me."

"I know nothing about it," persisted Philip.

"You are the contriver of that outrageous business in the baker's cellar. At your instigation Colonel Kalt made the assault on my person—"

"It is not true."

"What—not true? You deny it? Madame Blankenschwerd told me the whole, not more than half an hour ago. She was an eye witness of the ghost farce you played with me."

"She has told your grace a false story. I had nothing to do with the affair. If you let people play tricks with you—it is your own business."

"I ask, once more, will you give me satisfaction? If not, I will expose you. Follow me at once to the king. Either you shall fight with me, or I appeal to his majesty."

"Your grace," stammered Philip in some embarrassment, "I have no wish, either to fight with you, or go to the king."

This was the truth; for Philip feared he should be discovered, and punished for the part he had

so unwillingly played. He tried every means to get rid of the duke, and looked frequently at the door, hoping to seize a favorable moment and make his escape. The duke on his part observed the anxiety of the supposed prince, and grew more courageous. At last he seized poor Philip by the arm, and was dragging him back into the hall.

"What do you want with me?" cried Philip in desperation, and shaking off the grasp.

"Come to the king!" cried the enraged duke; "we shall hear how shamefully a princely guest at his court has been treated."

"Very good!" said Philip, who saw no way to help himself but resuming the character of the prince—"come, then, I am ready. By good luck I have the paper with me, in which you give the promise to the baker's daughter, to —"

"Ridiculous! Nonsense!" interrupted the duke; "that was one of those jokes one may easily be allowed with a baker's girl! Show it to his majesty; I can easily explain it."

But the duke, apparently, was not quite sure of this; he made no further effort to take Philip to the king. He insisted, however, in a more peremptory manner than ever, that they should both get into the carriage, and go to settle the affair with sword or pistols. Philip had no fancy for this proceeding. He pointed out the evil consequences of such a step; but the duke would not listen to reason. He insisted that he had made all necessary preparations, and should leave the city as soon as their duel was ended.

"If you are not," said he, "the greatest coward in the country—follow me to the carriage—prince!"

"I am no prince!" exclaimed Philip, driven to extremities.

"You are. Everybody knows you here. I know your hat. You shall not escape me."

Philip raised his mask, and showed the duke his face.

"Now then—am I the prince?"

Duke Herrman, when he saw the countenance of a stranger, started back as if petrified with astonishment. To have revealed his private concerns to a person unknown to him—it was frightful! Before he could recover from his surprise and bewilderment Philip had escaped out of the door.

CHAPTER XI.

As soon as Philip found himself in the open air, he took off his hat and mantle, rolled them up together, and with the bundle under his arm, hastened along the street to St. Gregory's church. There stood Rose waiting in a corner by the great church door.

"Ah, Philip—dear Philip!" cried she, pressing

his hand as soon as she recognized him, "how happy you have made me! how lucky we are! I could have no rest with my friends; I've been waiting here almost a quarter of an hour. But my joy was so great, I did not think of the cold. I am so glad you are here at last."

"And I too, dearest Rose, that I am again with you. A plague on all the doings of great lords! But I'll tell you some other time of the strange scenes I have had. Tell me now, darling, how you are, and if you love me still?"

"Ah, Philip, you are a great man now, and it is my turn to ask if you care for me?"

"How did you know that I was a great man?"

"You told it me yourself. Ah, Philip—if you only are not proud, now you have grown so immensely rich! I am a poor girl, and, I own it, not good enough for you. But, Philip, I've been thinking, if you could forsake me—I would rather you had remained the poor gardener. It would break my heart, Philip, if you should forsake me."

"Rose, what is the meaning of all this talk? 'Tis true, I have been a prince for an hour, but that was only a joke; a joke I'll never venture on again in my life! Now I am a watchman again, and as poor as ever, I have indeed an order for five thousand dollars, that I got from a Mameluke—that could help us both out of all difficulties—but, alas! it does not belong to me!"

"You speak riddles, Philip," said Rose, and gave him the purse of gold she had received from the prince. "There—take your purse again; it is too heavy for my pocket."

"What should I do with so much money? Where did you get it, Rose?"

"You won it in the lottery, Philip."

"What! have I won? And they told me at the office that my number was a blank! The gardener Rothmann pitied me so—and said—'poor Philip—no prize!' And it won—after all! Now I'll buy his garden, and marry you, dear Rose! How much is it?"

"Philip, have you taken too much wine? You must know best how much it is! I only peeped into the purse under the table at my friend's, and was frightened to see the shining gold pieces. Then I thought—it is no wonder Philip was so forward. Yes, you were very forward; but I could not blame you. I could myself fall on your neck and cry for joy."

"If you will do it, Rose, I can say nothing against it. But here is some mistake. Who brought you this money, and told you I had won it in the lottery? I have my ticket yet in my chest at home, and nobody has asked me for it."

"Philip, do not talk nonsense. You told me so yourself, and gave me the money, half an hour ago."

"Rose—think again. I saw you this morning on the way to mass, and we then made the agreement for our meeting to-night. Since then we have not met till now."

"Except half an hour ago, when I heard you blow your horn, and called you to me at Steinmann's door. But what is that bundle under your arm? And why are you without a hat this cold night? Philip—Philip—you must be careful. So much money may turn your head. You have certainly been in some tavern, and have taken more than you should. What have you got in that bundle? Heavens! here is a woman's silk gown! Philip, Philip, where have you been?"

"I was not with you, certainly, half an hour ago! You are joking with me—I verily believe. Tell me, how did you come by the money?"

"Tell me first, Philip, where you got this woman's gown. Where have you been?"

In the impatience of both, neither was willing to give the first answer. They began to mistrust each other, and to have a lover's quarrel.

CHAPTER XII.

This little misunderstanding terminated as such things usually do. When Rose took out her white pocket-handkerchief, and turning away her pretty head, began to wipe tears from her eyes, it appeared directly that she was in the right, and Philip plainly in the wrong. He confessed himself so, and told her he had been at a masked ball, and that the bundle contained not a woman's gown but a man's silk mantle, with mask and bonnet.

Rose knew very well that a masked ball was a dangerous place for young men's hearts, and asked her lover many searching questions; Philip related the story in brief to satisfy her, but she was inclined to disbelieve his account of such wonderful adventures, till he put an end to her doubts by informing her that the prince, who was the person with whom he had exchanged clothes would be on the spot in a few moments, to get back his dress—and restore his watchman's coat and horn.

A light here flashed on Rose's mind as to her adventure at Steinmann's door; she in turn related all she had to tell, hesitating, however, a little when she came to the kiss, and her throwing her arms round the supposed Philip's neck.

"Stop," cried Philip—"I did not kiss you—nor receive a kiss from you!"

"It was *meant* for you—I am sure," said Rose, coaxingly. Philip rubbed his forehead, thoughtfully.

"I know now, Philip," said Rose, "that all you have told me is true. It must have been the prince in your clothes."

But Philip was uneasy. He imagined he had lighted on the clue to his highness's earnest desire to change with him, and be a watchman for a little while. He thought of what the mask in the dress of a Dutchman had said to him, and fell to questioning Rose with great earnestness, as to whether she had ever seen Prince Julian or a great lord, who had followed her to church, or whether she had seen such persons in Milk street, or any one had left money at her mother's—and so on. Rose answered with such perfect innocence and frankness, as to remove all his suspicions; and then he warned her against the flatteries of the great and rich, receiving in return some admonitions from the fair girl about the danger of talking with high ladies at masked balls. Philip was about to end this little round of explanations by claiming the kiss that had been stolen from him, when they were interrupted. A man out of breath with running—rushed up to them. Philip knew him at once by his watchman's gear; he reached out the hat and silk mantle to him.

"My gracious lord—here are your things. With your leave, I will never change places again with you—I have gained very little by it."

"Quick—quick!" exclaimed the prince; he threw down his watchman's attire on the snow, tied on the mask and mantle, and put on his plumed hat. Rose shrank back frightened. Philip put on his great-coat, and took his horn and staff.

"I promised you something, my lad," said the prince; "but, as I live, I haven't my purse with me."

"Here it is!" cried Philip, holding out the purse. "You gave it to my bride there—but please your highness—I must forbid all presents of the sort."

"Keep what you have, comrade, and get out of the way as quickly as you can; it is not safe for you here," cried Julian, and was hurrying away, but Philip held him by the mantle.

"My lord," said he, "we have one small matter yet to settle."

"Be off—I tell you—watchman! Run—they are in search of you."

"I have no cause to run—your highness. But here is your purse—"

"Keep it. Run, for your life!"

"And an order of Marshal Blankenschwerd's for five thousand dollars—"

"Ha! what had you to do with Marshal Blankenschwerd?"

"He said it was a gambling debt he owed you. He and his lady set off to-night for their estates in Poland."

"Are you mad? How do you know that? Who gave you the message for me?"

"And, your highness, the minister of finance, Bodenlos, will pay all your debts to Abraham Levi, if you will use your influence for him with the king—to have him retained in the ministry."

"Are you possessed with the devil?"

"But, in your name, I rejected the offer."

"You rejected the minister's offer?"

"Yes—gracious sir. And moreover, I have completely reconciled the Countess Bonau to the Chamberlain Pilzon."

"Which of us two is raving?"

"Yet more—your highness. The singer Rollina is a worthless jade. She keeps you in ignorance of her intrigues. I considered her unworthy of having anything to do with your royal highness, and, therefore, declined the supper to-night at her house."

"The singer Rollina! What do you know of her?"

"Another thing. Duke Hermann is furious against you on account of that scene in the cellar. He was going to complain of you to the king."

"The duke? Who told you of all that?"

"Himself. You are not safe yet. But he will not go to the king, for I threatened him with the written promise he gave the baker's daughter. But he wants to fight a duel with you; you had better be on your guard."

"Tell me one thing—do you know how the duke knew that I—"

"He learned it from Madame Blankenschwerd, the marshal's lady. She told him all, and that she had acted the witch in the juggling scene."

The prince took hold of Philip's arm. "You merry fellow," said he—"you are no watchman." He drew him close to one of the lamps, and started when he saw the face of a man quite unknown to him.

"Who are you?" asked Julian, quite timidly, for he felt some degree of apprehension.

"I am Philip Stark, the gardener, son of Gottlieb Stark, the watchman," answered Philip, quietly.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THERE he is! Stop him! there's the fellow!" cried several voices, and Rose, the prince and Philip saw themselves surrounded by policemen. Rose screamed; but Philip took her hand, and said, "do not be frightened." The prince laid his hand on the gardener's shoulder.

"This is a sorry business!" said he. "I was right in telling you to run—you ought to have been off in time. But fear nothing: you shall suffer no harm."

"We shall know that afterward," said one of the police, "meanwhile, he must come with us."

"Whither?" asked Philip. "I am doing my duty. I am the watchman."

"We know that—and for that very reason you must come along with us."

"Let him go, my good friends," said Julian, feeling in his pockets for money. Finding none he was going to whisper to Philip to buy his liberty out of the purse; but the captors interfered and separated them. "Keep off," cried the officer, "there must be no agreement. The mask is a suspicious person, and must go with us too."

"No—no!" cried Philip. "You want the watchman; I am he. If you will be responsible for interrupting me in the performance of my duty—take me whither you choose. But this gentleman must go free."

"It is not your place to teach us our duty," said the officer. "Forward, march, all of them."

"The girl too? surely not her," cried Philip.

"No—the girl may go—but we must see her face, and take down her name, and the place where she lives."

"She is the daughter of the widow Bittner in Milk street," answered Philip. He was not a little vexed when the men took the weeping Rose to a lamp, and stared and gaped every one of them at her beautiful face.

"Go home, now, Rose," said her lover, "and have no fears for me. I have a good conscience."

Rose sobbed so, that even the policemen were forced to pity her. The prince tried to avail himself of this circumstance to make his escape, and sprang out of the hands of his captors; but he was caught again directly. "Holla!" cried the officer, "this man has a bad conscience—it appears: come, along with him."

"Whither?" asked the prince.

"Directly to his excellency the minister of police."

"Lisien—friends!" said Julian earnestly—for he did not like the idea of the whole story coming to light, with his adventure in watchman's disguise—"I came here only this moment by accident; you have nothing to do with me. I belong to the court. If you undertake to compel me to go with you, you shall repent of your doings to-morrow, in prison on bread and water."

"For heaven's sake," cried Philip—"let the gentleman go! I give you my word he is a great lord—who can punish you for your conduct. He is——"

"Hold!" interrupted Julian. "Tell no one my name! no one—I say! Whatever may happen, let no one know who I am."

"We do our duty," answered the officer, "and shall not be sent to prison for that. It may very well happen to the masked gentleman himself.

We often hear the like bluster, and have no fear of it. Forward—march!"

"Consider," said Philip. "He is a great gentleman belonging to the court."

"If he were the king himself—he must go with us; it is our duty to arrest him as a suspicious person," answered one of the policemen.

"Ay," said another, "these great gentlemen have often private affairs with watchmen and the like of you."

While the contest was going on, a carriage with eight horses, and servants bearing flambeaux, drove past the church. "Stop!" cried a voice within, as they passed the party who had the prince in custody.

The carriage stopped. The door opened, and a gentleman sprang out, dressed in an overcoat, with a brilliant star on his breast. He came forward, pushed the policemen aside, and looked at the prince from head to foot.

"Right!" exclaimed he. "I knew the bird by his feathers. Who are you, mask?"

Julian knew not what to answer, for in the speaker he recognized Duke Herrmann.

"Answer me!" thundered the duke. Julian shook his head, and made signs to the duke to desist; but he seemed more determined than ever to find out who had encountered him at the ball. He questioned the policemen, who stood with heads uncovered in his presence. They replied, that they had orders to bring the watchman immediately before the minister of police; that he had been guilty of singing libellous verses, as they had heard with their own ears, and had escaped them through alleys and side streets, till they came up with him by the church, where they had seen him in close and earnest conversation with the mask, whom on that account they deemed as suspicious a person as the watchman himself. That the mask had given himself out for some great lord of the court, but that was undoubtedly a false story. They held it, therefore, to be their duty to take him into custody.

"The man is not of the court," said the duke, "you may take my word for that. He made his way by stealth into the ball, where he passed himself off for Prince Julian. I forced him to unmask at last, and detected him, but he escaped me. He is some rogue whom nobody knows. I told the lord steward of his audacity. Take him off with you; you have done well to arrest him."

So saying, the duke turned about and got into his carriage, calling out before it drove off—that they must be careful not to let the rascal escape.

The prince saw that he must submit. To reveal his name to the policemen would be to make his night's frolic the talk of the whole city. It

would be better to disclose himself to the chamberlain or the minister of police. Having made up his mind to this—he quietly resigned himself to the will of his captors, and they marched on.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP hardly knew whether he was bewitched or dreaming. He seemed to have gone through a life-time of adventures. But he could not blame himself for anything he had done—except changing clothes with the prince, and sustaining—though against his will—his character at the ball. The prince—it seemed—had not behaved as discreetly in his part of a watchman, or why was the police in search of him?

When they came to the palace of the minister, he felt more courage. While they were disarming him of his greatcoat, horn and staff, the prince spoke a few words apart with a nobleman. The policemen were immediately dismissed; the prince went up the steps, and Philip followed. "Fear nothing!" said Julian, and left him. Philip remained for some time alone in a small ante-chamber.

At last one of the royal pages came to him, and said—"come this way; the king will see you."

Philip was really frightened. His knees trembled under him. He was shown into a handsome apartment. The old king sat at a little table, and was laughing heartily. Near him stood Prince Julian without a mask. No one else was in the room.

The king looked at Philip for some moments, with a good-humored expression. "Tell me," said he at length, "everything that you have done to-night."

Philip felt re-assured by the condescension of his majesty, and went through the whole story, in its minutest particulars; being prudent enough, however, to omit anything he had heard from the courtiers that might cause embarrassment to the prince. The king laughed again and again; and at the end took out two gold pieces, and handed them to Philip. "Go now, my friend," said he, "and attend to your business. No harm shall come to you. But, I command you, mention to no one what has taken place to-night. Now, go."

Philip knelt down and kissed the king's hand, thanking him for his goodness. As he rose, to withdraw, Julian said—"I humbly entreat your majesty to permit the young man to wait a few minutes without. I owe him something for the inconvenience I have caused him to-night."

The king nodded his head with a smile, and Philip went out.

"Prince!" said the king, holding up his finger in a threatening manner—"it is well for you that

you have told me the truth. For this time I will pardon your wild behavior, but nothing shall excuse a repetition of the offence. I must look into the story of Duke Hermann; it will not grieve me if we lose his company. With regard to what you tell me of the ministers of finance and police—I must wait for further proof of the correctness of your judgment. Go now, and give something to the young gardener. He has shown himself more discreet in your character than you have in his."

The prince took leave of the king, threw on a surtout in an ante-room, called Philip, and made him accompany him to his palace. Here he made him go over, word for word, all that had happened at the ball. When he had finished, Julian clapped him on the shoulder, and said—"you are a clever fellow; I am well pleased with you. All you have done in my name to those persons I approve of, and ratify, as if I had done it myself. But you must take the blame of the verses I sung as watchman. For a punishment you will lose your office; but you shall be my head gardener, and have charge of my gardens at the Castles Heimleben and Quellenthal. The money I gave your bride she shall keep as her portion, and I will give you also the order of Marshal Blankenschwerd for five thousand dollars. Go—now—serve me faithfully, and you will find your interest promoted by it."

Meanwhile Rose had gone home and sat by the table with her mother, crying very bitterly. It was no small surprise to them, when Philip rushed in, threw the purse containing Rose's portion upon the table, and began to tell them of his good fortune, and that he was going in a day or two to be gardener at Heimleben, and should be married—and would carry Rose's mother as well as his own parents, to share his home. All was joy when the happy families breakfasted together, though it must be confessed that Rose was for this once sadly negligent of her household duties. How their plans were put in execution—how Philip lost his office of watchman, and a fortnight after, married the pretty Rose—and how they all lived together comfortably at Heimleben—belongs not to the adventures of a New Year's night. No one suffered in consequence of that night—as we have heard—except the minister of finance. Nor has it come to our knowledge, that Prince Julian ever had any more such frolics.

MUSIC.—That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

ON A BRIDE*

LEAVING HER NATIVE CITY.

THERE's many a bud in our garden grows,
 The violet sweet and the tuberose;
 All things that hide in the shady wood,
 All things that fly from its solitude:
 The fair camilla and heliotrope,
 And sweetest yet the flower of hope;
 Forget-me-nots and anemones,
 And the gay wind-flower that courts the breeze;
 There the jasmine blows, the blood-root blooms,
 The pensive daisy for love consumes,
 The honeysuckle its fragrance throws,
 And the conscious holly in crimson glows,
 The primrose rustles along the green,
 And droops the graceful columbine:
 But the sweetest flower our garden through,
 Is the lily that blushes to kiss the dew!

Alas! the lily is passing away;
 The garden sweets no more are gay.
 The rose looks down with a saddened eye,
 And the daisy sighs in sympathy.
 The anemone with grief is shook,
 The violet weeps by the pensive brook,
 Only one flower in all the spot
 Is smiling out—the forget-me-not!
 But its blue eyes gleam with a kindly light,
 Its leaves are tremulous with delight.
 And it whispering asks in the lily's ear,
 "You will often think of your sisters here?"

The lily looks as she turns to go!
 Her smile is gay, but her steps are slow,
 If her heart leaps up for the friends she'll find,
 She sighs to think of the friends behind.
 Other flowers may grow in that garden fair,
 But never another lily there!

*These lines were sent to a beautiful and amiable young lady on the morning of her marriage, and just before she left her native city for a permanent residence in another.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

WHEN sorrow darkens on life's path,
 And night grows black around,
 And not a taper o'er the waste,
 Or star on high is found;
 When thick and fast the sleety snow
 Against the heart is driven,
 Remember then that "*God is love*,"
 And place thy trust in heaven!

When down the hilly slope of life
 The tottering step descends,
 Alone to tread the shadowy vale
 Where no kind voice befriends;
 When facing death, the soul is shook
 With doubts of sins forgiven,
 Remember then that "*God is love*,"
 And place thy trust in heaven.

AGATHA.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

NEVER did I look on a spot so melancholy in its loveliness: the water rushed from an unseen spring in the bosom of the rock, and fell into a basin of rude, unpolished stone; the graceful water-fern and moss of a thousand hues, clothed the edges of the dark reservoir, where, as the stream entered, it took a blood-red tinge; two tall aspens trembled above as if to warn the thirsty traveller from the unholy wave, and their white and satin-like barks cast back the moonbeams which could not reach the gloomy water.

An old man was leaning on his staff, and his dim eyes were turned earthward. His long, white beard fell upon his breast, though his head was bald, save only where a few gray hairs yet lingered near his brow. I approached him, and after conversing awhile, I asked if he knew the legend connected with the place we now occupied. "I will tell you the tale," he said, whilst he brushed a tear from his furrowed cheek.

"In this spot, many a long year ago, the pride of our Canton awaited the appearance of her lover. She was beautiful as the first rose that bursts its bud in spring, and innocent as the lamb which the shepherd takes to his bosom to shield it from the north wind. Many had loved her, but she smiled on each with the cold, placid smile of indifference, and none could gain from Agatha aught more tender than courtesy. But on the day I speak of—it was one cold and bleak as those in which outworn December touches palms with ice-crowned January, and delivers to the chilly step-dame of the coming year the keys of all the pent up rivulets—one of our young peasants passed this spot in pursuit of game; he loved Agatha—but wherefore need I tell you this, when I have told that all the youths of the Canton loved her? The quick eye of the young peasant rested on her as she stood amid the leafless branches of yonder group of stunted hawthorns—the breeze played roughly among her long, brown hair, and her cheek was paler than its wont. Suddenly a stranger approached.

"*Agatha!*" said the intruder quickly: and she sprang from her concealment and clung fondly to the speaker; 'the moon is rising higher in heaven. love, and I yet linger—Agatha I must go and be forgotten.'

"*Not forgotten, seigneur,*" cried the young maiden, as she sank on her knees beside him: '*never—never!*' She spoke with passion, for all her energies were condensed in this her first and only affection, and after a moment's silence she again murmured, '*never—never!*'

"The stranger was habited in a garb darkly magnificent and foreign; his head gear was of sable velvet, and its nodding plumage overshadowed his countenance; his tall and graceful form bent over the maiden, and his accents bore a blended tenderness and pride that suited well the scene and season in which they were heard. 'And will you never forget me beautiful Agatha?' and again the soft tones of the peasant maiden whispered, 'never—never!'"

"'Look,' said the manly wooer, as he extended his athletic arm toward the castle, whose ruins are yonder in the distance; 'look, Agatha, at the halls of my fathers—when I am faithless, may that proud pile become a ruin, and the walls which once pealed with feast and revelry, echo only the dire note of the night raven or the boding scream of the owl!'"

"'And oh! if indeed I am one day forgotten for a nobler bride,' exclaimed the maiden, 'I will pierce my bosom beside this rocky fountain, and my life-blood shall flow forever, blended with its clear wave a legacy to her children.'

"'Be it even so, fair sceptic,' said the stranger, and he clasped her to his bosom, and for awhile was silent.

"'Yet wherefore should we part?' asked the baron, after a pause—for it was indeed the lord of our Canton who loved the maiden; 'why wilt thou not fly with me? I will take thee to fair Italy, and the noblest and the greatest shall do thee homage as the bride of De Maisie.'

"'It may not be,' whispered the maiden.

"'Then farewell, Agatha,' and the noble unwreathed the soft arms from his neck and moved away.

"'Stay yet a moment,' faltered out the fair one; the baron pointed to the moon now high in the heavens, and the maiden clasped her hands in agony. 'Were any near to tell my father that I yet live—that I am unworthy the regret of his old age,' she uttered faintly.

"'I will do your bidding, Agatha, for I have loved you!' said the young sportsman as he rushed forward and stood before them.

"With trembling fingers the maiden detached a small gold crucifix from her bosom. 'He forgave his murderers,' she said almost inarticulately.

"'Will you indeed part with the holy symbol?' asked the youth in an accent of reproach.

"'And why should she not?' cried the baron haughtily, and tearing a gemmed star from his own vest, he placed it on the bosom of the maiden, 'Agatha will not regret the gift.'

"'But this—' murmured the youth—'away,' and the proud lord frowned fearfully on his young vassal, till he turned aside and departed.

"Months passed; and the old man died, for all that once endeared life had passed away, and the maiden was remembered only as a bright vision. Years sped on. On morning, an aged shepherd marked something glittering beside the rocky basin: he drew near, and there lay a lovely woman, clad in white and flowing robes, and her brown hair wreathed with flowers—it was Agatha. And she had fulfilled her vow! A gemmed dagger was buried in her bosom, and the spring-wave was dyed with her heart's best blood; care had blighted the roses of her cheek, and her lofty form was attenuated by sorrow. She had been forgotten for a prouder dame. But with the fortune of a peasant she had the soul of an empress. Had she lived the Canton would have scorned her—as she died it pitied her; she felt it thus, and to such a heart it was no pang to die!—she was laid beside her father, and a low, grassy mould now veils alike her love and her misfortune. The baron returned not to his domain; he fell in a distant land, the victim of a wild feud, bred in a moment of intemperance—he fell, and left no heir; and the castle of his ancestors is the abode of the night-raven and the owl!"

The old man ceased, and I put aside my tablets. Like the simple inmates of the Canton, I pitied Agatha, and could not sketch her death scene.

THE CAPRICIOUS LOVER.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

My best affections are not thine,
And yet thy heart I prize,
And grieve to think that any ear
Save mine should hear thy sighs,
While brighter beauties claim my vows
Thou art not quite forgot,
I cannot bear to give thee up,
And yet I love thee not.

I wish thou would'st not always seem
So gentle and so mild,
Thy fond indulgence makes me feel
Too like a wayward child,
I long to see thee in a pet,
Or even frown a scold—
To find thee but a shade less calm
Might make me feel less cold.

But ah! I see thee every day,
And still the same to me,
Thy smiles of kindness are unchanged
Whate'er my humor be,
And when I gaze in other eyes
And strive thy soul to move,
Thou wilt not for a moment doubt
My constancy and love.

But when with restless vanity
 Too long my power I try,
 I see a look of sadness rise
 Within thy quiet eye,
 But word of coldness or reproach
 Ne'er falls upon mine ear—
 And when I am the most perverse
 I seem to be most dear.

Some anger surely moves thy soul,
 Then be not so serene,
 I'm wearied of this farce, and long
 To see a change of mein;
 A quarrel true with one so meek
 Would give me serious pain,
 But wake some interest in my breast
 That we should meet again.

Perpetual sunshine makes me long
 To see a darker sky,
 E'en beauty when unmoved, unchanged,
 Soon palls both soul and eye,
 The prize that is most hard to gain
 Too oft appears—the best,
 The wearied soul grows sadly dull
 Beneath unceasing rest.

Yet I could almost vow at times
 Though thou art ever kind,
 Thou'rt laughing at me in thy heart
 With malice most refined;
 For on thy lip I often see
 A smile for love too bright,
 And from thy downcast eye there beams
 A gleam of playful light.

Thou lovest me not—and yet love lives
 In many a look and tone,
 Say is this show of calm content
 Reserved for me alone?
 Yet while I feel that I should go,
 But lingering seek to stay,
 I am not happy when I'm near,
 Nor blest when I'm away.

THE ARCHER.

BY D. B. DENSLOW.

STROLLING out one summer day,
 Where a streamlet purled away,
 Lo! I saw, 'mid flowers gay,
 Cupid soundly sleeping.
 Woodbines clustered round his bed,
 Violets blue and roses red,
 A lily blossomed by his head,
 Willows nigh were weeping.

A merry maid came tripping by,
 She woke the archer laughingly,
 "Your arts, fair sleeper, I defy,"
 She said with sportive sighing!

Cupid straight an arrow drew,
 To her snowy breast it flew—
 Ah! the maiden little knew—
 Now for love she's dying!

THE HEIR'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. C. G. MORTON.

"HAVE you heard that Harry Connor is expected home this week?" said Patty Allen, at the sewing circle of our village, looking up from her work while she spoke, as if announcing something of importance.

"No indeed! You don't say? La now!" were the various ejaculations that responded to her remark. "Do tell, is he as rich and handsome as they say?"

"I had the news from his aunt," said Patty. "He is to be home on Saturday. Father says he will be the richest man in the county, for he has got all his uncle's estate, and Doctor Parker was the first physician here for thirty years."

"Then the old mansion will be opened once more," said Ellen Eden, looking up with enthusiasm in her fine eyes; "it is so dull and gloomy now, in spite of its magnificent belt of trees, and everything about it seems so neglected, that I shall be glad when its master returns to clear the dead twigs from the walks and tie up the roses on the trellice-work again, as I remember them when I was a child."

"Pshaw!" said Isabel Warner. "If it was mine I'd cut down all the trees and tear away the old trellice-work porch; and in its place there should be a colonnade with Corinthian pillars. And I'd have larger windows put in, and the parlors thrown into one; and there should be new marble mantles; and then I'd give a great ball—oh! such a ball as we've never seen here—and then, girls, you should all be invited."

"I'm afraid," said Ellen, smiling, "that the old place would scarcely know itself."

"That it wouldn't; but what of that? Old Dr. Parker was a blue-law Presbyterian, almost as bad as you, Ellen; but I warrant the young heir is not so old fashioned. Nay, I beg pardon," she said, as she saw Ellen's flushed cheek, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings."

"There is no need for an apology," said Ellen mildly, "but dear Isabel I only wish you were a blue-law Presbyterian, as you call it—or a blue-law Episcopalian, or anything else."

"Well—well—time enough yet," said Isabel, half gaily, half pettishly, "but Patty, you have not told us yet if Mr. Connor is handsome." She remarked, turning to the first speaker.

"His aunt says he is, but he was always her pet. He'll be at church, however, on Sunday."

"Then we shall see for ourselves. And now, girls, the best one is she that gets the first introduction."

"Agreed," said all, and the conversation ceased.

Isabel Warner was a spoiled beauty, but with a naturally good heart, as was evidenced in her conversation with Ellen, which we have narrated. Between her and Miss Eden there could not be a greater contrast than already existed; for Ellen was a girl of rigid notions of duty, an exemplary though unobtrusive Christian, and one of the mildest and sweetest of characters. While every one admired the gay, high-spirited and brilliant Isabel, all loved the modest and retiring Ellen: the one was the dahlia which flaunts before all eyes, the other was the retiring violet.

In her secret heart Isabel, already the most popular belle of the village, had resolved to make a conquest of the young heir. She loved ostentation quite as much as she loved flattery; and she longed to be mistress of the old mansion. She knew, however, that she had many rivals, for there was scarcely a young lady in the village, having either by birth, accomplishments or beauty any pretensions to the alliance, who did not indulge a hope that she might be the favored one. And each resolved to appear to her best advantage on the following Sunday.

Accordingly the church, on that day, presented quite an array of new bonnets and flowers. Our young ladies had really outdone themselves. Never had Tiverton shone in such an array of millinery. But Isabel was still the most beautiful girl there; and conscious that this would be so she delayed her entrance until the services were about to begin.

The young heir sat in the old family pew nearly opposite to that of the Warners, and more than once during the sermon his eye wandered to the beautiful being opposite. Isabel's heart beat high with gratified pride, and her triumph was complete when, at the close of the services, the young heir advanced to shake hands with her father whom he recognized, and so designedly threw himself in the way of an introduction to Isabel, of which he availed himself immediately by walking home with her.

In a short time the young heir became acquainted with the other ladies of the village, but he still showed a decided preference for Isabel. Probably he paid less attention to Ellen than to any of them: and certainly she was the only marriageable young lady in the village, who did not seek every decorous opportunity to throw herself in his way. But Ellen neither courted his society nor flattered his tastes. She treated him frankly and conversed with ease and animation when they met; but she rather shrank from than sought opportunities of meeting him. Yet Ellen felt that Harry Connor was one she *could* love; for constant flattery had altogether failed to corrupt the original nobleness of his heart.

Whether it was this conduct on the part of Ellen, or a gradually increasing appreciation of her qualities, that induced the young heir to seek her society more frequently than at first, we know it: but so he did, and eventually to such a degree that Isabel grew jealous.

One day a pic-nic party was projected, to be held on a picturesque island not far from our village. The party was to be given by the gentlemen, and great pains were taken to conceal from the ladies the nature of the preparations. All, therefore, that was known was that every thing was to be arranged in the most elegant manner. Harry Connor himself had superintended the arrangements, and his taste was proverbial. Every one promised themselves a day of enjoyment: even Ellen entered into the feeling of curiosity; and on the eventful morning many arose an hour before their usual time, impatient, as in earlier years, for the hour of setting forth.

The party was to meet at the house of Miss Warner preparatory to embarking. All had now assembled: they were waiting only for Miss Eden. At last she came, but not attired for the excursion. She had just heard that a poor old woman, whom she was in the habit of assisting now and then with alms, was dying and requested to see her.

"Are you not going?" said a dozen voices. "What is the matter?"

Ellen blushed, but said she could not go. Something quite unexpected had occurred to prevent her. "I have run down, therefore, to make an excuse." She would not tell the reason, for she knew there were those present who would attribute it to ostentatious benevolence.

"Pshaw, how ridiculous!" said Isabel Warner, who was vexed, aside to Harry Connor, "she is only afraid to go: how I hate such strict, Puritanical notions. As if a little harmless amusement was wrong."

"If Miss Eden will not go because she thinks it wrong, she is certainly very narrow-minded; and what makes it worse is the hypocrisy which conceals the true reason. Still, I cannot believe she is so bigoted."

"There is no other cause, you may depend on it. And we shall be quite as well without her: I hate such long sanctimonious faces when others are disposed to be merry."

Ellen happened to be nearer than Isabel thought, and heard these words: her eyes filled with tears, which she with difficulty concealed by turning away. She longed, yet dreaded to hear Harry Connor's answer.

"You are too harsh," was his reply. "But surely, she ought to be able to give a reason for remaining, if she is really not afraid to go."

At these words, Ellen was on the point of

revealing all, but she reflected that her motives would be misrepresented; and besides her modesty shrunk from speaking of her own good deeds. She felt, therefore, that she must allow herself to be misunderstood by Harry Connor; but it was with a pang that she came to this conclusion; and the consciousness of this, led her now, for the first time, to suspect the true state of her heart. She loved the young heir.

Harry Connor was more disappointed, at Ellen's absence, than he had believed he could be. He felt a little piqued at her refusal, for he had invited her in person; and, to tell the truth, some of the arrangements had been prepared solely to please her. Indeed Harry, without falling in love, had been growing more and more interested in Ellen ever since his return. The very indifference which she exhibited, so much in contrast with the marked attention which all the others paid him, had the effect to pique him; and pique often leads to warmer sentiments. Considerably mortified at her refusal, he resolved to revenge himself by flirting with Isabel Warner.

The woodland meal had been partaken of, and Harry, tired of the noise of the party and still out of humor with himself and Ellen, strolled off from the party, and entering a skiff began idly to float down the stream toward our village. Unconsciously he went further than he intended; but before taking up the oars to row back he resolved to land and pluck some flowers which he saw growing luxuriantly on the bank. While thus engaged he noticed a low, log-hut hard by, from which arose a voice that he thought not unfamiliar. Curiosity prompted him to approach it. The door was open, and peeping in, he saw an aged woman, apparently in the last stage of disease, while Ellen Eden was propping the dying person with pillows.

"God will bless you for this," said the sufferer feebly. "I know what you gave up to come hither. I sent for Miss Isabel Warner, whom I nursed when a child; but she said she could not come: and then I knew there was no one would sacrifice their day's pleasure for me except you, Miss Ellen. But heaven will reward you for it."

"Say nothing of it, but compose yourself," replied the sweet girl. "I only did my duty."

"Ah! duty, duty—but that is it. Who does their duty? Few, Miss Eden, few indeed."

The young heir listened to no more, for he did not wish to be seen. He had heard enough. He noiselessly glided away, and entering his skiff began to row up the lake. After awhile he stopped and looked at the humble log-cabin he had left behind.

"And it was to seclude herself in that miserable hut," he said, "to watch over the couch of a poor

and dying woman, that she voluntarily gave up the anticipated pleasures of this day. And I have been calling her Puritanical for it!"

When Harry Connor rejoined the pic-nic party he was no longer in a mood for replying to the gay sallies of Isabel Warner. His heart was by the bedside of that dying woman, where Ellen Eden watched in silence and alone. As he looked at the beautiful Isabel, and thought of her heartless refusal to visit her old nurse when dying, he wondered how he could have been deluded into believing her amiable, as he had been. She seemed to him now a lovely Medusa, while Ellen rose up before him a ministering angel.

From that day Harry Connor loved Ellen Eden. He made no allusion, when they next met, to her refusal to attend the pic-nic, but he strove, by the gentle kindness of his manner, to repay her for any regret she might have felt. Ellen scarcely knew what to make of this altered demeanor. There was something so kind in his tone, so respectful in his looks, something so different from anything she had seen before that her heart trembled with strange happiness. She had resolved to treat Harry so coldly that he would abandon her society; for she knew absence from the beloved object to be the only cure for unrequited affection. But now she hesitated. A sweet hope began to dawn on her. Could he really mean to give up the beautiful and brilliant Isabel for her? His intentions were not long a secret. The more Harry saw of Ellen the more he congratulated himself on his escape from Isabel. The very piety of our heroine, on which at first he had looked with disapproval, now became a new attraction; for however men, in the giddy maze of gaiety, may affect contempt for the Christian, they always, in their more serious moments, wish for a wife who shall be truly pious. Harry now found, moreover, that there was a vast difference between a false, ostentatious Christianity and the pure religion which Ellen practised so unobtrusively.

"And are you really going to marry Ellen Eden?" said one of his friends to him. "I hear everywhere she is a canting religionist?"

"I am about to marry her," he replied. "What you mean by a canting religionist I do not exactly know; but Ellen, however pious she may be, has nothing of cant."

"She teaches Sunday school."

"But is not that a merit rather than otherwise? Surely to devote three hours, every Sabbath, to the gratuitous mental and moral instruction of others, is a self-denying task worthy of all praise; and you will agree with me that time thus occupied is spent more beneficially than in dressing for a ball-room."

"I am a stranger here, and know nothing of Miss Eden," said his friend with some embarrassment. "Excuse me for what I said. I am sure I would rather have a pious wife than an infidel one."

"There you are right, and it is that conviction which has made me seek Ellen for a companion. I am only too happy that she loves me. I am unworthy of one so good and pure. Believe me, my dear Frank, the best thing a man can do is to choose a woman with strong religious feelings. Recollect the wife is to be the mother of your children—your own consoler in days of trouble—the guide, who ever by your side, with sweet smiles and angelic words, is to win you up to heaven. What would man be without woman? And how dreadful to see an irreligious female, one without any hopes or affections except for this world, who is thinking continually of gaiety and vain show, and who perhaps goes off to a ball when a child or husband is lying almost at the point of death, with no one by to turn the thoughts to a better world."

"I never considered the subject so seriously before," said his friend, grasping his hand. "But I feel that you are right."

"Yes!" said Harry, "and even infidels—strange as it may seem—prefer a conscientious wife before one who mocks at religion."

"I now see," replied his friend, "how it is that true love and religion are so intimately connected. Reverence is a prominent part in both. I too will seek a wife like Miss Eden." With these words they parted.

Harry Connor and our sweet Ellen were married within a month of this conversation; and a happier couple nowhere lives. The husband, like his uncle, has become a consistent Christian, and chiefly through the gentle persuasions of his wife. Their house is always open to innocent gaiety, cheerfulness has her abode there, and all in our village, low and high alike, love them.

A word on Isabel before we close. From the day of the pic-nic, she saw that her influence over the young heir was departing. She made several abortive struggles to regain him, but finding all in vain, and unwilling to have it thought any rival had supplanted her, she hastily accepted an offer from a transient admirer and was married about three weeks before Ellen. But the ill-assorted match turned out unhappily, as might have been expected; and for several years the once admired Isabel has been living in seclusion with her parents, a deserted wife. Misfortune, however, has not improved her character, for she makes all who approach her unhappy by her peevish repinings, attributing to a hard fate what was really the result of her own misconduct.

WOODS IN SUMMER.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

How changed, and yet how beautiful!
Since last I joyous stood
Beneath this very tasseled bough,
Within this very wood;

A magic hand has been at work
Upon this dear retreat,
The very breath of Heaven is changed,
The air—how strangely sweet!

Up, up—for through the tangled boughs
You scarce can see the sky,
So closely met in their embrace,
The broad limbs proudly lie.

The soft moss springing underneath,
Has taken a deeper green;
And now upon its velvet breast
Ten thousand flowers are seen.

How beautiful! I'll weave me now
A garland bright and fair;
Dearer to me these forest flowers
Than pearls or diamonds rare.

How softly, silently the brook
Steals on its way along,
The tangled grass and plumed brake
Have almost hushed its song.

The hazle, that scarce touched its brim,
Now droops upon its breast;
The tasseled foliage sleeping there
Like a young child at rest.

And the broad shadow, deep and cool,
How lovingly it lies!
Scarce broken by a single gleam
Of sunshine from the skies.

The wood-lark soars upon her wing,
With sweet and plaintive lay,
As if, in tuneful melody,
She mourned her mate away.

All sights and sounds about me,
Proclaim to eye and ear,
That thou, oh! gentle summer
In thy bridal-robes art here!

STANZAS.

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD.

I SEE thee no more—
For we met but to part;
Yet thy mem'ry still lives,
Like a dream in my heart!

At night and at morning,
In crowds and alone—
I long for thy presence,
Oh! brightest Lone!

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

It was near mid-day. The shutters of Lord Herbert's chamber were still closed, and he lay beneath the immense canopy of his bed, buried in a mass tumbled linen and crimson velvet, not quite asleep, and yet lost in a drowsy stupor which was the effect of a night of intemperate revelry. The pillow, with its rich lace trimmings, was crushed in a mass under his feverish head; his dark locks were tangled over it, and every breath that came through his parted lips impregnated the air with a strong smell of wine, which had hung around the rich drapery so many hours that the slightest motion of the sleeper, as he tossed to and fro in his unrest, rendered the atmosphere around him almost oppressive.

All at once the young lord started to his elbow with a violence that sent the bed drapery flowing in a gorgeous mass over one side of the heavy bedstead. He dashed the hair back from his eyes with a sweep of his trembling fingers, then reaching forth his hand toward a little table that stood near his pillow, he took up a crystal cup filled with water and drank it off, though his hand shook the glass while at his lips till its limpid contents were every instant flashing over the brim. The cool draught seemed to refresh him very much, for he drew a deep breath and sunk back to a pillow again, where he lay in quiet for several minutes.

Again he started up with a sharp gesture as if some adder had stung him from beneath the pillow. Snatching a little golden bell from the table, he dashed the ruby tongue against its sides with violence, and casting it down again fell back upon the bed, covering his eyes with both hands, and terribly disturbed.

"The queen—the queen," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "The malediction of a fevered heart upon her! Why did I yield to her?—why give up that which was my joy, my life, my very soul? Poor Kate, how like death it was—how she must loathe me!—my approach strikes her senseless—the sound of my footsteps sends a shudder through her frame. It was not so once!"

As he uttered the last words, the unhappy man pressed his hand hard upon his eyes, and tears broke through the strained fingers. That instant the chamber door opened softly, and his valet stole into the room. He approached the bed, set the bell upright which had fallen on its side, and refilling the crystal cup, stood quietly by awaiting his lord's pleasure, but the nobleman had turned his face to the wall and said nothing.

"Did you ring, my lord? I thought so."

Lord Herbert turned abruptly and lifted his haggard eyes to the man's face.

"Did you keep watch last night as I ordered?" he said.

"I did, till deep in the morning!" replied the man.

"Well, what say you—was *he* there?"

"He came, not twenty minutes after your lordship rode away."

"And was admitted?"

"Instantly."

Lord Herbert clenched his teeth and his eyes gleamed.

"She could not endure the sight of her husband—she fainted when I would have spoken to her," he said bitterly, "but he did not stay—she was too ill—he could not have tarried long!"

The valet hesitated, but after a moment's pause replied,

"No, it was scarcely an hour after dark when he left the house."

Lord Herbert drew a deep breath.

"There is some gold upon the carpet, I remember dropping it last night when we came in from the revel. Take a broad piece, and let no night pass without a strict watch. Now prepare the toilet, and bring forth my dressing-gown."

The valet searched upon the floor for the scattered gold which he laid upon the table, after abstracting two pieces instead of one, which he thrust into his pocket to keep company with several others that had been gathered from the carpet over night. Having thus taken care of his own interest, he spread his master's dressing-gown over a chair, poured some water from a silver ewer into a bowl of the same costly metal, and drew the crystal stopper from a jar of perfume, which he half emptied into the water before his master arose.

"Open the shutter—let in some fresh air from the garden, and leave me: I would be alone!" said the master, thrusting an arm into the furred sleeve of his dressing-gown.

The man seemed more ready to obey than was his habit in such cases. He opened the casement, and while the fresh air was bathing the fevered head of his master left the room.

The moment he was outside the door the valet thrust a hand into his pocket, and drawing forth the pieces of gold which he had bestowed there, chinked them softly between his palms, and a smile of gratified avarice lighted up his thin features.

"I must not kill the bird while it lays so many golden eggs," he muttered, unclosing his hands and gazing fondly down on the gold. "At this rate Lord Hertford's love affairs will be my fortune."

Now if I had told all this morning—that scene in the old chapel—the words of the pale, sweet lady as she went toward the house with her second husband—there would be an end to all this golden current. My jealous lord would hie him to the queen. Lord Hertford would be cast into the tower with his pretty bride, whose head might soon follow that of her sister Jane, and I might have broken up the mine which yields these sweet sparklers. No, no, friend Nicholson, you are not so great a fool as that!"

At this instant Lord Herbert's bell rung again. The valet dropped the gold into his pocket, hesitated a moment, and went back to his lord's chamber.

Lord Herbert had flung off his dressing-gown, and was busy arraying himself from a pile of rich garments which he took piece by piece from a chair near the bed. But he had tied the numerous points of his doublet awry, and become so confused with the various ornaments of his dress, that a sharp tinkle of the bell had at once recalled his servant and bespoke his own annoyance.

"Come hither—set these points aright, and then give orders that horses be brought forth!" he said sharply as the man entered.

"Does your lordship ride from the city?" inquired the man, surprised at this sudden resolution.

"No—there needs be but my own horse and another. My visit requires few witnesses. What is the fellow staring at? Is it very strange that a nobleman should wish to ride forth in the morning?"

"No, certainly," replied the man, busying himself about his master's dress—"but you looked ill a minute since, and seemed more inclined to doze away the hours in a chair than to visit the court."

"I am not going to the court!" replied the master harshly. "Heaven knows I have had enough of Elizabeth and her stately council to last me a life time." He paused an instant and added, "my visit this morning will be to my wife, the Lady Catharine."

The valet dropped the riband he was tying and looked up in astonishment, but his master beaded little what he might think, and bidding him hasten to order horses, went forth hurriedly as one who feared that his resolution might fail.

As if urged by the goading of his own thoughts, Lord Herbert rode away from his door, now at a fast pace, and again breaking into a canter which was checked so capriciously that long before he drew up in front of Lady Catharine's residence his horse was fretted till the foam flew from his angry mouth, and as the curb was fiercely drawn again he made a leap sideways with an impetuosity that made the rider reel in his saddle.

"Stay here till I return!" said Lord Herbert, flinging his bridle toward the servant, as he dismounted and lifted the huge knocker in his trembling hand. The door was opened instantly, and while John was busy taming the restive horse his master disappeared in the hall.

Lord Herbert entered the little parlor where Lady Catharine was first introduced to the reader, and flung himself into a huge chair of carved oak, which stood by the window. It was a narrow casement opening upon the garden; a white rose thicket, heavy with blossoms, was tangled in a fragrant arbor all around it, and the tranquillity of a sweet summer day rested upon the wilderness of shrubs, upon which the feverish eye of the visitor turned. Within doors everything was quiet and lovely also. A basket of flagree silver stood upon the jet black mantle-piece, crowded with crimson flowers, from which a faint odor stole through the room. A bronze vase full of holly branches stood in the fire-place between the massive silver andirons, their thick and shining leaves contrasting richly with the chased ornaments that frosted the precious metal.

A lute, exquisitely inlaid with gold, lay upon an ebony table, with some books of great value, bound in snow-white vellum and clasped with jewels. As Herbert turned his feverish eyes from one object to another he drew a deep breath, and his eyes began to tremble, for the memory of other times was stealing over him. He arose from his seat, took up the lute, and would have touched the strings where her fingers had rested so often, but he flung the instrument back again, and stooping to the floor took up a glove that had fallen partly beneath the table—his face grew white and his hand shook as he examined it. It was a man's glove of delicate white leather, veined with gold. The swell of the gauntlet, which rose but slightly above the wrist, was lined with crimson silk, and on the back, gleaming in an embroidery of gold and seed pearls, was the Hertford crest. There was a slight noise at the door. Lord Herbert turned abruptly, crushing the glove in his hand, and stood face to face with Catharine Gray.

She was very pale, and seemed to be suffering from a late and violent struggle with feelings that had left her delicate frame almost strengthless; but her features were fixed and calm, though troubled in their expression, and her step if slow was unwavering. She lifted her heavy eyes to Lord Herbert's face, and passing him sat down in the chair he had left by the window.

"You have sent for me, Lord Herbert, and I would not refuse to come," she said in a low, cold voice, again turning her eyes full upon him. "But what can result from an interview between

us but pain and sorrow? The past is the past—why attempt to drag its miseries and its bitterness into the present? Why poison the future with the dregs of a cup already drained to the bottom?"

"But the past, lady, is always linked with the present, and twining itself with things to come," replied Lord Herbert bitterly, while a gleam of fierce light shot to his eyes, and a haggard smile curled his lips. "Can you crush memory at will? Can you bury the heart in the past and wait patiently for fresh blossoms to spring out of its transformation and light up the future? These things may be easy for woman, but——"

"Lord Herbert," interrupted the lady, rising almost sternly from her chair, "these reproaches sound but strangely from a man who twelve months ago yielded up his wife without a struggle at the behest of a sovereign, who in exchange for his compliance has never ceased to advance the fortunes of himself and family by all court favor!"

"It is just—it is just," exclaimed Herbert, flinging himself in a chair, and bowing his head for an instant on his bosom. "But I was not all in fault—had you loved me, Catharine, I had never submitted to Elizabeth's haughty command. Death itself could not have wrung a consent to the divorce from me. It was doubt—the keen, bitter doubt of your affections, Kate, which made me the queen's slave."

The lady did not reply at once, but her eyes fell and the hand which she lifted to her forehead trembled. Her heart acknowledged the truth of what Lord Herbert had been saying, and when she did speak it was faltering and in a deprecating tone.

"Spare me," she said—"oh! spare me the cruel discussion of the past. We are parted—parted forever. Let us strive to think kindly of each other—or rather let us both forget."

As Catharine ceased speaking her eyes fell on the glove which Lord Herbert was still clenching in his hand, she turned deadly pale and sat down trembling in every limb. He observed her glance, and a bitter smile arched his lip as he smoothed out the glove between both hands and held the crest toward her!

"It needs but a glance at your face to read the truth of all that I had suspected," he said in a low, concentrated voice—"but one word, Catharine, I know that this man visits you. It was this that brought me hither yesterday. It is this which brings me here to-day. I never knew till this rival appeared how dear you were to me. Listen, Kate: abandon this perilous acquaintance, return to one who loves you as man never loved woman. Let us gather up our wealth and escape into Spain. Philip will give us protection there, and we can

laugh at the tyrannical exactions of this woman queen—speak, sweet one. A single word and both may be happy again!"

The lady arose feebly from her chair and seemed as if anxious to leave the room without speaking; but her limbs trembled so violently that she was obliged to sit down again; when emboldened by the action, Lord Herbert would have knelt before her, she repulsed him with her hand, and shrunk back in her chair to avoid his touch.

"One word," said Herbert, drawing back and speaking in the low tones of uncontrolled feeling, "do you love this man, Catharine?"

A flood of crimson swept over the face, neck and hands of that persecuted young creature. Her eyes sunk under the severe scrutiny of his gaze, but, spite of her terror, a smile brightened her lips and rendered the blush upon her face luminous as the wild rose after a rain when the sunshine creeps to its bosom.

"Do you love this man, Catharine?"

"As my own life—better than my own life," was the faint reply.

"Another question and I have done. Did you ever love me? The truth, woman—I would have the truth!"

"Spare me, I entreat—I implore you spare me the question?" was the reply, and the voice in which it was uttered trembled with pleading anguish.

"Lady, I would have certainty now. The curse of doubt has been my ruin—answer me."

"Oh! wherefore will you press me thus cruelly—forgive me, I beseech you, forgive me—but until now I dreamed not what love was!"

Lady Catharine burst into tears as she spoke, her face became pallid again, and she covered it with both hands as if to shut out the angry eyes that were fixed upon her.

"Not even in the first days of our marriage?" still questioned Lord Herbert, almost in a whisper, while his lips closed hard and his breath seemed to stop altogether.

"Alas! I cannot deceive you! Not even then," was the faint reply.

A single footstep, a few rapid strides along the stone hall—the sharp clang of the street door as it shut with a crash that sounded through the whole house, followed these few words almost as they fell from the Lady Catharine's lips. She started from her chair, clasped her hands wildly together, and darting up stairs flung herself into Lord Hertford's arms, calling forth "my husband, my husband. They shall not part us—even the queen shall not part us!"

"Never, my beloved—nothing but death shall

separate thee and me," was the sweet and solemn reply.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Lord Herbert descended the steps of Catharine Gray's dwelling his eyes were burning, and his whole face as pale as marble. Thrusting the glove which he still held into his bosom, he snatched the bridle from his servant and sprang upon his horse.

"To the palace!" he cried, with a jerk at the bit which made the animal he rode plunge fiercely half across the street, and, without looking behind to see if his orders were obeyed, the half frantic nobleman turned a corner and dashed onward in the direction of Queen Elizabeth's palace.

Since his divorce Lord Herbert had been in high favor at the court, and his request for an interview with the queen was instantly granted.

She had just been giving an audience to the ambassadors sent over by Catharine De Medicis to treat for an alliance between the royal lady of England and her son, the duke of Anjou. With that womanly vanity, which made the weakness of her masculine character, the queen had arrayed her person with more than regal magnificence to receive these men; and when she entered the cabinet where Herbert was awaiting her presence, the small apartment was absolutely lighted up by the jewels that blazed upon her dress.

The robe of black velvet was entirely covered by a fine net-work of gold, matted together by ten thousand pearls of lustre and value, and each net looping in its centre a star of brilliants. A rope of great pearls surrounded her waist, where it was confined by a buckle that absolutely blazed in the light. The bodice of her dress, which was out very low, terminated in a collar three inches deep, where rubies, emeralds, opals and brilliants mingled their fires together. Above the collar was an under garment of delicate lace, which terminated at the throat in a double ruff of the same exquisite material, over this, just where the neck rose gracefully from the fine bust, fell another jewelled collar, from which twelve large pear-shaped pearls dropped upon the lace below like luminous hail-stones melting into a sea of gossimer. All around her magnificent bust, and over the shoulders where the tight sleeves swelled gently to a bell shape, hung these beautiful pear-shaped pearls; and a bird, with its wings outspread, where every feather was carved from a jewel, was chained by the back to a rose formed entirely of diamonds, which linked the broadest collar to her dress in front.

A constellation of jewels flashed through the rich hair which lay in a mass of golden puffs over

her high forehead, and from the half star which radiated around the knot behind, fell a veil of lace that swept over her shoulders to the ground, and gave an air of gracefulness to a costume which might otherwise have been deemed almost barbaric from its gorgeous magnificence.

There was a smile upon the queen's face as she entered the cabinet; her thin lips were slightly curved, and a gleam of gratified vanity came and went in her grey eyes that contrasted forcibly with their usual cold and austere expression. The smile brightened still more upon her face as Herbert advanced and dropped on one knee before her. She reached forth her hand for him to kiss and sat down motioning him to arise.

"Well," she said, very graciously—"in what can we pleasure Lord Herbert to-day? It is a long time since he has graced our court with his presence."

Elizabeth scarcely looked upon the agitated nobleman as she spoke, but seemed completely occupied with some pleasant thought with which he had no connection. But when Lord Herbert attempted to speak, the huskiness of his voice aroused her attention, she turned a searching glance upon him, and her face changed.

"What has happened?" she demanded abruptly—"why, man, your face is like marble!"

"I come to speak with your highness regarding the—the lady who was my wife!" replied Herbert, thrusting a hand into his bosom, and speaking in a low, unnatural voice.

Elizabeth started and spoke eagerly.

"Well, what of her?—is she ill?—is she dead that your tongue falters and your cheek pales at her name?—what of the Lady Catharine Gray? Speak out, we command you!"

"Your highness will forgive me, I am scarcely myself now," said Lord Herbert—"I just came from her door—I have been pleading with her!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Elizabeth, and an angry flush shot over her forehead, "had we not commanded that yourself and the lady should avoid all chances of contact? How happens it that you have disobeyed our wishes in seeking this interview?"

"I did not seek it, may it please your highness, till well assured that another was striving to supplant me in the lady's affections. A thing which your majesty solemnly assured me should not happen, else I had never consented to the divorce."

"Another—another making suit to the Lady Catharine Gray!" exclaimed the queen harshly: "and who is the bold man who dares thus brave the displeasure of the queen?"

Herbert withdrew the hand that was still thrust in his bosom, and laid the rumpled glove which it contained before the queen.

"I found this beneath a table in Lady Catharine's private apartment this morning. My servant traced its owner to the gate, which opens from the grounds back of her house to the Thames, but two nights ago."

Elizabeth took the glove and examined it eagerly.

"It is the Hertford crest," she exclaimed, casting the glove from her. "It is his crest, sure enough—still it may have reached the lady's apartment without treason. What said you, my lord, about the earl? Who was it traced him to her residence? This thing has come upon us so suddenly that we scarcely heeded what you were saying."

"My own valet, who now waits without, himself conducted Lord Hertford down the river. He bribed the waterman who has formerly been employed by his lordship, and even followed the earl through the grounds to the very door of her residence!"

"Sdeath! but this same earl is a bold man!" exclaimed the queen, shutting her thin lips hard together, and half rising from her chair.

But this burst of anger was suddenly changed to a fit of musing, and once or twice in her soliloquy Elizabeth muttered the thoughts that passed through her active brain aloud. Her stern and crafty spirit had seized upon the material presented before it, and she reflected that the negotiation of marriage now commenced between herself and France might altogether change her policy regarding the Lady Catharine, who, after her own marriage, would hardly be an object worthy of especial consideration. She took up the glove again, smoothed it gently with her hand, and her face resumed its former half smiling expression. With the intense selfishness of her nature she had never for one moment considered the rights or feelings of her visitor in the information which he had brought. After Mary of Scotland, Catharine Gray was next heir to the English throne. It was this undivided thought that possessed her—she cared nothing for the misery or wrong which any art of hers might bring upon the parties whose interests were sacrificed to her own ambition. Both these unfortunate women were beautiful—both were stumbling blocks in the pathway of her power—one was already her prisoner. The other, though apparently free, enjoyed none of the privileges of freedom, while the vigilance of a powerful and unjust woman was forever around her.

Though thoroughly selfish and vindictive, Elizabeth was far too crafty for indulgence in any act of oppression which might not bear some shadow of excuse before the people. The mere fact that a powerful nobleman of her realm had

used his right to visit a lady, supposed to be left unrestrained in her choice of company, she well knew would not be sufficient justification of harsh measures toward the Lady Catharine. Nay, was not the lady by receiving these clandestine visits likely, thereby, to endanger her reputation as a woman in a way that would more certainly shake her hold on the love of the people than any act of despotism could be expected to do?

In the arrogance of power Elizabeth never once dreamed that the Lady Catharine would dare to think of marriage against her own express prohibition, and any imprudence which she might commit in her present isolated and unprotected situation, could only help to destroy the claims that she might hereafter make to the English crown. As these reflections passed through her mind, Elizabeth threw off the momentary feeling of anger that had seized her at first, and gradually resumed all her habitual self-control.

"Leave this affair with us, my lord," she said, smiling sweetly in the distracted face of the young man—"have no fear that any interference with our orders shall not be strictly answered on behalf of this lightsome lady and her gallant. Meantime let your false waterman ply his oars as usual, his aid may be useful to us."

"And does your highness—forgive me—I am well nigh distracted—but does your majesty permit this intimacy? Will no steps be taken to prohibit it? Remember, most gracious lady, the promises by which I was won to consent to the divorce?" cried the nobleman almost fiercely.

"The Queen of England needs not to be reminded of her promises or her duties!" replied Elizabeth, rising haughtily from her chair.

"Forgive me, my royal mistress—forgive me! I meant not to complain or to doubt your majesty's wisdom in all things," cried Herbert, sinking to his knee once more, and speaking with a sort of desperate eagerness, "my heart is so occupied in the matter that it makes my speech wild."

"Well, well, my good subject, rest content that your mistress will act as she deems most befitting the welfare of all parties," replied Elizabeth, motioning him to arise. "It behooves our own honor that this lady should remain in her present condition—so rest content, my lord, your interests shall be cared for."

Lord Herbert arose from his knees, but still with a shade of dissatisfaction on his face, and was about to withdraw from the closet when the queen addressed him once more.

"Now we bethink us," she said, resuming her seat, "send up the varlet you spoke of, my lord. We would hear something of this matter from his own lips."

Lord Herbert bent low and went out with a frown on his forehead, and evidently little better pleased than when he entered the presence of his queen. He had been absent but a few minutes when the man John presented himself in the royal closet with his eyes bent meekly to the earth, and affecting a degree of embarrassment which was altogether foreign to his cool and audacious character. Elizabeth turned her eyes keenly on him, continued her searching glance for several moments, and commanded him to advance.

The man lifted his eyes timidly to her face, gazed a moment as if fascinated out of his usual shy nature by the beauty that met his contemplation, and dropped his eyes again while he crept forward, apparently overwhelmed by his own boldness in daring to look upon a being so exalted.

This was a kind of flattery which could reach the haughty and vain character of Elizabeth even from a menial. Her thin lips curved into a half-suppressed smile, and her tone was even more than usually condescending as she addressed him.

"So you are a servitor to my Lord Herbert," she said. "Sometimes his valet—sometimes his waterman, so he informs us."

The man bowed profoundly, but seemed quite too much overwhelmed with awe for words.

"You have been escort to my Lord of Hertford down the Thames, disguised as a waterman, so Lord Herbert informed us, but now——"

"I did but obey my master's orders, most royal lady," replied the man, to all appearance forced out of his shyness by the fear of her majesty's displeasure. "He bade me take the disguise I wore and watch the noble earl's movements, and I had but to follow his commands according to the best of my poor means; but I did not dream that your majesty's displeasure would fall upon me for this loyalty to my master, else I had chopped my hand off ere it touched an oar."

"Nay, we are not displeased, good villain—we are not displeased. In sooth, the Queen of England sometimes finds the need of such followers herself; men who are willing to obey orders without questioning the motives of those above them."

"That man must be both fool-hardy and a braggart at heart, who could find courage to question anything that came from a sovereign so wise and so beautiful," said the man with a look of mingled admiration, eagerness and affright. "Ah, royal lady, had fate but placed me near your person, you would never lack a willing heart or hand to accomplish any of your behests."

"That is well spoken, and comes, we doubt not, from a right royal heart," replied Elizabeth, really pleased by the adroit flattery of the man.

"We may have need of you hereafter, but now you can best serve us where you are. Keep a vigilant eye on the persons you wot of—both the gentleman and the lady. Come to us, ever and anon, with what intelligence you may gather, even before it is communicated to your lord. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, most noble lady—perfectly!"

"We will give orders that any request to see us shall be complied with; and now that you have gathered up some little courage, say in a few words—for we have but brief time to bestow on the subject—all that passed the night when you played the waterman so successfully."

The man obeyed her, and in a few concise words related his adventure in the Lady Catharine Gray's garden, the terms of endearment that had marked her conversation with Lord Hertford, and the language of devoted affection with which the earl had answered them. As he proceeded, a frown gathered darker and darker upon the haughty forehead of the queen, her lips tightened their pressure upon each other, and an unpleasant gleam came and went in her eyes. At length a startling idea seemed to possess her mind, she half rose from her chair, and sat down again muttering, "no—no, the thought is folly—they dare not thus court distinction. They dare not brave the Queen of England by a private marriage. Well they both know it were safer to toy with the spots on a panther's side. No, they dare not—they dare not!"

The valet heard this half-muttered soliloquy, and for an instant a sensation of real terror came over him, for Elizabeth's wrath was a terrible thing to behold even when the storm was but gathering. For several moments she seemed pondering the thought of Lady Catharine's possible marriage in her mind, and it was not till she had questioned the man again and again on this point that it was entirely drawn from her thoughts.

"You heard no words—no hints—nothing that could lead you to suppose they contemplated a private marriage?" she said, at length, after various questions, all leading to the same purpose.

"Nothing, lady; nothing—their language was of love, but they gave no hint of marriage!" and the man persisted in this reply with more boldness than had hitherto marked his speech.

"It is well. Remember!—your first duty in all things is to the queen. Keep vigilant watch on the earl. That which you see report to us before it is whispered even to your master. You are in our service now, and any failure of duty will be strictly answered for. Here is gold: come again when you have anything to communicate."

The man sunk upon both knees, took the piece of gold in his hand, and, kissing it reverently, left her presence. The moment he was outside of the palace his lip curled into a disdainful smile, he drew himself erect, and dropping the gold into his pocket, muttered with a sneer, "so much for royal bounty! I have always heard that the queen was as niggard in spirit as she is ugly in person, and for once the people are right—a single gold piece—ha—ha. Let us see if my Lord Hertford will pay me as well for the keeping of his secret as the queen would have done for betraying it. A single gold piece—a pretty market I should have taken my bargain to. Nay, nay, I have some humanity left yet, these beautiful young creatures shall never go to the block for a single piece of gold. Why, her majesty is a Vandal to dream of purchasing victims at that price."

As the valet muttered his discontent in these disjointed words, the groom, who had charge of his horse, came forward with information that Lord Herbert had ridden home, and left orders for his man to follow.

The valet made no reply, but mounting his horse rode away at a sedate pace. The moment he was beyond eye-sight of the palace he turned from the road that led to his master's residence, and putting his horse into a gallop, never paused an instant till he drew up before the dwelling of Lady Catharine Gray.

"He is here yet, I am sure of it," he muttered, flinging himself from the horse, "or if not, the lady will do as well—perhaps better. These pretty young creatures are so timid, besides they think nothing of money, and she has hordes of it. No wonder the queen hates her, she is so beautiful! Well, well, out of all their loves and hates I shall make a rich harvest if I but thrust the sickle in cautiously at first."

With these half uttered words upon his lips, the valet knocked boldly at Catharine's door and demanded admittance. It was denied him at first, but taking a scrap of paper from his pocket he wrote a few words, which he requested the porter to convey to his mistress. The man had scarcely been three minutes away when he returned and admitted his strange visitor.

The valet had left his horse perhaps an hour, when he appeared at the door again with a purse of gold clenched in his hand, and an exulting smile on his face. Before mounting to his saddle he gave the purse a slight toss till the gold within it clinked together, and then thrust it into his bosom.

"Fifty broad pieces! besides the solitary gold-finch from the queen, not a bad morning's work, take it altogether," he soliloquized riding away. "It is pleasant to be generous and faithful with

prompt payment like this—but how terribly the poor thing was frightened when I told her of that gloomy chapel scene! When I mentioned the torn ivy on the wall, the broken window and the dead bird—death! her sweet lips turned white as a lily's leaf, and she trembled like the bird in a newly found snare. The haughty earl too—faith! but for her terror and tears I might have found him difficult to manage. How his eye kindled when I but insinuated the possibility of making a better bargain with my master and her sweet majesty. Nay, if I mistake not, just now he would as leave I carried his dagger blade in my bosom as this purse of sparklers."

As his thoughts turned to the booty which he had been enabled to wrest from the newly married pair, the man hugged the gold to his bosom with one arm in a delirium of gratified avarice, and become so absorbed in calculating the chances of future exactions, that all unconsciously he checked his horse and sat still upon his back in the midst of a crowded street. At length, observing several of the passers by laughing at his abstraction, he resumed all the cool self-possession which a gratified master passion had held in abeyance for the moment, and putting his horse into a trot, rode directly to his master's dwelling.

CHAPTER V.

Months had passed since the events related in our last chapter, when a boat swung at the landing-place below the White Lion, in which sat a single waterman, with his oars lying at his feet, his cap drawn over his eyes, and apparently waiting with great philosophy for some chance passenger who might require his services. But though several persons came up and seemed anxious to bargain for a cast down the river, he answered them gruffly that his boat was engaged, and folding his arms on his chest, seemed dropping into a quiet doze the moment they left him.

At length a door in the rear of the inn was gently opened, and a man came forth with one hand in the bosom of his doublet, and apparently quite indifferent where his steps led. Sauntering idly down to the landing, he addressed the waterman with the careless air of a man ready to seek any conversation that would save him from the weariness of his own company. After a few moments he returned toward the house again, but walking more briskly and apparently somewhat agitated. He passed through the lower rooms, went up stairs, and entered the very chamber in the White Lion which we described in the opening chapter of our story.

It still wanted some hours of sunset, but the

windows were all muffled in their coarse crimson curtains, and the room seemed flooded with a ruddy sunset. In the very chair which he had occupied before, but looking thin and pale, notwithstanding the warm half light that fell around him, sat Lord Herbert, gazing gloomily on the floor. He looked up as his servant entered, then turned in his chair with an irritable movement which the valet scarcely paused to notice, but advancing close to the chair, he laid his hand on the arm, and fixed his eagle eyes keenly on the averted face of the nobleman.

"My lord," he said, "you shall not complain that I came back with no intelligence now. I bring you revenge this time, keen, certain, terrible revenge!"

"Revenge on whom, good Simpson?" cried the master, lifting his haggard eyes for an instant. "Methinks the whole world are my enemies, and any evil that may befall is sure to minister to my vengeance."

"Nay, but this will make your heart leap. It relates to the Lady Catharine—to your bitter enemy, the Earl of Hertford."

"Ha! what of them?" cried the nobleman, springing to his feet—"I thought they were separated. It is months since you have brought me any intelligence but this. She loves him, she told me so, and since then I have fed my heart on the bitter thought till all the tenderness, all the passion that I felt for her once was but a shadow to the hate that fills my soul now."

"Before to-morrow that hate shall be gratified to the utmost, my master," replied Simpson. "A word from me sends both the lady and the haughty Earl of Hertford to the tower before sunset."

"Speak the word, I charge you, speak!" exclaimed Herbert fiercely. "I would sell my own life for revenge on this man—revenge on her—speak, then! my soul is on fire till I know the way by which I am to obtain retribution!"

The valet seemed to hesitate. Though the man before him was quivering from head to foot with bad passions—though his eyes burned, and specks of foam flew from his white lips, he deemed it prudent to excite his victim still further by some show of reluctance.

"The secret that I have gained is so important that I doubt not Lord Hertford would give half his estates to seal my lips, and thus shield it from the queen. I am but a poor serving man, and the earl never harmed me or mine."

The cool deliberation with which these words were uttered almost drove the half frantic nobleman mad—he caught the valet by his throat, looked him fiercely in the face an instant, and then flung him back against the wall.

"Hound! you first offer me revenge, and then barter for the price. Have you not plundered me sufficiently already?"

"If this is the reward of all my faithful services, I have but to seek a master who will prove more just and liberal," said the man, settling his doublet which had been deranged with the rough handling of his master, and speaking in a tone of gentle reproach as he moved toward the door—"Lord Hertford——"

"And so you would leave me for him—you—*you!* whom I have treated almost as an equal, on whom I have lavished gold like water."

"My lord I do not leave you. It is you who drive me away—I have nothing to do with the love or hate of my betters, but even we poor servitors know that revenge is a sweet morsel. You had sought it of the queen in vain, and I saw that every day found you pining more and more for that which could not be attained. You were my master, hitherto a liberal and kind one—I saw that this vain thirst was killing you. This knowledge quickened my sight—it rendered me suspicious, vigilant—determined to gratify the desire which was consuming you or die in the attempt. I had accomplished all—I come to say this, and you cast me from you like a dog."

As he ceased speaking, Simpson laid his hand on the latch and seemed about to pass from the chamber.

"Stay," cried Lord Herbert, casting himself into a chair and gasping for breath, while he beckoned the man eagerly back with his hand. "You will give me revenge—you will sell it to me for gold. Here!—here!—here!—convince me that your secret is worth the price—that it will arouse Elizabeth against this base man and base woman. Place them in my power and these are yours—all, all, till I can redeem them with the gold you love better than ought else on earth!"

As Lord Herbert spoke, he took a collar of jewels from his neck, tore the diamond star from his breast, and flung them, with the insignias of several noble orders, at his servant's feet.

That serpent gleam of avarice shot to the valet's eyes once more. He stooped down, gathered the jewels in his hands and thrust them into his bosom, then drawing close to Lord Herbert he addressed him in the sweet, subtle tones which had so often calmed the anger of that wayward being.

"You shall judge, my lord, if the secret is worth the price, or if it is likely to excite the queen's indignation. The Earl of Hertford has never ceased to visit your wife almost every day during the last year."

"But what cares Elizabeth for that?" cried the nobleman with a bitter laugh. "What cares the royal maiden for any disgrace that may fall

on her kinswoman? Will it not render the sweet Lady Kate obnoxious to the people—a bye-word in the court: and what does Queen Bess desire more than this? Nay, my crafty Simpson, if this is all your secret fling me back the jewels. It will scarcely suffice to ruffle the sweet temper of our blessed Queen Bess."

"But what if I prove that this fickle wife of yours has been secretly married to Hertford, against the queen's order? What if I point out the witnesses that stood by while the ceremony was performed, on the very night when you were sent like a lackey from the lady's door?" replied the servant with cool precision.

"Can you bring this proof?" exclaimed the nobleman, instantly rendered stern and calm by intense surprise. "Can you find evidence of this which will satisfy Elizabeth?"

"My lord, I can! and more—this night the earl and Lady Catharine are preparing to leave England."

"Ha! to-night! sweetest Kate, we will be on your track. Come, Simpson, to the queen at once! Are you prepared?"

"Perfectly," replied the man, taking his master's cap and gloves, with which he followed the excited nobleman, who rushed forth to mount his horse without them. "Perfectly, but I beseech you, my lord, be calm, this terrible agitation will only delay us, and we have but little time!"

"Calm!" replied Herbert, turning his white face toward the man as he raised one foot to the stirrup, and a smile lifted his upper lip till the teeth gleamed through like those of some wild animal. "Calm—I am calm!" and springing into his saddle, he rode furiously away.

In less than twenty minutes Lord Herbert dismounted at the palace, and demanded admission to the queen. There was something unusual in his appearance, and in the earnestness with which he persisted in taking his servant with him into her presence, that excited the curiosity of the man who admitted them to Elizabeth's closet, and, after the door was closed upon them, he lingered near and without the exact intention of listening, could not resist a desire to know what was passing within.

At first he heard only the soft, low hum of a man's voice, now and then interrupted by some abruptly spoken sentence from Lord Herbert, and a quick interrogation from the queen, whose voice was usually both sharp and powerful. All at once he heard the imperious lady start up with one of those oaths, which not unfrequently stained her royal lips when the spirit of Henry the Eighth was fully aroused in his daughter—and pace the room impetuously, ever and anon pausing to ask some brief, stern question, in a voice that made

the man tremble where he stood, though he could not distinguish the words. At one time she paused so close by the door that the man had scarcely time to draw back when it was flung open by her own hand with a violence that made him start.

"Send a messenger for our captain of the guard," she said, turning her flashing eyes upon the door-keeper—"let him bring six of his men."

"Four will do, most gracious lady," cried the soft voice of the valet from within, "more than that would but incumber us."

"Be it so. Charge him to come quickly, and with four of the most trusty men under his command." With this brief order Elizabeth withdrew into the closet again, giving the door an impetus with her hand, without quite closing it.

The door-keeper gave her orders to one of his companions in the ante-room, and returned to his post. Elizabeth was speaking as he drew near.

"But the witnesses. You are certain that there were but two, with the priest. Certain that they can be found, one and all, before morning?"

"Quite certain, may it please your majesty. The priest is of my Lady Catharine's household, and will go on board with Lord Hertford. Mr. Crasp, the earl's valet, and Alice, the waiting-woman, will both stay with the lady till she is ready to depart, so the waterman told me but an hour since," replied the valet.

"The warrants, gracious lady—the warrants, and these four men of the guard are all that we require," cried the voice of Lord Herbert, which was husky with intense passion.

"Ay, I had forgotten. You shall have full power!—but mark, our orders, my lord, *all* must be secured, neither the principals nor witnesses in this affair must be at large another day."

Elizabeth seated herself by a table as she spoke, placed her signature to several papers, and gathering them in her hand turned an impatient glance toward the door. "Ha! here comes our captain of the guard. Here, sir captain," she added, as the man presented himself before her, "take these warrants—place yourself under the direction of this man, and when you present yourself before us again, let all the persons mentioned there be in safe custody! Are your men in waiting?"

"They are in the ante-room, most gracious lady," replied the captain.

"Join them—my Lord Herbert will bring our further orders!" The captain withdrew, closing the door after him. In a brief time Lord Herbert and his servant came forth also, and, after conversing with the captain a few moments in the ante-room, left the palace; the master proceeding directly to his own house, and the man betaking himself to the White Lion.

About ten o'clock that night the captain of the queen's guard, with four of his men, all disguised as watermen, and conducted by Simpson in like garments, seated themselves in the barge which, with its single oarsman, still lay at the landing back of the inn. They had but waited some twenty minutes when our old friend, Mr. Crasp, appeared upon the landing. After looking cautiously about he stepped into the boat and commanded the men to put out into the river, but with as little noise as possible. He was obeyed in silence by the six oarsmen, and directly the boat was cutting its way rapidly down the Thames.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the same afternoon that had been marked by Lord Herbert's visit to the queen, the Lady Catharine Gray sat alone in her chamber by an open window which overlooked the Thames. Many and many a sweet hour had she spent by that window since her marriage, watching with fond impatience for the first dash of gold upon the water as a bright harbinger of her husband's approach. For their union was yet a secret, and he could only visit her in the privacy of darkness. Lost in the sweet delirium of newly aroused affection, she had been contented and happy even amid the unfortunate circumstances that surrounded her; but now a change had fallen upon her spirit. She could no longer sit and dream of love amid the luxurious ease of her home; the necessity for action was strong upon herself and her lord if they would escape the probable vengeance of a tyrannical and exasperated queen. This thought it was that made her cheek pale and filled her sweet eyes with tears as she waited in her chamber that night, and gazed anxiously out upon the water. There came a flash of gold rolling toward her on the crest of a wave, another, and another, till the whole river was bathed in brightness; then a veil of purplish crimson came stealing over all things, and at last the night set in, clear and pleasant, but with no moon, and even the stars were softly muffled in the light, fleecy clouds of a summer evening.

"Alice," said the lady, turning her head from the window and speaking to her woman, who was busy packing away some rich vestments in a wooden case near the door. "I hear the dash of oars—are the jewels all safely bestowed? Is everything in readiness?"

"Everything, my lady," replied the woman—"I have but to close the case and bring forth your mantle."

"Nay, there is no haste for that," replied the lady in a hurried voice. "It will be midnight before I can move from the house with safety.

But hark, is not that my lord's footstep? Listen' good Alice, I am sure it must be him."

The lady was right, a quick footstep that made her heart beat fast, came swiftly up the gravel walk and entered the house.

"Leave us a moment, good Alice," said the lady, starting up and moving eagerly forward to meet her husband. "But keep within call—he can but spare me a few moments, and I am sadly oppressed."

Before Alice could withdraw, Lord Hertford was in the room, and his wife clinging fondly to his bosom.

"I thought you had more courage, Kate," said the earl, passing a hand caressingly over her rich tresses—"nay, nay, tears and trembling will not do at such an hour! The ship lies ready—I did but come to ask a single kiss, and pray you, sweet one, to be of good cheer. A little courage, and six hours will see us on our way to Spain. Come, come, sweet trembler, I shall never find the heart to leave you behind but for an hour, if you give way to silly fears in this manner—why you quiver in my arms like a wounded bird."

"I know it—my fears can but cumber you, dear lord, and heaven knows I have tried to conquer them; but they come again spite of all my efforts. Bear with me a little—it seems as if we were parting forever and ever."

"Shall I stay with you, the risk will be greater, but anything is better than to see you suffer thus?" said Hertford soothingly.

"Nay, it shall be as you first proposed. Crasp and Alice will be enough protection for me, and I must find strength. Besides, the distance is so brief—the time almost nothing, and I am only a coward when you are by," said the lady, making a strong effort to gather up her energies. "Come, come, see you not how resolute I am?"

The loving woman rose from her husband's bosom as she spoke, and tried to smile, but tears rushed to her eyes in spite of all her efforts, and in order to conceal them she flung herself into his arms again.

"Another kiss, my Kate, and then I must be gone," cried Hertford, conscious that his presence did but increase her agitation. "Remember, it is but for an hour or two, and we meet again. So courage, sweet wife—courage for your husband's sake."

Lady Catharine felt his lips upon her forehead, she was strained to his bosom a moment, and then she heard him below giving orders in a courteous voice for the removal of her packing cases. The poor lady stood motionless by the door, listening with suppressed breath for every sound, till the noise of his footsteps on the gravel died on her ear, and was followed by the dash of oars on the

water. That grew distant, still more distant—and when she sprang toward the window for a last glance at the boat, it had disappeared down the river.

For three hours the lady sat by the open window, scarcely drawing a full breath, so terrible was the anxiety that prayed upon her, and only waiting for midnight to arrive when she was to proceed to the vessel, where her husband was already gone, and leave her native land forever. Her waiting-woman sat nearly shrouded in a cloak, and with a jewel casket in her lap, ready to depart at a moment's warning. At length a massive clock in the chamber struck twelve, and with its last chime came the sound of oars and the hum of voices as a boat drew up beneath the garden wall.

"Come, my lady, it is the barge. I can see Mr. Crasp coming toward the house. Here is your mantle," cried the faithful woman, casting the silken garment over her mistress. "Lean on me, dear lady, there is no fear—your step is like the fall of a snow-flake—we can pass out without disturbing even the porter."

"Ah, Alice, this is not fear, but something still more terrible—my very heart grows cold," whispered the lady, gathering the mantle around her. "But I am ready."

With these words both lady and maid stole softly down stairs into the garden, and across to the little gate which opened upon the Thames. Lady Catharine gave her hand to Crasp and descended into the boat, followed by her woman, and before a word had been spoken they were going steadily down the river.

"This is the Tower—why do you pause here?" cried Crasp, in a voice of alarm, as the oarsmen gave the boat a sudden sweep landward, and drew up at the tower steps. His voice startled the Lady Catharine, she flung back the mantle which had shrouded her face, and cast a wild look around.

"In the name of heaven, what means this?" she almost shrieked, grasping the man's arm that sat next her, and lifting her trembling hand, she pointed to the dark walls of the Tower that looked black and dismal above them.

"It means," replied the man in a low, sweet voice, whose familiar tones made the blood curdle around her heart. "It means that half confidence among friends is a dangerous policy." The speaker sank his tones still lower as he added—"a little more gold and full confidence had made me faithful. My lord grudged the just payment of secrecy, and would have flung off all future demands by escaping to a foreign kingdom. He would have evaded me, and you are here!"

The unhappy lady shrunk away from him but

made no reply, for that instant the barge drew close to the Tower stairs. The portals above were flung open, and men came forth bearing torches, that cast a fierce red gleam far out upon the water, and rendered the surrounding gloom doubly terrible. Simpson sprang upon the damp steps and reached forth his hand to the lady.

"Farewell, Alice," said the poor lady, turning mournfully as she reached the wet and slippery steps—"this place will be my tomb!"

The light of a torch fell upon her face as she spoke. It was pale as death, but so calm, so sad, that the very men who had betrayed her turned away heart-smitten at the sight.

"We have a warrant for the waiting-woman also," said the captain of the queen's guard, flinging off his disguise.

"Heaven bless you for that!" cried the faithful creature, springing out upon the steps, and throwing one arm around the tottering form of her lady, "do you hear that, dear mistress, I am to be with you?"

"Oh, Alice, you have always loved me," whispered the gentle prisoner, clinging to her attendant, "my lord lieutenant," she added with a sad smile, turning to a gentleman who came down the steps to receive her—"you have had one of our family in your keeping before."

"Let us hope that your own stay will be a brief one, noble lady," replied the lieutenant, bowing profoundly.

"Hers was a brief one, good lieutenant," said the lady, moving feebly up the steps. She reached an upper platform, and turned toward Lord Herbert's valet who was coming from the boat, holding Mr. Crasp by the arm. "One word," she said, and her mournful voice trembled for the first time since the fate which attended her was made certain, "my husband, does your treachery reach him also?"

"Your terms are harsh, lady," replied the subtle traitor in a deprecating tone—"but fear not, my Lord of Hertford will sleep beneath the same roof with your fair self, if he sleeps at all before morning."

The heart-stricken young creature turned away, and a moment after the great portals of the Tower swung together with a crash.

"Now for the ship. She lies at anchor lower down the stream," exclaimed Simpson, springing into the barge. "In one hour from this the Earl of Hertford and his chaplain must follow yonder sweet lady."

The traitor kept his word. Lord Hertford mounted those dark steps between two of the queen's guard in less than an hour after his wife had disappeared through the gloomy portals of the Tower.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a bright autumn day. The air was glittering with sunshine, and the Thames rolled heavily on like a pathway of rippling silver. The banks of the river were lined with human beings, all shouting and flinging up their caps in an outbreak of tumultuous joyousness. It was the day of Queen Elizabeth's periodical visit to the Tower. She was popular with the people, and they came forth in crowds to cheer her as she swept down the stream seated in the royal barge, and accompanied by the nobles of the court. As the barge neared the city fortress a burst of artillery thundered from its walls, and a shout rang hoarsely up from each bank of the river in reply to the salute. But there were some who heard the proud welcome, and answered it only with anger or with tears. They were prisoners immured from the sweet breath of heaven by the despotism or caprice of the haughty woman, whose approach to their prison was heralded with so much joy.

Among the number, and far in the depths of the gloomy fortress, sat a young creature, beautiful even in her sorrow, and bearing upon her sweet face an expression so sad, so touchingly patient that the very keepers grew gentle as they gazed upon her. She had been months in prison, and though her garments were faded, they had once been splendid; and the little comforts permitted to her were both costly, and endeared by associations with happier times. There was one article in the room which seemed a strange thing to be found in the gloom of a state dungeon. It was an ebony cradle, richly carved and hung with crimson velvet, worn and tarnished with damp, though it occupied the most comfortable corner of the room. The prisoner was bending over the cradle hushing the rosy child that lay within it with her soft voice, when the salute broke half muffled and gloomily through the thick walls. The child started up in his cradle with a cry of terror, and was instantly snatched to his mother's bosom, who half smothered it with kisses, though the sound that had terrified it made her shake from head to foot.

"Alice, Alice, what can this mean? Heard you not the Tower guns?" cried the young mother in a voice of terror.

A woman came forth from an inner room, pale and thin from confinement, but she seemed less terrified than her mistress, and answered her almost calmly.

"It must be the queen coming to the Tower."

"Alas! it matters not—she will pass by our dungeon without a thought of us," replied the Lady Catharine, sitting down with the child in her arms; "or if she did come, perchance it would be only to wrest our child from me."

The servant could only attempt to re-assure her mistress by vague words, and nearly an hour passed in gloom and silence, when the tramp of many feet in a neighboring passage, followed by the clang of muskets grounded on the stone-flag, penetrated even the massive door.

Lady Catharine started up with the child still pressed to her bosom, and fixed her eyes wildly on the entrance of her dungeon. A key grated in the lock, the iron-studded door swung inward, and Queen Elizabeth appeared in the opening. She dismissed her lieutenant of the Tower with a wave of the hand, and entered the prison room alone.

"We have been told by letter and message that the Lady Catharine Gray would have audience with her queen," she said, advancing toward the trembling young creature, who stood motionless before her in the dim light. "It shall not be said that Elizabeth refused a hearing to her own kinswoman, however unworthy. So speak, madam, our time is brief. What would you with the queen?"

"I would ask," cried the unfortunate lady, kneeling at the feet of her haughty oppressor—"I would ask not freedom for myself, that were a light boon, but liberty for one whose only fault is that he loved me unwisely, to whom love was forbidden. I would ask freedom for the father of my child!"

The queen drew suddenly back and gazed sternly down upon her kneeling victim. She seemed to observe, for the first time, the lovely child whose cheek lay nestled in the Lady Catharine's bosom. Her brow grew red, and her thin lip curled with a sneering smile.

"Hast thou no shame left, minion?" she exclaimed. "Wilt thou bring the proofs of thy disgrace to the very feet of England's queen?"

The hot blood flashed into Lady Catharine's cheek. Her lips, that were tremulous till then, closed firmly together, and she stood up, for once urged out of her gentle nature by the bitter words of her tyrant kinswoman.

"Madam, in the pride of high power you forget that it is your own kinswoman whom you insult with this cruel taunt—a daughter of your father's sister—of a nobleman as great in his lofty manhood as Henry Tudor was on his throne. The pavements on which you tread are yet stained with the blood of my sister, which was poured forth to gratify the vengeance of yours. Send me from this dungeon at once to perish by the axe as she perished; but do not insult my helplessness by charges from which your own mother was not more guiltless."

Poor lady! In her excitement she hardly knew that every word which fell from her lips stung

the haughty soul of Elizabeth like an adder; but even in the dim light she saw the angry face bent on her, grow pale and almost fiend-like in its expression. A shudder ran through her frame, she thought of the noble husband whose ruin might be confirmed by her rash words—she felt the babe nestle closer to her bosom, terrified by the stern face that met his eyes. The whole force of her imprudent language fell upon her heart at once, and she sunk to her knees again more from weakness than design.

"I meant not to offend, heaven is my judge—I meant it not! Sweep my rash words from your mind, gracious lady—trouble has made me wild. Let me suffer—keep me in these gloomy walls till they become my tomb. I will never murmur—but oh, set Hertford—set my husband free!"

"Speak but the word husband again and he may leave these walls, but it will be for the block!" exclaimed Elizabeth, in a low voice, concentrated from intense rage.

"Better let him perish thus than pine away in this dreadful place," cried the wretched suppliant, while tears rolled heavily down her cheek. "Ah, lady, will nothing move you in his favor? Will nothing win freedom for him?"

"Nothing but thy death, woman. While there is life on thy whining lips these walls are his tomb. Nothing but thy death or mine can let the Earl of Hertford free."

Lady Catharine started—a wild gleam shot over her face, and she arose to her feet once more. She drew close to Elizabeth and spoke almost in a whisper.

"My death, royal lady—said you my death might win freedom for my—for the earl?"

"Such were our words, woman."

"And safety for Hertford's child. Would my death win that also?"

The unhappy woman held the babe close to her bosom, and lifted her pallid face eagerly to the queen as she put these questions.

"What were the earl or his child to us but for their connection with thee?" replied Elizabeth, with cold cruelty; "Lord Hertford, but for thy lady face, would perchance stand highest in our favor. As for the youngling there, we are no Richard Plantagenet, to prison children and murder them in the dark."

Lady Catharine made no reply, but moving slowly back sat down upon the bed, shrouding her eyes with one hand, as if quite unconscious of the queen's presence. Elizabeth cast a cold glance upon her and knocked at the door with her hand. It was opened by the lieutenant, and she went out murmuring to herself as she passed toward the avenue, "this may rid us of her without further trouble!"

The moment she was alone, Lady Catharine laid her babe softly in the cradle, and drawing a jewel casket from beneath the head of her bed unlocked it, and took from among the gems it contained a small silver box, which she concealed in her bosom. Notwithstanding her previous agitation, the hand in which she held the casket was perfectly steady, and a wild, joyous smile beamed on her face. She went to the inner room and spoke to Alice, who had retired out of hearing when the queen entered. Her voice was so light and gladsome in its tones that the faithful woman came toward her almost with a cry of relief.

"Ah, there is hope—I see it by your face, sweet lady," she said, while tears of delight started to her eyes.

"Yes, good Alice, there is hope. Go to the child, faithful friend, go—I would be alone."

Alice went out. The child greeted her with a silvery shout, and, with a heart lightened of half its sorrow, the good creature tossed it in her arms and covered it with caresses, till their united voices filled the dungeon with a gladsome sound which had seldom echoed through its walls before.

After a brief time the Lady Catharine joined them, her face was very pale, but that bright smile still lighted it up, and after pacing the floor slowly to and fro a few minutes she went up to the child, kissed it three or four times, and casting herself on the bed, gathered the drapery around her, and lay motionless for many hours.

"Poor lady!" murmured Alice, as she went to lay the now sleeping child by her side. "This interview with the queen has exhausted her."

Toward midnight there was a violent knocking at Lady Catharine's dungeon door, and, even through the massive walls, a woman's voice could be heard shrieking for help. A sentinel in the passage opened the door and found Alice upon the threshold pale as death, wringing her hands, and with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"For the love of heaven—give me admission to Lord Hertford!" she said, "the lady is ill—very ill. Hear how she pleads for the sight of him."

The man hesitated, but there was despair in the energy with which poor Alice pleaded, and the low, heart-broken words that came from the dungeon touched his better feelings.

"It has not been forbidden. Go to the earl's room in your cloak. If he comes forth disguised in it I will not see—only you must remain till he returns, it will be my excuse should any be needed." Alice went back for her cloak, and in a few minutes after Lord Hertford hurried along the passage, followed by the sentinel, and rushed into his lady's dungeon room.

Toward daylight the man opened the door and

looked in. The earl was kneeling by the bed, with his hands locked convulsively, and his face buried on the pillow, so near the cold cheek of his wife that a chill, like that of death, lay upon his forehead. The broad lids had closed softly over the beautiful eyes of the dead, and her face was turned gently toward the beloved, as if she had tried to creep to his bosom even while dying.

The man stepped softly forward and touched the earl with his hand.

"My lord, it is nearly daylight—I dare not let you remain longer."

The earl lifted his haggard face, gazed at the man, and reached forth his hand—"God bless you for this kind act," he said in a broken voice. "You were good to her, she told me so—I am a poor, heart-broken man now—but God will reward you!" Lord Hertford arose, laid his cheek one moment to that of the dead, and went out.

When he left the Tower, three days after that, his hair was full of silver threads, and he stooped in his feeble walk like an aged man. A grief-stricken woman accompanied him with an infant in her arms; and after them came a priest, with a benevolent but sad countenance, and by his side what might have been taken for the shadow of poor Crasp. When the boat which contained this mournful group left the Tower it moved slowly toward the mouth of the Thames, where a vessel bound for France was lying at anchor.

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT.

BY ESTHER RODNEY.

FAR did the Eagle fly,
And he rested not 'till his pinions preat
The glad, free air of the glorious West,
Beneath our sunny sky.

And a joyous strain rang out
To greet the bird as he stayed his flight
In the land where men, with fervent might,
Had sounded Freedom's shout.

O'er many lands he passed,
Where the famished ones in woe bent down
'Neath the rigid sway of the lordly crown—
And curses muttered fast.

And here he resteth now,
That glorious bird, as when first he came
And flung amid war's dun smoke and flame
His shadow on Freedom's brow.

We worship at no shrine,
Red with the blood of a martyred band,
Dark with the guilt of a sinful land,
Or proud ancestral line.

Let us pray, with bended knee,
That the bands of earth may be rent in twain,
That our brothers may quickly break the chain,
And the whole world be free!

OUT OF HEART.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHY so sad, Ernest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arm around his neck and kissing him.

He looked up with a sad smile and replied,

"I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think of all pursuits, a profession is the worst. Here have I been, week after week and month after month—and I may soon say year after year—waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself known; but a physician must sit patiently in his office, and, if unknown, see men without half his acquirements rolling in wealth, while he perhaps is starving. And it will soon come to that," he added bitterly, "if I do not get employment."

An unbidden tear started into the wife's eye, but she strove to smile, and said,

"Do not despond, Ernest. I know you have been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and knowledge to make your way, as soon as you get a start. And, depend upon it," she added with a cheerful look, "that will come when you least expect it."

"So you have told me often; but the lucky hour has never come," said her husband despondingly. "And now every cent of my little fortune has been expended, and our credit will soon be gone when it is found we do not pay. What then is to become of us?"

Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experience, when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His wife would have given way to tears, if she had been alone; but she felt the necessity of sustaining him and answered cheerfully.

"And what if every cent *is* gone? Have no fear that we shall starve. God sent ravens to feed Elijah, and he will yet interpose for our aid. Trust in him, dear Ernest."

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus spoke, and answered less despondingly.

"But really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day laborer, the humblest farmer is sure of his food and raiment, but I, after having spent years in study, have wasted years besides waiting for practice: and now, when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood I lose all I have spent, both of time and money, and must forever abandon the idea of pursuing my profession. It is too hard!" and he arose and walked the room with rapid strides.

His wife sighed, and remained silent. But

after a moment or two she arose, went up to him, and fondly encircling him with her arm, said,

"Dear Ernest, you must not worry yourself so. You think it painful for me to bear poverty, I know, or you would not take it so hard; but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread, a log-cabin would be preferable to me if I shared them with you, than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me you will yet be great and rich. Have patience only for a little while longer. There—there is a knock at the door now—it may be for you."

As if her words had been prophetic, the little girl, their only servant, appeared at this crisis and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile his wife ran for his hat, and then sat down, with a beating heart, to await his return.

It was almost the first summons that the young physician had received, though he had resided in the village for more than a year. The place, too, was large and popular, but there were several medical men of large practice, and all these combined to put down their young rival. More than once heretofore Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair; but his young wife cheered and encouraged him, though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up. Mary Linwood was, indeed, that greatest of all blessings a *good wife*: she sympathized with her husband, economized to the utmost, and by her sanguine words chased dependency from his heart.

Hour after hour she sat there, awaiting her husband, yet still he came not. At last darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy. She was about rising to go to the door, when she heard her husband's foot on the step, and hurrying out she met him in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are," were his first words. "If it had not been for you I should have given up long ago, and now my fortune is made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not unmindful of his probably wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting room where the tea-things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage with a trembling hand, while Ernest told the history of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent for to old Governor Huston's—the richest and most influential man, you know, in the county—and when I got there I learned, to my surprise, that the governor had been thrown from his carriage and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the town had been sent for, one after another,

but none could aid him. In despair, his wife, without orders, had sent for me. I saw his only chance for life depended on a new and difficult operation, which none of the older physicians had ever seen performed. Luckily I had assisted at one when a student. I stated what I thought could be done. The old governor is a man of iron nerves and quick resolution; so, when he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to my hands. I succeeded beyond my hopes: even the other physicians were forced to acknowledge my skill; and there is now nothing but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting he put this roll of notes in my hand."

Mary was in tears long before her husband finished his narration; but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.

From that day Ernest Linwood was a made man. The fame of his skilful operation was in every one's mouth; and, by the aid of his patient, who now become his patron, he stepped, at once, into a practice among the best families of the place. Wealth as well as reputation flowed in upon him; but he always attributed his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had cheered and sustained him when out of heart.

"There is nothing," he would say, "like a faithful wife: under God our weal or woe for this life depends on her. If she is desponding, your own sanguine spirit catches the infection; but if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you in the darkest hours and enable you to achieve what you, at first, thought impossibilities. Our success in this world, as well as our happiness depends chiefly on our wives. Let a man marry one, therefore, 'equal to either fortune,' who can adorn his riches or brighten his poverty; and who, under all circumstances, will be truly his *helpmate*."

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

Of gentle seeming was that lady's form,
And the soft beaming of her radiant eye
Was sunlight to the beauty of her face.
Peace, sacred peace was written on her brow
And flowed in the low music of her voice,
Which came unto the list'ner like the tones
Of soothing, autumn winds. Her hands were full
Of consolations, which she scattered free
To all the poor, the sick, the sorrowful.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

OUR fashion plate is unusually varied: we give, in it, costumes for boy and girl.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS.—This figure is inserted to show the manner of wearing the fashionable shawl, which is folded square. The bonnet is of chip, trimmed with a wreath of roses.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of barege over one of muslin. The boddice low: sleeves short: and a single deep flounce on the skirt. Bonnet of drawn silk, trimmed with lace.

FIG. III.—A GIRL'S DRESS, with long sleeves and open boddice, which is laced in front. This is the prevailing style.

FIG. IV.—A BOY'S DRESS: the jacket rounded in front: loose sleeves, *a la Ottoman*; and trowsers wide, like a sailor's. Thibet cloth for the jacket and white linen for the trowsers is very fashionable.

FIG. V.—AN EVENING DRESS of white turlatane, with a tunic reaching half way below the waist. Boddice *a point*, and low on the shoulders: the sleeves being very short.

BONNETS.—A gipsy bonnet, made of the old fashioned flat, with the hind part rounded partially off, and the sides tied down by the strings, has come into vogue; but does not take sufficiently to be called very fashionable. The most elegant bonnet still is the Neopolitan, certainly on account of its lightness the most desirable. Chip hats and drawn bonnets are also much worn: and, indeed, will always continue to be worn. Trimmings are gay, and chiefly with flowers; though a few pretty styles of trimming with ribbon, in small bows down the side of the crown, are fashionable. Straws are much worn, particularly those open-worked ones, the favorite trimming being a cerise-colored ribbon, and a branch of the *sorbier des oiseaux*. *La capote de rue*, trimmed with fullings and cerise ribbon, are also much worn, the fullings being of the same color as the capote. Those which are composed of plain straw are generally decorated with *marron* embroideries, and rows of autumn leaves. We have seen several very elegant bonnets of pale green *poult de soie*, decorated with lace, put on in a slanting form; also some in lilac, covered with tulle, and trimmed with Turkish roses. Yellow is a favorite color, this season, for capotes, the brim rather close and ornamented with a ribbon of the same color.

SCARFS.—These are again fashionable. They partake of the Mauresque, Albanian, and Turkish forms. China *crêpe* scarfs are greatly in request, beautifully embroidered, and having both sides alike, the patterns being of a large form.

WALKING DRESSES.—These are generally made high in the throat: with deep flounces and full skirts. A very fashionable promenade dress, however, is made of pale lilac *poult de soie*, made in the *redingote* form, and trimmed with a narrow *rûche* of the same, forming a border to the plain cross-way pieces down the front of the dress, as well as round the jacket body surrounding the top, and descending down the centre of the corsage, which is open sufficiently to show the under chemisette of embroidered muslin. This corsage is made high

upon the shoulders and back, the sleeves plain, with cuffs turning back, and also edged with a narrow *rûche*; ruffles of broad white lace. Plain sleeves are most fashionable. Under sleeves, in London, are on the decline. The *Amazonian* style is much in vogue: the body being high and *basqué*; the sleeves perfectly plain and terminated with lace ruffles. Also dresses trimmed up the front of the skirt with a double *revers*, bordered on each side with a narrow cut *rûche* of the same material; plain corsage, formed high upon the shoulders, and opening half way down the centre of the front; the two sides of the front ends of the *basqués* or jacket rounded, and also edged with a *rûche*; *grâmpes* of embroidered muslin. Shaded materials for morning walking dresses are the fashion, especially those elegant silks which are shaded gradually from the lowest edge of the robe up to the *ceinture*: where under sleeves are still made, the upper sleeve is rather less than heretofore, but sufficiently open at the sides to show the under sleeve.

EVENING DRESSES.—Those decorated *a pyramides*, are certainly most fashionable, particularly when made in white *poult de soie*; the corsage formed very low; the *jupe* ornamented with three *roués*, each *roué* formed of seven, nine and eleven *bouillons* of Brussels tulle; body trimmed to match *à bouillons progressifs*; when made in pale light colors, they have a very novel and distinguished appearance. For a young person, nothing can be prettier than those dresses made in *barège à bandelottes satinées*; corsage *tres basqué*, and rather low, a broad piece forming a kind of cape encircles the top of the body, opening in the front, and trimmed round with a *rûche* of ribbon, which also serves to decorate the small short sleeves; the skirts of these dresses are generally made plain and simple. *Les robes Moitza*, which are embroidered in different colors, and intermixed with point lace, are also extremely oriental and charming. We have remarked several embroidered *en tablier*; the corsage decorated with a *berthe* and sleeves *semi-longues*, entirely covered with the same style of embroidery as forms the *tablier* on the skirt.

HOME DRESSES.—The best style is made with a corsage plain and pointed, formed very high upon the shoulders, and opening half way up the front: the *pelerine* cut small and pointed in the front, so as to show the opening up the front of the body, and trimmed with a fringe, which continues down the front as far as the waist. Plain sleeves and cambric chemisette, embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes.

A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—A dress composed of an under dress of white muslin, made three parts high, and plaited down the centre of the body; full sleeves, confined at the wrists with narrow bands, edged with lace, as well as round the neck of the dress; trowsers of the same material. Upper dress of shot silk or cachemire, violet and green, open all the way up the front, and turned back on each side, forming a kind of *revers*, trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet of the same color; the corsage is also made open, and laced across with a ribbon velvet, which also encircles the square open cape, and round the cuffs of the loose straight sleeve. Cap of embroidered muslin, sitting close to the face, and trimmed with puffings of crimson ribbon.

SUN SHADES.—These have given place to the larger parasol, which is mostly worn fringed.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

WE present our fair readers, this month, with a number of useful receipts; and shall keep them, hereafter, informed of all new ones, which may be interesting to the housewife, whether in parlor or kitchen.

TO KEEP FLIES FROM ROOMS.—Take half a pound of cantharides, an ounce and a half of gourd seed; half an ounce of each, motherwort, sassafras, root of St. John's wort, and spirit of ants: a quarter of an ounce of opium, and a handful of saffron. Cut the whole small, and reduce them to powder. Dip a feather into this mixture, after it has boiled sufficiently, and been well cooled, and smear over any portion of the apartment most resorted to by flies, to whom it proves so insupportable that they never touch any place where it is once applied. By slightly anointing a horse's saddle, or harness, it proves equally effective in keeping flies from tormenting those useful animals.

FILTERING MACHINE.—The best and cheapest filtering machine may be constructed as follows:—Procure a large stone bottle, with the bottom knocked out, stop up the neck with small stones, over these form a layer of small pebbles, then another of gravel, increasing every layer in fineness; and putting on lastly, a stratum of fine sand of the depth of several inches. The sand, gravel, &c., should of course be previously well washed, until the water runs off clear and tasteless. The common filtering stones are soon rendered unserviceable by the filling up of the pores; this apparently on the contrary is a perpetual filtering machine; by merely taking out, occasionally, the upper stratum of sand, and washing it: it will also filter large quantities of water in a short time, of which the common filtering stones are wholly incapable.

TO TAKE THE STAINS OF INK, &c., OR IRONMOULDS, OUT OF LINEN.—First soak the ironmoulds, &c., well, next heat a flat iron moderately hot, then lay a clean thin cloth over the face of the iron; next lay on this the iron-mould, and rub it with a peeled lemon dipped in common salt, till the spots disappear, which will soon be. This is the best and safest way to extract them.

GENUINE WINDSOR SOAP.—To make this famous soap for washing the hands, shaving, &c., nothing more is necessary than to slice the best white soap as thin as possible, melt it in a saucepan over a slow fire, scent it well with oil of caraway, and then pour into a frame or mould made for that purpose, or a small drawer, adapted in size or form to the quantity.

TO PROPAGATE HERBS.—Many kinds of pot-herbs may, in July, be propagated by cuttings or slips, which may be planted out to nurse on a shady border for a few weeks, or till they have struck root, and may then be planted out where they are to remain. If made about the middle or end of the month, they will be ready for transplanting before the end of August, and in that case will be well established before the winter. The kinds are marjoram, mint, sage, sorrel, tansy, tarragons and thyme.

GATHERING FRUITS.—Plums readily separate from their twigs when ripe. Apricots are ready when the

side next the sun is soft to the pressure. Give all orchard fruit a lift so as not to disturb the stalk; if ripe they separate without difficulty. When not ripe the forcible damage done to the foot stalk is apt to injure the next year's bud. Pears should be dry when gathered.

TO REMOVE HERBS AND FLOWERS IN THE SUMMER.—Transplant in the summer season, let it be in the evening after the heat is passed; plant and water the same immediately, and there will be no danger from the heat next day.

WATERING GARDENS.—The uses of watering are aliment to the plants, keeping the leaves clean of vegetables, and keeping off insects. Never water the leaves or top of a plant when the sun shines. Water early in the morning and evening, except transplanted plants whose roots may be watered at any time. Kitchen vegetables are often lost for want of attention in this, and owing to it, such articles as the radish, turnip and cabbage, are hard, dry and stringy.

TO EXTINGUISH FIRE IN CHIMNEYS.—Put a wet blanket over the whole front of the fire-place, which soon stops the current of air, and extinguishes the flame.

TO DRESS MUTTON TO EAT LIKE VENISON.—When it has hung till it is quite tender and looks black, wash it well all over with warm vinegar, and afterward baste it whilst roasting with cold vinegar and butter till done, and then serve it up with sweet sauce, and it will eat as light and as good flavored as venison.

TO DISCOVER WHETHER FLOUR BE ADULTERATED.—Mix with the flour some juice of lemon or good vinegar; if the flour be pure, they will remain together at rest, but if there be a mixture of whiting or chalk, a fermentation or working like yeast will ensue.

TO DESTROY VERMIN ON ANIMALS.—Oil of turpentine, when applied to animals, which are infected with insects, destroys the insects without hurting the animal.

TO CURE THE STING OF A WASP, BEE, OR OTHER INSECT.—Wet the part stung, and rub a piece of indigo or olive oil upon it, which will remove the pain.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Take of Alysson seed one part; honey two parts. Make into ointment.

TOOTH POWDER.—Powdered cassia, one part. Rose pink, one part. Orris powder, three parts. Burnt alum, two parts. Powdered bark, two parts. Powdered myrrh, two parts. Prepared chalk, twenty parts. Mix and sift through lawn.

MILK OF ROSES, FRENCH.—Rose water, five pounds. Tincture of storax, four ounces. Tincture of benzoin, four ounces. Spirits of roses, one ounce. Rosemary water, one pint.

PEARL POWDER.—Pearl or bismuth white, French chalk, equal parts. Reduce them to fine powder, and sift through lawn.

CURE FOR THE EAR-ACHE.—Take a piece of the lean of mutton about the size of a large walnut, put it into the fire and burn it for sometime, till it becomes reduced almost to a cinder; then put it into a piece of clean rag, and squeeze it until some moisture is expressed, which must be dropped into the ear as hot as the patient can bear it.

FIRST RATE COUGH REMEDY.—Syrup of squills; Tincture of Paregoric; syrup of poppies—equal parts. Dose—one tea-spoon full.

● REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Zoe, or, the History of two Lives. By Miss Jewsbury. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1845.—This is one of the most remarkable novels, written by a female, that ever came under our notice. Yet we rose from its perusal with a feeling of dissatisfaction. The book is full of eloquent thoughts, but its tendency is to unsettle the mind: it points out evils in society, and neglects the remedy. There are many things in the novel that surprise us as coming from a woman; we had scarcely thought any of the sex so bold and speculative, or so regardless of conventionalities. The author is a sister of Miss Jewsbury, the poetess, who died some years since of cholera in the East.

The Diary of Lady Willoughby. 1 vol. Wiley & Putnam. New York, 1845.—This book is issued in the same style as "Undine." It is the diary of the domestic life of a fictitious personage, supposed to have been kept in England during the great rebellion; but so full of *verasemblance* is it, so minutely and touchingly are its little incidents described, and with such exquisite delicacy is the character of Lady Willoughby drawn, that on laying down the volume one regrets it is a fiction. The work, indeed, imposed on the critics at first. As the record of the feelings of a wife and mother, in a crisis full of danger to her husband, *The Diary of Lady Willoughby* is invaluable.

Undine: and Sintram and his Companions. 1 vol. Wiley & Putnam, New York, 1845.—This is one of the series of "books which are books," with clear type, fine paper and wide margin, issued by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam of New York. "Undine" is the story of a water spirit, from the German of De la Motte Foque: one of the most graceful and ideal fictions ever written. "Sintram and his Companions" is of less merit, but it contains many passages of wild grandeur which will recommend it to all true lovers of the imaginative.

A Fragment on the Irish Church. By the late Rev. Sidney Smith. 1 vol. 32 pages. Redding & Co., 1845.—Political disquisitions are rather out of our line; but this pamphlet, which was found among the papers of the writer after his decease, is so very able that we cannot help alluding to it. The essay, indeed, is in his best style: nervous, epigrammatic, logical and witty. It shows that up to the latest hour of his life the Rev. Sydney Smith was as much opposed as ever to oppression and abuse.

The Warwick Woodlands. By Frank Forester. 1 vol. G. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia, 1845.—Frank Forester is a *nomme de guerre*, the real author of this pleasant book being H. W. Herbert, Esq. It consists of a series of sporting sketches, written with great vivacity, and abounding with humor. We confess we like the author's style better in this dishabille than in the more labored dress it assumes in his novels.

The Prisoners of Perote. By W. P. Stapp. G. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia, 1845.—This is a graphic account of the march and capture of the Texan expedition against Meir. The fight at that place is thrillingly described. Certainly, if there have been heroes since the Paladins, these men were such.

The Lady's Work-Box Companion. Millinery and Dress Making. The Hand Book of the Toilette. The Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage. The Polka. 5 vols. T. B. Peterson. Here are five volumes which may be had separately or together, at prices varying from sixpence to a shilling per volume. Our lady-subscribers could not do better than to order the whole set.

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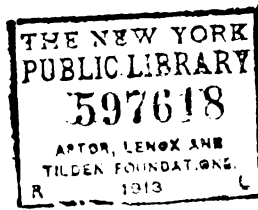
THE LADIES'
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME VIII.
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.
1845.



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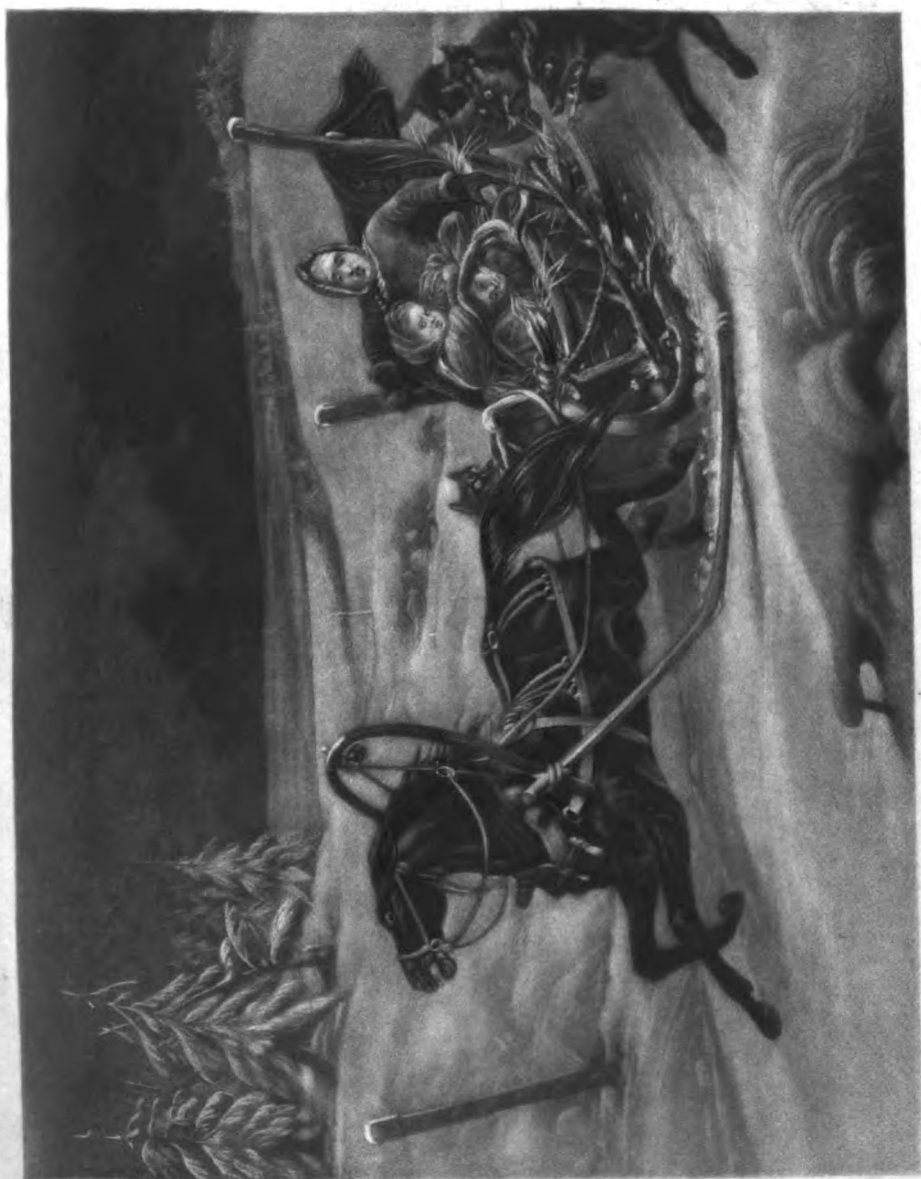
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ABBOTSFORD.

(A contemporary.)

Engraved for The Ladies National Magazine

ASTOR, LENOX AND
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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1845.

No. 1.

A COUNTRY COQUETTE,

SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

It was a June sunset. The clouds that lay in the west were dyed with varied shades of purple and crimson, intermingled with which, long, undulating streaks, glowing like burnished gold, imparted to the whole a splendor and richness such as imagination invests the enchanted palaces of oriental fiction. Now and then, a small fragment of vapor would detach itself from the upper edge of the bright mass, and expanding as it lazily floated toward the zenith, become light as the gossamer veil which gives softness to the brow of beauty; others as soft, though less gauzy, resembled birds, such as love to bathe their snowy plumage in the blue, summer lake.

Leaning on a rustic gate, at no great distance from a comfortable looking farm-house, stood a maiden of eighteen, with her face turned full toward the glorious sunset sky. Her figure, to which exercise and the pure country air had given roundness and elasticity, was displayed to no mean advantage by her dress, which consisted of a green tammy skirt wearing a high gloss, and a short-gown of the chintz then in vogue, which exhibited flowers of various colors, glowing with hues as rich and vivid as those they were designed to imitate. A mass of natural curls, in color and glossiness resembling pale gold, fell back from her smooth forehead and half covered her snowy neck, which was rendered apparently whiter from the contrast of a string of coral beads which seemed melting at the touch of the setting sunbeams, as they now and then found an opening through the foliage of a large apple tree that extended its branches over the gate where she stood.

By only a cursory glance, one might have imagined that she was contemplating the rich and lovely scene before her, but a more careful look would have detected the keen and restless expression of expectation in her large, liquid eyes, which were dark and heavily fringed, and, in

hue, resembled the dewy violets that grew in profusion at her feet.

"Ah! he comes at last," she murmured to herself, as at some distance she caught sight of a person whose form was half hidden by trees and shrubbery. She bent eagerly forward, with her lips, which were red as the coral beads round her neck, slightly parted. A second look showed her that she had been deceived. It was a boy collecting the cows for the purpose of driving them to the barn-yard. The shades of night began to gather, yet he whom she looked for did not come. A tear actually started from her eye and hung trembling on the lash. At that moment a branch of the apple tree was slightly shaken, and a shower of blossoms came falling upon her. She turned and beheld William Ather-ton, who had promised to meet her at the gate beneath the old apple tree half an hour before sunset. Her first impulse was to spring forward to meet him, but she checked herself, and succeeded in forming her pretty lips into a decided pout as she firmly kept her ground.

"Forgive me, Hannah," said he, "for having kept you so long waiting. I was obliged to go over to the East Parish on business, and found it impossible to return sooner."

"You needn't give yourself any uneasiness," replied Hannah, petulantly, "for I have not waited long, and what time I have waited has been spent very pleasantly in thinking of——"

"Of what, Hannah?" said William, finding that she was not going to finish the sentence.

"No matter," she replied, "as long as it wasn't you."

"It was Gustavus Melton, I suppose," said he, "but let me advise you to beware of that man. No one knows whence he come, or what his object is here."

"You are much mistaken," replied she, "I know why he is here, for he has told me."

"Yes, he would fain make you think he is here for your sake, and I will confess, that were he capable of regarding you with the same feelings that I do, you might believe that he would be willing to give up the enjoyments of a city life

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or your society. But he is not Hannah. All earnest and fresh feelings as regards your sex, if he ever professed any, have already been lavished. He is, at least, twice your age; is, as any person may see, hackneyed in the ways of the world; and I fear is familiar with many of its vices, if not crimes."

"He is not so old but that he is still very handsome, and in manners, he is a perfect gentleman. If the appointment had been for me to meet him instead of you, I should have found him waiting for me."

"As I have told you, Hannah, I was obliged to go away this morning on business, and I am not rich enough to give up business, or to neglect it, even though I should incur the imputation of being impolite. But this parting hour should not be employed in angry words."

"Parting hour?" repeated Hannah.

"Yes, the business I have alluded to relates to a large and valuable estate in the western part of New York state, owned by my uncle, recently deceased. I am the nearest heir, and on account of certain difficulties relative to its settlement, it is, I find, advisable for me to be present."

"How soon will you go?" she enquired with an interest she could not disguise.

"To-morrow morning, and I will not conceal from you that I leave you not only with regret and sorrow, but with many misgivings. You are beautiful, Hannah—very beautiful, as your glass and numerous admirers have long ago made you sensible, and you are—I will be plain with you—too fond of admiration. Melton knows this, and will, I am afraid, take advantage of it." Just at this moment his eye fell on the coral necklace—"Hannah," said he, "this is Melton's gift."

"What if it is? It only shows that he is generous as well as polite."

"I purchased a ring this morning, a plain gold one, which I was going to ask you to accept, but it will not compare with the necklace."

"I shall value it more highly than forty necklaces from the same source," said she earnestly, betrayed for a moment by his look and tone of despondency into an expression of her real feelings.

"You appear to be sincere," said he, "I believe you are. Take the ring, and let it sometimes remind you of me. I almost wish that I had the power of converting it into a talisman that would avert from you all evil."

They now walked slowly toward the farmhouse, for William wished to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Dunmore, Hannah's parents, previous to his departure. When they parted it was as betrothed lovers. Hannah had promised to discard Melton, and voluntarily proposed to return him the necklace.

At the time Hannah made these promises she was sincere, for in her secret heart she preferred William Atherton above all others. Her love of admiration, however, had by indulgence become so strong and engrossing that there was little chance of its yielding to her better principles. She herself half suspected this, and in the first freshness of her sorrow occasioned by the departure of her lover, she felt determined to keep aloof from the company of her young and gay associates, and thus avoid the compliments and adulation she was too weak to repel, and which her uncommon beauty was sure to elicit. Her first step toward reformation was to remove the necklace from her neck, which she enclosed in a blank envelope and directed to Gustavus Melton. She watched all the next morning with the hope of seeing some person by whom she could send it to him. No one presented, and by evening her zeal as regarded its immediate restoration had sensibly abated. She retired early to her little bed-room, which was very neat, and exhibited all the taste which the occupant's very limited means permitted. The bed was covered with a pretty patchwork quilt, and round a table, the shape of a half moon, and about four times as large as its apparent size, she had fulled the remains of two lawn aprons, given to her by her grandmother, which made a very respectable drapery. Over this table hung a small looking-glass, into the frame of which were inserted narrow strips of painted glass, which, though they exhibited not the least pretension to design on the part of the painter, showed that he had an eye for gay and showy colors. Directly under the glass was a large box made of cards, the front of which, (as it was that part which would first strike the eye) being, on account of the splendor of their costume, entirely composed of kings, queens and knaves. In this box Hannah kept all her small finery and whatever article besides she deemed most precious. Among these was a fan with an ivory handle, a needle-book with a purple velvet cover and red broad-cloth leaves, and a silk pin-cushion, each corner of which was ornamented with a tassel of gold tinsel which she had carefully unravelled from the selvage of a piece of book muslin her mother had purchased for caps. There was, moreover, snugly deposited in one side of the box, what in the language of the times, was called "a pair of verses;" a kind of publication at that period very popular, as it was the only kind of light reading attainable by the fair daughters of the land. Each sheet containing these metrical ditties was generally headed by a row of wood cuts illustrative of the text, which detailed some incident of a pathetic or tragic nature, and not unfrequently both, in the most dolorous

language imaginable, and which was sure to wring sighs from the hardest heart, and tears from the brightest eyes. There was now added to the contents of the box, the coral necklace. Worthless as these things may appear in the estimation of the modern belle, compared with her rich jewelry, they were scarcely less valuable in the eyes of the owner.

Hannah sat down by the open window and thought upon William Atherton. She mentally renewed all the promises she had made him, and then looked into her glass to take a parting view for the night, of the beautiful face it reflected. The pale gold curls caressed her snowy neck at every motion of her head, and she thought of the necklace that had gleamed and sparkled among them so brightly the evening before. She raised the lid of the card-box and peeped in.

"I should like to try it on once more before I return it," she thought, and after a little hesitation she removed it from its envelope and clasped it round her neck. It was certainly very becoming, and she regretted that she had promised William Atherton to return it, yet, as she had promised, she should certainly keep her promise.

A week passed away when Mary Carter called on her for the purpose of inviting her to a quilting. Mary was a girl of firm and correct principles, and she loved Hannah too well to suffer her disposition to coquetry to remain unreprieved. This had produced a slight coldness on the part of Hannah, but as she had now determined to amend, she confessed her former indiscretion, and their cordiality was restored.

A quilting, in those primitive days, was made a pretext for an almost universal gathering of the unmarried females of the place, who, after tea, were joined by the beaux.

"I have invited Miss Clarissa Roswell," said Mary, "who has promised to come."

"Clarissa Roswell," repeated Hannah, "I never heard of her before."

"She has been in the place only a few days," replied Mary, "and is considered very handsome and very genteel. It is said that Mr. Melton is quite smitten with her."

"I don't believe it," said Hannah, "for I heard him say, not a week ago, that he had already made his choice."

"He has been seen walking with her," replied Mary, "every day since she came, and as you have just told me that it was your intention to discourage his attentions to yourself, I should think it would give you pleasure to find that your task is likely to prove an easy one."

To this remark, Hannah made no reply, for though she might possibly have assumed firmness enough to reject the attentions of Melton,

she could not endure the idea that he should discontinue them voluntarily, and what was still more wounding to her vanity, bestow them on another. She told Mary that she might depend on her assistance at the quilting, and she, at the same time, determined within herself to do her best to eclipse Miss Roswell.

The most fashionable manner of arranging the hair in those early days, was to comb it smoothly over a cushion placed above the forehead, varying in height from one to four inches. None but leaders of the ton, however, ventured to adopt this last extreme, which, together with the high-heeled shoes worn by many, added six inches to the natural stature. When dressing for the quilting party, Hannah's good taste would probably have induced her to wear the low cushion, even had she never heard Melton give his opinion in its favor. She likewise suffered her hair to fall in easy, natural curls, instead of torturing it with curling-irons. When she took her last peep into the glass, previous to putting on her bonnet, she could not help thinking that she should look much better with the necklace. As yet she had never had an opportunity to wear it in company, and she felt sure that it would excite the envy of many of her acquaintance. To publicly wear a gift from Melton would, she likewise imagined, be a triumph over Miss Roswell. Influenced by these unamiable motives, she determined to wear it, and at the breaking up of the party, she thought that, unobserved, she could slip it into Melton's hand, if she felt in a mood so to do.

The residence of Mary Carter was a mile distant, and a merry and blooming bevy of maidens had already assembled when Hannah arrived. They were holding a somewhat noisy consultation whether the quilt should be quilted in gingerbread, shells, herring-bone, flowers, or straight work, and "what do you say, Hannah?" was asked, at least by half a dozen voices, all speaking at once.

"As it is a patch-work quilt," she replied, "and will not show the quality of the work like a glossy shalloon, I should, were it mine, quilt it in shells."

"That is what I think," said Mary, "for I shall want to quilt my sky blue one in flowers, and I already have one done in herring-bone."

As the majority gave their voices in favor of shells, a merry jingle of scissors and steel thimbles (silver thimbles were not worn in the country in those days) began to be heard, as their fair owners drew them from their capacious pockets, preparatory to taking their places at the quilting-frame. Hannah produced her needle-book with its purple velvet cover and red broad-cloth leaves, in each of which glistened a row of well polished

needles, which she obligingly suffered to be passed round the whole circle for examination. An illuminated missal of the twelfth century would have afforded less gratification, as they would not have known so well how to appreciate it, and exclamations of "well, that is handsome," "that is proper nice," "it is exquisitely lovely," (the latter was a phrase which the fair perpetrator learnt from Miss Roswell) broke from many a cherry lip. Hannah, who in the meantime was assiduously employed in marking out shells with chalk by a pasteboard pattern, was by no means indifferent to the praise bestowed on her pretty needle-book.

Just as the excitement produced by the needle-book began to subside, a girl who sat opposite Hannah, said, "I guess somebody has got a new necklace."

"And it's a present, I know," said another, as all eyes were directed toward Hannah.

"And I know well enough who it is from, too," said a third.

"So do I," said a fourth. "No one but Mr. Gustavus Melton would be likely to make such a present as that."

These assertions and conjectures, which were uttered in a very vivacious and energetic manner, were suddenly cut short by the arrival of Miss Roswell. The girls, who previous to her entrance, were leaning over the quilting-frame in various and exceedingly graceful, because natural attitudes, suddenly drew themselves up into postures perfectly erect, looking as stiff and precise as so many soldiers at drill, while a profound silence reigned throughout the apartment. Mary Carter alone fully retained her self-possession. Even Hannah, who being conscious of her beauty and grace, felt more independent than the others, could not entirely refrain from imitating the example of her associates.

Miss Roswell was in person the reverse of Hannah, being much taller, and of so dark a complexion as to make her a decided brunette. She was certainly handsome, and either was or affected to be—Hannah felt doubtful which—very genteel. She courtseyed several times, quite in dancing-school style when she entered the apartment, and then forgetting, perhaps, that the request made it apparent that she felt her own superiority, she begged that her presence might be no restraint whatever upon any of the company.

"Ah, my sweet girl," said she, addressing Judith Reeve—the same who had pronounced Hannah's needle-book to be "exquisitely lovely," "how delighted I am to meet you again so soon. It is evident to me by our being thrown together so frequently, that we are destined to form for each other one of those sacred friendships which terminate only with life."

"I trust we are, Miss Roswell," replied Judith, making a violent effort to look interesting.

"Call me Clarissa, my amiable friend," she replied, "and as Judith, at least to my ears, sounds rather abrupt, I shall henceforth call you Judithine. Miss Carter, you will pardon me for not sooner noticing your quilt. It is exquisitely lovely. What industry, what economy, and what taste are here united. I will seat myself and take a few stitches, for it will give me both pride and pleasure to assist in quilting so lovely a quilt."

During the trifling stir made by her seating herself at the quilting-frame, all ventured to relieve themselves by taking a long breath, as even their breathing had not been carried on with its usual freedom, so greatly were they awed by her presence.

"The young ladies of the place have lost one of their rustic beaux, I understand," said Miss Roswell, addressing Mary Carter.

"You allude to William Atherton, I suppose," said Mary.

"I do, and really if he had not been so horribly sunburnt, he would have been a decent looking young man."

"I know of no young man superior to him in any respect," replied Mary.

"Unless you except a certain gentleman by the name of Davis," said Miss Roswell, "who, I presume, feels a particular interest in our employment this afternoon."

"I make no exception whatever," replied Mary. "William Atherton is my cousin, and is as dear to me as a brother. We were playmates in childhood, and have been companions in youth, and I know him to be liberally endowed with all good and noble qualities."

A glow of pleasure mantled the cheeks of Hannah as she listened to this well-deserved eulogium, for, as has already been intimated, she preferred Atherton a thousand times to Melton, or any other person who had done homage to her beauty. Her eye fell on the ring he gave her at parting, and she bent lower over her work to conceal the moisture which gathered in her eyes. In a few minutes a rap was heard at the outer door, and Melton was admitted. A color still more vivid than before rushed to Hannah's cheeks, and too confused to know exactly what she did, she rose from her chair and as quickly re-seated herself. There was at once a decided change in the appearance of Miss Roswell, her affectation and flippancy being laid aside for manners graceful and lady-like. Melton seated himself near her and entered into conversation with her, without conferring on Hannah any mark of attention beyond the general salutation bestowed on all. She felt piqued and angry,

and while her lips, fresh and beautiful as early rose-buds, were every moment in danger of expressing her indignant feelings by becoming too prominent, she gave a listening ear to what they said. She was much relieved when Mary Carter, who could hit upon no other plan which she thought would be likely to restore the girls to their natural ease and gaiety, proposed a walk in the fields. With a form like a sylph's, and a foot light as a fairy's, Hannah felt sure that she should outshine Miss Roswell, who would be obliged to walk with measured steps, as her shoes had extravagantly high heels. She left her bonnet behind, for sun and air seemed to have no power to touch her pure and dazzling complexion. Mary Carter's expedient proved a judicious one. It was impossible for more than twenty girls, but few of them escaped from their teens, to find themselves beneath the free blue sky in the midst of blossoms and singing birds, and still preserve the formality and silence which had made them, while seated at the quilting-frame, appear like so many automatons. Many a cheerful laugh was echoed among the green hills, or broke from some forest-glade, where the sunshine falling through the openings of the foliage, resembled fragments of gold lying among the flowers. Baltimore birds, with their golden vests, and humming-birds, which, as they glanced in the sunbeams, looked as if their plumage was composed of shreds of rainbows powdered with gold, were revelling amid clouds of apple-blossoms, while the blue-bird and black-bird sent their clear and wild gushes of song from the neighboring woodland. A clear stream fed by a living spring, came dashing down a hill-side, throwing out sparkles of silver as it broke over the numerous impediments opposing its course, till it found a deep and narrow bed between huge masses of rocks, some of them bare, others covered with moss; while in many a sly nook, supplied with a scanty soil, numerous wild flowers had taken root, throwing a mantle of beauty over their stern and rugged aspect. Hannah, with cheeks glowing, and her golden tresses floating back on the wind, with light but fearless steps tripped along the very verge of the broken bank, plucking the flowers and gaily throwing them at her less daring companions.

"What beautiful violets," said Miss Roswell, addressing Melton, on whose arm she leaned, and pointing to a small, level piece of verdure, walled in by rocks and studded with numerous tufts of those loveliest of nature's gems.

Hannah heard the remark, and running a short distance further up the stream, she was in a few minutes seen upon the trunk of a decayed tree, which, by falling across the water, had formed an

exceedingly picturesque, though not remarkably safe bridge, elevated as it was full twenty feet above the bed of the stream. It would, at least, have been unsafe to any person who had not like Hannah been accustomed from infancy to similar feats of daring.

"She will fall and be dashed to pieces," exclaimed Melton, rather unconsciously disengaging his arm from Miss Roswell.

He hastened toward the spot, but before he had half reached it he was greeted by her musical laugh, which, clear and bird-like, rose above the hoarse rush of the water as she stood midway on the rustic bridge.

"Stay where you are," said he earnestly, "and I will reach you something to take hold of, that will steady your steps while you return."

"You must be very quick" then," she replied, and before he had time to break the sapling by which he intended to aid her, she had gained the opposite bank. It was the work only of a few minutes for her to weave a basket of the leafy and pliant twigs of a willow which grew near, which she soon piled high with the violets that had elicited the admiration of Miss Roswell. All this time Melton had stood at the end of the bridge, unable to summon courage enough to place more than one foot on it at a time. Hannah soon made her appearance from behind the intervening rocks, and with as free and elastic a step as if she had been on *terra firma*, again crossed the narrow bridge. There was something in the wild grace and freedom with which she performed this little feat that took a strong hold upon the imagination of Melton, placing her in so fascinating a light as to give her a decided advantage over Miss Roswell, who tottering on her high-heel shoes, was almost as helpless as an infant among the sharp rocks and broken ground without some arm to support her. Hannah approached her, and placing the basket of violets at her feet, scarcely awaited her thanks before she was again bounding away, chasing butterflies and gathering flowers. She felt sure that Melton wished to speak with her, but in the true spirit of coquetry she managed so as to elude him as adroitly as a large purple and gold winged butterfly escaped from her when she imagined herself sure of it. After being defeated several times, he, at length, succeeded in coming upon her unawares.

"I am glad of this opportunity," said she, "to return you this necklace which you lent me." As she spoke, she removed it from her neck.

"Lent you?" repeated Melton, "why, I gave it to you."

"Did you? Well, I had rather you would take it back if you did."

"Are you really serious, Hannah?"

"I am. A poor country girl ought not to accept presents from a gentleman like you so much her superior."

"Your beauty and good sense make you equal to any person," he replied.

"Except Miss Roswell, you might have said."

"I make no exception. Miss Roswell is well enough, but not to be compared with you. Come, let me return the necklace to the snowy neck it so well becomes."

She drew back.

"Hannah," said he, "I may thank Atherton for this, who is a presumptuous rustic and every way unworthy of you."

"No, Mr. Melton," said she quickly, "it is I who am unworthy of him. If William Atherton is a rustic, he knows how to behave like a gentleman in everything really essential."

Melton smiled as he replied that he certainly should not presume to dispute her assertion. There was something sarcastic in this smile, and Hannah felt ashamed of having said anything to excite such a smile.

"I am probably indebted to the interference of this Mr. Atherton," said Melton, after remaining silent a short time, "for the rejection of my gift. Now, I should not consider myself at liberty to prevent a lady from wearing a becoming ornament if she did receive it from another, not even if that lady were betrothed to me."

Hannah blushed, partly because she was betrothed to Atherton, and partly on account of his having presumed to exercise over her what she found Melton deemed an arbitrary power. He perceived that his words had the effect which he intended, and gently taking the necklace from her hand, he again offered to clasp it round her neck. She no longer opposed him, and as he bent over her for the purpose, he ventured to touch her cheek with his lips. The approach of some of the party prevented Melton from saying more, and they all, soon afterward, returned to the house.

After tea they were joined by most of the young men of the place. Among the rest came George Davis, who expected soon to be married to Mary Carter. While the company were preparing to take leave, Mary took an opportunity when unobserved to request him to accompany Hannah, and thus prevent Melton from being her escort, for she dreaded the consequences of a prolonged and uninterrupted interview between them, lest the foolish girl's vanity should lead her to forget what was due to William Atherton. Davis promised to obey and sought her immediately, but he found that he was already anticipated by Melton. He, however, whispered in her ear, "remember

the absent," and then offered his arm to Miss Roswell, who accepted it, though she could not conceal her chagrin at being slighted by Melton, on account of a mere country girl. It was a soft, starry evening, and Melton and Hannah walked very slowly. Hannah said little herself, but drank in the stream of seductive eloquence that flowed from the lips of Melton. His theme was love, and though he did not tell her in direct terms that he preferred her to any of her sex whom he had ever seen, he gave her reason to draw such an inference. When he left her he told her he should call on her the next evening, and she said nothing by way of prohibition. The moment he was gone she felt dissatisfied with herself, and very unhappy. She looked at the ring which William gave her, and was conscious that she had already proved herself unworthy to wear it. She next looked into the glass and saw the necklace she had promised him she would return to Melton. She unclasped it and hastily tossed it into the card-box, as if she imagined the painful reflections occasioned by her broken promise might be mitigated by banishing it from her sight. She again formed the resolution to return it and avoid Melton, though the sweetness contained in the cup of flattery she had so recently quaffed lingered on her lips. The ensuing evening Melton did not fail to fulfil his promise. The sun had scarcely set when he joined her in the garden, where she was cultivating a few flowers. When they went into the house Hannah's parents received him coldly, and when he was gone, reproached her for encouraging his attentions. She replied that it was not her intention to encourage them, and to elude any further conversation on the subject, retired to her chamber. She felt excited and unhappy, and it was after midnight before she fell asleep.

Melton was not thoroughly depraved, but he had never been accustomed to curb his inclinations, and without any definite object in view beyond present gratification, he employed every art of which he was master to win the affections of a vain and inexperienced girl, who with no one to awaken her natural inclination to coquetry, might have been contented and happy with possessing the affection and esteem of one worthy individual. Not a day passed during which they did not meet, for the most part clandestinely, as Hannah dreaded to incur the reproof and disapprobation of her parents.

Several weeks had passed away, and it was an hour after sunset one evening when she returned from one of her stolen interviews with Melton. She entered the house at the front door and crept softly to her chamber, where her father and mother imagined she had been the whole

evening. She waited till all was silent, and then stole to the kitchen and lit a candle, which she carried to her room. She spread a large handkerchief upon the bed, in which, after neatly folding them, she placed many of the most valuable articles of her clothing. One entire suit was, however, reserved, among which was a white jacksonet muslin gown ornamented with sprigs of tambour work, and a white gauze neck-kerchief. She dressed herself in these after she had made up her bundle, and then taking a ring from her finger she enclosed it in a piece of paper and directed it to William Atherton. She had but just finished these preparations, when the old clock that stood in one corner of the "best room," struck eleven. She hurried on her bonnet and a short satin cloak, then extinguishing the light, took her bundle, and with stealthy steps left the house.

"The chaise is ready," said a man who met her—"I have tied the horse at the orchard gate."

Hannah started, for it was at that gate she met William Atherton the last evening she ever spent with him. The scene rushed back on her memory with the vividness of reality, and now, when it was too late, she was sensible that her absent lover was as dear to her as ever, and that she was about to sacrifice her happiness at the shrine of vanity. She had, however, as she imagined, gone too far to retract, and suffered Melton to hand her into the chaise. There was soon a perceptible change in his manner. He had grown grave and silent, and as soon as she had become sufficiently composed to notice it, she felt uneasy. She at length ventured to break the silence.

"You will not deceive me, Melton?" said she enquiringly.

"In what respect?" said he.

"I have," said she timidly, "heard of such a thing as a mock marriage."

"So have I," was the laconic response.

"How long will it take to reach the city where we are to be married?" she asked, after another long interval of silence.

"We shall probably reach there to-morrow evening," he replied.

The truth was, Melton, who obeying a transient impulse of feeling, had proposed to Hannah a secret marriage, began already to repent of what he had done. On reflection, the idea of being encumbered with a wife became exceedingly distasteful to him, and although he was sincere at the moment he urged her to unite her fate with his, he had already half concluded to have recourse to a mock marriage. It was not without a severe struggle with his better feelings that he finally made up his mind to embrace this alternative, but when he had once settled the point with

himself his usual flow of spirits returned. Hannah, who had exerted herself to banish all thoughts of William Atherton from her mind, had been aided in her efforts by the fears awakened by Melton's coldness and taciturnity, and now, when he resumed his customary delicate attentions, she became cheerful if not happy. The sun was just rising when they alighted at an obscure inn. Melton ordered breakfast, and Hannah, weary and exhausted, requested the hostess to show her to some retired apartment where she could, for a short time, seek repose. She threw herself on the bed and dropped to sleep. Her dreams were of her absent lover. She suddenly awoke, for a voice like his seemed to be speaking near her. So vivid was the impression that she could not forbear listening with the expectation of hearing it again. She did hear it again, and it appeared to be near the window. Trembling with agitation occasioned by a crowd of contradictory emotions, in which fear, shame and joy were strangely blended, she sprang from the bed, and cautiously drew aside the window-curtain, so far as to obtain a sight of the person whose voice so exactly resembled William Atherton. It was he, and while a full sense of her perfidy toward him rushed upon her mind, she felt fully determined, let come what might, to break off all connection with Melton. As she rapidly recapitulated the hurried and exciting incidents of the last twelve hours, and remembered Melton's strange and capricious conduct, which, during that brief space, had alternated between the most ardent demonstrations of affection and an icy coldness, she began to suspect that his disappointment would not be very overwhelming. Her thoughts had glanced that way before, but she had not permitted herself to look at the subject steadily. But William—would he forgive her? She did not even dare to hope that he would, yet she felt that it would be a relief to confess to him her errors, even at his feet. There was no time for hesitation, for she had just heard him tell the landlord, that, as there was every appearance of a warm, sultry day, he should set out immediately and ride a dozen miles before breakfast. The landlord now left him, and Hannah, obeying the impulse of the moment, raised the sash and called him by name. She gave him no time for anything more than an exclamation of surprise at seeing her so unexpectedly, and at such a distance from home, but with blushes and many tears told him all that had happened, without any attempt at palliation. When she had finished she buried her face in her hands.

"I forgive you, Hannah," said he, most sincerely, "but my confidence in you has sustained too violent a shock to be overcome immediately.

Do not think me stern or too rigid when I say that time must test the sincerity of your present regret, and show whether you will not, should opportunity present, be again tempted to listen to the whispers of vanity. In a word, Hannah, I can never marry a coquette."

"If you only knew the torture I have endured the last twelve hours," she replied, "you would hardly suspect that I could be tempted to repeat similar errors. But I do not blame you—you are more lenient than I hoped. All I ask now is to be spared the humiliation of seeing Melton."

As she finished speaking the rattling of wheels was heard, but they could see nothing, the road being screened by the dense foliage of numerous fruit trees. At this moment some one rapped at her door. Fearing that it was Melton, she hesitated to open it. The rap was repeated, and then she heard the voice of the landlady.

"I have a letter for you," she said.

Hannah opened the door, and a glance at the superscription of the letter showed her that it was from Melton.

"Singular as it may appear," it said, "you no sooner agreed to comply with the request which I urged with so much ardor, than I regretted having made it. Your beauty, which I confess, is superior to any that I have ever seen, no longer exerted over me the same bewildering influence, and I deeply regretted the idea of relinquishing the freedom of a single life. This regret soon grew into absolute repugnance, and I was base enough to think of deceiving you by a mock marriage. It almost appeared as if you had an intuitive perception of what was passing in my mind, which caused you to distrust my sincerity and ask certain questions which you will remember. An incident that may seem trifling has saved us both. While walking in an adjoining field I saw a tuft of wild flowers, such as many years ago I planted on an only sister's grave, who was as young and almost as beautiful as you when she died. 'What would she say to you were she living?' was a question that seemed whispered in my ear. Impressions nearly effaced were renewed, and I determined to restore you to your parents. I had scarcely made up my mind so to do when I found the house contained another guest—one whom you esteem, and one whom I believe, in your secret heart you prefer to me, although I may be more showy in my manners, and may wear a more stylish coat and finer ruffles. I think I may safely commit you to his protection. Adieu, and believe me when I tell you that I sincerely wish your happiness, although so late engaged in active measures to destroy it.

GUSTAVUS MELTON."

Hannah, when she had read this letter, handed it to Atherton. He ran his eye over the contents, and without making any remark he walked away from the window. She saw him speak to the landlord, and in a few minutes the folding doors of the chaise-house were thrown open, and

a very respectable looking chaise was taken out, which underwent a thorough *dusting*.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunmore, who were plunged into the deepest affliction by the elopement of their daughter, were, as they were mournfully preparing to retire to rest, equally surprised and rejoiced at her unexpected return. Her mother wept in silence, while her father, after making a few unsuccessful attempts to reprove her, passed the back of his hand across his eyes, swallowed several times to repress his rising emotion, and then diverted his thoughts from the subject by enquiring of William relative to his success while absent. He replied that all had been settled in a satisfactory manner, and that he had a prospect of disposing of the property to good advantage. It was late before Atherton took leave, and though he afterward frequently called, he did not renew his addresses to Hannah. Her beauty, as formerly, attracted a crowd of admirers, but she turned coldly away from them all. Her vanity had been humbled in the dust, and her inclination to coquetry never returned. When Atherton was thoroughly convinced of this he again offered her his hand, and several quiltings which followed each other in rapid succession, and were as numerous as Mary Carter's, were deemed a sure indication of their speedy marriage.

THE HOLIDAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE came a folded paper, neatly penn'd,
Brought by a fair-haired lad; with earnest phrase,
And careful signature of many a hand,
Asking a holiday. The wintry sun
Arose in warmth and brightness o'er the storm,
And strangely early came the blue-bird forth
Piping from hedge and thorn.

The teacher's heart
Still beating with the lingering thrill of youth,
Longed to indulge his pupils. Yet, with brow
Composed to solemn thought, in measured phrase
Somewhat he said of lessons, conn'd with care,
And good deportment, anxious still to make,
If possible, the favor a reward.
But where demurring conscience loudly spake,
He twined with dexterous hand the promised hope
Of better things to come. Then with a smile
The boon he granted.

Who the gladness knows
That with electric flash, from heart to heart
Glanced at that lauded word? With buoyant feet
The group came gathering round the Master's door,
Some hastily equipped for ardent march,
To a bold mount, whose palisaded head
Mix'd in dim distance with a silvery cloud;
Intent to revel in its fossil wealth,
And gather glittering crystals.

Some—alas!

With gun or belted quiver, told too sure
Their hostile purpose, toward some sylvan spoil.
To them, the bright-eyed dog observant clung,
And at each moment frisked with wilder zeal.
Some to the saddle mounted—others sped
The rolling wheel to reach the neighboring town,
And make the heart of friend or parent, glad
With their bright, brief good-morrow.

Here and there,

Amid the gay, pedestrian throng, was seen
The osier-basket, eloquent of good,
Well by the liberal matron's kindness filled;
While ruddy fruit, from pocket peeping out,
Bespoke wise forethought for the coming meal.
—Inferior creatures seem'd to share the joy,
And still, from perch to perch, the prison'd bird
Leaping—with half-spread wing, and heaving breast
Gave vent to his impassion'd melody.

Then, at the chosen leader's bugle-call,
The exploring group set forth, as full of glee
As sport, and the elastic play of limbs,
And the free spirit of the woods, can make
The healthful heart.

Would that the pensive eye,

Of many a distant mother, now might rest
Upon her graceful and glad-hearted boy—
For whom, so oft it moisteneth, in the prayer
That bath no words.

Oh, Teacher! it is well

To mingle sunbeams with the seed that sows
The immortal wind. Damp Sorrow's moody mist
Settling too long, doth quell the aspiring thought,
And steal away the birth-right of the child,
Blighting the blossoms that our Father's hand
Strewed in his path of knowledge.

Blend the glow

Of gladness with thy discipline, and teach
Duty by love. Forget not how the blood
Cours'd thro' your own quick veins when life was new,
Nor make the Isthmus 'tween the boy and man
A Bridge of Sighs.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
How sweetly on the air,
Their silver chimes are ringing out
To call us up to prayer!
O'er hill and dale, at noon and eve,
From church and minister high,
They breathe their words of love and peace
Up to the silent sky.

The Sabbath bells, in Pagan days,
Their Christian sounds awoke:
Beneath the turrets where they hang,
The holy martyrs spoke.
Our fathers listened to their call,
And still for us they chime—
Oh! ever may the Sabbath bells
Be heard in every clime!

YOUTH'S ERROR.

BY MRS. E. W. CAROTHERS.

Two fair girls were sitting by a running stream,
Whose lucid waters laved the white pebbles over
which it ran, and gave back fantastic glimpses of
their own features, as now a bright sun-fish, and
then a shoal of minnows broke the gurgling waters
into mimic waves. Fishing-rods, books and sun-
bonnets were scattered on the bank, and the free
breeze of evening was stirring the silvery leaves
of the poplar into that rustling music which so har-
monizes with the day's decline. Both girls were
fair, but one was eminently so. She had golden
tresses; a complexion so dazlingly fair that light
glanced off from her forehead as she turned her
head to gaze at the sinking sun; eyes of deep
violet, damp and gleaming in their downcast
glances, but gloriously brilliant and clear when
raised; a strait nose; and a delicate mouth around
which a thousand dimples clustered as if mocking
at care. Her figure was very slight and scarcely
yet moulded into the curving grace of woman-
hood, but this rather added to her beauty, by
making it more sylph-like.

Her cousin, who sat beside her, was darker, of
stature more womanly, but yet very beautiful and
quite young. A long, sloping meadow, through
which the brook ran, was terminated by a thick
grove, and a winding road, bordered by cherry
trees, ran around the base of a high hill, on the
summit of which stood a large, old mansion, sur-
rounded by offices, from whose numerous small
casements the setting sun was reflected in daz-
zling splendor over the old oaks and locusts that
shaded the yard.

"Come, Ellen, up, see how the shadows are
lengthening, the milk-maids are singing as they
go to the clover field; let us go help in the dairy;
you know papa likes us to bring him his cream."

"Pshaw! it is too pleasant here to go yet. I
came on purpose to get rid of reeling that filthy
basket of brooches that my aunt so kindly offered
me for employment. I wonder, Susan, how you
have patience to sew and spin, and reel and make
pastry and cheese, and all that; just look at your
hands, they are twice as large as mine, I declare
—almost."

"Almost, I declare," replied Susan, laughing
archly as she spread out the white and taper
fingers of her plump, little hand, "and almost
worth twice as much as your useless little digits."

"Well, it will make no difference how use-
less they are if I live in the city, so they are white
and pretty like those of town ladies, I fancy."

"All very useless creatures you would say,"
interrupted Susan playfully, "who lie a bed till

all the charm of early day has passed away with the wild carol of the birds, and the 'incense breathing morn,' and then spend the forenoon before a pier glass to dress their scraggy persons and yellow faces, to show off before store clerks and street lawyers. Give me this brook rather for a mirror, or the happy faces of my own family, than thus to waste my life among such insignificant people in such trifling occupations."

"I rather think, Susan," replied Ellen with a slight sneer, "you had best continue to bestow your time on the poultry yard, for there is the only place in which you will ever create a sensation."

For a minute the rose deepened on Susan's cheek, but she paused, and when she spoke again her voice had lost its playful tone, and she calmly remarked,

"Very true, Ellen, I am neither a beauty nor a fortune, and, therefore, it is right I should love those pursuits that yield me pleasure, and where my usefulness to others renders me happy without admiration. You are born to inspire it, and may you find it coupled with love."

"Nay, now, dear Sue, you are vexed," exclaimed Ellen, throwing her arms around her cousin's neck, "you are the best, and most *lovable* girl in the world, and shall forgive me, even for the sake of the weary years you have tried to render endurable to me, since I came to live with your stern, lady mother. But for you, Sue, I should have died for want of some congenial spirit to understand—no, not understand—but love me—*your* love has been the one solitary tie to life: and blame me not if I would escape this monotonous existence in which the very pulses of my heart stand still sometimes. You, Sue, were born among these old oaks, the song of the bird was your first music, the caresses of your brothers your first employment. None but your father ever told you you were beautiful, for my aunt would have thought it sinful to acknowledge the gift to her daughter; none but the servants that you were good. You were healthy, active, strong, you took delight in the domestic employments of your mother, you were able to make yourself useful. Every one loves you, even down to the kitten on the hearth. But Susan none love me—I have no father, no mother, no brother—no home. I am delicate, sickly, useless, and oh! how often I have closed my eyes, and cold shudders have crept through my frame as your cheerful song has roused me from my dreamy slumber, and the bright sun came beaming through my curtains. I felt it was but another day of sad monotony, and I have closed my eyes and wished I could sleep on till called to some more congenial position where I

too might be somebody; for here I am a cypher only. And then memory was forever presenting such a contrasted picture between our mothers. Yours so stern, so methodical, so practical. Mine so refined, so elegant, so beautiful; Susan I have seen twenty gentlemen bending around the instrument while mamma played, looking so subdued—so wrapt—oh! why did I lose her?"

Susan gazed upon the face of Ellen, which was bathed in tears and glowing with an expression so different from its wonted tranquillity—"have I lived so many years with my cousin," thought she, "and know her so little," and she tried to recollect some neglect of duty, some omission of affectionate consideration, but she could recollect none, for Ellen's orphanage had made her an object of tenderness to all that large household. Susan had always been solicitous to please and amuse the little fastidious creature she so much admired, and though deeming her selfish, a fact Ellen would not own, yet she shared with her everything she thought could minister to her gratification or ease. Though very young when placed under the guardianship of her parents, she had never appeared to become attached to any one except Susan; and she had even obstinately refused to follow the plan of education marked out by her aunt, and except her music-master, every one who attempted to teach her was driven away by tears and sullen ill humor. She read much, but miscellaneous, and if a book was recommended by her aunt it was sure to be thrown by, and she utterly refused to assist Susan in any domestic avocation whatever. As she proved deaf to entreaty or remonstrance, Mrs. Brooke did not think proper to resort to force, but permitted her to please herself in her studies and occupations, watchful, however, that nothing but what was tolerated in good society came into her hands—though had she chosen her studies they certainly would have been of a very different character from what they were. Thus Ellen grew up a useless, fine lady, and the large fortune and exquisite beauty that were her dowry would scarcely prove an equivalent to a sensible man, for the ungoverned temper and perfect want of all useful knowledge that are so destructive to domestic comfort.

She thus sat several minutes, the tears streaming down her face, and her bosom convulsed with the painful effort of suppressing such unwonted emotion, while Susan, with true sympathy, pressed her in her arms as she was wont when a child.

"Blame me not, Susan," she at length said, "if I long to emulate my mother. Everybody admired her, and I, too, would be admired. I know I have beauty, and I think I am not destitute of talents, and why should I pine out life in

the solitude of the country, when I have an opportunity of entering into that circle where I could enjoy myself?"

"If you can love Mr. Conningsly, Ellen! He is certainly a merchant of good standing and respectability, but such a thing of essences and broad-cloth and lace and starch and padding, poh! I could not love him: and sure, dear Ellen, with all your beauty you could get a hundred better admirers than a mere merchant, who knows nothing beyond his ledger, and what tailors and milliners call fashion."

"Not here in these old woods, Sue, nobody will take the trouble to hunt up 'a child' as my aunt calls me, and I so long to live in the city. Besides I think I like him well enough."

"Oh! Ellen, love is a deeper, purer, holier feeling than anything you perfumed fops can inspire," exclaimed Susan, the crimson glow mounting in her cheek till brow and temple were stained with roseate hues.

"Nay, now, sweet coz, one would think you spoke experimentally," said Ellen, the beautiful dimples swarming up in all the arch mockery that sat so bewitchingly on her features. "And yet I know of no country swain that has bowed at your shrine. Surely old Mr. Dennis, who rides out from town with Conningsly to eat good country dinners, has not inspired you with the tender passion?"

"No," replied Susan, seriously, "Eros were no true God did such materialists as old Dennis inspire a maiden with love, but I will deal frankly with you, Ellen, though you never seemed to wish I should do so. I have given my heart and my troth both to one who deserves the gift a thousand fold. Can you not guess his name?" she enquired, blushing and smiling at Ellen's surprised stare.

"You astonish me—in love! who *can* it be?"

"It is one whom I always loved, even in childhood, one you know well—by sight, I mean—for you never talk to him—James Ellett."

"A blacksmith's son," exclaimed Ellen aghast, "what will my aunt say?"

"She will say," replied Susan proudly, "that he is a man and a gentleman, one who applies the resources of a highly cultivated mind to making his parent's home happy; who is useful as a citizen and neighbor, and beloved as a friend."

"I believe," said Ellen, fixing her eyes on Susan, as if some unwonted train of thought was awakening in her mind, "I believe he is a useful and good man, and I remarked he was tall and handsome, and had fine eyes, but his being the son of a mechanic rendered all these qualities negative in my eyes, and I concluded that his early associates rendered him unfit

society for us; and I often wondered at uncle for encouraging his visits. But, Susan, when could he have made love? Surely I would have remarked it some time or other."

"Made love!" said Susan laughing. "Why he did not formally come and stay all night, and perhaps dine the next day, regularly every fortnight, but we met under the blue skies of summer, we worshipped the same spirit around the same altar, we mingled in the same social circle around the winter hearth, and our hearts grew and filled with the affection that is so sweet to cherish: and when we could no longer keep silent we kneeled before our parents who blessed our love."

There was a damp, shadowy spirit brooding in Ellen's eye, and she sighed profoundly as her head rested on Susan's shoulder, as if musing on the unwonted enthusiasm which she had betrayed. At length she said,

"You will be happy, dear Sue, and you deserve to be so, but I—pshaw! I was never romantic; what care I for love, he will leave me unwounded by his arrows."

At that moment a little boy came bounding toward them with the wild, frolicsome air of an urchin who brings news.

"Ah! naughty girls, fishing after sunset, and the whole house in search of you. Nice girls you two, with your beaux sitting up in the parlor as stiff and starched as the pictures in the tailor's shop window—and your curls all blowing over your necks and faces," and peeping in the basket, "not a fish, as I live, to cook for supper, and the cook hunting Susan to consult about it."

"Who has come?" exclaimed both in a breath.

"Why, who do you think but that ugly Mr. Conningsly; and papa has brought James Ellett home with him." With the light speed of the fawn each sprung away, Susan to assist in arranging supper, Ellen to consult her toilette.

Mr. Brooke, the father of Susan, was a high bred, well educated, tolerably wealthy gentleman of the old school, who farmed his own land with his own servants, taught his sons law, Latin and agriculture, and lived in a style of elegant plenty in the bosom of domestic retirement. His only sister had married in fashionable life, and dying young, had bequeathed her daughter, Ellen, to his sole guardianship. The death of her father soon after left her in possession of a large fortune; but some incidents in the life of his sister disgusted him with fashionable society, and having married a truly pious and domestic woman, whose strong intellect and cultivated mind had become sufficient for all his claims of sympathy and social habitudes, he entirely disconnected himself from the world

of fashion, and confined the hospitalities of his board to his near neighbors and a few old friends who considered his friendship valuable enough to preserve through life. Thus Ellen had, in the beautiful phrase of the poet,

"Been born to blush unseen,"

and deeply her vanity resented the "wasting her sweetness on the desert air." In fact Mr. Brooke began to regret, or rather to feel embarrassed at his total seclusion from society, when he found his niece and daughter growing up on his hands. Of this regret on Ellen's account he was soon relieved, for a merchant of great reputed wealth had volunteered a visit to his farm in a way that could not be declined in common courtesy, and the result was soon visible in his open admiration and repeated visits to Ellen. Soon after the offer of James Ellett's hand to Susan gave him complete satisfaction, as his fine talents and competent fortune rendered him a desirable son-in-law to a man who loved letters and that ease that fortune allows to her favorites. There was but one objection, and to Mr. Brooke it *was* an objection, though he boasted himself free from the prejudices of the aristocracy of his state; but to Mrs. Brooke this defect was an absolute recommendation.

"And why, my dear, object to his being the son of an artizan? We live in a republic, profess to be unshackled by the prejudices that have grown like moss over the old institutions of Europe, and yet hold back from a man who has the manners, habits, feelings and sentiments of a gentleman, because his father honorably fulfilled the duties of the position in which Providence placed him. The exercise of his trade or calling brought him wealth, a part of which he expended in fitting his son usefully to enjoy the remainder; and is he less a gentleman than the man whose father died seeking a subsistence for his family by measuring out cloth or tape, or by receiving fees for the administration of that justice that should be all men's by right; or of him who, perhaps, neglected all his domestic relations to seek the ephemera glory, or to escape his creditors by shedding the blood of his fellows on the battle-field. Of the four the blacksmith's was the most manly calling, for his physical strength as well as his inventive faculties, were called into operation to benefit others as well as himself, whereas the occupation of the merchant was calculated to merge the more masculine powers of mind and body into a mere exhibition of taste befitting a woman; and the reasoning faculties of the lawyer were too often used to pervert the intention of justice, and 'make the wrong appear the better reason' to the poor man's injury—and to make a comparison

between the useful mechanic and the useless spiller of blood, requires more patriotism than I can boast in these days of peace and common sense."

Thus reasoned Mrs. Brooke, and the result was that her amiable daughter was rendered happy in the first pure passion of youth by the approval of her parents. The natural timidity of a young maiden had prevented her from disclosing her engagement to Ellen while she preserved her usual reserve toward her; but in their late interview this reserve had melted away beneath the genial feelings of youth and confidence, and they parted knowing more of each others character than they had learned in years of constant association. Ellen had grown up unaltered in all her early prejudices in favor of rank and splendor, which she had imbibed from her mother. To her aunt Brooke's teachings she had ever turned a deaf ear. In fact she disliked her for her stern manners, which, though always lady like, were never caressing, and also for her strong expression of sentiments of morality and utility, which went to condemn the lovely, trifling votary of fashion who had fallen a victim to the Circe she had embraced. The memory of this mother was fondly cherished by Ellen: her very smile, her gentle, bland accent was tenderly remembered, and it added not a little to her dislike of Mrs. Brooke to recollect that her mother feared and hated her, and had even ridiculed her manners and her religion. Hence the incorrigibility of Ellen, and her aunt's failure in securing her love and confidence. From childhood up she had shown no affection for a living thing but Susan; and having once remarked that "Ellett was very handsome, and it was quite a pity he was a blacksmith's son," she appeared to dismiss him entirely from her thoughts, and for months—nay! years, seemed totally unconscious of the presence of him who brought sunlight and happiness with him to the heart of Susan. Conningly was the head of a rich mercantile firm who had remarked the exquisite beauty of Ellen—and having satisfied himself that "the points were right," and having a good stock of assurance and a tolerable person, he set himself seriously to work to win the rich heiress, for her beauty was less the lure than her money to a cold calculator of thirty-five. He had now come to receive an answer to his studied proposals, and Ellen, at this most critical period of her life, found herself without a confidential friend to whom she could unbosom the painful conflict between her innate sense of right and the promptings of vanity that urged her to seek a wider sphere for its exercise. She did not for a moment deceive herself with the belief that she loved. On the contrary, she

scorned the idea, and clearly admitted the fact that it was her intense longing for that atmosphere of fashion she had breathed with her mother in childhood, that induced her to marry the rich and elegant merchant. Liberty to follow her own tastes and pursuits, unchecked and un-commented on, was what she earnestly desired; and how unlikely a road she chose whereby to realize her wishes, she was too inexperienced to know.

"I *could* love," she sighed to herself—"but where exists, out of romance or poetry, such a being as I could love? I might reject Conningsly in the silly hope of meeting an ideal fancy that would never be realized, and wear out my life in this aching of the heart for occupation. No, I will not live an old maid in my aunt's household, that is certain. I will go where I will be admired if I am doomed not to love; and, therefore, will I marry."

Alas! poor Ellen.

When the family and their guests were summoned to the supper-table of Mrs. Brooke's, which was always covered in a style of plain elegance, Ellen made her appearance, dressed more like a lady arranged for an evening party than for the home circle; and the deep blush on her transparent cheek gave a brilliance to her eyes that rendered her perfectly beautiful as she presented her hand to Mr. Conningsly, and slightly bowed to her cousin's lover. Susan, on the contrary, had barely time to smooth her glossy brown hair and exchange her cape and apron for an unsoiled one. James Ellett, who rarely ever looked at Ellen, though he bowed to the supremacy of her charms, could not help being struck by the contrast, and so powerful is beauty in its empire that he forgot his relation to the sweet and gentle Susan, so far as to admit a wish to subdue the haughty, cold spirit before him. He watched the enchanting smiles she bestowed on Conningsly, noted the deep glow of her cheek as he whispered his soft flatteries in her ear, and the lustrous light of her eye as he described some splendid spectacle, from which he regretted her absence. Ellett had always felt contempt for Ellen as profoundly as she exhibited it toward himself, and had considered her a soulless beauty as cold as she was heartless, but now he felt that the radiant light beaming in her eye could not emanate from an unfeeling heart.

Satan is always at our elbow, as some divines teach, and certainly he is often within call. "She loves flattery, ha! she shall give me a warmer greeting than that cold bow," he whispered inwardly as he gazed on her varying countenance. But nothing of all this revulsion of feeling appeared on her remarkably handsome

face; he was only more animated than usual, and the supremacy of genius won for him the power of giving tone to the conversation. Conningsly was well bred and intelligent; but Ellett was refined and intellectual. The fine stores of classic lore that Mr. Brooke brought out, the brilliant and playful fancy of Ellett converted into wreaths of living beauty to crown the chastened festivities of the evening, and Ellen discarding the frigid reserve she always before had worn, permitted the wild spirituality of poetry that filled her inner being to reveal itself. Ellett exulted in remarking that not to her lover, but to *him*, was its mystic language addressed, and that in *his* eyes did she turn to read the sympathy of feeling he was so capable of expressing. But the timidity of Ellen as well as her pride prevented more than the transient withdrawal of the veil; yet that was enough for the quick perceptions of Ellett. "There is then a sparkling jewel in that rich casket," he exclaimed exultingly, and all his fine and brilliant talents were awakened, and rarely had an evening been spent more agreeably in a circle as limited as that. Susan, good and confiding, had proudly marked her lover's superiority, and felt happy on this brilliant display of his powers before her cousin's city beau, whose manners toward Ellett were decidedly friendly and courteous, and when Mrs. Brooke reminded them of the hour for separation, each wondered why the hours had fled so sweetly.

That night Susan, unapprehensive and pure minded, sunk into refreshing sleep, while Ellen tossed restlessly upon her pillow uncertain, irresolute, and dreading the morning.

"If I could love," and then the image of Ellett rose. "Yes, Susan is justified: how refined, how intellectual: how he entered into my *inner* thoughts, what splendor of imagination, what delicacy of apprehension. But I shall never meet such a man. Would Conningsly were like him," and she slept, and his dark glance was entering the temple of her heart and penetrating all its mysteries. She awoke with a start, and felt shocked that even in a dream "an eye's dark light" had looked into the hidden depths of that sanctuary of feeling so closely veiled from all the world; and that eye, the property of her cousin's lover.

"I wish I were not so flurried," exclaimed Ellen, when she had finished her toilette in the morning, and sinking on a chair, she buried her face between her hands and wept, she scarcely knew why.

Upon entering the breakfast parlor Ellen felt relieved at finding Conningsly dressed in the most elegant style of fashion, and impatiently awaiting her coming with none near to eclipse

his exterior elegance by Nature's true grace. He was the first man who had whispered love to Ellen, and the language of flattery was too dearly prized to be dispensed with. After breakfast she referred him to her uncle, and as nothing could be urged against the choice she had made, the marriage was arranged to take place at midsummer, that Ellen might accompany him to some watering place previous to her entrance into the world of fashion the coming winter.

It was early spring, when the brook went singing and dancing along over its pebbly bed with its finny treasure, as the two fair cousins sat beside it; but the ardent kisses of the day god had shrunk it to a mere rill that scarcely wet the fetlocks of the gaily harnessed horses that drew a magnificent equipage up the winding approach.

"Ellen, cousin, do come and see your new carriage. Oh! what beautiful horses," exclaimed her young cousins Brooke, as they gathered on the piazza, and were joined by a bevy of young girls who had been invited to Ellen's wedding, to gaze on the arrival of Conningsly. Ellen's heart beat audibly almost beneath the rich dress in which she was arrayed by her bridesmaids. But it was not the palpitation of love and hope and timidity and regret at parting with parents and home. Oh! no, it was not that mingled feeling of bliss and agony that rushes like a torrent through the heart of many a tearful bride—it was *one* thought alone that roused that tumultuous pulse. "I do not love him," burst from her quivering lips, and seemed as if transferred to the wall on which she gazed, in characters of burning light.

At that moment Susan came smiling to announce the arrival of the groom, and that all were ready. "He is come, dear Ellen," she began, but she paused aghast. Ellen was deadly white, her lips stood apart as if trying to utter some word that choked her, and her eyes rolled wildly as if in an agony of terror.

"Dearest Ellen," she exclaimed, springing toward her, and clasping her in her arms, "what is the matter?"

"Water," she hoarsely murmured. In a moment Susan held the liquid to her lips, and as she painfully forced herself to swallow a few drops, her teeth chattered convulsively against the glass, then throwing her arms round Susan, she whispered, "Susan, if you do not promise you break no vow; you commit no perjury? Quick, dearest Susan, they are coming, say, for I feel like committing a great crime—if I make no vow?"

"What can you mean, Ellen?"

"Nay, you—you yourself said I could not love him, but never told me not to marry." At this

moment the gay voices and light steps of the girls, each eager to relate something they had remarked on the new arrival, broke in upon them, and Susan throwing her arm round Ellen's waist, drew her to a window.

"Be composed, dearest," she whispered, and with a strong effort Ellen commanded her nerves, and when her uncle came to lead her forth to make that irrevocable engagement that can never be lawfully retracted, she had so far composed her agitation as to be self-possessed.

The cheek of the bride was deadly pale, but the light had returned to her eye, and its searching, proud glance rested for a moment on James Ellett as her bridegroom took her damp, cold hand in his. His gaze was rivetted on her, but his cheek was varying through all the gradations of hue, until brow and cheek settled into a deathly pallor, and he turned aside as if sick at heart. Susan watched Ellen with tremulous anxiety, and she remarked that Ellen neither bowed her head nor moved her lips, though the clergyman paused for a response. The ceremony was concluded, and they were pronounced man and wife, when a cold shudder ran through Susan's nerves as she thought for an instant of the unfitness of her cousin for the responsibilities of her new position. But it was now too late to reflect, and as the damask returned to Ellen's cheek, and something like a smile of triumph sat upon her features, Susan turned away to seek sympathy where she had always found it, but James Ellett's arms were folded, and his head sunk on his breast, as if lost in a profound reverie, while all others were offering congratulations.

There was no mark of regret, no affectionate tone in Ellen's farewell to her aunt. All was strictly courteous and proper—"but I have paid too dearly for my liberty to regret it now," she said proudly as she touched her aunt's lips, and received the parting farewell of her uncle. But when Susan folded her in her arms for a moment she gave way, and sobbed convulsively.

"Unnerve me not, dear Susan," she whispered as she lay on her shoulder. Susan kissed again and again the tremulous lips, and if the prayer of a pure heart could have availed for Ellen, that prayer ascended.

Mrs. Brooke had refused to permit Susan to accompany Ellen, and alone the poor girl went forth into the world without one female friend to counsel, and with that aching sense of loneliness that broods over those who feel they could, and yet do not love.

It had been arranged that Susan and James Ellett were to wait two years; Mrs. Brooke averring they were too young to marry, and that she could not spare Susan. This was no sacrifice to the maiden

who loved with the fervent purity of confiding affection; but to Ellett it was a reprieve. They who open their bosoms to wicked spirits must not wonder if they make it their abode. Pride and a worse passion had taught him the wish to humble the proud beauty, and exercising art to accomplish that wish had soiled the purity of his principles, and brought a gnawing worm into his heart. In short, his first passion for Susan had been supplanted by a wild and reckless one for Ellen, and though the short period that elapsed between her betrothal and her marriage gave him no chance of destroying her peace of mind, yet he had time to make his own engagement sit like the poisoned shirt on the faithless hero of old. The more trusting and unsuspecting Susan appeared, the more stinging became his self-reproaches, and the more difficult his position. Ellen thrown completely off her usual guarded reserve by the relative position of the parties, and forgetting in Susan's accepted lover, "the blacksmith's son," became all radiant with smiling welcome at his approach, and with the eagerness of a young, generous spirit, who really admires all that is beautiful in life, entered with fearless confidence into discussions that led them through the whole world of science. To her who had been athirst for knowledge, and yet had hitherto had no guide in its devious paths, James Ellett proved a new found treasure. Often when Susan was too busy with domestic avocations to sit with them, Ellen would wander away with Ellett into the solitary glens and up the rocky hill-sides, and they would indulge in all the romance of youth and poetry. Ellett saw then the mind of Ellen unfold its long hoarded treasures of genius and sentiment. To him she could freely confide, for he could understand, reciprocate, appreciate her thoughts, her feelings, her inner being. He felt too how richly the light of love would illumine such a mind as hers could its flame be kindled on a pure altar, and he writhed beneath his doubly fettered condition. Once in a lonely walk he had ventured to say, "oh! Ellen, if we had known each other a year ago," but she quickly checked him by replying, "but you were not Susan's betrothed then, and consequently could have been nothing to me," and with the timidity of true passion he dared not pursue the subject further. Well for poor Ellen that the time was short, and these delightful walks and interviews, with one so congenial in spirit, were curtailed by the visits of mantua-makers and trades-people, who were fitting her for her summer campaign! Thus she escaped all but the knowledge—terrible enough to know—that Conningsly could never inspire her with that sentiment she felt would awaken her to a new life.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

I HAVE A FRIEND.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I HAVE a friend, a gentle friend,
With eyes of melting blue,
And in their inmost depth I trace
The pure soul beaming through;
Her golden waves of silky hair
Half shade her cheek's warm glow,
And cluster o'er her bosom fair
To veil its heaving snow.

And fifteen summers have not left
A cloud within her breast,
Her angel heart has never felt
The cares that bring unrest;
Her brow is calm as moonbeam pale,
Save when some generous thought,
Or impulse bright with earnest faith
Her trusting soul has sought.

And she is rich in lovely hopes,
Sweet musings fill her eyes,
And on her rosy, dewy lips
There linger happy sighs,
But softly breathed when feeling wakes
Those fair, enchanting dreams,
That light the glad, confiding heart
As sunshine on the streams.

I know that there must come a time
When these will fade away,
For visions that are fresh from heaven
Were never meant to stay;
The world's cold breath will sear his heart,
Its truthful beatings still,
And trials ripe with bitterness
Her loving kindness chill.

In after days the earth will grow
So altered to her gaze,
That she who doubts not human worth
Shall find *but few* to praise,
Her eye will learn a deep distrust,
Her lip a guarded tone—
And memory seem a poisoned draught
To quaff for pleasures flown.

'Tis sad to think these weary ills
May fall upon my friend,
And watch her tender joyousness
In tears of anguish end:
I fain would shield her in my arms,
(Tho' young for such a care)
And on each strand where hope is wrecked,
Would whisper her "Beware."

But, no! I would not be the one
To make life seem less dear,
Or mar the gladness of her heart
With gloomy shades of fear;
For she may prove too firm of soul
To sink beneath despair,
And God will give her woman's heart
The strength her griefs to bear.

THE KNIGHT'S LADY.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a glorious summer day in the latter part of the thirteenth century; and from the window of the old castle where she sat, Adele de Montmorenci gazed over a splendid succession of wooded hills and verdant vallies, stretching far away until lost in the shadowy horizon. The fair head reposed upon her hand, and she seemed plunged in reverie. Her thoughts were obviously of a sad character, for traces of tears remained on her cheeks. Had Adele consulted her mirror she could not, however, have chosen a more bewitching attitude and expression, for this pensiveness increased the already resplendant beauty of her countenance, and removed from her otherwise faultless face, that levity which, every now and then, came over it, like the cold and shivering light that sometimes plays upon the surface of a warm, summer stream.

Suddenly a heavy footstep echoed in the neighboring apartment. Adele started, and her heart beat tumultuously within her bodice. The door swung hastily open, and at the same instant a tall and handsome form, attired in the knightly guise of that day, and wearing a Crusader's cross, paused in the entrance. A flush shot to the cheek of the beautiful girl, and springing forward, she fell on the broad bosom of the intruder.

"My sweet Adele," said the young knight, fondly pushing back the hair from her brow, and gazing on the uplifted eyes. Then kissing her again and again, he repeated, "my sweet, my own Adele——"

"Dear Henri!" she murmured, with tones full of blissful tenderness.

In a few minutes the knight led his beautiful mistress to the casement, where, with his arm wreathed around her delicate waist, he stood awhile mournfully gazing over the prospect of hill, wood and river that smiled below in the summer sun.

"Alas! dearest," he said, "when I think how often we have looked on this fair landscape together, and then reflect that the winter's wind will have stripped it thrice before I return, my heart almost fails me. They say," and here he paused, and looked at Adele, "they say," he resumed, "that woman's love fades like yonder fleeting glitter on the ripple—oh! can it be?—will you be thus fickle?"

"How can you be so cruel as to think thus of me?" said Adele, bursting into tears. "Never, never—though you remain away thrice three years—never can I prove false to you."

"God bless you for these words," said the

knight. "But a strange doubt oppressed me—forgive me for it—I now feel relieved."

"Ah! but are *you* not going to forget me?" said Adele playfully. "They say that those who fear the faith of others, mistrust their own."

"Now may God desert me in mine hour of need," spake out the knight impetuously, "if I forget thee, dearest. Night and day I think of you—in camp and hall—at tournament and altar: and when far away on the burning sands of Syria, daily will I turn my longing face westward, for I will know that you are there! Here I swear," he added, "ay! swear by my knightly honor, and on this holy emblem," and he held up the cross on the hilt of his sword, "that I will prove true to thee, though nine times nine years elapse before my return. And so help me God and all the saints!"

"And I," said Adele, catching his fervid enthusiasm, "swear by the Holy Mother, who suffered for us all, that I, too, will keep my troth."

They held each others hands as they spoke, and for a moment remained silent. Then the knight spoke solemnly.

"God witnesses our vows, thus pledged anew; and may he reward us according to our deserts!"

Adele buried her head on the shoulder of her lover, and wept long and uncontrollably. This solemn vow impressed her more forcibly than ever before with the full consciousness of the agony of a protracted separation. She had heard, with tears, it is true, that her lover had joined the crusade then about to set forth—but she had felt proud that he would encounter its perils chiefly to win renown for her—and accordingly never until now had she been really alive to the dangers he would undergo, to the long years he would be absent, and to the changes that might, nay! must occur in both before his return. The knight seemed not less sad, for this was their parting meeting, and a foreboding of ill pressed heavily on his heart.

The hours passed swiftly by, and the shades of evening began to gather around the landscape. Four times the cavalier essayed to depart, but Adele clung weeping to him, and so he still lingered. But now he felt that he could loiter no more. He gave her one long kiss—a convulsive embrace—and then broke from her arms. The next instant his heavy heel was heard smiting the stone pavement of the outer apartment. Adele flung herself on a seat, and covered her face with her hands. Soon the clatter of his horse's hoofs rung up from the rocky road, and then the poor girl ceased listening and abandoned herself to convulsive sobs.

The means of communication between Asia

and France were, at that time, very precarious: a wandering pilgrim, or a returning Crusader being the only bearers of news. Adele was, therefore, not disappointed when a year elapsed without her hearing from her lover; and she remained at home, well contented to employ herself on her needlework, and indulging in long and delicious reveries of the happiness that would be hers when her bold knight should return to her once more, crowned with glory. But Adele was naturally of a gay disposition, with a fatal propensity to levity; and before the middle of the second year that solitary old castle in the country began to grow very dull. More than once she caught herself lingering with pleasure on the recollection of a visit to Paris which she had once made; and visions of tournaments, balls, and admiring cavaliers began to haunt her sleep. The second year passed without any direct intelligence from the absent knight, though some of his companions had already returned, tired of the Crusade. These said that Sir Henry was ever in the front of battle: and Adele's heart beat high with gratified pride.

But alas! for the permanency of human affection. At length there came a gay count of Provence, who had left her lover sick almost to death in Syria, and who told terrible tales of the ferocity of the Saracens, the dangers of the climate, and the bootless enterprize in which he had been engaged. The Count Nismes indeed was a fast friend of Sir Henry: they had even exchanged signet rings. At first Adele felt only sorrow and anxiety for the absent knight, but soon these feelings were lost in a growing admiration for her father's new guest, who perceiving his advantage and taken captive by her beauty, forgot all ties of honor, and strove by artful flattery, to render himself still more acceptable to her. Vanity had always been Adele's foible, and now, intoxicated by the count's homage, she gradually thought less and less of her distant lover. Months passed, yet still the count found excuses for loitering at the castle; and still Adele yielded, with constantly decreasing resistance, to his insinuating flatteries.

But need we tell the faithless tale? Need we narrate how, day by day, the false friend wound himself, like some insidious serpent, into the confidence of the vain girl—how she began at first to hope, and then to believe, as the count hinted, that her lover had died of that mortal sickness—and how, at length, after having barely waited till the three years were up, in order that she might keep the word of her oath, she united herself to the rich and powerful nobleman, who now sought her hand?

It was a splendid day, a few weeks after the

nuptials. Thousands were assembled at the gay tournament, which the count gave in honor of his bride, and at which he and a chosen number of his knights had proclaimed that they would maintain the field against all comers. The morning had already far advanced: several cavaliers had been unhorsed by the challengers; and the count himself, idly standing at the door of his tent, as the last defying note of the trumpet died away, laughed mockingly that no one had the hardihood to meet him. Suddenly, however, the clear blast of a clarion replied to his defiance, and a knight fully equipped, but with his visor down, rode into the lists.

"Ha! who is this braggart?" said the count.

"He refuses to give his name," replied the herald.

"I will meet no unknown person," said the count haughtily. "We stand here to abide the chivalry of France, and not wandering pretenders with no claim to wear their spurs. Let him tell his name, and show his title to meet me—else we will have him turned from the field."

"Tell your lord," said the strange knight, when this message was delivered to him, producing at the same time a signet ring, "that I send him this token;—it bears, as you see, his crest:—and say to him that, if he refuses to meet me, I will proclaim him a coward in every court of Europe. And say further, too, that I defy him to his teeth!"

When the ring was brought to the count he turned deadly pale.

"Bear back word to this stranger," he said, "that I will meet him. His arrogance shall be chastised. Quick—sound trumpets!"

The strangeness of this encounter arrested every one's attention. The count was known to be one of the most famous lances in France, and the spectators looked for nothing more than a speedy overthrow to this new assailant. Yet the very temerity which led the unknown knight to enter the lists after all others had failed, won for him the sympathy of large numbers.

"If he conquers the count, he will take the prize as the victor of all comers," said one.

"Ay, ay," said another, "but the count's bride is to give the prize; and it must be a very Paladin who can overthrow him in such circumstances. Trust me, the count cannot be unhorsed."

"It would be a galling disgrace, I grant; but the strange knight sits his horse well nevertheless."

"He will be swept from the saddle like a leaf in an autumn wind," said the other contemptuously.

But now the trumpet sounded, and conversation ceased in the growing excitement of the scene. Like an arrow from the bow the combatants shot

from either end of the lists and met in full career. The shock was as when two gigantic and opposing waves encounter in a whirlwind. The strange knight, struck by his adversary's spear, reeled in his saddle, and might have fallen had not the wood shivered into a thousand splinters. His own lance was more trustworthy. Full in his adversary's front it struck: the tough ash shook, but yielded not; and, the next moment, the form of the haughty count was hurled from his saddle like a stone from a sling.

Quick as lightning the conqueror sprang from his seat and drew his sword, as if prepared to continue the encounter hand to hand, and foot to foot, should his adversary demand it. But the fallen count stirred not. The heralds and squires now came running in, when it was found that the count was insensible. With a proud step the successful knight turned away, put up his sword, and remounted his steed; while the senseless body of his discomfited adversary was borne into his pavilion.

A shriek burst from the seat where the bride sat among her maidens when the count was lifted up senseless, and for some moments there was such confusion that the conqueror was almost overlooked, but when it was pronounced that the count was not seriously injured, but only stunned, order was in some measure restored. Proclamation was now made for any one who wished, to appear and run a course with the conqueror; but there was no reply; and Adele proceeded, though with trembling hands, and mortification rankling in her heart, to deliver to the strange knight the crown she had boasted to herself could only be won by her husband.

With a firm and haughty step the victor mounted to the platform. Low was his obeisance as he knelt at the feet of Adele. An undefinable fear thrilled through her, but, dreading lest any embarrassment might be attributed to mortification, she made an effort to command herself and said,

"Will it please you, brave knight, to unhelm, so that we may know on whom has fallen the honor of this day?"

"I am Sir Henry D'Aussay!" said the knight sternly, in a well known voice, suddenly lifting his beaver.

Adele looked one instant incredulously at the still familiar face of her former lover, where scorn and haughty triumph were now only discernible; and as she looked, the recollection of her perfidy and of this mortifying revenge, rushed across her, she shrieked, tottered, and fell back fainting. As she did so, the chaplet, with which she was to have crowned the victor, fell from her powerless hands. Sir Henry took it up with a bitter smile of mockery, tore it to pieces, and said,

"So perish every memento of her perfidy."

With these words, regardless of the insensible Adele, he turned from the platform and rejoined the crowd, which now, having recognized the knight, of whose deeds in Palestine so much had been heard, shook the air with applause.

Sir Henry, indeed, had come back with a reputation second only to that of the English monarch, Richard Cœur de Lion. In every battle his banner had braved the foe amid the thickest of the fight. But he had sought fame solely that he might bedeck with it the brow of his Adele; and when, after months of peril and privation, during which he had suffered shipwreck, he reached the shores of France and learned her perfidy, the agony of his soul almost drove him mad. His was, however, a proud and scornful soul; and hearing of the contemplated tournament, he sought it, and found revenge as we have seen.

In after years, he learned to love again, and was supremely happy.

As for Adele and her husband, their married lives, from that eventful day, were full of mutual recriminations. The count blamed her for being the cause of his galling discomfiture; and Adele discovered too late that she did not love her husband, and repented that she had not kept her faith with Sir Henry. Tradition says that her husband, learning this, soon grew jealous and confined her to a solitary castle he possessed, where she speedily died, the victim of mortification and regret.

The massy tower which was her prison, and which witnessed her death, is still shown overlooking the swift and arrowy Rhone; and travellers who voyage down that river and gaze on those mossy walls, lend a charmed ear to the boatmen's story of *THE FALSE LADY*.

REMEMBERED JOYS.

BY H. KELSEY.

As the lonely star of evening shines

Far out across the sea,
In cloudless sheen, that brightly shows
The gloom of earth and sea:

So, long remembered bliss will cast
Its light o'er days of ill,
And sweetly glimmering to the last,
The heart still faintly thrill.

But as its beams, though brightest still,
Rejoicing in their birth,
Cannot with all their fire dispel
The darkness of the earth—
So memory's rays are powerless,
As night-beam's starry gold,
Shining all brilliant, beautiful,
And bright—but oh! how cold!

WON AND LOST.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Look—there goes George Alcott, striding along like a pair of stilts; his arms, as usual, swinging up and down, as those of a windmill," said Kate Edmonds, as she sat at the window with her elder sister.

Agnes was the very opposite of the witty Kate, and she could scarcely comprehend how her sister could speak thus; for she knew Kate loved George Alcott, if she loved any one. But Kate had a reputation for wit, which she had won by saying sarcastic things of her acquaintance; and, moreover, she enjoyed a secret pleasure in concealing her real opinions. To use her own phrase: "it was nice to quiz folks!"

"How can you speak thus, Kate?" said her sister. "Mr. Alcott, though tall, is not ungraceful, and, I'm afraid, if you were to be criticised as severely as you criticise him, even your immaculate self would suffer."

"He dare not try it," said Kate, pouting her pretty lip.

"He *would* not," replied Agnes with emphasis. "Really, dear Kate, you do yourself injustice by the sarcastic things you say: people think you much worse tempered than you are——"

"And what if they do? I'm sure I am perfectly indifferent to their opinion."

"So you may be now, but you'll find, by and bye, that these opinions have value. Besides you do not usually mean what you say. I know that George Alcott is your favorite—nay! you cannot deceive me—you need not pout and shake your head——"

"Well, then—what if he is? Does not that give me an especial right to abuse him? It is one of the privileges of our sex to make fun of those we like best."

"Ah! Kate, that is a fatal apprehension. If you would think twice you would see how foolish a thing you had said; for if you abuse him before those who know your real opinion, they will laugh at your vain attempt to blind them, while if you make fun of him before strangers, you lower him in their estimation."

"Pshaw! Now you would play the logician," said Kate, jumping up and running to the door. "You know, sister mine, when you begin to lecture I begin to move—so good-bye, my dear little preacher," and with these words the gay girl skipped down the entry.

Kate was always the careless, rattling creature we have described her. Gifted with high animal spirits, a good heart, warm impulses, and considerably brilliancy of mind, she might have made

an almost faultless being but for the unhappy faculty she had imbibed, of turning into ridicule every person and thing she met with. Scarcely the members of her own family escaped her witty tongue. We have seen that even her favored lover suffered under its lash. Indeed, as if to take revenge for having lost her heart, Kate was especially severe on him who had won it. The fact is, she was so fond of mystifying—or *quizzing*, as she called it—that she made it a point to say things of George which no lady could be suspected of saying against the man she loved.

"Dear Kate," said Agnes again to her, a few days after the preceding conversation, "you really must curb your propensity to satire. Did you notice how George colored, last evening, when you made such fun of him to his face: and, after his back was turned, you said things of him that will certainly offend him, if they ever come to his ears."

"Let him get offended then," said Kate, tossing her head. "He is too sensitive and ought to be cured."

"Yet you would not cure a flesh wound by irritating it where most sensitive, would you?"

"Oh! logic again. Why, really, sis, you are quite an Aristotle. But you ought to know, by this time, that I'm a true woman and can't be reasoned with——"

'If she will, she will,
If she won't, she won't—
And there's an end on't!'

So, my sweet sister, keep your syllogisms for some one else and leave me to abuse George Alcott, otherwise I shall take to quizzing you, and everybody else most unmercifully. The fact is, he serves as a sort of safety valve to me—as long as I can have him to ridicule, you are all safe—but, forbid this, and there will be a general explosion in which every one will suffer."

Kate accordingly went on as she had begun. She was beautiful and accomplished, and had flatterers without number, so that she could do many things with impunity that would not have been overlooked in girls less admired. She deceived many as to her true sentiments for George Alcott. Her lover cared little for this; but he really was annoyed at the severe things, which often came to his ears as having been said of him by Kate. He was too proud to remonstrate, but he showed by his manner how much he was hurt. At such times, by a few concessions, Kate would restore him to good humor; but, perhaps, on the very next day, she would commit her old fault again.

"Ah! Kate, you are found out at last, sly as you have been," said one of her companions to her. "You are engaged to George Alcott—you

needn't curl your lip, for you can't deceive me any longer—I had it from his own sister."

Now if there was any one whom Kate wished to conceal her engagement from, it was this gossiping girl, who had often annoyed her excessively by trying to pry into her affairs. She knew if Caroline Wharton once became acquainted with her engagement, the news would be a common topic everywhere before night. Thinking only of this, Kate, without exactly denying her engagement, began to ridicule George Alcott, and did it so bitterly and so effectually that Miss Wharton was convinced she had been misinformed.

"I *know* it is not true," said the gossip, on that very evening, in a large circle of listeners. "You should have heard what fun Kate made of George Alcott, how she mimicked his voice, and quizzed his bow, and imitated his way of shutting his eyes, just like a mole, as she said—you know he is short-sighted. And now only to think that no later than this morning, Mr. Alcott's own sister told me they were engaged—how could she be so regardless of the truth?—but then, you know, the Alcotts would all give their little fingers to bring about the match."

Just at that instant, unperceived by the speaker, George Alcott himself unexpectedly entered the room. His face became livid when he heard his mistress's abuse of himself thus freely commented on—but he actually trembled with passion when Caroline Wharton proceeded to charge his sister with a wanton falsehood. His first impulse was to break into the group, to defend his sister's fame, and then to renounce forever all claim to Kate's hand. But, after a moment's reflection, he felt he could not control himself sufficiently for this; and, aware that violence of tone or gesture would only make him a laughing stock, he turned on his heel and left the apartment.

Once in his own room, however, he became calmer. Yet his indignation against Kate did not decrease, for this last insult was the drop that made the cup run over. He felt that he had borne much from her—more, indeed, than a high-spirited man ought—but his love, which amounted to idolatry, had constantly invented excuses for her hitherto. Now, however, the long accumulating conviction that, with such a woman he could never be happy, forced itself irresistibly upon him. "No, I must be loved by one, who will never make a jest of me—I shall cease to respect her if she can mock me," he said. "Henceforth, Kate, though once so dear, you and I must be only distant acquaintances. Even if I could forgive you the injury to me, I cannot overlook the insult to my sister."

He did not write to Kate that evening, but he waited until the next day in order that he might

not be hasty; when, being more than ever assured of the necessity of this course of conduct, he penned her a long letter, in which, after telling her how much her habit of ridiculing him and those he loved had annoyed him during their long acquaintance, he concluded by narrating this last instance of her fatal practice, and the manner in which it had come to his ears.

"After having acted thus," he said, "I am convinced that you do not love me, at least not as I must be loved by the woman who is to be my wife. My feelings for you have always been such that I could not have turned *you* into ridicule. But all that is over. I am firmly convinced that I could never be happy with a satirical wife. Farewell."

George Alcott was true to his word; and about two years after united himself to an amiable, engaging young lady, of sound common sense and useful acquirements. Kate is still unmarried and will probably remain so.

THE WIFE

TO HER HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. F. THOMAS.

I LOVE thee not for lordly mien,
Nor smile so sweetly gay,
For love shall live when Time is o'er,
And these must pass away!
I do not love thee for thy wealth,
Since thousands boast the same,
And so engrossing is my heart
I'd have what none can claim.

I love thee for thy charms of mind,
Thy intellect so high,
As if unknown I worshipped thus
Some spirit from the sky!
And oft I ask my raptured heart
How thy dear love was won,
As Pagans, wond'ring, upward look,
And kneel before the sun.

I had no fortune to bestow,
Nor name of high degree,
But all I had, a constant heart,
And true I gave to thee;
A mind content, a will to do
Whate'er thy love might claim,
A high resolve, through good or ill,
To cling to thee the same!

The primrose only blooms for eve,
And so I smile for thee;
The star beholds its counterpart
At midnight in the sea,
And so my soul the reflex is
Of what illumines thine own—
Before it lustrous, glad and warm,
Without it all alone!

THE ONLY SON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Mr. Harcourt sat alone in his study. The walls were crowded with book-cases filled with the massy tomes of the law: his table was covered with papers of importance; and a pile of notes, which had just been paid him by a client, lay close at his elbow. The costly lamp that hung above his head threw its light full on the upper part of his face, bringing the massy brow out into bold relief, and giving additional sternness to his cold and inflexible features. All at once he rang the bell.

"Is master James arrived?" he said sharply, when the servant entered.

"Yes, sir."

"Show him in, then."

In a few minutes the door of the study opened again, and the lawyer's only son stood in the presence of his father. He was a youth of about seventeen, fair and manly to gaze upon, but with that look of dissipation in his countenance which mars even the noblest beauty. An expression of feminine softness and irresolution in his face, contradicted the proud and self-willed glance of his dark, glowing eye. He seemed, indeed, to judge from his looks, to be wholly a creature of impulses.

"So you have been in another scrape, sir," said the old man harshly.

The youth bowed his head and bit his lip.

"It cost me four hundred dollars to pay for the carriage that was broken, and the horses foundered in your drunken frolic. What have you to say to that, sir?"

The young man's eye wandered irresolutely around the room, without daring to meet his father's face. Nor did he make any reply.

"How long is this to last?" said his parent, in a more angry tone. "Have I not told you, again and again, that I would disown you if these things went on? You are a disgrace, sir, to me—a blot on my name. Thank God your mother did not live to see you grow up!"

The youth had been evidently nerving himself to bear his father's rebukes, with as much indifference and coolness as possible; but at the mention of his mother's name his lip quivered and he turned away his head to hide the tears that gathered in his eyes. Had that stern, irritating old man known how to follow up the chord he had struck, his son might yet have been saved; but he was a hard, correct man, unaccustomed to making allowances for difference of character, and he resolved to drive his son into obedience by the strong arm of parental authority.

"You turn away to laugh, you rascal, do you?" said he enraged. "You believe, because you are my only child, I will not disinherit you. But I would cast you off if you were ten times my son; and I made up my mind to-day to tell you, at once, to go. There is a pile of notes—five hundred dollars—I believe: take it; and to-morrow I will make it a thousand, before you depart. But, remember, this is the last night you shall spend under my roof—the last cent of my money you shall ever touch."

When his mother was alluded to the youth had almost made up his mind to step forward, ask pardon for all his evil courses and promise solemnly hereafter to live a life of strict propriety: but the sharp and angry tone in which Mr. Harcourt pursued the conversation, and the words of banishment with which it closed seemed to make him irresolute. He colored, turned pale, and parted his lips as if about to speak; then he clasped his hands half in supplication; but the cold, contemptuous look of his father checked him and he remained silent. The angry flush, however, rose again to his cheek, and became fixed there.

"Not a word, sir," said the father. "It is too late for pleading now. Don't be both a blackguard and a coward. I told you if you ever got into such a discreditable difficulty I would disown you. But the warning did no good. You must reap as you have sown. Will you go?"

The youth seemed again about to speak; but his words choked him. The spirit of the son, as well as that of the father, was roused. He felt that the punishment was disproportioned to the offence, even great as it had been. He took the notes which his parent held out to him, crumpled them hastily together, and flinging them scornfully back, turned and left the room. The next instant the street door closed with a heavy clang.

"He has not gone, surely?" said the father, startled for a moment. But his brow darkened as his eye fell on the notes. "Yet let him go—the graceless villain—he is hereafter no son of mine. Better die childless than have an heir who is a curse and a disgrace to your name. Did I not do my duty to him?"

Ay! old man, that is the question. *Did you do your duty to him?* Were you not harsh when you should have been lenient—did you not neglect your son for years after his mother's death, careless of what kind of associates he consorted with—and when he had been led astray, did you not, in total disregard of his wilful character, the result of your own indulgence, did you not, we say, attempt to coerce him by threats when you should have drawn him by the gentle chords of love?

Look into your own heart and see if you are not just as unreasonable as your son. Can a character be reformed in a day? Your profession should have taught you better, old man. But the boy has gone from your roof forever, for well he knows how inflexible is your stern, self-righteous heart: and, indeed, with a portion of your own pride, he would sooner cut off his right arm than solicit or accept your aid. Yes! take up that mass of complicated papers and endeavor to forget the past scene in their absorbing details: but yours must be a heart of adamant if, in despite of your oft-repeated reasonings, you can justify your harshness to it. Remember the words you have uttered. They may apply to more than one. "*As you have sown so shall you reap!*"

James Harcourt went forth from his father's house in utter despair. Pride had supported him during the last few moments of the interview, and he had met his stern parent's malediction with bitter defiance; but when the door had closed upon him, and he turned to take a last look up at the window which was once his mother's, the tears gushed again into his eyes, and covering his face in his hands he sat down on a neighboring step and sobbed convulsively. "Oh! if she had been living," he said, "it would never have come to this. She would not have left me to form associations with those who wished to make a prey of me—she would not have galled me by stern, and often undeserved reproaches—she would not have turned me from my home, with no place whither to go, and temptations around me on every side. Oh! my mother," he said, casting his eyes to heaven, "look down on and pity your poor boy."

At that instant the door of his father's house opened, as if some one was about to come forth. A momentary hope shot through him that his parent had relented. But no! it was only a servant who had been called to close the shutters. Ashamed to be recognized, the youth hastily arose, turned a corner and disappeared.

Years rolled on. The lawyer rose in wealth and consideration; honors were heaped profusely on him: he became a member of Congress, a Senator, a Judge. His sumptuous carriage rolled through the streets daily to bear him to and from court. An invitation to his dinners was received in triumph, they were so select. In every respect Judge Harcourt was a man to be envied.

But was he happy? He might have been, reader, but for one thing. *He had no one to love.* He felt that people courted him only from interested motives. Oh! how he sometimes longed to know what had become of his discarded boy, confessing to himself, now that

years had removed the veil from his eyes, how harshly he had used the culprit.

"Perhaps, if I had borne with him a little longer he might have reformed," he said, with a sigh. "He always had a good heart, and his poor mother used to say he was *so* obedient. But he got led away!"

At this instant a servant cautiously opened his library door.

"It is almost ten o'clock, your honor," he said, "and the carriage is at the door."

"Ay, ay," said the judge rising, as the servant disappeared, "I had forgot myself. And that desperate fellow, Roberts, is to be tried, to-day, for the mail robbery."

Many an obsequious bow greeted the judge as the officers of his court made way for him through the crowd, for the trial was one of unusual interest, and had collected together large numbers. He smiled affably to all, and taking his seat, ordered the business to proceed. The prisoner was brought in, a large, bold, fine-looking man, but the judge, occupied with a case he had heard the day before, and in which he was writing out an opinion, gave little notice to the criminal or indeed to any of the proceedings, until the usual formalities had been gone through, and the serious part of the evidence began to be heard. Then the judge, for the first time, directed a keen glance to the prisoner. "Surely I have seen that face before," he said. But he could not remember where; and he turned to scrutinize the jury-box.

The case was a clear one. The testimony, when completed, formed a mass of evidence that was irresistible. Two men swore positively to the person of the accused as that of one of the robbers; and the jury immediately gave a verdict of guilty, after a bitterly severe charge against the prisoner from the bench. The punishment was death.

On hearing the verdict, the prisoner set his mouth firmly, and drew himself up to his full height. But, before sentence was pronounced, he asked leave to say a few words. He did it in so earnest a tone that the judge immediately granted it, wondering that a man who looked so courageous should stoop to beg for his life.

"I acknowledge my crime," said the prisoner, "nor do I seek to palliate it. But neither do I ask for mercy. I can face death as I have faced it a dozen times. But I wish to say a word on the causes that brought me to this place."

Every neck was strained forward to catch the words of the speaker: even the judge leaned over the bench, controlled by an interest for which he could not account.

"I was born of reputable, nay! distinguished parents," said the man, "and one at least was

an angel. But she died early, and my father, immersed in ambitious schemes, quite forgot me, so that I was left to form my own associations, which, therefore, were naturally not all of the most unexceptionable kind. By and bye, my irregularities began to attract the notice of my father. He reproved me too harshly. Recollect I was spoilt by indulgence. I soon committed another youthful folly. My punishment, this time, was more severe and quite as ill advised as before. I was a creature of impulse pliable either for good or bad—and my only surviving parent fell into the error of attempting to drive me, when he should have persuaded me with kindness. The fact is, neither of us understood each other. Well, matters went on thus for two years and more: I was extravagant, rebellious, dissipated, my parent was hard and unforgiving.

"At length," continued the speaker, turning full on the judge until their eyes met, "at length, one evening, my parent sent for me into his study. I had been guilty of some youthful folly, and having threatened me about a fortnight before with disinheritance if I again vexed him, he now told me that henceforth I was to be no child of his, but an outcast and a beggar. He said, too, that he thanked God my mother had not lived to see that day. *That* touched me. Had he then spoken kindly—had he given me a chance, I might have reformed; but he irritated me with harsh words, checked my rising promptings of good by condemning me unheard, and sent me forth alone into the world. From that hour," continued the prisoner, speaking rapidly and with great emotion, "I was desperate. I went out from his doors a homeless, penniless, friendless boy. My former associates would have shrunk from me, even if I had not been too proud to seek them. All decent society was shut against me. I soon became almost starved for want of money. But what needs it to tell the shifts I was driven to? I slept in miserable hovels—I consorted with the lowest and vilest—I gambled, I cheated, and yet I could scarcely get my bread. You, who sit in luxurious homes, know not the means to which the miserable outcast must resort for a livelihood! But enough. From one step I passed to another, till I am here. From the moment I was cast out from my father's house my fate was inevitable, leading me by constantly descending steps until I became the felon I now am. And I stand here to-day ready to endure the utmost penalty of your laws, careless of the future as I have been reckless of the past."

He ceased; and now released from the torrent of his passionate eloquence, which had chained their eyes to him, the spectators turned toward the judge to see what effect the prisoner's words

had produced. Well was it, that no one had looked there before, else that proud man had sunk cowering from his seat. They would have seen how his eye gradually quailed before that of the speaker—how he turned ashy pale—how his whole face, at length, became convulsed with agony. Ay! old man, remorse was now fully awake. In the criminal he had recognized his only son! He thought then of the words he had once used, "*as you sow, so shall you reap.*" But by a mighty effort he was enabled to hear the prisoner to the end, and then, feeling as if every eye was upon him penetrating this terrible secret in his looks, he sank, with a groan, senseless to the earth.

The confusion that occurred in the court-house when it was found that the judge had been taken suddenly ill, as the physicians said by a stroke of apoplexy, led to the postponement of the prisoner's sentence: and before the next session of the court, the culprit had received a conditional pardon, the result, it was said, of the mitigating circumstances which he had urged so eloquently on his trial. The terms on which a large proportion of citizens petitioned for his pardon required that he should forever after reside abroad. It was said that the judge, although scarcely recovered, had taken such an interest in the prisoner, as to visit him in a long and secret interview the night before he sailed for Europe.

About a year after these events Judge Harcourt resigned his office on the plea of ill-health, and having settled his affairs embarked for the old world where he intended to reside for many years. He never returned to America. But travellers said that he was residing in a secluded valley of Italy, with a man in the prime of life, who passed for his adopted son. It was the reclaimed outcast. A smiling family of grandchildren surrounded him. The happy father could say in the language of Scripture, "this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

DESPAIR NOT.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

DESPAIR not! e'en the weary slave
At night must find repose,
And Time will give the saddest heart
A Lethé for its woes.

Yet better far to brave our fate
Than seek its frowns to fly;
Ay! dare the storm and reach the port,
Or battling bravely die.

Life is at best a passing night,
Cold, cheerless, full of gloom—
The soul's true day is not on earth,
But dawns beyond the tomb!

THOSE HOUSONS;

OR, THE BOARDER'S STORY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"NAY, tell us the story!" we all exclaimed at once, drawing close around the tea-table that had been set out in the little snugger which opens from the parlor in our birds-nest of a house. "Tell us the story—but first turn the blinds a little that the perfume may steal in from the plants outside. The hall lamp is quite sufficient for this bland, July evening, and here is just the place for a quiet, gossiping story. It happened in a boarding-house did it? No matter—so that it is romantic and *true*."

"Well," said our friend, looking down and playing with her tea-spoon—"you need not expect me to make up anything. That is out of my line. This happened just after I was married, and when the romance of life was mellowing down into the sweetest and most tranquil reality. We lived in one of the sea-port towns in New England—a lovely place it was—with the most beautiful ocean prospect from the hills behind it, and the most luxuriant country around that can possibly be imagined. The town stood in the curve of an amphitheatre of hills, from the summit you could look down upon one of the most beautiful harbors in the world—some travellers would not even except that of Naples. More than three hundred gem-like islands might be counted sleeping in the blue waters of the bay, and all along the curving shore, little silvery inlets were everywhere shooting up through the groves and the luxuriant meadows, like a flight of silver arrows sent at random from the bright bosom of the deep.

"The environs of the town were delightful as a flower garden. Pretty country houses half embowered in oaks—cottages lost in rich shrubbery, and farm dwellings peeping through their own orchards, were scattered along the picturesque scenery for miles around. We were strangers in the place, and during the first summer of our residence there, scarcely a day passed in which my husband and his happy wife might not have been found driving out or enjoying a horseback ride in the sweet neighborhood of the town. At every excursion we were certain to find something new and interesting—sometimes it was a silvery cave on the shore—sometimes a lengthened sea view, or another island breaking up through the rich haze that lay half the time on the harbor. Once we came home with more than a peck of luscious red raspberries which we had gathered from around a huge old stump on the way-side, while our horse rested himself

in the shade of a great pine tree. Again we returned laden down with whortle berries, rich with the azure bloom that our gentle gathering had not brushed away. That was a pleasant summer, and I love to talk it over once more.

"One day when we were riding out—it was in the autumn, I remember, for apples hung in crimson and golden clusters in the orchards—we turned down a cross road leading to the town, and all at once came in sight of an old stone house standing near the highway. A huge elm tree was in front, so close to the building that its great boughs were tangled over the roof and hung down the front in heavy masses of foliage. This tree was matted and woven with a huge grape-vine, whose Titan stem wreathed and coiled up the building to the very roof, clinging to the stones and sprouting over the rude eaves, so that you could only tell which was the tree and which the vine by the clusters of purple fruit that lay blooming against the rough stones in a profusion and ripeness which made me snatch at the reins, and cry out with surprise as my eyes fell upon the building.

"Not here—we cannot stop here!" said my husband, gently disengaging the reins from my grasp—"certainly it is a public house, you can see that by the sign swinging from the elm, but it is also a sort of gambling-house."

"What, this delightful old place a gambling-house?" I exclaimed—"nonsense! it looks quiet as a last year's bird's nest, and the grapes—do look at the grapes—see, see, there is a girl peeping through the upper window. You can hardly see her face the leaves are so thick. Look, look, she is reaching out for that cluster. The vine has torn her sleeve back, what an arm it is—white as snow and formed like a limb of sculpture—how I wish we could get a glimpse of her face!"

"My husband laughed, and began twisting his whip lash around the ivory handle with an expression of comic good humor in his eyes.

"Well, well, explore till you are satisfied," he said, "with all your romance the old building is nothing more than a country tavern and gambling-house—a resort for all the hot-headed young men about town—and the white arm there belongs to one of 'Those Housons,' I dare say."

"One of those Housons—well, who are the Housons?" I enquired, still keeping my eyes on the little hand which was now half buried in a purple cluster that hung against the window frame.

"The Housons—why, they are the people who keep this house. An old man, whom nobody speaks well of, a son, whom nobody speaks ill of, and a daughter, more than one, perhaps—I

don't know how many—whose name is on the lips of every unprincipled young fellow about town. They once stood well in society, and had property, I believe—but that was when the wife was alive. Come, now are you satisfied?—shall we drive on?"

"Before I could answer, a noise of riotous mirth arose from within the quiet looking old house. The door was flung open and three young men came forth, staggering through the vine-roofed porch out into the open air. One was singing snatches of a song, another commenced grumbling at the cigar which had gone out in his mouth, and the third, who seemed rather less intoxicated than his companions, came hurriedly toward the gate, and as he turned to open it cast a glance toward the window. I too looked upward just in time to see the little hand withdraw its hold on the grapes, so suddenly that the fruit broke loose and came rattling in a purple shower over the heads of the two young men who loitered near the porch. The arm disappeared—the sash was hastily closed, and over it fell the parted vines again.

"Come along—what are you waiting for?" called out the young man by the gate, in a sharp, angry voice to his companions, who were staggering out into the yard in order to obtain a better view of the window.

"What are we waiting for—ha! Why, for a sight of pretty Lu Houson to be sure. The little witch, she has been pelting us with grapes, and now she is hiding away. Come back, Fred—come back, we will search the old nest, and get a sight at her this once, sly as she is!"

"The young man by the gate turned white, and his eyes flashed, some strong emotion seemed to have sobered him in an instant—he let the gate fall from his hand with a crash that shook the old picket fence from one end to the other, and walked sternly up to his companions.

"Come away," he said, grasping his nearest friend by the arm. "Do not attempt to enter the house again! Come, I say," the young man was greatly agitated, his lips trembled as he spoke, and though his words were moderate enough, the tone in which they were uttered bespoke stern displeasure—almost rage.

"The two young men looked at each other and burst forth into a broad, jeering laugh.

"Is no one to see pretty Lu Houson but himself? Ah! now, Fred, do be liberal—give us one peep—just one, that we may tell the fellows in town if her eyes are a deeper blue than formerly!"

"As I live," replied the young man they called Fred, pushing the other away, who in uttering this taunting speech had laid both hands on his

shoulder—"as I live, it is more than a year since I have spoken to Lucy Houson. Come away—in the name of Heaven, come away—she will hear us!"

"Another laugh followed this earnest speech, but we heard no more of what passed; for my husband touched the horse impatiently with his whip and drove on, only observing as we turned a corner.

"Well, I trust this romantic fancy for the old house is quite cured. I thought you would have enough without making it a visit."

"But who is the young man they call Fred?" I enquired, interested in spite of myself by what had passed, "but for his reckless and dissipated air he would be very handsome."

"Yes—they are a handsome family, those Browns," he replied—"his father is one of the rich old dons who made themselves independent in the East India trade years ago. This young fellow has only taken to his present rowdy courses within the last two years. I am told, when the Housons lived in town, and were comparatively respectable, he was attentive to the daughter—very pretty they tell me she was, and at that time modest and quite accomplished. But old Brown opposed the acquaintance. The family raised a disturbance about it, and just in the heat of the business, Houson lost his wife, become reduced and opened the stone tavern—since then the family have run down completely. Of course all fears of a match between the girl and young Brown were over then, but he has been a worthless fellow ever since; as for her, except in the loose conversation of such men as those we have just seen, her name is seldom mentioned. Her father keeps a gambling house, and she lives with him, that is enough!"

"What a romantic old place it is though!" I exclaimed, "and what a pity that it should be put to these vile purposes."

"We were now in sight of the city. The Housons and their residence passed from our minds, and during that season we never chanced to pass by the stone tavern again.

"The people with whom we lived were quiet and nice sort of persons, who owned a house and garden on the skirts of the town, and took a few boarders in order to meet their other expenses. The old lady was celebrated for her fastidiousness regarding 'the gentility' of those who became inmates of her house, and so very fearful of the slightest deviation from all established rules of society, that an impulsive or independent act was the last thing on earth that one of us would have expected from her.

"One day, deep in the winter time, I was sitting in the parlor quite alone, when an old man entered

and inquired for our hostess. He was a meek, quiet looking person somewhat gray, and with a care-worn expression of countenance that at once enlisted my better feelings in his favor. It was near sunset, and when Mrs. Evans entered the parlor, I went to my own chamber, having only addressed a few passing words to the old man, but feeling a degree of unusual curiosity regarding him. After awhile I heard the front door close, and directly Mrs. Evans came into my room looking rather nervous, and apparently wishing to say something without knowing well how to commence. She sat down in the rocking chair, opposite to the work-stand at which I was busy, and taking the hearth brush from its nail, began to sweep up some particles of bark that had fallen to the hearth from the wood when it was placed on the glittering andirons, muttering about the carelessness of the girl, and evidently occupied with some troublesome thought all the time.

"'That was a fine looking old man,' I said, as she hung up the brush again—'what a pleasant eye he has.'

"'Yes,' said the old lady, leaning back in her chair and looking hard at the hearth—'he is a much better man than people suspect. I declare it makes my heart ache to see him. His wife and I were old friends before she died: but it is a long time since he has been here. In truth,' she added with some hesitation, 'his wife was distantly connected with our family. When we were poor and they rich, she was very kind—I can never forget it—very kind indeed: and now when he is poor, and his daughter without a roof to shelter her.' Here the old lady paused and wiped away the tear which had gathered under her glasses—'no,' she added with an indignant gesture, 'let the rest say what they like, if you and Mr. — will only stand by me the poor girl shall have a home for the winter months any way.'

"'And are they so reduced?' I inquired with a feeling of compassion—'poor old man!'

"'Everything they had was sold out at sheriff's sale yesterday. Mr. Evans bought in the poor girl's piano—it was very old and went for nothing almost, but she was broken hearted at the thought of parting with it—they are bringing it here now. If poor Lucy could be settled among us with as little trouble I should be happy enough.'

"'Where is the difficulty?' I inquired. 'Oh! I understand, the payment would be uncertain.'

"'No, no—not that!' exclaimed the old lady, eagerly: 'I may be close—people think that I am—but I would live on one meal a day rather than take a sixpence from those who once refused to take it from me. If the boarders would only be

content and not threaten to leave all our rooms empty at this hard season, we should never think twice about it—but some of them are so prejudiced. Even daughter Mary tosses up her head at the thoughts of having a Houson in the house!'

"'A Houson!' I exclaimed, half starting from my chair—'not the people who kept the stone tavern on the east road—not *those* Housons.'

"'There—I thought how it would be,' said the old lady in a disappointed tone—'they have been talked about so much that even strangers turn against them. I wanted to give the poor child an honorable shelter, and almost depended on you to stand by me, but if you turn against her the rest will leave of course. Well, if she must go into the street I cannot help it—goodness knows I have done my best.'

"The old lady arose as she spoke, and went toward the door—she placed her hand on the knob, hesitated as if hoping that I would speak, and I could see the tears dropping one after another from under her silver bowed spectacles.

"'Well,' she repeated, waving her hand and opening the door—'I have done my best!'

"My heart fell as the old lady went out—was I to sit comfortably in my easy chair and see a fellow creature cast forth to perish in the streets? Was I so poor in reputation that the same roof might not shelter me and a fellow creature, who, notwithstanding the world's voice, might be more sinned against than sinning? I know that many would have condemned me—but there was a pain at my heart which would not be reasoned with; all the worldly wisdom which I possessed was insufficient to block up the gush of compassionate feeling that arose in its strength and swept the feeble barriers of selfish prudence away. I flung down my work and called the old lady back, there was plenty of time, for disappointment had made her descend the stairs but slowly.

"'Come back, Mrs. Evans—come back!' I cried. My heart grew lighter with every word, and I felt the moisture spring into my eyes as the good lady turned on the stairs and lifted her face anxiously upward—the light of the hall lamp lay full upon her, and I could see the gradual brightening of her features as she read the expression of mine. She came up the steps again lightly as a girl of sixteen.

"'I thought you would not find the heart to leave us,' she said with a happy smile, shaking my hand and crying all the time like a child—'but what will your husband say?'

"'I had only been married a year, and could not help smiling at her apprehensions lest my husband should have any will but mine when I had set my heart on a thing.

"'Have no anxiety about him!' I said, drawing

the old lady into the room—"only tell me when this poor young lady is coming—and her father—does he take board with you also?"

"Oh! no. He only seems anxious about Lucy—how glad I am that she has found another friend!"

"Well—when does she come?"

"She came with her father, poor thing, where else could she go?"

"But he came alone," I said.

"Yes, he came alone, but she was waiting round the corner while her father ventured in to talk with me. Poor child, she was chilled through when he brought her in—nothing but a calico dress and cotton shawl on this cold day—it makes my heart ache only to think of it. Mary would hardly speak to her—no matter, that shall only make Mr. Evans and me twice as kind—still Mary has a good heart, she will come round now that you take sides with us."

"The old lady heard my husband's step on the stairs, and went down passing him in a little tumult of delight, and, for half an hour, we could hear her bustling about in the parlor, jingling the spoons, and making an unusual sensation in her preparations for tea.

"We were summoned down at length. The good lady met us at the parlor door, and there was quite an air of benevolent triumph in her manner as she introduced us to her protegee.

"Poor Lucy Houson! How different was her appearance to anything I had expected. She certainly was beautiful, but so feminine, so shrinkingly gentle in her loveliness that half her attractions were independent both of form and feature. She lifted her large blue eyes to our faces for an instant when her name was mentioned, with a timid, half supplicating look, as if she dreaded the effect her name might have upon the strangers who surrounded her. Our reception seemed to re-assure her, for she drew a deep breath, and her eyes were beaming with eloquent gratitude as they turned from us and rested on Mrs. Evans. Her dress was plain—nay, even poverty stricken, for the old chintze pattern was faded with frequent washing, and it had evidently been altered more than once to suit the changing fashions—still there was that delicacy of fit and indescribable something in the dress, old and worn as it was, which attaches an idea of inherent taste to the wearer. Her rich brown hair was gathered up behind in a magnificent twist, and secured by a small comb which had once been valuable, and around her graceful throat there lay the links of a light Venetian chain, worn almost to a glittering thread, and evidently intended to be concealed by her dress. Upon one of her small hands there burned a ruby ring—the gem itself a tiny stone—

but which caught the sight like a spark of fire. The chain and ring seemed so at variance with the poverty of her remaining apparel, that the contrast struck me unpleasantly at first: probably my countenance expressed something of this feeling while we were at tea; for as she saw my eyes fastened on the ring, a faint color came to her cheek, and when I glanced at her hand again, nothing but a thread of gold could be seen on the delicate finger: she had turned the ruby inward.

"We are always disposed to like those to whom we have extended a kindness even in feeling. In less than a week the young girl who had been received into our circle almost with a feeling of repugnance, became a favorite with us all. There was something so modest, so entirely unobtrusive in her manners that prejudice itself was disarmed, and we almost forgot in the sweetness of her character all that had ever been said against it. Of course anything relating to her previous history was avoided by us all, and by degrees the expression of sadness and patient suffering which had marked her countenance, wore away—a rose tinge stole over her cheek, and sometimes—but rarely—a faint smile would dimple her mouth.

"Old Mr. Houson visited his child very often, but she always saw him alone; and once a reckless looking young man called, whom she also took into her room. It was her brother, a poor degraded creature, for whom there was no hopes of reformation, and who was now cast homeless on the world. Lucy was very sad after this visit, tears would fill her eyes whenever a kind word was addressed to her for several days, and I observed one thing which seemed to escape the others—the delicate Venetian chain had disappeared from her neck. Still she spoke not of her troubles, but seemed to hoard them patiently in the recesses of a heart that had learned to suffer in solitude and without complaint.

"Lucy had been with us about a month. We were seated in the parlor enjoying the cheerful warmth of a bright hickory wood fire. Some of us were busy with our needles. Mrs. Evans brought in a dish of russet apples from the kitchen, and came to sit with us while she prepared them for cooking; and Lucy Houson was occupied with a cap which she was trimming for her kind benefactress. Just as she had fastened the last knot of riband on the lace, and was holding it up that we might give an opinion of the effect, Mary Evans came in from a shopping excursion which she had been making in the town. Mary was a careless, off-handed person, with little sensitive feeling herself, and utterly unmindful of its existence in others. She had been walking very fast, and began to untie her stylish bonnet as she entered the house.

"Oh! Lucy Houson—have you heard the news about your old beau?" she said, flinging her muff on a table, and smoothing her hair with both hands before the looking-glass.

"Lucy dropped the cap she had been ornamenting, and looked up with a wild and startled expression of the eye; but though her lips moved they uttered no sound.

"What can you mean?—what are you talking about, Mary?" said Mrs. Evans.

"What am I talking about, mother?—why, Lucy's old beau, Fred Brown. He was brought home from a tavern dead last night."

"I was looking at poor Lucy. Her lips grew white, an ashy paleness spread from her neck upward till her forehead and temples looked cold as marble—without a gasp or a sound, she fell heavily forward, and lay like a dead creature at Mrs. Evans's feet.

"Mary Evans, you have killed her!" shrieked the old lady, starting up and gazing with consternation on the insensible girl. "You have killed her, I say!"

"Why, what was Fred Brown's death to her, I should like to understand?" exclaimed Mary, turning to the glass again after a momentary glance at the evil she had done. "He left her more than three years ago. For my part I should be ashamed to faint away for a man who cared so little for me!"

"Mrs. Evans was too painfully occupied with the sufferer to heed this unfeeling speech. I arose from my chair trembling with indignation from head to foot, and sitting down by poor Lucy Houson, lifted her head to my lap. We chafed her hands—we bathed her face with essences—but for many minutes she lay motionless and as one dead in my arms. When she did revive a little, all strength seemed to have forsaken her. She turned her face on my bosom and clung to me like a suffering child to its mother.

"Take me with you—let me go to your room—my heart is broken at last," she murmured.

"We lifted her between us—Mrs. Evans and I—and supported her up the stairs into my bedroom. I closed the blinds—let down the thick curtains, and pressing my lips upon the temple of that gentle sufferer, for her face was turned to the wall—went out, taking the good-hearted Mrs. Evans with me. The kind old lady was fearfully indignant with her daughter. I had never seen her so excited before, and was obliged to persuade her from my sitting-room, which was close by that which the sufferer occupied, or her anger might have prevented that repose which was so needful to the unhappy girl. I was also anxious to question Mary regarding the death of young Brown. But she only knew that he had

died suddenly at a public-house, from whence he had been carried home to his father's.

"I went up stairs again, and softly opened the bed-room door. Lucy turned her head feebly on the pillow and asked me to come in. She had been weeping bitterly, and her voice was still choked with tears. As I sat down by the bed she lifted her eyes to me with a look that went to my heart.

"Do you know—can you tell me how it happened?" she said.

"I have questioned Mary—she knows nothing but the painful part of his death," I replied, smoothing the hair back from her forehead.

"Oh! if Robert would but come," she cried, wringing her hands, "he could tell me—if I only knew how it happened—"

"Mr. — will go out and learn all the particulars when he comes up to dinner," I said with a vain attempt to sooth her.

"Oh! he does not know how fearfully anxious I am. Who could know it but myself? I have been silent—no one—not even my own father dreamed how terribly I was suffering. It is strange though! They should not have thought me so forgetful because I was quiet, should they? You would hardly believe it—for he is very proud and so were his whole family—and to look at me now in my old calico dress, people would not believe that I ever had been at all good looking. But he loved me once. *He, the dead, I mean.* He did love me even on the day when he bade me farewell forever, and told me—tears were in his eyes—and he suffered almost as much as I did. But he told me with his own lips that his family had parted us, and that it would be his ruin. *It has been his ruin!*"

"Here the poor girl clasped both her small hands convulsively and pressed them over her eyes, but tears gushed through the fingers, and her slight frame trembled violently.

"I was proud then," she added, letting the clasped hands fall to her bosom, and drawing a deep, sobbing breath. "It was just before my poor mother died, and we were well off then. I would not let him see how desolate he was leaving my heart. The young are very proud, you know, and I was but seventeen. He had given me a chain and this ruby ring—I offered them back, but he refused them. His voice was broken with tears all the time, but my heart was locked—I did not weep.

"My mother died—Robert, my brother—but you have seen him. I need not talk of his failings—he grew worse and worse—my poor father lost everything—he had no trade, no profession, what could the poor old man do? He had a little furniture left, and rented the stone tavern.

It was on a cross road, and but little regular custom ever came there. The young men from town found it quiet, and—' here a burning red rose to the face and neck of the unhappy girl, and the broad white lids fell heavily over her humid eyes. 'I have been told,' she added in a low voice, 'that they gambled there and drank deep—I have heard them in the night, and knew that it was so from the change that came over my poor father. He my dear, blessed old father, grew timid before his own child. He moved about the house like one supporting a burden which he had no strength to cast off. I never spoke to him about it—what child could have found the heart to do it? But I never saw these people—never left my own chamber when they were in the house. He, Frederick Brown, came there sometimes—not often, two or three times a year, perhaps. He inquired after me, but I would not go down. He had left me when we were respected and in easy circumstances—was I to encourage his visits then, in the gambling-house which my father kept? He wrote to me and I sent the letter back, unopened—my poor heart gave way afterward, but the letter was gone. After that he came more frequently—I could hear his voice deep in the night high and angry in the rooms below. I have seen him from the window reeling through the yard, so intoxicated that he could hardly mount the steps of his father's carriage. I saw all this, and never spoke of it before—I loved him still—better than my own soul, and witnessed his degradation. Is it not wonderful that I am alive?

"I could not leave my father—Robert was never a son to him, and I was all that he had to love—but the money which he received in that house I never touched. My mother had left some clothes, and I altered them over again and again for myself, but bought none. The little jewelry and ornaments which belonged to me in her life-time were sold all but the ring and chain, I could not part with them.

"I do not know how it happened, but even in this dreadful business my poor father proved unfortunate. Robert was very extravagant, and that involved him again. At last there came officers into the house, and everything was sold off at sheriff's sale. This brought almost the first gleam of joy to my heart that it had known for years—but oh! my poor father, how I pitied him!—without money, without funds, and his character gone!! Is it not strange how much a person may suffer and yet keep still? You did not think the first night I came here how fearfully this poor, warm heart was aching! My father had no home—Robert was an outcast in the streets—worse, worse even than that.'

3*

"Poor Lucy Houson!"—as these last words left her lips her strength failed, and she fell back on the pillow pale and panting for breath. I was bathing her head again when a low, irresolute knock seemed at the front door.

"It is Robert," she whispered, without unclosing her eyes, while a faint thrill ran through her frame, 'let him come in, he will tell me all.'

"I opened the door and found a young man standing on the hearth. He was thinly clad and shivering with cold—Lucy saw him also and held forth her hand from the bed.

"So you have heard the news?" he said, drawing close to the bed. 'Poor Brown, it is all up with him!'

"Lucy closed her eyes and shuddered.

"Can you tell us the particulars, Mr. Houson?" I inquired.

"The young man looked at me as if doubtful of my right to question him, and taking his sister's hand, began to turn the ring on her finger without speaking.

"Tell us all, Robert—tell us all," said the poor girl in a sharp whisper, suddenly clenching her hand to protect the ring from his careless touch.

"I hardly know where to begin, Lu—it is a strange affair altogether. It seems Brown has been out on a frolic these five or six days, now in one place and then in another. I saw him once or twice in the time, and he was always asking about you—but I would not answer any of his questions because of the money affair.'

"What money affair?" inquired Lucy with a faint start, and opening her eyes.

"There—what a block-head I am to let it out," exclaimed Houson with an oath—"but after all it makes no difference now that the fellow is dead, he can never claim it again. Well, you remember, Lu, the night when I was so hard up and came after your chain—I had just raised a few dollars on it at the pawn-broker's when Fred overtook me in the street. It was the first time I had seen him since the flare up, and he began, as usual, to inquire after you. I would give him no satisfaction—only laughed and told him that a pretty girl like you was sure to find friends enough to take care of her. I knew that this would torment the fellow, and sure enough he turned white in the face, and clenched his hand as if it would have done him good to strike me—but instead of that he put his arm through mine, and we walked along together half way down H—street. I saw that he wanted something, for it was a long time since Fred Brown had taken my arm before, and at last the secret came out. The fellow was anxious about you, Lucy, all this maneuvering was to persuade me into

taking a hundred dollar bill without saying any thing to you or father—that your board in some nice, quiet family might be paid out of it. Poor Fred, he took an immense deal of useless trouble to get rid of his money. Upon my word, Lucy, I intended to have given part of the cash to you and the old man; but just then I met some of the boys going down to Townsends—we made a night of it together, and in the morning I could no more have told where Fred's hundred had gone than a man in the moon.

"Well, of course I was hard up again, but managed to borrow a little here and there! About five days ago I ventured into Townsends' just when a lot of them were at high play—I cut in and lost—but thinking there might be a loose bill somewhere in my pockets, I emptied them on the table, when young Smith—a fellow that came to our house with Fred sometimes—snatched up the pawn-broker's ticket which I had taken for your chain, and wanted me to stake that.

"I told him that you prized the chain very highly because Fred had given it to you years ago. But that only made him the more urgent, so I flung the ticket down and lost."

"Lucy turned her face on the pillow to stifle a groan that broke from her heart, and the unfeeling man went on.

"Well, night before last I went into Townsends—the same company was there, and Smith had your chain around his neck when Fred came in. Poor fellow, he looked quite worn out—his cheeks were hollow, and his eyes seemed as large again as usual. He sat down to play, directly opposite Smith. Some of the fellows began joking about you—I used to get angry when they did this—but somehow they will talk about all of us, and we may as well put up with it. Don't shudder and groan in that manner, Lucy, they only did it to torment Fred. He sat still and bore it like a martyr, only his lips were pale, and his teeth sunk almost through them. All at once he saw your chain on Smith's neck, and starting up, he leaned over the table, and snatched it with a jerk that sent the broken links flashing all over the room. Smith sprang to his feet—others laid hold of Fred, and the two were held apart by force. I hardly know what followed, everything was confusion and darkness, for the lights had been overturned and crushed out beneath our feet. I saw Fred late in the evening by the bar—he poured out half a tumbler of clear brandy, and drank it off as if it had been water."

"Here young Houson broke off, his face was flushed when he came in; but now the scene he had been describing left it perfectly colorless. He arose and went out and walked across the sitting-room two or three times, then came back

again and sat down. He would have taken the pale hand that lay clenched on the counterpane but Lucy withdrew it and shrunk further back in the bed.

"You would hear all, Lucy," said the young man in a timid voice, evidently touched by the movement of abhorrence with which the sufferer had shrunk from him—"there is nothing more. The company went home about daylight, leaving Fred asleep on a sofa in the next room. At least they thought he was asleep, but no one will ever have the power to wake him again."

"Lucy made no reply, and but for the tremor that now and then ran through her frame, I should have supposed her quite insensible. She drew a deep breath when Robert Houson left the room as if his departure were an unutterable relief, and after that lay perfectly still, though her sweet features changed and worked like those of a person struggling with some painful dream.

"Long after I supposed that young Houson had left the house, I heard his step in the next room. Lucy heard it also, started half up from her pillow and called him by name. I went out and left them together.

"When I saw Lucy again she was sitting up on the bed, her large eyes were glittering like diamonds, her cheeks were of burning red, and her whole appearance strangely excited. She said but little, however, and seemed only anxious about the time, and restless that it passed away so slowly. Toward night she got up, and after pacing the ante-chamber a few moments, insisted on going down to her own room. She drank the tea which Mrs. Evans sent in, and seemed so much better that our anxiety regarding her was greatly relieved.

"I was sitting by the fire about eight o'clock that night when the door opened and Lucy Houson entered my room, with her bonnet and a shawl on. She had evidently been out, for the folds of her dress were white with fine snow that had been blown over it by the wind, and a faint white mark marked her footsteps on the carpet.

"Robert has been with me to the house," she said, crouching down by my side—"I have been walking before it this hour, but he cannot take me in. There is a light in the east corner—I know the room, for the very candle has a deathly gleam. I must see him again—he died believing ill of me. They will bury him in the morning, and if I were to go alone—thus on my knees and say to them let me see him—let my heart beat once more near him—let me but look again on that beloved face. They would forget the love he bore me, and send me from the door—they would taunt me with being one of those Housons who had helped to ruin him."

"My poor girl," I said, passing my arm gently over her shoulders—"what can I do? How can I alleviate this terrible suffering?"

"Go with me," she said with a kindling eye, and covering both my hands with kisses. "Your brain is clear, you can plead for me—say that I am a poor girl to whom he has been kind—say anything, only let me look upon him once again."

"What could I do? The Browns were utterly unknown to me. How could I take that heart-stricken girl to the house of a stranger, and ask permission to lead her up into the sanctuary of their dead? A thought came across me—I was somewhat acquainted with a wealthy family who lived in the same street with the Browns—a son of that family had been intimate with the deceased, he might help us—or his mother perhaps. She was a quiet, meek woman, very precise, but kind of heart. I was determined to apply to her, anything was better than to sit there with those trembling arms around me, those large, pleading eyes fixed thus steadily on my face.

"I put on my bonnet and cloak and went forth with that unhappy young creature clinging to my arm. We reached the house of my friend. It was bitter cold, but Lucy would not go in. Mr. Brown's stately residence was only a little below—her eyes were fixed on a faint light which gleamed through the half open shutters of an upper room, and she besought me to leave her in the street. Suffering had made her obstinate, so I entered the house of my friend alone.

"There was company in the parlor, but my heart was too full of its object for ceremony, so I asked the old lady to go with me into another room. There was no light in the apartment, and I could only judge of the effect which my narrative was producing by the faint gleam which stole over us from a hall lamp—but when the dear, kind old lady spoke I knew by her voice that she was deeply moved.

"Poor girl," she said, "something must be done for her. It will be useless applying to the family, they are so bitterly prejudiced against those Housons—I will call William, he must help us."

"I could hardly restrain the warm burst of gratitude that filled my heart at this gentle speech. Dear, kind old lady, I had expected more trouble in persuading her to participate in what might seem but a wild and romantic adventure. She called her son, and they conversed together in the hall, while I walked anxiously to and fro in the darksome room, thinking of poor Lucy and her desolate watch in the cold street.

"In a few moments the old lady returned, and I heard the great hall door close after her son.

"It happens very fortunately," she said—

"William has engaged to watch with the corpse. He has just gone over, nothing will be easier than the whole affair. The family are worn out, and will retire early, no doubt. Hark, our friends are going—the poor child must not stay in the street this cold night—bring her in where she will be more comfortable—William will summon you at the earliest moment!"

"I found Lucy on the side walk almost opposite Mr. Brown's dwelling. She was leaning against a high garden wall, gazing upon that funeral light and shivering with cold. She uttered a joyful exclamation when I told her of her plan, but refused to go in.

"The cold was nothing," she said, "she hardly felt it."

"It was near ten o'clock when our young friend came over with word that the family had retired in a distant part of the building, and that the house of mourning was now perfectly still.

"We found Lucy standing immovably against the wall, and she followed us without speaking a word, though I could hear her breath break in gushes from her parted lips; and in going up the flight of steps that led to the front door, she was obliged to support herself by my arm.

"It was a spacious dwelling, with a double front, and one high wing running back far into the garden. The family slept in this wing, and it was impossible for them to hear our light footsteps as we ascended the thickly carpeted stairs. When we reached an upper hall our guide gently pushed open a door to the right. The gleam of a tall, white bed-window, muffled in snowy muslin, all dimly lighted by a single lamp, met our eyes as Lucy Houson glided like a ghost into the chamber of death.

"William closed the door reverently, and we were left together in the hall with no light save the cold moonbeams which fell through a high arched window, and lay like blocks of silver on the floor. We sat down in the chill light and kept our mournful watch together. Once or twice a low sob broke from the next room, as if a heart were quivering in the stillness. At length we heard a voice—low murmuring and interrupted. Just then the clock struck twelve: the living and the dead had been together two solemn hours.

"We opened the door and went in. The face of a young man, that which I had seen at the stone tavern months before, lay pale and cold on its snowy pillow: a mass of dark glossy curls fell back from the forehead, and the eyes were closed as in a troubled sleep.

"Lucy was kneeling by the couch, her face was turned toward the still features of the dead, and one burning cheek rested on her clasped

hands. The breath came hot and heavily from her parted lips, and yet there was a sweet, wild smile hovering around them.

"I bent down and whispered in her ear that it was time for us to depart. She arose with a meek air of obedience, and drawing down a wave of the snowy winding sheet, pointed to the pallid hands of the dead. On one hand was a tiny diamond burning brightly like a fire-spark on the marble finger.

"He did not believe them when they spoke ill of me," she whispered, fixing her large eyes with a look of unutterable love on the cold features of the dead. 'It was my ring, and death had not found it so near his heart if he had deemed me worthless.'

"I drew her gently away from the death couch, and we stole forth into the street again. It was late when we reached home, and I was chilled with the intense cold—but the hand with which poor Lucy clung to mine burned like fire, and she complained of the heat in her temples. No one asked where we had been, and to this day our visit to the house of death has never been mentioned.

"The next morning a long train of funeral carriages swept through our city, and up to the burial ground. And those who saw the hearse go by lifted their hats and passed on their way in silence, for they knew that it was a rich man's son, who was thus drawn to his last resting-place, surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of mourning.

"Three months after, that same hearse started from the door of our boarding house. A single carriage followed it, in which was an old man with gray hairs, who covered his face with both hands as they drove away, and wept like a child. By his side was the profligate son and brother. His eyes were also inflamed with weeping, his hands trembled habitually, but now they shook more than ever, and a transient feeling of remorse seemed busy with his conscience. More rapidly than usual, and as if in haste to conceal its poverty, this hearse and single mourning carriage drove through the town. As they crept humbly through the portals of the burial ground, some idle boys moved away from a new made grave and stood with their hats on as poor Lucy was lowered to her humble resting-place.

"Take off your hat!" said one of the boys, lifting his own ragged cap as the old man tottered to the brink of the grave, and cast a last look at the coffin.

"I shan't lift my hat for one of those Housons," replied the boy, moving away.

"Poor Lucy, hers was a profound sleep, words of scorn had no power to arouse her then."

THE DEPARTED.

BY MARION H. RAND.

SHE had been beautiful in life, and now
There was angelic sweetness on her brow:
A purity about her fair, pale cheek,
A look of happiness, so gently meek
Around those lips in death's deep slumber sealed,
As though some glorious vision were revealed
To her now earth-freed spirit soaring high,
Amid bright worlds of light beyond the sky:
There was a calm, still, awful beauty there,
Almost too much for mortal eyes to bear.
The half-contracted brow, the languid glance,
That told of patient suffering, more perchance
Than we could ever know, nor heard her say
All, with her last, long sigh, had passed away;
It seemed as though the angels as they came
Our cherished idol for their own to claim,
Had stooped upon the senseless clay to trace
The glorious impress of each radiant face.
Hushed was each murmur that was fain to burst
From aching hearts, in deepest anguish nursed,
For who could look upon that face and dare
To wish the care-worn spirit still were there.
We knew our Father's hand, and meekly bent
Submissive 'neath the blow that had sent—
Far from this dark abode of pain and woe
The light of Heaven shone round about her now,
And she had parted with earth's love to share
The fellowship of saints and angels there.

MOSES IN THE DESERT.

BY MRS. ELIZA WARREN.

It was a noon in summer: o'er the waste
The sand hills quivered in the sultry sun,
And the hot air that panting crept along
Sank at the feet and died. No shade was there,
Nor rustling leaves, nor cooling sound of brook.
The cattle standing with wide open mouths
Looked up to heav'n with piteous eyes and moaned.
And from the congregated crowd arose
Sobs, imprecations, cries of rage and threats.
In hoarse deep murmurs, as when angry seas
Chafe and grow boisterous.

Calmly Moses stood,
His mantle proudly gathered, and his brow
Stern and collected: in his hand the rod
Whose potent power the Red Sea once had felt.
"What would ye have?" he said.

At first there came
A solitary voice: then others joined,
And a wild cry arose, "we ask for drink;
Why have ye brought us hither thus to die?
Would God that we had perished long ago!
Oh! pleasant Egypt—"

"Lo!" the prophet said,
"The Lord is God, behold!" and as he spoke
He struck the rock of Horeb; forth there gushed
The living waters cool as Arctic snow;
And Israel's congregation kneeling drank,
Then rose repentant and gave thanks to God.

CANADIAN FAMILY

CHASED BY WOLVES.

A FEW years ago, toward the close of a winter's day, a mother and her children were travelling in Canada behind a one-horse sledge. Suddenly, from a forest by which they were passing, issued a gang of wolves. It was a terrible moment when the mother first beheld these ravenous animals in full pursuit behind her; but she knew the only hope was in the superior swiftness of her horse, and so she retained sufficient presence of mind to urge him forward at the top of his speed. The noble animal seemed aware of his danger, he snorted fiercely on hearing the howl of the wolves, and dashed ahead at a frightful pace. On came the hungry animals, and fast fled the affrighted horse. Miles were soon past over, but miles of trackless waste yet remained before the travellers would reach the first village. Meantime the wolves gained on the fugitives. The mother clasped her babes closer to her bosom as the howling animals came up and running almost at the side of the sledge, threatened every moment to drag her and her little ones down. But the terrified horse now seemed to gain supernatural speed; and on he dashed with increased velocity, snorting with affright. For awhile the wolves were left in the rear; but his speed soon slackened, and again they gained on the sledge. The horrible idea now occurred to the mother of throwing over one of her children, and thus staying for awhile the pursuit, for she had heard of such an alternative having once been resorted to. But she shrank from the temptation with a shudder. She urged on the horse again; and once more he sprang ahead and increased the distance between her and the wolves. Thus, for another hour, she continued the prey of alternate despair and hope. Now she seemed in the very jaws of death: now an almost preternatural exertion of speed on the part of the horse gave her a momentary respite. At length the village was in sight. But, horrible to relate, at this moment she heard a crack as if the sledge had given way. The runner had broke: she surrendered herself to despair. Through the fast gathering night she caught a view of the farm-house on the outskirts of the village. To die thus in sight of safety was terrible. She looked agonisingly on the faces of her children who were now sobbing piteously: she strained them to her bosom: she shut her eyes on the scene that was to follow. But, strange to say, the sledge still held together, and the horse, recognizing his home, dashed forward at a pace that left the wolves far behind. She looked up once more: they were now close to the village. The

inhabitants, by this time, had become alarmed; but the wolves kept up their pursuit to the very gate of the farm-house, and yielded their expected prey slowly and sullenly. The sledge, on examination, was found to be so much injured that it would inevitably have broken down before another mile. An escape like this surpasses anything in fiction.

One nearly as miraculous occurred but a few winters since in Vermont. Two boys were driving a sledge from one town to another, through a lonely forest-road four miles in length. All at once they heard the gruff, husky bark of a wolf, and a huge animal of that species sprang out of a thicket, and rushing to the side of the sledge made a desperate plunge at the eldest boy who was driving. The youth met him with a lash from his whip, which sent him howling back; but almost immediately he renewed the attack, accompanied by several companions. The horse, affrighted by their howls, was now at full gallop; but the wolves kept close by the side of the sledge, occasionally making a fierce leap for the purpose of springing into the vehicle. Now and then one would succeed so far as to cling to the sledge; but the boys forced the animal in such cases to forego his hold by beating his paws with the heavily-loaded horse-whip which they fortunately carried. They were only half through the forest when the speed of their horse began to relax. Nothing could have saved them but a fortunate accident. The sledge was suddenly overturned, and the edges sinking deep into the snow, fastened the boys down as if in a trap. The horse was liberated and dashed furiously to the village, where his arrival, in this manner, alarmed the inhabitants, a party of whom immediately set forth to search for the boys.

Meantime the wolves, though at first baffled, soon scented out the boys, and began pawing away the snow to get at their prey. The elder boy was armed with a jack-knife, which he resolutely held, and when a paw appeared under the edge of the sledge he cut at it so that it was withdrawn. But again the wolves returned bravely to their task, and would soon have succeeded if the inhabitants had not opportunely come up. Yet so intent were the wolves upon their object—so reluctant to surrender their prey which seemed within their grasp—that they faced two men for a considerable time, and did not finally retreat till they had received several blows. With a reluctant growl they took to the woods, and the two boys were safely delivered from their imprisonment.

The newspapers of the past winter were full of narratives of ravages committed by wolves in France and other parts of Europe, during the heavy snows of that season.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

WE promised to make a great improvement in our fashion plates for the current volume; and those who see the engraving for this number must admit that we have fulfilled our promise. We think we may say that this is the prettiest fashion plate ever published in any magazine. The styles, too, are just *six weeks* in advance of those to be found elsewhere.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS, made in a very pretty style for travelling or for walking in the country. The jacket body, it will be seen, is high on the neck, but opens in front so as to display the chemisette—the fashionable *mode* just now. The bonnet is a chip, in the gipsy style—a fashion which grows in favor every day, especially in Philadelphia, and has a very *piquant*, coquettish air, particularly charming on young unmarried ladies.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS of plain white muslin; the corsage half high; the waist long, and drooping in the front; three broad folds are brought from the seam on the shoulder to the centre of the waist; the neck is finished by a narrow lace; the sleeves are composed of rows of lace, the last row set on full, and falling as a ruffle over the hand.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—This is a very beautiful costume. We have seen one made up for a bride to be worn on her summer trip to Saratoga; and the dress would be equally pretty for any of our fair readers on a July excursion to the Springs or Lakes. For comfort during the hot weather the under sleeves are retained in this attire. A deep collar turns back from the top of the corsage; which is trimmed with a ruffle of the same material around the waist. The bonnet is trimmed with lace.

FIG. IV.—A BRIDAL DRESS of rich lace, forming three *jupes*, worn over a satin skirt. Corsage high; pointed; and with a lace collar. The sleeves are looped up with lace at the elbow. The hair is dressed with a superb lace veil, falling backward and reaching nearly to the feet.

STYLES FOR DRESSES.—The prevailing style is the *demi puritaine*, having a very high corsage, which, however, open in front, showing the chemisette. Many dresses are made with rolling collars. The skirts are full, and are now generally worn over a grass-cloth jupe, which gives the grace of the old hoop without its stiffness or extravagance. Gimp, fringe and lace form the fashionable trimmings for dresses. Collars with plain gimp are worn when the dress is high; but on a low dress the gimp is embroidered. Bareges, taffetas, moire, balzorines, checked foulards and muslins form the staple materials.

BONNETS.—Next to the gipsy bonnet, which is represented in figure 1, of our plate, we may place the crape bonnet represented in figure 3. There is a gauze liase capote also, which is made in three shades of the same colors. Open straws are also much worn: they are lined with pink or paille crape, silk or ribbon, and ornamented with flowers, or with ribbons of different shades of the same color. The form of these bonnets varies a little, they being now made to spread more from the cheeks than formerly. In trimming the best

style is to place flowers outside, and trim the inside with coques of ribbon, though sometimes we have seen very delicate foliage have a pretty effect.

SCARFS.—Black mantelets still continue fashionable. They are rounded behind and reach very low, with scarf ends in point: they are usually trimmed with a double row of lace. We have seen some scarfs made of lace or imitation: these are trimmed with fringed ribbon. Scarfs *a la Algerine*, of thick, soft silk, with wide stripes of different colors, are also fashionable. Scarfs of embroidered muslin are finished with lace.

COLLARS.—The embroidery on collars is very delicate. *Points d'armes* and *plemetis*, intermixed and trimmed with lace casmezones will be much worn, especially at watering places: they are generally pointed behind with two or three rows of work.

GENERAL HINTS.—In Paris embroidered chemisettes high in the neck and richly embroidered in front, with and without collars, to be worn with dresses of plain and plaid bareges and gaze de laines, in light made stone, grey, and blue with flounces, covering the skirts of the dresses almost to the hips, are the most fashionable and elegant worn, and are called Robe Pyramidale. Never were so many flowers worn as this season. The demand for them at all the manufacturers is unprecedented. Bright colored ribbons are most worn for straw hats, the contrast being greater than with those of pink and other colors. Rich printed barege shawls in bright colors are also very generally worn, as the dresses are mostly in quite genteel colors. Indeed in Paris the notion is universal that a lady is never suitably attired unless her shawl is well chosen. The perfection of taste in a Parisienne is always seen in the shawl she wears, and unless its design is perfect, and its materials costly, she is decidedly pronounced a lady with a mind uncultivated. Shawls are worn very large, almost enveloping the wearer, which gives the figure a very graceful appearance. In our last number, it will be recollected, we represented, in our plate, the style of wearing the shawl.

NEW FABRIC FOR BONNETS.—There has just been brought out in New York a new article for ladies' bonnets. It is a braid composed of very fine silk; so fine that an extraordinary number of threads are combined in each braid, narrow as it is. The advantages of the fabric are, superior beauty, great durability, and capacity for being cleaned and dyed, almost without limit; in fact, the process of cleaning makes the bonnet more lustrous and beautiful than it was originally.

SHIRT STUDS.—We do not often indulge in remarks relative to the fashions of the sterner sex, but we are pleased (and know that most of our patrons will be) to notice that the gentlemen have taken to wearing studs instead of buttons on their bosoms. Our readers must, in common with the rest of womankind, have had frequent cause of complaint at the impossibility of passing *une chemise (d'homme)* through the wash without the loss of its buttons, and this most grievous annoyance is entirely obviated by the present fashion.

We have seen in the Chestnut street stores some very pretty articles of the kind made of plain and figured pearl, also of jet and of pearl set with stones—these last, we think, are the neatest and at the same time the most dressy.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Latreaumont. A Historical Romance. By Eugene Sue. Translated by Thomas Williams. 1 vol. Winchester & Co., New York.—Mr. Williams has of late gained for himself a high reputation as a translator. Indeed we scarcely know any one, now before the public, who surpasses him in elegance, or in the art of conveying the spirit of the original, unimpaired, into a foreign language. This book is the first historical novel that we have seen from Sue. It is entirely free from any of these descriptions of low life, those horrible distortions of character which mark some of his earlier productions. There is no author living who can surpass this man in force and brilliancy of description. Everything he touches starts to life before the reader a vivid picture of horror, suffering, or intense loveliness. Yet thrilling and powerful as these pictures are, some of them ought never to have been written or even imagined, they are so terrible, and blend humanity with so much that is gross and fiendish.

But these remarks cannot apply to the present work, which exhibits all his power and brilliancy, with none or almost none of his startling faults. The scene is laid at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, and could that august monarch see the portrait drawn of his physical and mental properties exactly as it appears to the reader, we fear his royal dust would hardly lie still in its tomb. Selfish, egotistical, savage, and meanly unjust is the great king represented here—small in person—contracted in mind, and acting from the lowest possible motives of malice and selfishness. Yet such as Sue gives him to the public was really the *Grand Monarque*! One or two of the female characters in this book are unequalled by anything that his previous works have contained. The Marchioness de Vilars is both lovely and sublime in moral grandeur. Latreaumont is a coarse, human fiend in everything but courage. Poor De Rohan, a nobleman disgraced by Louis, becomes his dupe, his slave, and his victim. The last chapter of this book describes the execution of almost every person in whom the reader becomes interested.

The Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy. Harper & Brothers.—This is to be completed in twelve numbers, four of which are already out. A more useful book than this cannot be offered to the public. Every thing necessary for the head of a family to know is contained in its pages. The first number is devoted to remarks on dwelling houses. Much sensible advice is given regarding the selection of building plans, the position best suited for comfort, economy, and elegance: and these are followed by all sorts of rules, advice, and information regarding the construction, arrangement and durability of our dwellings. Another number is devoted to the consideration of furniture. The history of every new invention, the opinions given of each style—and in fact everything the number contains is full of useful and interesting information. So highly are we pleased with this work that each number as it appears shall have a full notice. It is beautifully printed, and valuable in every way.

The whole work will contain more than a thousand engravings: some of those in the first numbers are

beautiful specimens of art, independent of their utility. The view of Trinity Church, which is given as a specimen of architecture, is a gem among wood-cuts. In short, we cannot sufficiently recommend this work.

An Explanatory and Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language: to which is added, a vocabulary of Greek, Latin, Scripture, Christian and Geographical names, with their Pronunciation; together with a collection of words and phrases from Foreign Languages, with their signification. Edited by William Bolles. 1 vol. 8 mo. New London: Bolles & Williams. Philadelphia. Thomas, Courperthwaite & Co., 1845.—This volume supplies a want which has long been felt, and gives the public a pronouncing dictionary both accurate and extensive. Mr. Bolles has collected about eighty-five thousand words, being, at least, twenty thousand more than are to be found in any other English dictionary. Without being faultless, his work approaches nearer to perfection than any one of a similar kind. When we reflect that Walker's Dictionary comprises only about half the words in use, and that many words are pronounced differently now from what they were at the period when his dictionary appeared, we cannot but wonder that no one heretofore has attempted what Mr. Bolles has so successfully achieved. His volume deserves to come into general use to the exclusion of all other pronouncing dictionaries.

Saffa. A Venetian Tale. Translated from the French. By Roger De Beauvoir, and P. F. Christine and Eugene Sue. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers.—One of the translators of this tale we recognize as the gentleman who gave us a beautiful translation of Eugene Sue's Arthur, about a year since, one of the best translations from Sue that we have seen. The present book is rendered into English with equal ability. The story is thrilling and terrible. A Doge of Venice is the hero—he is yet young, full of all the vigor and greatness of a noble spirit, but in his efforts to save the honor of Venice he is led into crime. The woman whom he loves betrays him in a fit of jealousy to the Inquisition, and suffers a terrible death in his company. The character of the woman, the scenes in which she appears, and her wretched fate at last fill the reader with mingled admiration, awe, pity and dislike. It is one of those characters that stand out from a story in bold and painful relief, and which fix upon the memory long after the tale itself is forgotten.

The Gambler's Wife. By the author of The Young Prima Donna. Harper & Brothers.—Never having read any work by this author before, we can hardly judge of it by comparison. The story is a domestic one. The heroine a wayward, proud and spoiled beauty, who jilts her first lover and marries a bad man and a gambler, who renders her, of course, profoundly miserable, and finally breaks her heart. Many scenes in the book are thrilling and beautiful.

Voyages Round the World. No. 172. Family Library.—This little book is a perfect encyclopedia of travel; and contains a world of knowledge in its pages. The style is pleasant: and altogether independent of its usefulness, it is a most interesting volume.

The Improvisatore. Translated from the Danish. By Mary Howitt.—This is a story of Italian life, giving the reader beautiful glimpses of a poet's soul in all its struggles with poverty and dependence. The book is full of fine descriptions of scenery, persons and events. The visit to Vesuvius is terribly grand in description—and there is one picture of a cave half submerged in water surpassingly beautiful. The connection of Annunciata with the story is like a sable thread woven with some rich fabric. A fate like hers touches the heart more deeply even than scenes of horror. To feel beauty and all those powers that have enchanted the multitude, pass from one while still in youth must be terrible. We need not say that the translation of this book is chaste and beautiful. Mrs. Howitt's name is sufficient to assure the reader of this.

Sybil; or, the Two Nations. By B. D'Israeli. 1 vol. Carey & Hart. Philadelphia, 1845.—D'Israeli certainly writes the best novels that are now written. "Sybil" is scarcely inferior to "Coningsby," which was the most brilliant fiction of last year. The present novel, like its predecessor from the same hand, is strongly spiced with the author's political views; but it is none the worse for that, as it presents a faithful and instructive picture of the evils to which bad legislation has brought the English operatives. In the management of the plot, and delineation of the characters, moreover, the author has shown considerable skill. Sybil is, indeed, an angel on earth, and Egremont is every way worthy to be her lover. Gerard, Morley and Baptist Hatton are also well drawn. The book is but indifferently printed.

Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil. By Daniel P. Kidder. 2 vols. 8 mo. Sorin & Ball, Philadelphia, 1845.—Two of the most agreeable volumes we have read for a long time. We have every reason, moreover, to believe that they are accurate in all they say respecting Brazil. Those of our fair readers who have the leisure will be especially interested in Mr Kidder's description of society and manners in that great and growing empire. We have gone too much abroad for objects to interest us: it is time we knew something of our own continent; and in the spirited pages of these volumes the reader will learn more of Brazil than even the diligent student has hitherto been able to pick up in his library of encyclopædias. The book is elegantly printed and illustrated with engravings.

The Dramatic Authors of America. By James Reese. 1 vol. G. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia.—This work contains the lives of our dramatic authors, with criticisms on their genius and works. The writer is favorably known to literature, and he has, in this volume, added to his reputation, by affording an agreeable book of reference, for which all interested in our dramatic literature will thank him.

Veronica; or, The Free Court of Akron. From the German of Zschokke. Harper & Brothers.—A book full of excitement, containing some terrible descriptions of burning cities, besieged castles and war-like deeds. Two of the female characters are perfect fiends, and to balance them are two others, pure and good as angels. The translation is vigorous and pure.

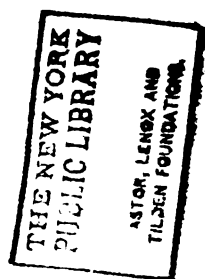
Mount Sorel; or, The Heiress of the De Veres. By the author of The Two Old Men's Tales. Harper & Brothers.—In some points this novel is not, perhaps, equal to the Deformed or the Admiral's Daughter—but like them it is a story of mind and feeling rather than of events. The scenes of the tale are confined almost to a single neighborhood, and the whole interest lies almost entirely in the beautiful development of five or six various and very opposite characters—in the clashing of old prejudices, produced by bringing persons of opposing opinions and habits in contact. Clarice is a sweet character, and De Vere, her father, one that deeply interests the reader.

Impressions of Ireland and the Irish. By the author of Random Recollections of the Lords and Cannons. 1 vol. G. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia. Mr. Grant, though a hackneyed compiler, is always fresh and interesting. The present volume is quite agreeable; and we recommend it to any one who wishes to take a hurried run through Ireland, without the trouble of going thither.

NEW AMERICAN OPERA.—An original opera, founded on the plot of "The Lady of Lyons," was produced at the Chesnut street Theatre of Philadelphia on the evening of the fourth of June, under the name of "Leonora." The author was Mr. J. Reese Fry of this city, already known to the musical world for his translation of "Norma." The scenery, dresses, chorusses and orchestra surpassed anything of the kind before attempted in America; and would secure the success of even indifferent music. But "Leonora" is full of beauties: it was composed expressly for Mrs. Seguin's voice; and the result is a succession of brilliant melodies, which, on the first night of the performance, took the house by storm. The author, however, is so thoroughly imbued with Bellini that many of the airs almost seem Bellini's own. The opera besides is too long. With these exceptions, "Leonora" possesses high merit, and deserves to be as popular as the Bohemian Girl. In our next we shall give a critique by a friend whose taste and judgment can be relied on in all matters pertaining to music.

ABBOTTSFORD.—The engraving of "Abbottsford" in the present number gives a correct representation of that celebrated seat of Sir Walter Scott. On the building he expended vast sums. It is in the Gothic style, is built of stone, and contains among its ornaments many rarities brought from Melrose Abbey and others of the antique structures of Scotland. The library and museum of curiosities belonging to Scott are still preserved at Abbotsford, though his son, the present possessor, never resides there. Abbotsford is on the Tweed, about twenty-eight miles from Edinburgh.

BOUQUETS.—The female noblesse of the *faisbourg St. Germain* in Paris have declared bouquets unfashionable.

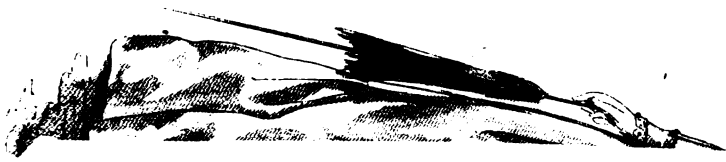




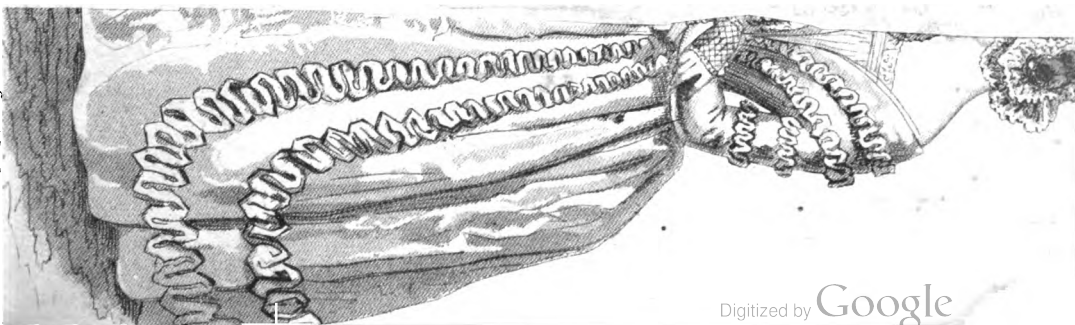
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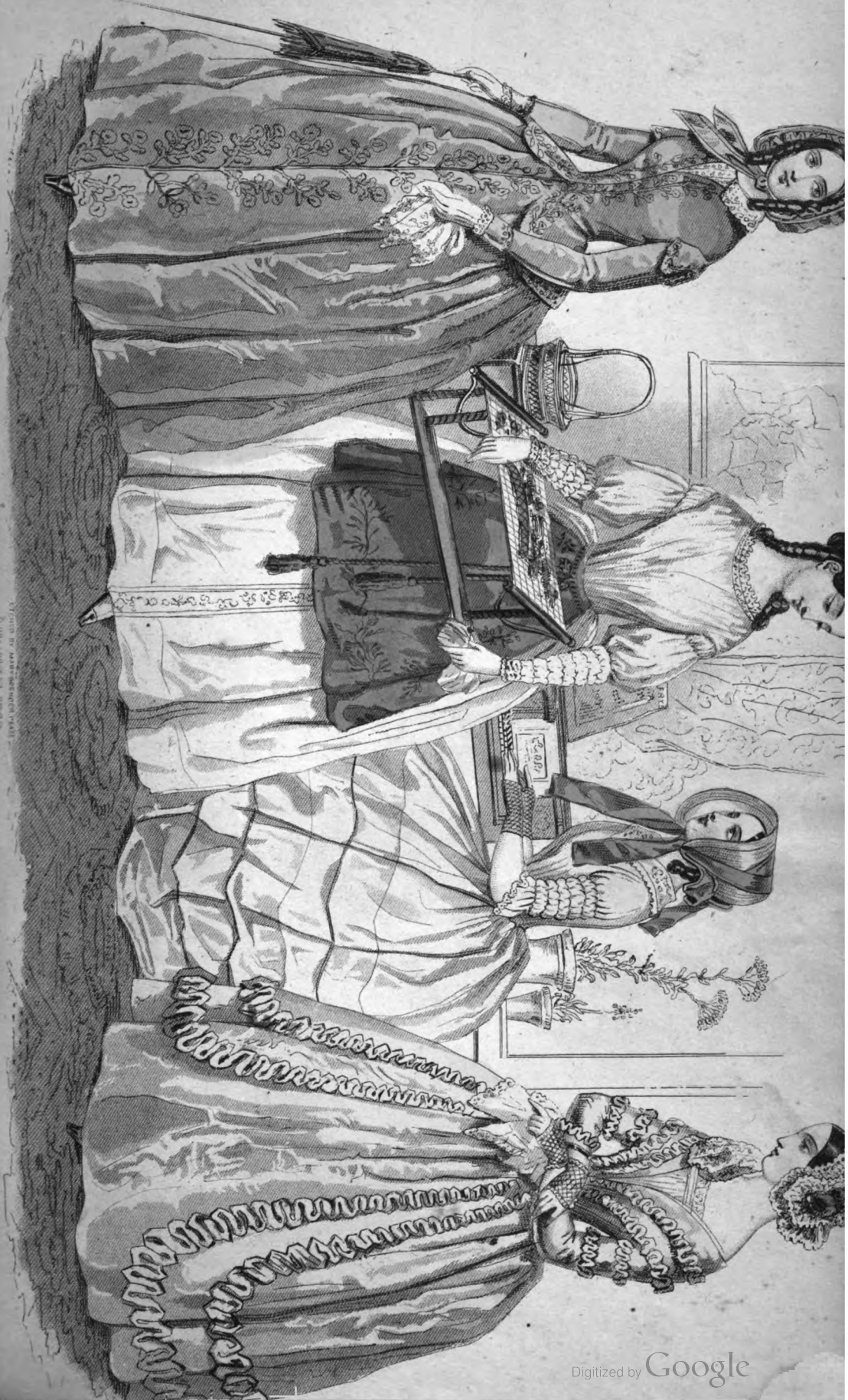
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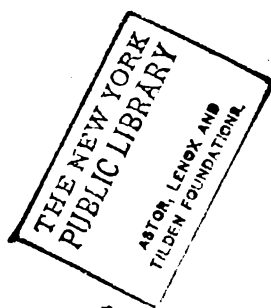


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DESIGNED BY ALBERT EDWIN PEARCE
AND ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. B. J. S.



LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA: AUGUST, 1845.

No. 2.

THE POOR CURATE.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH.)

I HOPED! hoped on from day to day: in autumn for spring, in spring for autumn; from one year to another: and thus I had hoped away thirty years of my life, without rising above the condition of a country curate, with scanty pay, mean fare and no society but the ill-tempered wife of the tippling parson. But one day I got a letter from an acquaintance in Stockholm, apprizing me that my uncle P., the rich merchant, was lying at the point of death, and had expressed a desire to see his long neglected nephew.

With a little lean bundle on my arm, but a million of rich hopes in my breast, I set forth to the capital, having first gained leave to spend the winter there. It is true my purse was light, but since I was to be my uncle's heir, I had no fear but I should soon fill it. So I went on merrily, day and night, till I reached my destination, having expended all my funds but a dollar. That I determined to lay out on a good dinner, and afterward to go to my uncle.

'I had finished my meal and pushed back my chair with no little complacency, when a stranger came in and accosted the host. I soon found they were talking of my uncle P. I could not help listening. What was my terror to hear that he was already dead—that he had made no will—more, that his estate had disappointed every body by turning out insolvent. And—fool that I was!—I had gone on spending my money like a prince, until now I was left without a cent, in a strange capital. I rose from the table, paid my last dollar, and went out into the street a beggar.

But to let my spirits sink was the worst way possible; to put my hands in my bosom and look up to heaven, was not much better. So I sought out a remote street, where I found a small chamber to let; and in the morning went out to seek employment as a copyist. I spent many days in

a fruitless search for work. Sometimes I got a job that kept me for a week; sometimes I had to go without a dinner. But my hopes did not fail me till one evening, when my landlord told me that I must pay my rent on the morrow or be turned into the street.

It was an indescribably cold November's evening, and I had just returned from visiting a house of sickness, where I had given away my last penny, when I was greeted with this amiable salutation.

I trimmed my sleepy, dim-burning lamp with my fingers, and then looked about my little dingy chamber and sighed. What was I to do to escape starvation?

"Diogenes was *worse* accommodated," I exclaimed, as I pulled my lame table away from the window, for the wind and rain seemed unwilling to stay outside. At the same moment, my glance fell upon a cheerfully glowing fire in an opposite kitchen. Again I sighed. I looked up to a higher floor, and here I had a view through an uncurtained window of a gaily illumined chamber, where a numerous family was assembled around a tea-table. I was stiff with cold and damp, and had eaten nothing since breakfast.

"Ah!" thought I, "if that pretty maiden, who is just now reaching a cup of tea to the stout gentleman upon the sofa, who seems too heavily replenished to rise from his seat, would put out her fair hand a little farther this way, and could—with a thousand thankful kisses—how foolish! The fat gentleman takes the cup, and dips his bun in the tea so deliberately—'tis enough to make one cry! And now that pretty maid is caressing him! I wonder if he is her papa, or her uncle; or, perhaps, enviable mortal! but no, that cannot be; he is, at least, forty years older than she!

"That must be his wife surely, that elderly lady who sits beside him on the sofa, and to whom the fair maiden offers a platter of cakes. But to whom does she hand them now? One ear, and a part of a shoulder, is all that projects beyond the rim of the window. How long he keeps the gentle girl waiting for his pleasure!

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but it must be a lady—no gentleman would behave so! or it may be her brother. Ah! see his great fist thrust into the biscuit basket, a rude lout! but perhaps he was hungry. Now she turns to the two little girls, her sisters, most likely, and she gives them all that Mr. One-ear has left behind. As for herself, she seems to take no more of the tea than I do, except its fragrance. But what a movement suddenly takes place in the room! The old gentleman briskly starts up from the sofa—the one-eared gentleman rushes forward, and gives the gentle maiden a rude shock (a dromedary as he is!) that impels her against the tea-table, and makes the old lady, who was just rising from the sofa, sit down again. The children skip about and clap their hands; the door opens—in comes a young officer—the young maiden throws herself into his arms! Aha? there I have it. I jerked to my window shutter, so that it cracked, and sat down wet with the rain, and with trembling knees, upon my stool.

"What had I to do staring through the window? This comes of curiosity!" said I.

Eight days before, this family had returned from the country into the fine house opposite, and all this time I had never inquired who they were. What business had I, this evening, to be prying into their circle? What good could it do to me?

I was in a dull mood, and felt something of heart-heaviness; but, according to my resolution never to yield to despondency, I set about a description of domestic happiness; of that happiness of which I had never tasted! Said I, as I breathed upon my stiffened fingers, "am I then the first who has sought in the hot-house of imagination a pleasing warmth which the hard world of realities denies us? Six dollars for a load of pine wood; ay, you will not have them till December. I will write!" So I wrote.

"Happy, thrice happy is the family in whose close and warm circle no heart feels lonely in its joys or its sorrows; no glance, no smile remains unanswered; where the members daily say to each other, not in mere words, but in their actions, your cares, your joys, your fortunes, are also mine!"

"Beautiful is the quiet, peaceful house, which closes its protecting walls around the pilgrim through life, which collects around its friendly, gleaming hearth, the old grandsire, leaning upon his staff, the manly husband, the amiable wife, and their happy children, who close the day of sport and enjoyment with hearty thanksgiving, while the mother chaunts to them a little song, telling how—

'Angels their vigils keep
Around the bed
And o'er the head
Of innocence asleep!'"

Here I had to stop; for something like a drop of rain fell on my cheek, and I could not see my paper clearly.

"How many," thought I, as my thoughts, against my will, took a melancholy turn, "how many are doomed to know nothing of this happiness!" For a moment I considered myself in the only looking-glass I had in my chamber, that of *truth*, and then with gloomy feelings I wrote on—

"Unhappy, surely, is the desolate one who, in the cold and dreary moments of life, (which come so often) can rest on no faithful bosom, whose sighs are unanswered, to whose complaint no voice replies, 'I understand you; I sympathize with you!' He is depressed; no one raises his drooping head! He weeps; no one regards it! He goes away; no one follows him! He sleeps; no one watches over him! He is *alone*! why does he not die? Ah! who would mourn over him? How cold the grave which no warm tear of love bedews! He is lonely in the winter's night. For him earth has no flowers, and dimly burn the lights of heaven. Why wanders he here alone? Why does he not flee as a shadow to the land of shadows? Ah! he still *hopes*. A pauper, he begs for happiness, and hopes, in the eleventh hour, that some friendly hand will bestow it."

It was my own situation that I described.

Early robbed of my parents—without brother, sister, friends or relatives, I stood so lonely and desolate in the world, that, but for a strong confidence in Heaven, and a naturally cheerful disposition, I should have sought to escape from such an existence. Hitherto—more from instinct than philosophy, I had habitually suppressed all earnest longings for a happier state of life than that which surrounded me; but lately other thoughts had been gaining power over me, and, especially this evening, I felt an unutterable desire for a friend, for one whom I might love; in short, for a bosom companion—a wife—one with whom I might feel myself a king, even in the meanest hut! But I remembered, as involuntarily I shuddered with cold, that all my love, in such circumstances as the present, could not prevent my wife, if I had one, from being frozen or starved to death. More depressed than ever, I arose from my stool, and paced up and down in my little boundary. The oppressive feeling of my situation followed me like my shadow on the wall; and, for the first time in my life, I was quite disheartened, and cast a gloomy glance upon the future.

"But what in the world," I exclaimed earnestly to myself, "with all this dull pondering avail!" Again I tried to loosen myself from the anxious thoughts that plagued me. "If but one Christian soul would only come to see me, whoever it might be, friend or foe—any visitor would

be welcome to break this dismal solitude. Yea, if one from the world of spirits would open the door, he should be welcome. What was that? Three knocks at the door! I'll not believe my senses—three knocks again!" I went and opened the door. Nobody was there; but the wind howled along the staircase. Hastily I closed the door, put my hands in my pockets, and continued my walk, humming to keep up my courage. In a few moments I heard something like a sigh. I stopped and listened. Again I heard distinctly a sigh, and that so deep and sorrowful, that with considerable emotion I called out, "who is there?" No answer was returned. I stood for a moment to study what all this could mean, when a frightful noise, as if a host of cats was coming screaming down stairs, ending with a heavy thump against my door, made me decided for action. I took up my glimmering light; but, in the moment that I opened the door, it expired, or was blown out. A gigantic white figure hovered before me, and I felt myself suddenly grasped by two powerful arms. I cried out for help, and struggled so hard, that my antagonist fell to the ground with me; but I happened to be uppermost. Like an arrow I bounded up, and would have run, but stumbled over something—Heaven knows what—I believe somebody had seized my feet: again I fell to the ground, struck my head against the corner of the table, and lost my senses, with a sound like loud laughter ringing in my ears.

When I opened my eyes again, they encountered a dazzling glare. I closed them again, and listened to a distracting noise that hovered around me. Again I opened them, and tried to distinguish and recognize some of the objects about me, which seemed so new and wonderful, that I suddenly feared I had lost my senses. I lay upon a sofa, and—no, I was not deluded!—the beautiful maiden who had hovered before my imagination all the evening, now really stood beside me, with a heavenly expression of sympathy, and carefully bathed my head. A young man, whose face seemed familiar to me, stood and held my hand. I saw also the fat old gentleman and another thin gentleman, and next I discovered the lady, the children, and the paradise of the tea-table glimmering in a sort of twilight distance; in short, by some inconceivable humor of fortune, I found myself in the midst of the very family I had, an hour before, contemplated with such interest!

As I recovered my faculties, the military young man enfolded me in his arms. "Do you not know me again?" said he, while I sat still as if petrified. "Have you forgotten Augustus, whose life you saved not long ago at the risk of your own? whom

you fished out of the water, at the risk of remaining to keep company with fishes yourself? See, here are my father, my mother, and my sister Wilhelmina." I pressed his hand. Then with a smart blow with his fist upon the table, the father exclaimed, "and because you have saved my son's life, and you are an honorable fellow, that can suffer hunger to afford food to others, I declare you shall have the benefice of H—. I—I have the patronage, you understand!" For a while I was bereft of the power of thought and speech; and, amid all the explanations that were given, there was only one thing that impressed itself clearly upon my mind—that Wilhelmina was not—that Wilhelmina was the sister of Augustus. He had that evening returned from a journey, during which, in the preceding summer, I had enjoyed the happiness of saving his life. Previous to this accident, I had only drank with him in the brotherhood of the University. He had related to his family, with all the enthusiasm of youth, my good service in his behalf, and all that he knew of me besides. His father, who had a benefice in his gift, and, as I afterward learned, had glanced with pity sometimes, through the window upon my scanty table, had resolved, at the request of his son, to raise me from the lap of poverty to the summit of happiness. Augustus, in his delight, would make this resolution instantly known to me; and in his love of a practical joke, he approached my chamber in the style already described; the consequence of which, for me, was my wound upon the temple, and my translation across the street out of darkness into light. A thousand times has the good youth begged forgiveness for his indiscretion, and as many times have I assured him, that the benefice of H— would prove a balsam strong enough to cure a deeper wound! Astonished was I to find that the ear and shoulder of the gentleman, who at tea-time was the subject of my splenetic observations, belonged to no one less than my patron. The stout gentleman was Wilhelmina's uncle.

The kindness and cheerfulness of my new friends made me soon feel at home and happy. The old people treated me as if I was their child, and the young people admitted me to all the privileges of a brother. After I had received two cups of tea from the hand of Wilhelmina, I arose to take my leave of the family for the night. All invited me to stay; but I determined to spend my first happy night in my old lodging, and there to offer thanks to the Guide of my destiny. Augustus attended me to my resting-place. There my landlord stood in the chamber, between the overthrown stool and table, with an aspect something between rain and sunshine. One side of his mouth was screwed up to his ear with an attempt at a

smile, while the other was drawn down to his chin with suspicion; his eyes followed the same directions, and his whole face seemed seized with a cramp, until Augustus requested him to leave us alone, and then his countenance dissolved into complacency.

Augustus was most earnestly indignant at the sight of my table, my stool, and my bed, and talked of whipping my landlord for his extortion. I was compelled to assure him that I would change my lodgings on the coming day. When my friend had left me, I spent some time in meditating upon this change in my fortunes, and thanked God heartily for it. Then my thoughts ran away to my pastoral charge, and Heaven only knows with how many fat oxen, with what flowers, and fruits, and trees, I replenished my paradise, where I wandered with my Eve, and how many richly edified souls I saw streaming out of my church. I baptised, I confirmed, I betrothed the dear children of my pastorage, and forgot none but the funeral ceremonies.

At last, beyond midnight, I closed my eyes, and gave thoughts to the wild powers of dream-land. Then I preached with a loud voice in my church; while my congregation would persist in sleeping. After divine service my congregation came out of the church transformed into sheep and oxen, bleating and lowing at me when I reproved them. I tried to lead my wife away; but could not separate her from a great turnip-plant that grew, and grew, till it covered both our heads. Then I tried to climb up to heaven on a ladder; but potatoes, grass, tares, and peas, entangled my feet, and hindered every step. At last I saw myself walking upon my head among my possessions; and as I wondered how this could be I fell more soundly asleep. Yet, I must have continued my pastoral dream: for in the morning I woke myself at the end of a long sermon, by saying that the events of the preceding evening were not dreams, until Augustus made his appearance, and invited me to be with his family at noon.

The pastorate, Wilhelmina, the family into which I entered; the new hopes of the future that now glittered in the sunshine of the present; all filled me with a joy to be felt, not described!

From the depth of a thankful heart, I hailed the new life dawning upon me with a resolution, whatever might come, to do the best, and hope for the best in every case!

Two years after that happy dinner, I sat, one autumn evening, in my snug parsonage, beside the fire. Close to me sat my dear wife, my Wilhelmina, and spun. I was about to read to her the sermon I had prepared for the next Sunday, and which, I hoped, would prove very edifying to my congregation. As I turned over the manu-

script, a loose leaf fell out. It was the very paper upon which, just two years previous to that evening, I had written down my thoughts on domestic happiness, in a situation, apparently, so far away from everything of the kind. I showed it to my wife. She read it, and smiled through her tears; and, with an arch expression which is, I believe, peculiar to herself, she took up my pen and wrote on the other side of the leaf as follows:—

“The author can now, I hope, give a picture of his situation quite a contrast to that on the reverse. Now, he is no longer lonely, no more forsaken and desolate. His gentlest sigh is answered; his most intimate sorrows are shared with his wife. He goes; her heart follows him. He comes; she hastens to meet him with a smile. His tears are wiped away by her hand, and his smiles are reflected upon her face. She plucks flowers to strew his path. He has a flock dear to him; several devoted friends; and he counts as his relatives all who are destitute. He loves; he is beloved. He has the power to make men happy. He is happy.”

Truly has my Wilhelmina painted my present situation; and, inspired with feelings cheerful and bright as sunbeams in spring, I send forth my hopes to delight themselves in the future.

I hope to live many years with my wife. And we, that is Wilhelmina and myself, hope during this time to dry many tears, and for ourselves, to shed as few as may fall to the lot of children of the earth such as we are. We hope that neither of us will long survive the other.

Lastly, we hope, that we shall always be able to hope while here; and, when all the hopes of this green earth must vanish away before the light of eternal certainties, then we hope our Good Father will pronounce a mild judgment upon his humble and hopeful children.

GOOD NATURE.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Know, fair maiden, sweet good nature

Is the most attractive grace;

Is the finest, fairest feature

In the fairest, finest face;

Wit may strike with admiration,

Sense and judgment all approve;

Beauty courts our commendation

And enflames our hearts with love.

But good nature, more enchanting,

Does a thousand charms impart;

Fills the features that are wanting,

Captivates the coldest hearts;

Thus improves the worst complexion,

Draws esteem and love sincere,

Friendship, and each kind affection

Mortal life inherits here.

THE CITY BELLE,
AND THE VILLAGE GIRL.

BY MRS. ALFRED H. REIP.

CHAPTER I.

"Why writes she so to me?"

BLANCHE MAYFIELD was young, bright and beautiful. Never was there a star in the horizon of life that shone more brilliantly than hers; not one cloud had ever dimmed the summer sky of her existence. She was everybody's pet, and everybody loved her, that is, every one who knew her. Her fortune was the very reverse of that of the more unfortunate maiden so charmingly related by Tom Moore: she never loved a tree or flower but 'twas sure to grow and bloom most exuberantly. Blanche was a genius, full of animation and sensibility, then the flow of her spirits was so delightful, her sallies so playful, her smile so beaming, as it changed with her ever changing mood—her eye would darken and her cheek glow as she pelted her numerous admirers with flowers when they spoke of their fancied woes—but when they vowed they had caught inspiration from the light of her smile, and commenced making rhymes on her beauty, she would laugh until she shed tears; the only tears she could recollect she ever shed. This perpetual summer of the mind imparted a charm on all around, and her presence was ever the signal for merry looks and lively discourse—her light elastic step was also as irresistible an invitation to stand up for a cotillion as the sound of a violin. Blanche was the idolized and only child of a doting father and fond mother, who resided in a picturesque village about forty miles west of New York city. At the time my story commences, the Mayfields were in hourly expectation of a visit from a relative, the young and beautiful Miss Hadaway, whose residence was in the metropolis, and as the relatives were utter strangers to each other, we may readily suppose our village girl was on the *qui vive* of expectation to behold the city belle, who was to be their guest during the summer months.

"Mamma," said Blanche, seating herself at the window to watch for the arrival—"my cousin's letter has somewhat perplexed me, it is so different from what I should have written to her."

"Why so, my dear? I was engaged when you received it, and you have yet to relate the contents—tell me what she says."

"Well, now listen, mother, and dear father, too," said Blanche, assuming a look of great importance. Mr. Mayfield silently laid aside a newspaper, containing the latest intelligence from the seat of government, and fixed himself

in a listening attitude. Blanche went on, not to read the letter but to give its contents. "My cousin Isabel commences her letter, by complaining of her insupportable fatigues, excruciating head-aches, the delicate state of her nerves—and goes on by deploring the want of time, and the want of capacity, and concludes by wishing for a quotation from Ovid to express what she wishes to say."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield laughed, and the latter said she believed Ovid was very beautiful.

"But, mamma, none of his metamorphoses were ever more complete than your daughter's, from joy at having received a letter from a cousin whom I have yearned to see, to disappointment when I looked into the letter."

"But, my child, it is very fashionable to quote from Ovid," answered the mother.

"Still, mamma, I would have preferred a kind expression of her own, to all that Ovid ever wrote or Homer sung."

"My dear Blanche you are still a child at heart, though a rare, sweet child," and the father folded his arms around his daughter and kissed her brow. After a momentary silence Mr. Mayfield resumed his paper, but Blanche, who never could be quiet, interrupted him by asking if his favorite speaker in the House of Representatives had won any new laurels.

"Ah! that he has my girl—his recent effort in favor of the tariff is the most powerful appeal I have ever read. Heartily as I have always participated in the enthusiasm with which his speeches have been regarded by you, I never until now knew of what he was capable."

"The subject on which Mr. Walton spoke last is a very interesting one to you, dear father," said Blanche, seating herself beside him, that she might talk of an object that was very interesting to her—and that was the speaker of whom she had heard and read so much. The gifted mind of the young statesman had first caught her attention, and as she continued to peruse, with her father, those eloquent speeches so full of enthusiasm, sparkling intellect and true genius, her feelings became enlisted with something more than mere admiration.

Before Mr. Mayfield could answer, the sound of carriage wheels was heard approaching, and Blanche, with her quick, light step sprang to the door to receive her guest; her eyes darted a glance of earnest admiration on the graceful, beautiful and elegantly dressed creature who descended the carriage steps, wrapped in a splendid cashmere, followed by a maid with a bundle of shawls. Miss Hadaway returned the warm embrace of her aunt and cousin languidly, complaining of intolerable fatigue and weariness.

Blanche placed the easiest chair in the pleasantest part of the room, and begged her to rest. Miss Hadaway threw herself gracefully into the offered seat, drew on her white kid gloves, took a survey of the room, with its plain and solid furniture—looked for a moment at her aunt and cousin, then languidly closed her eyes, in which situation she remained undisturbed until tea was announced. During tea her delicate senses seemed to recoil before the substantial meal placed before her, and she eat but sparingly. When the cousins were alone in the chamber Blanche had appropriated to her guest, and where everything was arranged for her comfort, Miss Hadaway, after a short silence, said,

"Pray, cousin Blanche, what do you contrive to do with yourself here?"

"I have a great many employments, cousin Isabella, and am always very happy. If you will allow me I will give you a brief description of one day, which will serve for all the rest: you will think our life monotonous, and it is, in a degree; but, oh! it is such a charming, sweet, pleasant life, that I could never weary of it. I usually rise at five, after bathing take a stroll in the garden among the roses, feed my pet robins, and sometimes even start on a butterfly chase—but you look as though you were shocked—pray excuse me, you know I am but a simple country girl. Well, to go on, after breakfast I superintend a few household matters, study some, practice on the harp some: then follow my equestrian exercises, my dear father generally accompanies me, and we ride until time to dress for dinner. After which my father, who is an attentive reader of the debates in Congress, entertains me with an account of all the proceedings there, with a rapturous eulogy on the last speech of Mr. Walton, who is a——"

"Do you know Mr. Walton?" asked Isabella, interrupting her.

"Not personally, but I hear he is coming to the neighborhood—I rejoice that it is so, for the prospect of becoming acquainted with one, from whom I have derived both pleasure and instruction, gives me unbounded joy. I may say, I look forward to this visit as the pleasantest thing that could happen."

"Ah, indeed, it is fortunate that persons can be easily pleased, who have only moderate enjoyments allotted them—poor thing! I pity you if this should be your greatest pleasure."

Blanche, all amazement, was silent for a moment, then asked if there was anything she wished to have.

"Nothing—except my maid."

"I wish I could do something for you."

"Do not tease me—I beg to be alone."

Blanche retired to her own apartment, where for the first time in her life she fell into a deep reverie; her feelings were entirely new to her—she could not help fearing that she would be painfully disappointed in the cousin from whose visit she had anticipated so much pleasure. Blanche was ignorant of the world. She had as yet no knowledge of those contemptible characters, who, from caprice, are variable in their behavior, and totally regardless of the feelings of others; still less could she conceive there were numbers who had uniform habits of insolence to all who they imagined had no pretensions to consequence.

CHAPTER II.

"Let me be seen, could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own power would gain."

HENRY WALTON had returned to New York, after the close of a long and rather tedious session of Congress, where he had distinguished himself and won laurels among the great men of the day in the councils of the nation by his great talents and powerful eloquence: in addition to this he was young, handsome and a millionaire, which rendered him an important personage everywhere—but mothers and daughters were more than usually interested. When met by the former he was greeted with smiles of the blandest courtesy; always receiving a hint of the beauty and accomplishments of their daughters, given of course without appearing to have any peculiar motive other than parental pride. The latter sought in various ways to attract his attention—affability, sweet solicitude, sprightly vivacity, the modest look and bashfully casting down the eye, as he chanced to glance toward them failed, even the light badinage which so often detains a willing listener, proved for once at fault; for his heart was closed to all these fascinations, and after attending a few fetes where he had been the "observed of all observers," and where some very trifling attention he had bestowed on a pretty modest looking girl, created such jealousy and sowed enmities which will possibly never be eradicated, he suddenly left the city. That his immense wealth was the cause of all the adulation so freely lavished upon him he knew to well, and he felt weary of it.

"Without affection," said he sadly, "there can exist no happiness, and where can I look for the precious gift? I can never marry, for I should always be haunted by the idea that the attracting name of wealth had won me a bride. Ah, me! would that I were but an humble, honest farmer, then I would glide down life's smooth tide contented and happy."

Isabella heard on all sides of the unbounded

wealth and fame of this distinguished young man. Some had ventured to whisper that he was made of marble, of ice, of steel, of adamant, or else of some new composition compounded of all these materials, and exceeding them all in impassiveness; and being prevented from trying the power of her charms, which she believed, if displayed, would prove irresistible, by confinement to the house in consequence of a severe cold, she determined now that the rose once more bloomed upon her cheek, to give a brilliant fete, and bring the Congressman within the sphere of her attractions—she would take his heart by a *coup de main*, that she would. Invitations were sent, and the evening of the party arrived—Isabella fancied she had made an exquisite toilet, she was dressed in simple white, with a few pearl ornaments; this was *recherche* and intended to produce effect, for the demands of an overweening vanity were about to be gratified. Nothing very pleasant lasts long; it carries decline in its principle—the party—the party had its ending—but the non-appearance of Mr. Walton absolutely marred the festivities of the evening. Where could he be? what could be the matter? was he ill? was he deprived of this delightful party by some dreadful accident? When it was known that he had actually left the city, disappointment was universally felt by the set bent on matrimonial speculation. Some said he behaved exceedingly ill, being blind, deaf and stupid to an intolerable degree, neither seeing sweet glances, nor hearing balmy sighs: and yet, strange to say, from the very spirit of contradiction they thought and talked more of him than ever. None more deeply felt the blow caused by this unexpected flight than did Miss Hadaway, to her it was an unforeseen climax after wasting so much time in preparation to attack a heart which had been considered invulnerable. It was too bad, it was provoking to retreat without having even seen her charms, and she, in fancy, had already conquered and won the prize, had exhibited him, her vassal in chains to the envy and jealousy of all beholders. Endeavoring to conceal her perturbation from those around, and by way of appearing indifferent, she asked where the bird had flown? She was answered he had gone to spend the summer with an uncle near the village of —. Her spirits rose.

"He is gone," thought she, "but not beyond my reach. Now, if I could only renounce the pomps, glitter and attractions of dear, delightful Saratoga this season for dull, stupid, monotonous country life, it would be the very thing for me—there I should meet him constantly—what laurels will be twined round my reputation when he surrenders to me. Why, the whole female world will be wild with envy—yes, it shall be so—yes,

I will go—I have always fancied a visit to aunt Mayfield must be a sojourn in the valley of the shadow of death—but now I will accept the invitation of cousin Blanche, who is, I suppose, a most excellent person, one who has in no wise swerved from the straight path. She is young, and, they say pretty, but I feel assured she can be disagreeable when the spirit moves—however, I will try her temper—I shall soon supersede her in the graces of all the village beaux, for she will wane in the light of a newer and brighter star, and to decline in the hemisphere where she has twinkled since infancy, will be malice and all uncharitableness."

CHAPTER III.

"My harp, give me harp once more."

A few days were passed in anxiety, suspense and weariness by Isabella, augmented by the disappointment of every passing hour in which she expected in vain to hear of the arrival of Mr. Walton. Why he had not come none could tell, not even the family of Judge Nelson, (where he was to remain) but it was supposed he had loitered on the way, pleased perhaps with the scenery, or probably detained by meeting with friends. Mr. Mayfield came into the room about a week after the arrival of his niece, with an air of more than ordinary satisfaction.

"I have just now," said he, turning to his wife, "met with an occurrence that has given me great pleasure. You are aware how ardently I have wished to have Blanche perfected in the art of singing and playing on the harp! Well, I was fortunate enough to meet with a gentleman who offers to become teacher, and I have promised to send her to join the class he is getting up."

"I rejoice to hear it," said his wife—"Blanche will now become mistress of every accomplishment."

"What say you, niece, to my scheme; will you become a pupil?" asked Mr. Mayfield.

"I hate stupid country pedagogues," replied the city belle affectedly.

"But this young man is not stupid, neither is he country bred: in my opinion he is remarkable for politeness, and what you ladies call genteelly dressed, I am sure he is."

"If I thought I would derive any amusement I might go occasionally—for I find country life very dull."

"To be sure you will—I'll answer for it—both amusement and instruction—then we shall have two singing birds chirping from morning until night," and the old gentleman rubbed his hands in great glee.

"But, uncle, we don't tolerate any music now, scarcely, but Italian in New York."

"We want none of it here though—no! no, nothing but plain, good English—run Blanche, my girl, to the harp and show your cousin what I love."

Blanche obeyed, and we will leave her playing some of her father's favorite airs whilst we take a peep at the music master.

CHAPTER IV.

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."

HENRY HERVEY was very prepossessing in appearance. His form was handsome, and his eyes very fine. His pleasant, easy and open manners soon gained him a host of friends. He had strolled into the village, on foot, one fine morning, and before his acquirements were discovered, or he had made known the object of his visit, all agreed even the gossips, that he was a remarkably nice young man. After wandering about the place for a few days, apparently enjoying its picturesque scenery, he proposed teaching music, both vocal and instrumental, should he get a sufficient number of young ladies to commence a class, and in a short time the number to which he had limited himself was made up. Blanche and Isabella were among the first to attend. His affability and good looks soon made him very popular with his scholars. He instructed them with unwearied patience, particularly Blanche, whom he seemed to fear was too inattentive. Sometimes he gently and playfully chided her for gigglings in the middle of a piece, sometimes with a vain endeavor to look dignified and stern, and this ludicrous attempt would only increase her risible faculties the more—the humor which sparkled in her eyes or played around her lips, would burst forth in such a clear, hearty laugh that it seldom failed to produce chorus—Mr. Hervey being himself irresistibly drawn into the concert. On such occasions it was impossible to restore any thing like order, and they generally terminated in a dismissal of the class. Sometimes when Blanche was absolutely uncontrollable, he would deem it his duty to walk home with her and endeavor to secure her future good behavior by giving her a most serious lecture. These lectures commenced with "I most earnestly entreat your attention, Miss Mayfield, that you will listen quietly and patiently to what I am going to say." Blanche would look serious for a moment; but as she could read nothing like displeasure in his countenance, it was only for a moment, and as they loitered behind their companions a close observer might have been fully aware that she had no severe reprehension to dread from him, and that instead of seriously admonishing her, he was only searching the way

that led to her merry heart; and by the arch look and blushing face it was clear that he had already made rapid progress there.

CHAPTER V.

"Worth makes the man—the want of it the fellow."

It was a beautiful evening in July. The sky exhibited tints of the most delicate yet brilliant coloring, and the softened rays of the sinking sun threw a beautiful lustre over the face of nature. In a grove of young trees which waved their slender branches, sat Blanche leaning on her harp. The prospect before her seemed not to attract her attention, its various beauties passed unheeded, for she was lost in pleasant reverie. A rustling of leaves interrupted the profound stillness. Blanche turned and smiled as usual, for she saw her teacher approaching.

"Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harp of Lutha?" exclaimed he sportively.

"Think not because the harp hath ceased
The soul of song hath fled,"

answered she in the same gay tone, sweeping her hands over the chords and commencing a little ballad, which she sang in her own peculiar sweet way. At length she ceased—her eye rested for a moment on her listener, and he seemed to feel some powerful emotion.

"You are weary of my song," said she, breaking the silence.

"Nay, I am spell-bound by the feelings it has called forth. May I confide in you, Blanche? A confession trembles on my lips, but pride and poverty, two stern monitors, forbid the avowal."

Blanche was looking anxiously in his face, and he saw that she was flushed with excitement.

"I love where I ought scarcely dare to hope," added he after a short pause. "There is one whom fortune has placed above me, so far perhaps that I should not have even dreamed of aspiring to her; yet sometimes I have thought, had my lot been different—but no, it cannot be—you prefer another—you whom I so fondly love."

"I prefer another, no, no," and Blanche's hands were clasped in a kind of ecstasy, and her cheeks were colored with a bright crimson.

"Did you never then take a very great interest in a young Congressman called Walton?" asked he, gazing earnestly in her face—"and do you not think me presumptuous?"

"I never beheld Mr. Walton—how strange that you should think of him. He has been expected here, and our little village was quite in a flutter for some days, but he has not yet arrived."

"I have been so jealous of him and his wealth."

"I should find no joy in wealth."

"Then, dear one, may I hope to have my love returned—few love as I love——"

Isabella, who despised the humble profession of the music-master, and who seldom intruded on their *tête-à-têtes*, now came up behind, exclaiming,

"What are you saying of love?—what have serious lectures to do with love?"

"I was only going to show Miss Mayfield that she is not in love," answered Mr. Hervey with assumed ease.

"And never will be with the proper sort of person, I fear," said Isabella disdainfully.

"And why not, Miss Isabella?"

"Why, if she has no higher views in expectancy than her present flirtation, I fear she will have to live on boiled mutton, sup broth out of a tin can, and sing fa; so. la, with her very worthy husband all the days of her life."

"I am sorry you do not fancy me, Miss Hadaway, but I hope soon to increase my merits with you."

"You have a very extraordinary idea of your merit since you suppose they will have any influence; but my *penchants* and distates are always powerful."

"Why do you not like me? Have I not always been civil and chatty?—and am I not the most harmless and philanthropic of creatures?"

"No—you are always dull and stupid."

"As I cannot think as you do, my self-satisfaction tells me you will end by liking me extremely."

"This is too much—I cannot allow for such overweening vanity—I tell you, now, I shall never endure you."

"You despise my humble condition; you have not the generosity to think kindly of one in my station. Had I come tricked out in all the trappings of wealth, instead of coming as a poor teacher, I might have been a candidate even for your good opinion."

"Not under any circumstances would you have appeared more favorable—I believe you to be an adventurer, sojourning here merely to entrap the heart of some silly girl who has a fair estate in prospect."

"Oh! cousin Bell," cried Blanche, blushing with all her might at the idea of having to defend her lover, "if I did not suppose you were jesting, I should be both grieved and shocked to think how false an estimate you have formed of Mr. Hervey's character."

"Then grieve with all your heart, for if I am deceived never more will I pass judgment on any one," said the young lady, walking away with the most ineffable contempt.

Before our lovers left the grove they arranged a certain matter very satisfactory to themselves.

"But what will your father say when I tell him I have nothing but my profession to depend on?" asked Mr. Hervey.

"He will say—'I am glad of it, my boy, I was once poor myself. You shall have my little Blanche with all my heart—that is if you can win her,'" replied she with a face beaming in smiles.

CHAPTER VI.

"Lost in wonder, love and praise."

It was a gay and happy bridal. The mansion of Mr. Mayfield was lit up with a hundred lights, and crowded with all the wealth and beauty of the country round, to do honor to the marriage of his lovely daughter. And loveliest among the lovely was the bride as she moved with her sprightly step through the apartment, the theme of every admiring tongue. Nor less remarkable was her husband, for in manly beauty Mr. Hervey had no rival—"what a pity, he is only a poor teacher," was an exclamation frequently used that evening. Yet notwithstanding his humble station, at every step congratulations met the bride; what wonder that the rose grew still deeper on her cheek, or that her eyes flashed with brighter brilliancy. The guests, one and all, bore testimony of the success of the entertainer, for never had the village of — seen such a festival.

"Mr. Hervey shines so pre-eminent here that I could forgive Blanche for falling in love with him," said one young lady to another.

"But poverty and sentiment were not made for this every day world," answered the other laughing.

"Miss Hadaway, do you accompany the bridal party to New York, where, I am told, they are going to spend the honey-moon?" asked the first speaker as Isabella drew near.

"I am to go with them to New York—there I leave them, for I go to my home—they to a friend of Mr. Hervey's. Blanche must not expect that I shall visit her unless the world approved her choice," she said affectedly.

"Ah!" returned the lady, "I see how it is with you, a fine house and fine equipage are the only passports to your favor—yet all agree, both old and young, that this is the strangest marriage in the world."

The next morning was bright and beaming. At an early hour the bridal party commenced their journey. They travelled through a richly cultivated country, and sometimes they progressed but slowly, for the scenery was too beautiful to be passed carelessly, and Blanche was delighted with all she saw. Isabella complained of this tediousness, which increased as they advanced, for the scene grew even more interesting as they drew near the city. The lingering beams of the setting sun cast a mellow tinge on the cupola of

a large and splendid mansion which now caught the attention of the travellers. The house stood in a commanding situation, and the extensive park and fine woods surrounding it, venerable from their magnitude and age, gave the impression of power and magnificence. Even Isabella was enchanted with its grandeur. The merry eyes of Blanche flashed with delight as she gazed on the noble structure. "Oh! could I but spend one hour here," said she, and she commenced enumerating the various pleasures even that short time would give her could her wish only be gratified.

Her husband smiled at her enthusiasm, and said she should be indulged for one whole hour.

"How kind you are—thank you, dear Henry," said she, looking affectionately at him.

"Do you know the owner?" enquired Isabella.

"I do," said he, as he gave orders to drive through the grounds, "we will go to the house, I will introduce you both to my friend."

"To your friend, Mr. Hervey," exclaimed Isabella, staring at him with amazement—"who is he?"

"Mr. Walton, a young Congressman, whom I prophesy you will like better than you do poor Mr. Hervey, a music teacher," and he looked significantly at her.

"Mr. Walton is a friend of yours, then—dear husband, how delighted I am—my happiness is complete."

Isabella was struck dumb.

When they arrived at the front entrance of the house, the large door was opened by a man servant dressed in a handsome livery, who smiled a cordial welcome and ushered them into a gorgeously furnished drawing-room, where, in a moment, refreshments of the choicest kind were brought in as though by magic. Wonder succeeded wonder, when Mr. Hervey folded Blanche in his arms, and said—"now let me welcome you to your own home my best beloved, my own sweet wife."

"Is this your home, Henry?—who are you then?" asked the young wife, who bewildered and giddy sunk from his arms on the sofa.

"No other than the famous Mr. Walton, of whom I have been so jealous," answered he, laughing.

"Mr. Walton," screamed Isabella—"you Mr. Walton—you do but jest."

"I am Henry Walton—I hope you will see merit in the millionaire which you could not discover in the humble teacher—but let me give you this advice—never look upon wealth and station as what constitutes the man—real worth and noble mind alone makes the true nobility of nature—but Blanche, my own, my wife, you are fainting."

The excess of joy had been too great for Blanche, but she soon revived, and found her husband bending over her, conjuring her to speak to him once more and forgive his stratagem.

"And you are Mr. Walton—and this is my home—my husband I am too, too happy. Ah! that father and mother were here to joy with me—we will send for them to-morrow—how transported dear papa will be when I tell him his great favorite is his son, his own Blanche's husband," and Blanche wept and laughed alternately. "But, dear Henry, why did you come as the poor teacher?"

"Worldly advantages rendered me an object of more than usual attraction to mothers and daughters, and knowing that I was sought solely on account of these, I determined to close my heart to all their allurements. I even fancied the very smile of a woman had reference to a handsome settlement, and the anxious desire I always felt to marry and be happy was defeated by the suspicion I endured of being made the victim of some manœuverer. To avoid fashionable society, I left town intending to visit Judge Nelson, to whom I am personally unknown, and that favored my plot. I saw you when I first came to the village—I watched you eagerly when you were not aware of my presence: your youth and beauty enthralled me—I determined to win you as poor Mr. Hervey—and having done so the boundless wish of my heart is obtained, for I am loved for myself."

My readers may imagine what Isabella's feelings were during this scene. To her it was intolerable. Never was a disappointment more unexpected, or endured with less patience. She could not see, without mortification and pain, the man she had wholly set apart for herself, the husband of another; and the exaltation of Blanche, whom she now envied as much as disliked, excited the most rancorous feelings.

TO THE EAST WIND.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

Thou wild, east wind! as o'er my brow
Thy dark wings coldly sweep,
A spirit voice, in murmurs low,
Comes from the troubled deep,
And mournful tales it tells, oh, wind, of thee,
Where, in thy might, thou ro'v'st unchained and free.

From yonder bark that's bound for home,
Despairing looks are cast,
As rises high the billow's foam,
As shivered falls the mast,
While on the hardy seaman's ashy cheek
All read the doom his lips forbear to speak.

In the dread pauses of the blast,
O'er the dark waves afar
Full mournfully his gaze is cast,
For like eve's loveliest star
In fancy, through the gloom, the cheerful light
That his own hearth stone warms, beams on his sight.

The sailor boy, he turns away,
His bitter tears to hide,
As down his cheeks, mixed with the spray,
They fast and warmly glide.
Perchance the wood, the lake, the wild bird's song
In this dread hour back to his memory throng.

Yet not the greenwood where the bird
Glances with radiant wing,
Nor the blue lake the grey rocks gird,
'Mid which wild blossoms spring—
No, not for these the tear-drops warmly gush,
As thoughts of home back to his memory rush.

His widowed mother pale and fair,
Too mild to blame or chide,
Who blessings and full many a prayer
Breathed when he left her side,
Of her he thinks, who hoped the flowery spring
Back to her arms, her wayward boy would bring.

In thy stern triumph and thy pride,
Spare, spare that youthful form
Who strives to shield his dark-eyed bride
From thee, oh, ruthless storm.
Vain prayer! no more from her green leafy bowers
Will flow her song in the calm twilight hours.

But sea-flowers of celestial blue
Her hair will softly star,
Which in long flakes of raven hue
Swayed by the eddies far,
Like a rich veil floats o'er her lover's breast,
Who shares with her the last unbroken rest.

And nestling on the sea-moss green
The sailor boy lies near,
His features mournfully serene,
Show now no sign of fear,
But on them rests a smile like the dim ray,
Which with faint light illumines the dying day.

The hardy seaman too is there—
His arms crossed on his breast,
As one escaped from toil and care,
Lies calmly down to rest,
While thoughts of home upon his sunburnt face
In sad and softened lines have left their trace.

Thou wild, east wind! thy task is o'er—
The troubled deep is still;
The absent will return no more
The vacant seat to fill,
For thou hast found for all a quiet home
Far down beneath the storm-swept ocean's foam.

And now exchanged for thy wild knell
Strains musical and low,
Breathed from the pearly ocean-shell
Will softly o'er them flow,
And mingle with the liquid voice of waves
That ripple high above their peaceful graves.

YOUTH'S ERROR.

BY MRS. B. W. CAROTHERS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

MEANWHILE Ellett's engagement was a wreath of thorns piercing his heart at every unconscious tone of tenderness, every affectionate mark of regard from Susan. How to disengage himself honorably he knew not: he was incapable of wounding a heart that was so devoted to him, and yet he felt it impossible to fulfil his vow. At length a county caucus did for him what he could not do for himself, withdrew him, under a decent pretext, from her society. A member of their legislature died, and in looking round for some one to supply his place they fixed on Ellett, whose fine talents were well known. In our country it is a decided advantage to a man, in a political way, to "rise from the ranks of the people," as the newspapers say. James Ellett was nominated. He accepted, rode through the country to political meetings, talked bombast, and drank some cider and bad whiskey, shook hands with all the matrons, kissed the babies, and smiled even to the exhibition of his white teeth to the peony faced maidens. All this, spurned at another time, was welcomed now, for it removed him from Susan's presence, and even after he was duly elected "a representative of the people," he could still plead the necessity of fitting himself for his duties as an excuse for absenting himself. Susan sighed and submitted, but she could not help thinking that *she* would have found some time to visit him had their positions been changed. "But it is so with all men, I have heard, who make ambition their idol; he is sure of my affection, but his new mistress is to be wooed and won," she said, faintly smiling. But the rose grew fainter on her cheek, and the glad glance of her eye became thoughtful and sad, and sometimes the damp lashes looked as if an unbidden tear had forced itself up from the overflowing spring of love in her heart.

December came with its short, cheerless days and long nights, and James was to go. Neither he nor Ellen would now help to fill the circle around the blazing hearth, and poor Susan felt she would miss them sadly.

James Ellett came at last to bid them farewell. He was pale and thin, and there was a touching melancholy in his heavy eye, and a pathos in his voice that Susan had never before remarked. He spent the whole day with them, and pleading the necessity of an early start on his journey in the morning, took leave soon after supper. And when he folded Susan to his bosom, and with serious tenderness prayed that she might be as

happy as she deserved, and his moist eye rested on hers, Susan was happy in the trusting truth of her own heart, and scarcely regretted his long absence, since it would afford him that species of gratification she judged most congenial to his wishes. He looked so grave when he shook hands with Mr. Brooke that he rallied him on his lachrymose visage, and begged he would alter it before he reached the city. "Take all your graces with you, for we hear Ellen is resolved on spending a gay winter, and of course you will meet all the beauty and fashion of the town at her house."

At Ellen's name a crimson glow spread over Ellett's face, but he quietly remarked he should be a business member, and meant not to mingle in society.

The season was nearly over, gaiety and festivity had had their hour—poverty had had its sufferings, and looked forward hopefully to the spring tide. Intrigue and corruption were wending their way from the capital to the electioneering canvass. Fashion had swayed to and fro, but finally had settled on the brow of the beautiful wife of the merchant, who was spending his fortune and her own with an éclat unrivalled. The parties were over, the visitors were leaving, match-making mothers and saleable daughters, Italian princes and German barons, English lords and American colonels, were alike retiring from the scene of action to recruit at the White Sulphur or Saratoga, when an announcement that Mrs. Conningsly would give a masked ball, stayed all further departures.

It was a fine spring morning, and the balmy gale breathed incense to the few early pedestrians who went forth to inhale it. James Ellett walked out to escape the thoughts, that, spite of his continual business engagements, would sting him into uncontrollable irritation. He was slowly sauntering through a retired walk when the quick breathing and hurried step of some one close behind him caused him to turn, when Ellen, in all her radiant beauty, her veil held aside with one hand, and the other extended toward him, met his gaze.

"Dearest James," she exclaimed, passing her arm in his, "how I have longed to meet you thus alone. Something kept me from wishing a public recognition among these soulless people, for notwithstanding the relation you will soon stand in to me, as dear Susan's husband, I could not before them suffer my eyes or my language to express half my feelings; and to meet *you* with coldness, oh! no—I could not—was not equal to that."

James Ellett's whole frame trembled with exquisite emotion, and he could not refrain from

pressing the white ungloved hand that rested on his coat sleeve. Ellen continued,

"You and dear Sue are the only creatures in the visible world to whom I dare open the sanctuary of my inner being. Ah! why am I doomed to be always absent from you—you only who can understand me? I thought I should meet many in the gay world among the gifted and the cultivated with whom I could hold that intercourse so delightful, so refreshing to the heart, but I find none—none but you to whom I can say all I think."

To say he was agitated would convey but a faint idea of the tumultuous pleasure that shook the nerves and sped through the veins of Ellett. He was unable to reply, except by his eyes, that were drinking in draughts of intoxicating rapture from the beautiful orbs raised so confidently to his, for Ellen permitted the joyful tenderness of her whole heart to reveal itself in this accidental meeting. He was now a distinguished member of the house, his talents lauded, his personal graces spoken of abroad, in short, he won that celebrity which justified her friendship, for so great was Ellen's pride that it required this stamp of fashion to confirm her attachment to the only man of genius she had ever admired. It might be, too, that the pride which held him aloof found a responsive echo in her own, and thus meeting him by accident, her whole manner was fraught with the real regard he had inspired, and her pleasure at finding her judgment endorsed by the world. But the tumultuous feelings that were struggling for utterance were repressed ere he had uttered a syllable, for suddenly two young men abruptly turned into the walk. They were laughing and talking aloud, and having recognized Mrs. Conningsly, familiarly bowed, while one stared broadly in Ellett's face, and the other permitted his eye to linger on the ungloved hand Ellett held. Hastily withdrawing her hand and dropping her veil, "I will see you to-night, and then commission you to bear my messages to my uncle," she said, and quickly turned into the walk from which the two young men emerged. James' first impression was to follow her, but prudence foiled it, and enraged he pursued the two young men who evidently bore the stamp of fashionable libertines.

"This is worth a hundred dollars to the handsome lieutenant," said one, "he who made such a row about her purity, as if any woman of fashion cared a straw about her purity: it would give him a lesson."

"If she is pure now, another winter will soil her," remarked his companion, "for it is notorious that Conningsly and she quarrels, and what else would they quarrel for?—and it is quite as notorious that she doats on admiration."

"Now we have a key to this masked ball—
young Ellett—do you take? I recollect hearing
he was a country cousin, or something of that
sort."

"An old beau, perhaps."

Ellett had heard enough—sick—sick at heart
he turned away. Ellen, a creature so pure that
every unholy passion died in her presence, was
her name to be tossed from tongue to tongue by
such miscreants? "And what would I make
her? a scoff—a jest—oh! God—no." He turned
home, he buried himself in his rooms, he entered
into the details of a complicated debate, he wrote
letters to his constituents, he *would* not think. At
length evening came. He had given orders to
admit no one, but as he ascended the stairs, upon
leaving the tea-table, he heard a little boy enquire
for him, and turning to the hall door received a
note. He hurried to his room, and closing the
door, tore it open and read, traced in the beauti-
ful, delicate characters he knew so well.

"Come to me, to-night, dear James. Perhaps
it was more in the hope of luring you to a novel
scene, where I might converse unobserved, that
induced me to give the ball than any other motive,
though I weary of this dissipated city. Surely
you will come, as I hear you are to leave here
to-morrow."
ELLEN.

Ellett sank his brow upon his arms that rested
on a table, and for hours sat buried in deep
thought. Then hastily traversing the apart-
ment, he suddenly paused before the grate, and
averting his head threw the crumpled note into
the fire.

"So perish all unholy passion, all evil thoughts,
henceforth I will be a man, or I will be nothing."
He watched the shrivelled note as it lay consumed
to ashes, until a sudden puff of wind sent it up
the chimney, and then he resumed his rapid walk.

The night was dark and tempestuous, but it did
not prevent the absolute jam that took place at the
splendid residence of Conningsly. Fashion and
folly had alike congregated to gaze upon the rich
and fantastic exhibition of taste and luxury the
beautiful hostess had given, and to join in the
revel. Day broke before the festive throng sepa-
rated; and Ellen, worn out, exhausted and disap-
pointed, retired to weep in the solitude of her
own chamber. She had listened to the language
of flattery, of impertinence, of adulation, of bold
gallantry, and of still bolder licentiousness, without
understanding its import or marking its source.
Her ear was bent to catch one voice, her eye to
recognize one figure. But it came not, and now
alone in darkness and silence she wept.

For several hours James Ellett listened to the
rolling of the carriages as they conveyed the re-
vellers past his lodgings, and still he continued

his agitated walk. As the last rattle of wheels
died away a watchman called out four o'clock
beneath his window. Startled out of his abstrac-
tion, he found his lamp near expiring, and the
fire almost out. Seizing a pen he sat down, lest
he should be left in utter darkness, and rapidly
penned out his feelings and resolves. There
was no premeditation, no disguise: he resolved
to save her, though he should banish himself for-
ever from her. He wrote.

"Dearest Ellen, I were untrue to every im-
pulse of friendship and manhood did I not, at
every risk, try to save you from even the shadow
of impending evil. I am about to lay open the
inmost depths of my heart before you. You have
called me friend, and the fidelity of friendship
were outraged did I leave you in ignorance of
that heart, which however treacherous it may have
been to itself, is true to you. Throw not down
this note till you have read it all—all Ellen, for
it deeply concerns those you love as well as your-
self; if I tell you that the deep, passionate love
that only such beings as you inspire, has so per-
vaded my whole being that hitherto I could not—
dared not enter your presence. To tell this love
is not the object of my writing. Oh, no! never
should your married ear be polluted did I not
know this burning, subduing passion was not
only unreciprocated but unsuspected, unknown;
and, dearest Ellen, I would have it so—I would
not have you less pure for all earth could yield
me. Judge then with what jealous feelings of
regret, alarm and vexation I hear you spoken of
—you, the high-souled, the sensitive, the pure,
spoken of as the mere minion of fashion, seeking
admiration from fops and libertines. Can the
genius that soars to heaven stoop to furl its pinion
among such earth-born reptiles? Can thine eye
drink in the licentious glance?—can thy ear listen
to the poisonous flatterer and remain unpolluted?
If you loved, Ellen, it might not harm you, for
where love makes his abode he expels all other
intruders; but thou dost not love, though young
and beautiful beyond the beauty of thy sex. Dan-
gerous gifts that may bring destruction on thee!
I go far from hence. I shall no more have a
home, my parent's hearth will henceforth be de-
solate, they will die alone in their old age, for
their son will be an exile on a foreign shore. I
will never more meet the confiding glance, the
affectionate caress of Susan. I loved her with a
pure, tranquil love of a friend before the sur-
passing beauty of thy inner soul, the dazzling
witchery of thy genius had awakened the passion
that is driving me from my country and my kin-
dred. I will not see Susan—I could not repay
her love with treacherous coldness, and delicacy
to thee will repress the real cause of my exile.
Ellen I have truly told thee—thee, my beloved,
why I go far from thee. Judge from the fatal
effects of the maddening passion that consumes
me how wretched would be thy lot did a similar
fate overtake thee. Beautiful, gifted, young,
susceptible and married, thou mayest be happy
—calmly happy in the retired walks of select
society—away from the tumultuous throng of
life, but not in the glare of fashion—not where
vice lays snares for innocence at every turn.

Thou art too pure, too true to nature and to virtue to remain the target for the envious tongue of calumny to pierce with its poisoned arrows. Mayest thou be as happy as I am wretched. Farewell." J. E.

Having folded and sealed this note, and feeling unable to sleep, he wrote to his mother, simply stating he was going abroad, and as he would be absent a year or two thought it best to spare her and his father the pain of parting. His letter was brief, but breathed the most devoted filial affection. But one more task remained, to bid farewell to Susan, and the tears that even his intense feelings of pain had not caused to flow gushed over the paper as he thought over all her goodness, all her gentle beauty; for, away from Ellen, Susan would have been considered beautiful. He tenderly and affectionately bade her farewell, he told her he might be an exile for many years, and gave back her promised troth. "And now, dear Susan," he concluded, "my first best friend, should absence weaken your attachment, or should you meet one who can make you happy in domestic life for which your good and gentle nature is so eminently fitted, wait not to hear of the exiled wanderer. The skies of Greece are beautiful, and I may linger years beneath them."

The next morning found Ellett at the levee of one of our ministers just starting on a mission to the Sublime Porte. He was personally known to the ambassador, and his genius and moral worth of character secured him a flattering reception. Something had occurred to induce his private secretary to wish to remain at home, and in less than an hour the exchange was made, and Ellett was giving orders for his baggage to be packed for a sea voyage.

One day only intervened between his engagement and his departure, and it was late before he completed his arrangements. Taking leave of the people at his lodgings, with whom he had become a great favorite, he ordered his baggage aboard the steamer, which was to leave by sunrise, and with a throbbing heart turned down the street where Conningsly lived. The house was in total darkness save one faint light that came from the shaded windows of a chamber in the second story. He stopped and gazed up, while intolerable pangs of remorse and grief shot through his heart. Just then the hall door opened, and a physician, accompanied by Conningsly, came out. They conversed together a few minutes, and then Conningsly returned, the physician remarking that he "would be early in attendance, but should she grow worse, send for me."

Was it Ellen of whom they spoke? Ellett was determined to know, and overtaking the doctor, he remarked that he had seen him leave Mr.

Conningsly's door, was any of the family ill? The doctor was an acquaintance, and after giving a searching glance at Ellett, he replied, "that Mrs. Conningsly was ill—very—and no wonder, she was killing herself by late hours and dissipation. Her constitution was remarkably delicate, and the atmosphere of a city was uncongenial to country bred girls."

"She will not die?" exclaimed Ellett, alarmed out of all caution.

"And if she should, which is not unlikely, I fancy the community has suffered greater losses, and I do not think Conningsly will die of grief."

"Is not Mr. Conningsly supposed to be fond of his wife?"

"Why, as he professedly married for money and has rather a hard bargain, I suppose it is no sin to say he would be glad to be rid of one who seems likely to spend all his property as well as her own. Conningsly is not sentimental—but I bid you good night—here is something I took from Mrs. Conningsly's dress which I intended to commit to the fire; but as I fancy accident has sent the right owner, I return it," and so saying, he thrust a crumpled note into Ellett's hand.

"Did Conningsly see this?" asked Ellett, sternly grasping the arm of the physician, and looking in his face.

"No. I took it from her dress, and supposing it some love billet that had caused her agitation, I merely glanced at the signature and removed it before it should cause mischief. I give you my honor I never read it."

"Read it then," said Ellett sternly, and he drew the doctor into a druggist's store which was still open. The doctor felt his agitated grasp, he knew his high character for moral worth, and without hesitation he opened the crumpled paper and read its contents.

"And do you really leave to-morrow?" he enquired, as his countenance assumed a friendly expression of sympathy.

"I am on my way to the boat to join General —, who begins his journey by sun-rise to-morrow. Perhaps I may never return. I would leave one true friend near her. She is a jewel of priceless worth, as yet undimmed in lustre."

The doctor extended his hand, and as he grasped Ellett's, he said—"young man, I will be that friend. She is at present only ill from fatigue and excitement of nerves and will recover. May God bless you. Take care of yourself, for as the world goes we have few honorable young men to spare," and they parted.

Conningsly was emphatically a business man, and he thought he had sacrificed enough when he idled away a whole summer with his young bride. She had brought him a large fortune, and

he considered it fair to allow her a handsome establishment, but the extravagant expenditure of Ellen alarmed him, and he soon began to reproach her for her love of display and dissipation. Haughty and unbending, unpleasant altercations were the result, and he soon learned to dislike his wife. That dislike, however, mingled with fear, while on her part it was only qualified by contempt. They seldom met, and Ellen bitterly regretted the precipitate haste with which she had fled her aunt's control, and tried to forget her painful position in society and show. Thus matters stood when Ellett's note opened her eyes to her perilous situation. A hundred mingled emotions distracted her brain, but paramount above all was shame—and shame to the proud spirit is the most humbling of all. "He believes me vain and weak, and he flies lest he should witness my fall." Fatigued, excited and unnerved, a remittent fever seized her, and for weeks she lay extremely ill. At length her youth and unremitting medical attendance triumphed over disease, and she was slowly recovering; when one day the doctor lingered in her apartment, and after giving her some items of city gossip that had transpired since her illness, mentioned the departure of the Turkish ambassador, and that his friend Ellett had gone in his suite, intending to remain some years in the south of Europe. "By the bye," he continued, "I saw your uncle yesterday while making a professional visit, and I promised to send you out for country air as soon as possible. His daughter is somewhat indisposed, too, and wishes much to see you, and indeed the air of your old home would be exceedingly beneficial."

Ellen turned deadly pale, but rallying her strength she promised to go. And she did go. Mutely the cousins sat folded in each others arms. Tears that relieved the oppression of each heart were freely shed, and each loved the other more tenderly for the unspoken sympathy they felt. Susan was of too temperate and well regulated a mind to die of disappointed love, and though she deeply grieved at James's inconsistency, yet she rejoiced that to all others he had been the honorable and high-minded man that won her regard. "He loved me," she said to herself, "while he was a simple, country boy, but when he went forth into the world and learned his real worth, when ambition awoke in his heart, he felt I was no mate for him, and he came not back to wound me by coldness or neglect." On all other subjects than this Ellen opened her heart freely and fully to Susan. Sickness had tamed much of her pride, and sorrow had given her a gentleness that was new to her character. Ellen had learned much in the short

period of her married life. She had learned to distrust her own strength, and humbly she turned to "Him who upbraideth not," and prayed and was forgiven. This was a new band of sympathy, and much comfort did it yield the pious Susan. Even Mrs. Brooke could not help loving Ellen in her subdued and sorrowful character; and her uncle's house became so dear to her that she dreaded a return to her husband's cheerless mansion, where she had run her career of folly. But Ellen was saved this trial. A contagious fever broke out in the city, and one of its first victims was her husband. Upon the first news she hastened to town, and though he had never visited her at her uncle's, and had neglected her during her illness, yet undeterred she sought his sick chamber, and when all others fled she watched beside him promptly administering all the remedies his medical attendant advised. But their services were alike unavailing, and on the third day Conningly died, acknowledging his sense of her kindness. Her uncle removed her as soon as the burial took place, and once more with a fortune but little impaired, Ellen became an inmate at her uncle's.

But her wealth was not now lavished in extravagance. To relieve the indigent, to bring gladness to the heart of the widow and orphan became the task of Ellen, and Susan saw with joy the light return to her eye, and the dimples swarm around her fascinating mouth. The rose had returned to Susan's cheek, and the elastic spring to her step; two lovelier girls could not be found in all that broad land. Mr. Brooke's house became the resort of the intelligent and refined among the neighboring gentry, and the cousins were at once beloved and admired.

Among their favorite visitors was a young clergyman, whose eloquence and piety, joined to prepossessing manners, made him exceedingly popular. Susan's gentle sweetness won his heart, and ere two summers had flown she left her mother's house to reside in his. She had expected Ellen to accompany her to her new residence, and had arranged accordingly, but Ellen refused.

"Four years since, dear Sue, I would gladly have gone, but now I feel differently. I owe a deep debt to my aunt for her long forbearance with my wayward childhood, and now is the time to repay it when you are gone."

Ellen resolutely staid, and her kind and soothing attentions so won on her aunt that she declared, "she believed she should miss Ellen more than Susan."

Another year had sped with all its varied griefs and joys. Autumn was fading into winter. The brook no longer went singing on its way, and the

rustling leaves that once sent forth soft music now fluttered in the gale. Susan and *her babe* had been paying the first visit to its delighted grandparents and were returning home, and Ellen had gone as far as the gate before she would relinquish the little creature that huddled so closely and warmly to her bosom. She was returning along the footpath when her ear caught the sound of a horse's feet galloping over the frozen ground, and James Ellett, throwing the rein over his horse's neck, sprang to the ground and clasped Ellen in his arms.

"Say, fairest of earth's daughters," he exclaimed, as his eyes wandered over her beautiful face and form—"say, Ellen, am I forgiven?"

"We both have much need of forgiveness from Him alone who can pardon the penitent, and may He forgive us both."

There was again a bridal at Mr. Brooke's, but this time the bride's cheek was unblanched by unholy passions.

ON LEAVING COLLEGE.

BY N. E. RUTH.

YE gray old walls! whose classic shade
First awed me into love of lore,
And hushed my thoughts till they betrayed
A holier impress than before—
Whose parting echoes wake from sleep
The wildest throb heart ever knew—
From you I turn with eyes that weep
Hot tears to seal my last adieu.

Since I obeyed my belfry chime
My spirit has a different tone:
I've grown in love with the Olden Time,
And with the Present feel alone:
I like the flash of stars by night
Far better than a maiden's eye,
And I can kneel in their pure light—
Unmelted by a maiden's sigh.

My soul is thronged with new desires,
And thought is nursing them by day,
And dreams are fuel for their fires,
And Hope has wove them wings, till they—
Impatient for their destined sky—
Seem bursting from my prison-breast,
Like eaglets of the daring eye,
That pant to leave their native nest.

Ye jovial hearths and sheltering walls!
Where I have spent my happiest day—
Ye merry friends and ringing halls!
I fear me—for I must—away:
Farewell, ye walks! I go to fill
My station in a world of hate:
I feel, even now, its rushing chill,
And yet, farewell! I cannot wait!

WAIFS OF POETRY, No. I.*

LORD'S POEMS.

Among the volumes of poems lately published is one by W. W. Lord, a young man of whom we know nothing except the name. His poetical faculty, however, will assure him a widely extended reputation; if his future efforts do justice to the promise held out in his present volume; for the poems now published, without being themselves very praiseworthy, contain so many beauties and exhibit such genius in the author, that we predict Mr. Lord will one day "wake to find himself famous." Nothing but neglect of study can prevent him from taking a high rank among American poets.

The most glaring defect of all young writers is a want of originality. Not that they always steal bodily from a favorite author; but their minds, unconsciously to themselves perhaps, become so imbued with what they have read and pondered on, that, when they come to compose, the dispassionate reader can detect, in a moment, what poets they have studied, and often, indeed, catch the very turns of expression belonging to their models. This defect in young writers is universal. We have just been looking over several volumes of lately published poems, and have kept saying to ourselves continually, "that is Moore's—this is Tennyson—here is the Ancient Mariner." But while it is natural for every young author to be thus overshadowed by some one of the mighty masters who have gone before, even so far as to reflect the very hue of the great original, it is impossible for him to become a true poet himself, and in turn grow to be a model to others, until he escapes from the enervating influence of his favorite, and trusts to the development of his own powers in the free air and unbiassed sun of heaven.

Mr. Lord, in almost every page, betrays his fondness for Keats. One long poem, "Saint Mary's Gift," is as much a copy of "Saint Agnes Eve," as the "rose-bloom" which fell from the stained window on Margaret was the reflex of the crimson tinted casement in the poem. We notice several other instances of a like character. The whole structure of the "New Castalia"—otherwise a very meritorious production—reminds us forcibly of a very popular poem, both in anti-thesis and musical expression.

But the province of a critic is not that of a

*It is our intention, under this head, occasionally to notice our younger poets, whose reputations are yet either partially or wholly to make. It is too much the practice to neglect rising genius.

prosecuting attorney, bound to pick a flaw somewhere and pass over merit in silence: on the contrary it is that of a judge, sworn to weigh the case in all its bearings, and give an impartial verdict without fear or favor. In the latter capacity we feel ourselves bound to declare that this volume of poems, notwithstanding the prominent fault to which we have alluded, and others to which we might allude, possesses high merit, especially as a first performance, and contains unusual promise of future excellence. We did not take up the book for the purpose of an extended notice: we cannot, therefore, enter upon extracts as largely as we desire; but we will find room, before we close, for a few quotations made at random from the shorter and we think more meritorious of the poems. To begin: here is a fine specimen of word-painting.

“* * * A ruined cottage stands
Covered with climbing green;
Thatching with leaves the broken roof,
Then creeping back 'tis seen.

An old man sits within the door;
His hair is white and thin,
But his mild and winning eye is bright;
If not the fire it hath the light
Of early youth therein.

Close by his head the little birds
Carol their morning hymn;
Above the door, on the old woodbine,
They sing at every morning's shine,
They have no fear of him.

He is getting deaf, but hears them well;
They sing close at his ear:
Each day he blesses God in heart
That he the birds can hear.”

The following has less imagination, but is quite as elaborately painted: it has something of the minute, French style of Alfred Street.

“How still the air within this forest brown;
So still, you hear the snow fall thro' the trees,
And on the yellow leaves beneath them strewn;
And thick it falls, unwavered by the breeze,
As if the white clouds piecemeal should come down;
And mark these little birds that sit and freeze,
With half-closed eyes, and ruffled feathers—”

We had wandered through nearly the whole book when our eye fell on the following “Rime.” It is an old story; but quaintly and pleasantly told.

“As Love sat idling beneath a tree,
A Knight rode by on his charger free,
Stalwart and fair and tall was he,
With his plume and his mantle, a sight to see!
And proud of his scars right loftily,
He cried, ‘young boy, will you go with me?’
But Love he pouted and shook his head,
And along fared the Warrior, ill-bested:
Love is not won by chivalry.

Then came a Minstrel bright of blee,
Blue were his eyes as the heavens be,
And sweet as a song-bird's throat sung he,
Of smiles and tears and ladies eë,
Soft love and glorious chivalry,

Then cried, “sweet boy, will you go with me?”
Love wept and smiled, but shook his head,
And along fared the Minstrel ill-bested:
Love is not won by minstrelsy.

Then came a Bookman, wise as three,
Darker a scholar you shall not see
In Jewrie, Rome or Araby,
But list fair dames what I rede to ye,
In love's sweet lere untaught was he,
For when he cried, ‘come, love, with me,’
Tired of the parle he was nodding his head,
And along fared the Scholar ill-bested:
Love is not won by pedantry.

Then came a Courtier wearing the key
Of council and chambers high privy;
He could dispute yet seem to agree,
And soft as dew was his flattery.
And with honied voice and low congeë,
‘Fair youth,’ he said, ‘will you honor me?’
In courteous wise Love shook his head,
And along fared the Courtier ill-bested:
Love is not won by courtesy.

Then came a Miser blinking his eë,
To view the bright boy beneath the tree;
His purse, which hung to his cringing knee,
The ransom held of a king's countree;
And a handful of jewels and gold showed he,
And cried, ‘sweet child, will you go with me?’
Then loud laughed Love as he shook his head,
And along fared the Miser ill-bested:
Love is not won by merchandry.

Oh then to young Love beneath the tree,
Came one as young and fair as he,
And as like to him as like can be,
And clapping his little wings for glee,
With nods and smiles and kisses free,
He whispered, ‘come, oh come with me.’
Love pouted and flouted and shook his head,
But along with that winsome youth he sped,
And ‘*Love wins love, loud shouted he.*’

There are many beautiful thoughts in a poem entitled “The Sky,” but we must pass it by without extracts. In an “Ode to England” there are descriptions of most of the great poets; and first comes Shakspeare.

“Sweet Swan of Avon! on the tide
Thou dost move thy mates among,
Tho' moving *all* with conscious pride,
As when in heaven the ample moon
Coasting the clouds at night's clear noon,
Thro' all the trembling region wide,
(The stars look wan and guilty-eyed
Before her gentle aspect clear;
And all the brightest pale their hue,
Even they that seemed more bright than she),
Till Dian moves without a peer,
Sailing in a silver sea,
Across a sea of blue.”

Here is his picture of Spenser.

“And, Spenser, like the sunset sky when bright
With golden isles, and silent seas of light,
That spread along the shore-like blue,
Laving some snow piled mountain hoary,
Or stretching far, then lost to view
Behind some cloud-dipped promontory—
While spires and battlements that rise,
And baseless turrets in the skies,
And silver swans and dragons there
Suspended in the enchanted air,
With half-believing eyes I see—
Great Edmund! when thine inward glory
Lights up the cloudy allegory!
Such my soul is made by thee.”

Before we conclude we will quote a few verses from "Worship," the poem probably of most pretensions in the book: the following appear to us to give a correct idea of the more elevated style, which the author attempts in both "Worship and Niagara."

"The seasons are a solemn service;—Spring,
Winter, and Summer, and the harvest moon,
Each have their meaning, and each changing day
Its worship, of high import to the whole.
The heedful ear may hear in every field,
On insect-haunted banks, among the leaves,
And in the rills, a thousand tinkling sounds,
That, here and there, confusedly distinct,
Like some sweet strain dissevered and unlinked
And broken into discord scarce less sweet,
Fills all the air—then hushed, then heard again,
Like mystic sounds that in Cathedral vast
Order the service, call the thoughtful soul
To worship meet. And sometimes in the wood,
At morn or even, or when the vernal rain
That fell thick-pattering among the leaves,
Stints suddenly, the birds ring out a peal
With such sweet chime and involution heard,
Of intricate swift strains and jangled bells,
As oft surprises cold unwilling hearts
To worship unawares—"

In these various extracts there is great ability, but nothing like a fixed style: each extract might have been written by a different person, and the reader been none the wiser.

We shut the book with the kindest feelings toward Mr. Lord. He has no small share of the poetic faculty. He wants, however, training and self-reliance. We hope soon to meet him again in the walks of poesy, and he may rest assured we shall be as eager then as now to do justice to his genius.

As we send this article to press we notice, in *Graham's Magazine* for July, a review of Mr. Lord's poems, in which much the same view is taken of his powers, and the same poems, in great part, selected to quote. The coincidence is a proof that dispassionate criticism is everywhere alike.

THE LOVER'S VOW.

BY H. J. VERNON.

By the magic voice of the evening breeze,
The silvery chime of the tropic seas,
By the murmured sound of woodland streams,
Like songs breathed low in an infant's dreams,
By all that is sweet in earth's minstrelsy,
I vow to worship and love but thee!

By fairy power and ouphé spell,
And elfin grot by the haunted well,
By tiny sprite in his leaf capote,
And coral nymph in her pearly boat,
By spirits that rule over earth and lea,
I vow to worship and love but thee!

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

WE hear it frequently asserted that the Americans as a nation have no great love for what is venerable—that our old houses are all either modernized or destroyed, our old trees remorselessly cut down, our family pictures consigned to the attic, and our old people elbowed out of the way and despised by their more active descendants. We defend ourselves by saying that if so, the houses possessed little beauty and less comfort, the trees were worm-eaten, the pictures daubs and the people ignorant and prejudiced. Still it must be allowed that there is much truth in the accusation, and we regret that it is so, but like all other general truths it has many exceptions. There are, thank heaven and our ancestors, still fair relics of the past among us, proving the wisdom, piety, taste and munificence of those who have gone before us; and there yet remain in our midst—long may they live to adorn the earth with their bright example—many whose virtues render them the pride of their circle—living witnesses of the truth that "the hoary head is a crown of glory when it is found in the ways of righteousness."

Among them is a relation of my own, the heroine of my tale, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Seymour. I had never known this lady until a few years since, (for our branch of the family had settled at a distance) when on a tour of visitation among almost unknown relations, I found myself a cherished guest in her hospitable mansion. It had been the abode of Mrs. Seymour's ancestors for many generations, having been founded in the days of the Protectorate by our common progenitor, a zealous loyalist who had preferred a home in the then howling wilderness of the colonies, to submission to the yoke of the usurper. But a small part of the house was, however, of this ancient date, many additions having at various times been made to it. It, therefore, had small claims to architectural symmetry, being in fact a long, rambling concern, in some places a single story in height, in others two and even three; yet still it was an imposing and to me a beautiful structure. The walls and peaked gables of the older parts were entirely covered with the native ivy, or Virginia creeper, as it is sometimes called, which almost obscured the narrow windows; while the more modern portion was trellissed with climbing roses and jessamines, even to the roof. In the mere location of his home, its founder had proved himself a man of taste. Seldom in one vista is there combined a fairer

prospect than met the eye from that old vine-clad porch. Woods and waters, hills and dales, meadows and fruitful fields were spread around in rich variety; the extensive view being hardly obscured by the noble trees, many of them the growth of centuries, which reared their trunks high as the dwelling they so proudly overshadowed.

True it is that "Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her," for on the countenance of Mrs. Seymour you could trace the influence of the loveliness that surrounded her. For nearly fourscore years this sweet spot had been her home; here as daughter, wife and mother she had fulfilled her woman's destiny; and hence in heaven's own time she hoped to be gathered to the loved ones who had preceded her to their rest, beside the altar around which they all through life had worshipped. Mrs. Seymour had never been beautiful, at least so said her portrait taken in the prime of life, the style of feature being rather too bold to be truly feminine. There had been, too, at that early day a shade of haughtiness upon the noble, intellectual face, to which it was an utter stranger now. Still she was quite a stately old lady, and I was a little awed when, on my arrival, I saw the proud, firm step with which her tall figure advanced across the hall to meet me, though the feeling was soon dispelled by the gentle voice with which she bade me welcome to the home of my ancestors, to some of whom she at once traced a resemblance—a compliment, I confess, not relished much when I looked at the stiff gentlefolks that were staring from the walls.

For some time I saw but little of my hostess, and could only admire the easy dignity and grace with which, notwithstanding her advanced age, she presided over the hospitalities of her house, now filled with the young and gay, all of whom seemed to regard her with the utmost love and reverence. There were fishing parties, riding parties, excursions round the neighborhood, where cousins of every degree of affinity were to be visited; and though nowhere did I feel the peculiar charm that rested about the old homestead, and greatly longed to give myself up to its quiet enjoyment, it was for the time impossible. But everything will have an end—at length the claims of kinsfolk were satisfied, the dues of civility paid, and all the visitors departed save two of Mrs. Seymour's grand-daughters and myself. Then it was that I began to appreciate the calm and beautiful character of my hostess, and to feel the power of the strong, healthful influence she exercised upon all around her. Until then I had thought that great talents, great acquirements and an extensive acquaintance with the world must be combined to form a truly superior woman. Yet

here was one in the very extremity of life, whose mind though strong was by no means brilliant, whose education was necessarily defective—few of the wealthiest females of her day having received as good a one as now is given to the poorest in our common schools—one who, like a vegetable, had lived rooted, as it were, to one spot, and yet few had ever impressed me as being more entirely elevated, refined and in the highest sense of the word accomplished than she.

"A great change must have taken place in your grandmother's character since that was painted," I said one day to my cousin Annie, as we stood looking at the portraits before alluded to. "It must have required a pretty severe discipline to subdue that haughty glance, into the meek, loving one that is now her principal attraction."

"She must have disciplined herself then," replied Annie, "for few have passed a more prosperous, uneventful life than she. She was a perfect idol with her parents, married her first love, lived with him in health, wealth and happiness, buried him in a good old age, and has her children and grand-children all settled round her."

"Yet I have heard her say," added Susan, the elder sister, "that a very painful incident of her early life had led her to strive to correct her natural disposition. It was something that affected her deeply I know, for when I asked her to tell me what it was, she looked distressed, and said, 'another time my child.'"

It so happened that the next day was a rainy one, and my cousins and myself spent the morning in Mrs. Seymour's chamber—a large room in the old part of the house, the windows of which were completely curtained with the beautiful creeper I have mentioned. The old lady sat reading at a small carved walnut table, while her grand-daughters and myself were chatting together in a distant part of the room. Our conversation was not of a very improving nature, for it referred to a person whose character had recently been severely attacked, and as we were eager in condemning the supposed offender, we displayed, I doubt not, much of the self-conceit and uncharitableness always too prominent on such occasions.

At length Mrs. Seymour closed her book, and raising her heavy gold spectacles over the nicely crimped border of her cap, she turned to us and said, "girls, I think it might amuse your cousin on this dull day to look at my old jewel box, there are some family relics there that perhaps may be interesting to her. Open that cabinet, Annie," she added, drawing her keys from a capacious pocket, "and bring the box to me."

Annie obeyed and placed a japanned box upon the table before her grandmother. In a moment we were trembling over a collection of old brooches, buckles, sleeve buttons, bracelets, &c. &c., to many of which some legend was attached, interesting only from Mrs. Seymour's manner of relating it, and from its connexion with the family history. At length she paused, holding a small morocco case in her hand.

"I have," she said, "already distributed among my descendants all the ornaments of any intrinsic value with which the fondness of my parents and my husband adorned me in my youth. To this, however," she added, as she opened the case and displayed a handsome diamond ring, "such painful associations are attached that I can scarcely bear to look upon it."

"Oh, how beautiful it is," exclaimed Annie, as she placed it on her finger, "far too beautiful to be kept shut up in that dark box. But it is dreadfully old fashioned—where did it come from, grand mamma?"

"It was presented to my grandmother by a lady of exalted rank in France, where she for some time resided. When I am gone it will be your mother's, and in time may come to you, Susan, as her eldest daughter. I trust you will preserve it unaltered."

"But why have you never shown it to us before?" asked Annie after we had all duly admired the ring.

"Because the sight of it troubles me, recalling as it does so vividly the darkest hours of my otherwise happy life."

Seeing us all curiosity, and having probably made up her mind to tell its history before she showed us the ring, Mrs. Seymour continued—"Bring your sewing, my daughters, and sit here close beside me. It is a long story, and, like all old women, I will, I suppose, make it still longer than it need to be."

We did as she bade us. Mrs. Seymour dropped the ring upon her slender finger and gazing fixedly upon it, said—"I shall never forget the delight I experienced when my dear mother—one of the most pious, gentle, loving spirits that ever passed from earth to heaven—first consigned this bauble to my care. It was when I was about sixteen, a self-willed, vain, opinionated girl, full of exaggerated ideas of my importance, and proving as I thought my own superiority by the small consideration I had for others. I had not I believe much personal vanity, for I knew that I was less beautiful than some of my companions, but I was vain of my position as the heiress of my father's wealth, of my family, my talents and my acquirements, which last were too limited to allow me the slightest suspicion of my utter ignorance. My

mother, who loved me passionately, had early endeavored to instil the holy principles of religion into my mind, and as I was very open to external impressions, had a strong natural sense of rectitude, and sensibilities easily excited by the beautiful services of our church, I prided myself, alas! upon being a very religious person, when in fact I was a stranger to its first great principle—humility.

"This ring to which our family attached great value, had long been an object of my most intense desires, but my mother, who generally allowed me to govern her completely, for once in her life was firm and positively refused to let me wear it. I was so unused to contradiction that this affected me deeply. I became really unhappy about it, until at length wearied by my importunities, my mother yielded, and with many a strong injunction to guard the treasure carefully, it was delivered into my possession. It was, as you may see, much too large, and this was one reason why it was so long withheld from me, but that difficulty was obviated by wearing another ring as a guard, and both by night and day it was now constantly on my finger.

"One beautiful spring morning, rather more than a year after I had received the ring, I was sitting at work in this very room, which from my infancy until now has been exclusively appropriated to my use. My late companion was a young girl about my own age, the daughter of a laboring man, whose family occupied a small cottage about a mile distant, and were all occasionally employed by my parents. They were, however, a thriftless set, the mother always ailing, and the children flying in rags, and notwithstanding my mother made every effort to improve their condition, the blight of poverty seemed to rest hopelessly upon them. The daughter I have mentioned was the only one on whom her cares did not seem to be entirely wasted. She was the eldest girl, and it was impossible she could always be spared from home, but whenever her mother was well, or her younger sister could be persuaded to take upon herself the laboring oar, Judith was to be found here ready to lend a helping hand to any thing that was going forward. She was of a grateful, affectionate temper, willing and intelligent, and under my mother's instructions had become so expert a needle-woman that she was now quite a valuable assistant.

"The contrast between my beautiful home and her neglected one was very great, and I often thought poor Judith's increased intelligence was a very doubtful addition to her happiness, rendering her more keenly alive to the privations of her lot, and not a little envious of the superior

blessings that attended mine. On the morning I allude to, this feeling had been peculiarly apparent. She had just returned to us after a short absence, during which she had found things more than usually out of gear at home.

“After telling me some of their difficulties she said, ‘ah, Miss Marion, it is a fine thing to be a lady born. You sit here in this pretty chamber, or down in the elegant drawing room or porch; and have horses and carriages and a dozen people to wait on you, and a father and mother to doat on you, and nothing to do but please yourself, while poor girls must scrub and rub, and go without everything they want, and see all their folks wanting too. And yet your ma says God loves us all, and we all are equal in his sight—I can’t understand how it is.’

“‘Certainly, God loves all his creatures, Judith,’ I replied.

“‘But he loves some better than others,’ said the girl, ‘and gives them their own share and their neighbors too. Why that very ring on your finger, Miss Marion, would make a poor man rich—and it does you no good at all.’

“‘But it is a very suitable ornament for a person of my condition,’ I replied, as I surveyed the jewel with some complacency. ‘There are differences of rank and wealth among men, just as there are different sizes and qualities among diamonds, and I can no more tell you why one man is born a king and another a slave, than I can tell why one diamond is dug from the earth to shine in a crown, while another beside it is ground to dust that it may serve as polish to its neighbor.’

“Judith had never before heard of polishing the diamond, and I drew my ring from my finger for her to examine it, while I described the process. While we were talking some visitors arrived, among them Mr. Seymour, just then returned from Europe—it was his first visit, and flurried me a little—I made a hasty toilette and went down stairs to receive my friends. They had not, however, been long with me when I missed my diamond ring; the guard was on my finger, and recollecting I had taken off the other, I concluded I had left it in my chamber. I hastened there immediately—to my dismay it was not to be found. Judith was still in the room busily at work, and aided me in searching for it in every direction. ‘Somebody must have taken it from the toilet table,’ I said at last.

“‘But how could they, Miss Marion,’ said Judith, ‘when I have been here all the time, and not a living creature besides?’

“‘Are you sure of that, Judith?’ I replied, ‘I thought I heard your brother Robert’s voice out of doors, and yours talking with him.’

“‘I did speak to Robert,’ she said, ‘but it was from the window. He saw me sitting there and called to me as he passed to say that mother had had another turn.’

“‘Then, if that is the case,’ I said with some severity, ‘the ring is still in the room. I could not have put it on after you were looking at it, so you must find it for me.’ I also charged her to say nothing of my loss, promised to reward her when she found it, and with a heavy heart returned to my friends who were to remain to dine with us.

“In the evening we renewed our search through entries, stairs, and every place where it was possible or impossible I could have dropped the ring, but in vain. I was in despair, and at last was obliged to confess the loss to my parents, finishing by saying that I was perfectly sure Judith had taken it, for she had been the only person in the room, and then repeated our previous conversation. Never shall I forget my beloved mother’s look as she exclaimed, ‘it is a moral impossibility, Marion. I could as soon suspect myself as one whom I have known from childhood to be true and faithful.’

“‘It is a physical impossibility,’ I replied, ‘that it could have gone from my room by itself. Somebody must have taken it, and no one was there but Judith.’

“My mother argued with me in vain, and ended by taking me with her to examine the poor girl’s various repositories, thus as she said proving her innocence; to which I answered, ‘that it proved nothing, as her brother Robert was a wild, disorderly fellow, and she could easily have consigned her spoil to him.’

“It was useless to combat my fixed impression, my father sided with me, and though we both yielded to her urgent request that our suspicions should be communicated to no one until something more appeared to criminate the girl—she soon became aware of them, and in all the agony of a wounded spirit left the house that so long had been to her a second home. She acted, as I thought, her part to admiration, convincing my mother more thoroughly of her innocence, and me more completely of her guilt. I could see in her bitter anguish only the terrors of a jail, and pitied my mother’s weakness in allowing her preconceived opinions to blind her to the evidence of circumstances that to me seemed as strong as that of positive demonstration.

“Time passed on and brought no tidings of the missing ring. I saw nothing of Judith, though my mother still continued her benefactions to the family, and in the all-absorbing interest of a growing affection which formed the chief happiness of my after life, I soon ceased to think either

of her or of the loss which at first affected me so deeply. The spring deepened into summer, and autumn had scarcely tinged the landscape with its beauty when I became the betrothed wife of Edward Seymour. He was, as you well know, my children, early gifted both by nature and education. Generous, self-sacrificing, confiding in his temper, he never once suspected the proud, self-willed, self-dependent character that lurked beneath the conventional polish of my manner. In fact I was myself ignorant of it—I believed myself every way worthy of the devoted love I had inspired, and secure in its possession, the uncertain future beamed upon me without a shadow.

"Both Edward and myself were passionate lovers of nature, and much of our time was spent in either riding or walking through the beautiful scenery that surrounds us. It was a splendid afternoon in October, when, after a long walk through woods and lanes, we were returning home by the river's bank. More than a mile above, just at the mouth of a small tributary stream, there is a bold point round which it sweeps rapidly, broken into a thousand eddies by the rocks. We were fatigued by our long walk, and as we still were far from home, seated ourselves on this elevated spot which commanded on all sides a beautiful prospect. The banks of the smaller stream were fringed with trees now gay as a parterre of tulips with their varied tints, and while my eye was delighted with the loveliness on which it rested, and my ear lulled with the sweet, rural sounds of evening while it drank in the melody of the voice of him I loved, I felt myself the happiest and the most blessed of mortals.

"Suddenly in the midst of our conversation, Edward exclaimed, 'see, Marion, what is that strange thing driving against the rock?'

"I turned my eyes in the direction he indicated, and after a fixed gaze replied, 'can it be a human creature in such peril?'

"In a moment he was at the river's side, and throwing off his coat plunged into the water. The river was deep and rapid—I gave one long shriek of terror and threw myself on the ground, not daring to look upon what I believed his certain death. A kind of night-mare benumbed every faculty until at length—it was but a few minutes, though it seemed to me an hour—I heard his voice calling my name. With the speed of light I hastened to the spot—Edward had dragged thither the lifeless body of Judith."

Mrs. Seymour's agitation here choked her voice—we too were moved—at length she proceeded. "It was the first time I had ever looked on death—and to see it in such a form!—with the distended

eye-balls glaring upon me—the hands clenched with the last mortal agony—the long, black hair streaming upon the ground, and the wet garments clinging closely to the rigid form. One fearful glance of recognition was enough—I fell senseless to the earth beside her.

"I cannot dwell on what succeeded my awakening from that death-like swoon, nor how my terror deepened into remorse when I learned the particulars of Judith's death. The suspicion I had cherished against her had entered like iron into her soul. For a while she had labored on in her miserable home, hoping that she might in some way exonerate herself from the heavy sin that had been laid to her charge. She had, too, previously become attached to a youth in the neighborhood who heard the tale, which in spite of all my mother's care had been spread around by the busy tongue of malice, and he soon ceased to visit her. As time passed on her despondency deepened, until at length, when months were flown and brought no chance of clearing her sullied fame, it changed to desperation.

"On that fatal day she had been more industriously employed than usual—had cleared the house throughout, and then left it for a ramble in the neighboring woods. She kissed her mother as she departed, telling her 'to keep a good heart, for she now was sure Miss Marion would soon find out how greatly she had wronged her, for God would not she knew forsake the innocent forever.' This was the last that was seen of her. Whether she slipped into the river accidentally, as in the dreaming and abstracted state that had now become habitual to her she walked on its steep bank; or whether she filled the hopeless grave of the suicide, still remains a mystery. The former seemed to be contradicted by her bonnet and shawl being found carefully secured to a tree in the neighborhood—the latter by the strong religious feeling she had from time to time displayed—which was the truth can only be known hereafter.

"It was long before I recovered from the shock I had experienced, and none of the means that tenderness could suggest had any power to restore my shattered spirits. Death seemed to stare upon me from every side, and the gloomy autumn days that now had come added their influence to increase my melancholy. But I was still too proud to acknowledge I had wronged the dead, though the feeling rankled in my inmost soul; and while nothing appeared to convince me of my error, allowed my father and Edward (my mother never alluded to the subject) to combat my sensibility, in dwelling so fixedly upon the death of one I had such good reason to believe unworthy.

"I was wandering round the house with Edward one morning after a severe storm, when we stopped to look at the devastations it had made in the luxuriant ivy, predecessor to this now shadowing my windows. Two days before, it had been beautiful with the rich scarlet, yellow and purple leaves yet clinging to its branches, many of which had been torn from the walls by the violence of the storm. I had always loved this vine, and the sight was a sorrowful one—it seemed to speak of the destruction that must one day overtake all that was dear to me, and I fairly wept as I looked upon it.

"Fearing that Edward would perceive my weakness, I bent to examine a fallen bough, more beautiful than the rest by the peculiar richness of its foliage, when Edward drew it from the ground, and throwing it playfully across my shoulders, exclaimed, 'that it was quite a becoming ornament.' I looked down upon the glowing wreath that fell gracefully to my feet, and uttered a cry of wild surprise—my diamond ring lay on the ground before me.

"How could it have got there?" we all exclaimed.

"For a while we were sorely puzzled to account for it. At first we thought I might have laid it on the window sill, and thence it had fallen into the tangled mass of foliage; but I felt perfectly sure this could not have been. My dressing-table stood close to that window, and the probability is that the ring had been thrown from it (possibly by myself) in the water in which I washed my hands during my hasty toilette. I was agitated at the thought of seeing Edward, and must have been unconscious of its slipping from my finger on which I had neglected to replace the guard which usually secured it. This, at least, has always been my opinion. The vine was then putting forth its shoots, one of which must have caught the ring, and there it remained until torn from the walls by the autumn storm. Thus the innocence of Judith was established beyond a doubt, and thus the fearful conviction was thrust upon me that my eagerness to think and speak evil of another had cost the life of a fellow creature. Can you wonder that I then learned to abhor myself, and that in the agony that succeeded my proud, vain, glorious spirit was subdued? Bitter as were my sufferings, I date from them the commencement of a higher life—one of self-abatement and reverence and love.

"My penitence could not indeed recall poor Judith from her grave, but it taught me to be slow in condemning others, and under all circumstances to let my judgment of my neighbor be that of charity."

SPRING'S SABBATH MORN.

'Tis early morn—on bower and tree,
On tideless lake and sleeping sea
Breaths spring-time's perfumed air;
As calm and zephyr-like its flow
As angels when to earth below
They bring their offerings rare.

All round is melody and song,
And echo's voice the notes prolong
From mountain and from hill,
The glad tones of the Sabbath bell
Are blending in the distant dell
With music of the rill.

From out the peaceful cottage door,
With creeping wild vines curtain'd o'er,
Comes forth a happy band;
Joy sits on every smiling face,
And *Love* adds many a winning grace
With her outpouring hand.

The poor man's chains feel lighter now,
And half the wrinkles from his brow
Fall off upon this day—
To-day he's free—the hand of toil
Bows not his spirit to the soil,
A portion of the clay.

To-day the sunlight holier seems,
As if upon life's darker dreams
To cast its warmest glow.
To teach us *Hope* and *Faith* and *Will*,
And energy to think no ill
Is permanent below.

To act upon a wider plan
Than comes within the little span
Of our own joys and fears.
To let our charities extend
To all mankind who want a friend
To dry their falling tears.

Earth's brotherhood seems larger grown,
And *Love* has round our pathway strewn
A thousand gentle ties:
The flowers of hope and memory
Uprise in all their purity
And point us to the skies.

One day the world wears not a mask,
The weary heart lays down its task
And plumes a bolder wing;
Man's power stops with the setting sun
That tells the hour of labor's done,
And bids the free'd one sing!

The soul may sing, for *Hope* is free,
And mind owns no such tyranny
As we may teach from books—
Spring-time and Nature tokens wear,
And bird, and brook, and streamlet bear
The impress in their looks.

Of juster rule when man shall see
The star of *Truth* o'er life's wild sea
Rise with its steady beams,
To fill the world with rays of light
As calm, and beautiful, and bright
As spring-time's Sabbath gleams! S. D. A.

FIRST LOVE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"Oh! here you are at last," said Lucy, smiling archly: and she continued, "I declare you've kept me wondering, for an hour, how long it keeps a city gentleman to dress for a ride."

"Pshaw! Lucy—you know I've not been an hour gone, nor was it my attire that engaged my attention."

"Oh! very well, Harry—you've always an excuse—but now for a canter," and she waved her riding whip playfully at me, and then bounded out of the door.

"Do you ever trot in town?" said the beautiful girl, teasingly, as she prepared to put her horse to his speed.

"Sometimes," said I, "but—"

"Oh! follow me, then," answered my tormentor, breaking in upon my sentence, and dashing forward as she spoke on a rapid trot. I followed her, determined to show her, that at least, this part of my education had not been neglected.

I loved Lucy. There is no use in denying it. We had known each other years ago in early childhood, but having since been separated, I had come to look upon her as almost a stranger, though, I may honestly confess, there was even before I met her again, a queer feeling at my heart, whenever I thought of my old playmate. She was very pretty then, and often since I had wondered if she had the same sunny eyes and merry laugh now.

At length we met. Lucy had been in Europe for several years, and, after her return, I gladly accepted an invitation from her father, to spend a few weeks of the summer, at his mansion in the country. There was quite a gay party there, and a merry time we had of it. To-day a fishing party was got up—a sailing match was projected for to-morrow. One morning was spent in trotting around the country, another one in archery upon the lawn. There was not a lady of the set who was not beautiful, but Lucy was the star of all to me. She had the same sparkling eye—the same merry laugh—the same delicious music in her voice as ever; and I had not been with her an hour after our re-union before I was in love.

Lucy was the veriest torment that ever breathed; at least she took delight in teasing me, though she was so beautiful, and so playful withal, that one could not find it in him to get angry. She had the longest eye-lashes in the world, and as pretty a foot as ever decked a satin slipper, or trod the greensward. Her figure was rather *petite*, but as graceful as a fairy's; and a more exquisitely rounded arm, or more beautiful taper fingers, I

had never seen. And then she had such a wit! She was as wicked a piece of mischief as ever plagued the life out of a timid lover. She would not praise me for doing anything, but always used to laugh incredulously at what they called my smart sayings, for she had never, she said, heard a single witty thing from my lips. But with all this Lucy would read my books, and pat my dog, and somehow or other it always happened that we rode together. True she would still tease me, but then it was all done with such pretty archness. For the honor of me I could not please her. If I was silent she laughed at me for being bashful—if I talked she vowed I said nothing but silly things—and if I looked into her face, which somehow or other I could not help doing, she turned away, and put her horse into a gallop; and then after leading me a race of a mile or more she would suddenly pull up, and either laugh at my bad horsemanship, or declare I rode like an express. I would have given worlds that Lucy should have praised my horsemanship, for every one else did, and I thought her too critical. But then she was such a skilful rider herself, that it might be Lucy was right, and all the rest of the world wrong.

All this made me only love Lucy the more. I would have given my whole fortune to have known whether she returned my affection, for she was a puzzle that might put less bashful ones than myself at fault. Now I would fancy that she loved me yet, and how could she do so, and speak so slightly of me? But did she not do a thousand things for me she never did for others?—and once—I remember it well—I praised an exotic in a lady's hair, and Lucy appeared in a day or two with a flower of the same kind. But if I flattered myself from such conduct into dreaming that she loved me, two to one but she said something before an hour which dashed all my hopes. It was in one of these happy intervals that I once determined to offer her my hand, but when I came to the point, my throat was so choked, and my voice became so husky and tremulous, while all the time my heart kept going like a sledge hammer, that I could sooner have raised the dead than said a single word. She must have noticed my embarrassment, for she teased me most unmercifully about my blushes. It was the only time she ever hurt my feelings too; for much as she plagued one, there was such an archness about it all, that you knew she did not dream of offending you. It only piqued one. But this time, she worried me so with her raillery, that I would gladly have seen the floor open to swallow me. I showed that I was hurt, perhaps, for Lucy stopped at length, and I half thought her low tone of voice,

during the rest of the evening, when conversing with me, was meant to express her sorrow for her momentary rudeness. Yet for a whole week since I had been afraid to attempt making the offer again. And Lucy, I verily believe, teased me twice as much as ever.

We had been dashing on, for several minutes, side by side, at a most tremendous pace, making the sparks fly from beneath our horses' hoofs at every stride, while the trees, houses, and fields appeared spinning away behind us as if they, instead of us, were riding a steeple-chase. Rarely had I seen Lucy ride so before. The beast she sat on was a powerful animal, all bone and muscle, and when once aroused, had a pace the most tremendous I ever saw, excepting that of my own Thunderbolt; and his mettle may be told at once when I inform the reader that he had won the cup twice at the — races. He was now neck and neck with Lucy's animal, but pulled on the rein so frightfully, that nothing but the rudeness of the act prevented me from shooting past my companion like an arrow.

We had been thrashing on at this rate, for several miles, along a road almost as level as a trotting course, but now the ground was beginning to be more broken, and just ahead of us lay a stream of water, the bridge over which had been carried away in a freshet about a week before, and had not since been replaced. As we approached it Lucy drew in her steed, gradually slackening his pace, so as wholly to have checked him before we should reach the stream. Stung, however, by her raillery about my horsemanship I kept on, increasing if anything, the speed of Thunderbolt, determined to clear the bed of the river at a flying leap or perish in the attempt. It was a fearful venture, but my blood was up. The gap must have been twenty feet at the least, and to add to the danger the banks were rugged and abrupt, and the road in the immediate neighborhood of where the bridge had been was frightfully uneven. Yet I kept on, sitting firmly in my saddle, and feeling as cool and determined as despair could make me.

"Stop—Harry—draw in," I heard Lucy exclaim, as I dashed ahead of her. But I only grasped the reins tighter in my hand, and fixing my eye on the gulf before me, sped on like an arrow, putting my horse, as I shot away, to his topmost speed.

It was but a moment before we reached the edge of the abyss, but over the thunder of my progress, I thought I heard the voice of Lucy, now tremulous with alarm, beseeching me to pause. I would not have drawn in my rein, with my then feelings, even if a gulf, wider than that into which Curtius leaped, had yawned before

me; and seating myself firmly for the crisis, which had now come, I buried my spurs into the flanks of my beast, and, as a shriek rang out on the air behind me, went flying over the abyss. But the leap was too great even for Thunderbolt. He cleared it indeed beautifully for the first half, but instead of alighting fairly on the opposite bank, his fore-feet struck on the loose soil at the very edge of the gap, and the gravel giving way beneath us, we fell backward into the abyss that yawned for more than forty feet below.

My sensations in that extremity I cannot describe. I was not, however, for a moment bewildered by my danger, but on the contrary reasoned as coolly as I ever had done before. I saw that death was before me, but I felt no relenting. I had been stung to a madness I never felt before by the raillery of Lucy against my horsemanship. I had made a desperate effort to prove my daring, and if the trial had failed, it had at least been one at which even Lucy had shown alarm. If I perished she would think of one part of my character with admiration. A load was taken from my heart. All this flashed through my mind quicker than lightning. But I did not forget my situation. I saw a bush growing out of the side of the precipice, and with a sudden movement I grasped it and dropped the reins. My poor Thunderbolt fell crashing downward, gave a struggle or two, and was lifeless. My own turn came next. The bush gave way beneath my weight, and after slowly descending for a space, it finally tore itself out by the roots, and I followed my noble beast.

When I recovered my senses there was an aching sensation in my head, and my body felt wofully bruised. I lifted myself painfully and gazed around. My poor beast lay dead beneath me, and perhaps it was by falling on him I had saved my life. My neck-cloth was off and my brow was wet with water. How came it so? I thought at the instant, I heard a movement behind me, and turning quickly, though painfully around, I saw Lucy standing there, her face, buried under her taper fingers, dyed with blushes. The truth flashed upon me. She had descended into the bed of the river on foot, when she saw me fall, and had been my ministering angel. I rose, for my pain was forgotten, and, as she shrunk from my presence, a sudden boldness came across me. I ventured to take her around the waist. She burst into tears, and as I drew her instinctively toward me, she buried her face on my shoulder and sobbed long and wildly. There was something so holy in this burst of emotion that for a while I could not interrupt her. At length I whispered;

"God bless you, Lucy."

"Oh! Henry," she sobbed, without looking up, "what must you think of me?"

"Think of you, *dearest*," I exclaimed rapturously, "that you have saved my life, and that you can confer only one favor on me as great, and that is by becoming mine. Say, will you, Lucy?" and I drew her closer to my throbbing bosom.

There was a gentle pressure of my hand and a long deep drawn sigh for answer; but that was all. Yet that answer was enough.

Lucy never teased me more. It was my turn now. But after the wedding the sweet little vixen told me, with a thousand blushes, that she had loved me all the while, and taken to teasing me lest I should find out the truth.

THE POET.

BY MRS. C. G. MORTON.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

A LIFE of toil and grief and care
Fate had appointed thee;
Now is the end of thy career
What poet's ought to be.

The muses stood, a glorious throng,
Around thy infant bed,
They touch'd thy lips with golden song,
But took away their bread.

In thy first youth thy mother died,
And thou did'st find it vain
To hope from any heart beside,
For love like hers, again.

The world its countless treasures spread,
In overflow of blessing,
But ever from thy grasp they fled
For other men's possessing.

In spring-tide beauty thou wert blest,
Its flowers were dreams to thee,
But the full grape another press'd,
Another stripped the tree.

And often thou thy thirst had slak'd,
Thy cup with water filled,
Whilst echoes by thy songs awaked,
Through festal halls have thrill'd.

And thou amid mankind did'st roam
A spirit-form indeed;
Now thou art taken to thy home
May'st thou on nectar feed!

When thou art carried to thy rest,
How thin thy corse will be;
Lightly thy step the earth has prest;
May earth lie light on thee!

POWDER AND HOOPS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE late historical ball of the Queen of England presented a full display of beauties in hoops and gentlemen in powdered wigs. The costumes were confined to those worn at the court of George the Second, between 1740 and 1750. On the ensuing page is a picture of Victoria, as she appeared at this quaint ball.

The immense farthingale or rotund hoop-petticoat was the chief feature of the costume. This absurd fashion we first hear of in the time of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, by whom it was introduced at his court under the name of *guarda-infanta*. The hoop soon passed into England and France, supplanting the graceful costumes designed by Titian for the court of Francis the First. It kept its ground in Great Britain until the reign of Charles the First, whose excellent taste abolished it; and, at the same period, it lost caste in France. The young beauties, La Valliere, Montespan, and the Duchess Fontange needed it not.

A moderate sized hoop was worn by the belles of the court of James II.'s queen; but it seemed only a self-defence against the weight of the court train, and did not exceed the bounds of grace and elegance. Mary II. introduced the whalebone hoop and stiffened bodice, being a Dutch edition and imitation of the fashions of the imperial court; but the mode did not become general till 1712 in England. Louis XIV. opposed the introduction of this fashion into his dominions with all his might; it was the costume of the inimical court of Germany, and he hated to see it in France. Nevertheless, his subjects were so anxious to obtain a sight of two English ladies dressed in little caps and enormous hoops, who came to see him dine in public at Versailles after the peace of Utrecht, that something like a riot took place in the royal presence, and the ladies would have been crushed to death by the eager crowd if the royal attendants had not placed them in safety within the rail of the king's table. From that moment the hoop became a French fashion; it was a rage, and it increased in absurdity and amplitude as the century advanced, until banished by the hapless Marie Antoinette.

In England, meantime, the hoop-petticoat had grown to an enormous size. The ladies themselves, however, seemed to be aware of its want of grace, for when they came to have their portraits painted they invariably sat for the likeness in a morning dress or night cap. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who flourished twenty years later, nearly always pictured his sitters as shepherdesses.



The hoop was a carefully constructed fabric of whalebone and cane, and Irish and Holland cloth, over which was spread a petticoat, usually of white brocade, of vast amplitude. The picture of Queen Victoria which accompanies this article, presents her in the costume of a queen of England, in the year 1740. It consisted of a robe of gold thread, richly embossed with floral decorations in colored silks. In the strong light of the ball room at Buckingham palace the effect is said to have been magical. The petticoat was of massive silver tissue, trimmed with point lace, looped, and variously decorated with crimson rosettes and clusters of diamonds, from twenty to thirty clusters in number, and expanded by five hoops enlarging downward from the waist. The stomacher was the most extraordinary display of diamonds seen in Europe since the days of Queen Anne, and their value was estimated at the enormous sum of five hundred thousand dollars. Victoria wore crimson shoes laced with diamonds, the heels being three inches high.

The effect of this, and of other dresses equally correct in keeping, was said to have been such as to transport the spectator, in illusion, to the middle of the last century. One of the most amusing things in the ball was the moment of each guest's entrance. The first impression was that of having suddenly fallen among a crowd of strangers. The most intimate friends were some time before they could recognize each other.

The powder worn by the ladies increased the brilliancy of their complexions; and the fair guests are declared to have seemed unusually beautiful in their old fashioned costumes. Many of the

ladies, and even more of the gentlemen, sustained historical characters. Sir Robert Peel appeared as Sir Robert Walpole, the Duke of Wellington as a general of the last century, and Colonel Weymms as the unfortunate "Prince Charlie," commonly known as the Pretender. The characters of Louis XV. and Madame Pompadour were also assumed, and the costumes admirably sustained.

This revival of the fashion of the last century, though but for an evening, presented a curious contrast to the prevailing mode of our day. To our eyes it appears exceedingly ungainly. The enormous hoop gives the figure an awkward appearance, and the vast tower of curls into which the hair is erected has a very *outré* look; but, on the other hand, the stomacher is admirably adapted to show the bust, and the powder certainly increases the brilliancy of the complexion. The ball went off so well that the queen intends giving another next year, on which occasion the costume of Henry the VIII. is to be selected.

Everything at this Historical Ball was in keeping. Neither waltzes, nor consecutive quadrilles were allowed; but the *minuet de la cour*, the mathematical dance of our great grandmothers, was revived.

The materials of which the dresses were made were principally satins and brocades: crapes and similar light fabrics were not in use in 1740. Enormous ear-rings were universally worn, and bouquets with jewels in the centre of every flower. Most of the costumes were arranged from old family pictures.

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A TALE OF THE CAROLINAS.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

IN a small farm-house, toward the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son. The face of the father appeared troubled: at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said,

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable—ah! me, I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me—but for it, I should be now shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both the son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed enquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's eye for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly,

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much?—why, son, I am ashamed of you! Twice before this have I spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit! What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely? For shame, David—for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army!"

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth, then do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against our country's enemies—Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! such *boys* as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them!—why, were it not for the *boys* of this land where would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of David's age." The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word that he had ever used to his boy.

David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do?" he at last muttered—"here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what?—why to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice: but now I will be myself again!—what did he call me? was it not *coward*? Now, by heaven, I will learn him that

he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away then with love, for I feel that I am called upon to *act*, and no longer dream! Ere a fortnight my father shall hear of me, or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stables, saddled his horse, and mounting him struck into a gallop which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm-house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure. She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her with his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay! Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxiety I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and God be with you. My prayers shall attend you, night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand, and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far to the northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm-house, to which he proceeded boldly in pursuit of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a tory, he affected the same political creed and was immediately warmly welcomed. The royalist produced his cider after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potations: this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a

new recruit for his party, drank without stint and became more and more communicative. To his horror David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by a Major Wilson, celebrated for his toryism and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day, on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partizan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross-examination.

"Why, you see," said his host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellow's sister, mixed up with the major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war got to be so bloody—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now—thank heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest royalist from doing as he pleases to those rascally rebels. But yonder is the major now," suddenly said his host, starting up, "I'll introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow, you'll find him—Lord love you he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the tories' plans, and find means, if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the major's hand warmly: pledged him immediately in a brimmer; and soon contrived to make the royalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night: he pretended that several others of his friends were disaffected and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took: the major promised him a command in his troop in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth, after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

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The dread of discovery had been constantly before our hero during the management of this negotiation, for his person was well known to many of the major's troop, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he had proposed; but to this neither his host nor the major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear, on rising, that the major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers, with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned aside into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God, I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen, as they expected, before the tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the tories; "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the place and enter it." At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the front of the house was shattered, and the tories yelled like savages. In an instant the light in the house was extinguished—the violin as quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the tories fell desperately wounded. Another report succeeded, and another tory fell, and Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and under-

neath this, the tories shielding themselves from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men had brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it to pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The two brothers were powerful men, and as courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the entrance of the whole tory force. The door being small they stood their ground for half an hour, felling during that time some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcome them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The tories, inflamed to madness at the great resistance which had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of the victims, when the major addressed his men.

"Now, friends, as soon as these villains are dead we will set fire to this house—the old woman there," he said with a brutal laugh, "may be left inside—but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hist!" cried one of the men in a loud voice. The major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low the listeners distinctly heard, "when I say fire give it to them!" A man with blanched cheek now rushed among them exclaiming, "the yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard—a general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door, that several of the tories fell either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the ropes which bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers. The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The tories fought for life: the whigs for revenge. But, at length, the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost wholly exterminated. The major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed bride to his bosom; and his heart went up in thankfulness to heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought

that a delay of half an hour longer would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but hers was silent and tearful, yet oh! how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him, when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block and I did you wrong. Deborah he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him, in a few weeks, more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the close of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

LIFE.

BY HIRAM KELSEY.

Oh! what is life! with the joys and smiles
That brighten its opening hours;
With youth's gay dreams and enchanting wiles
As fresh as the morning flowers;
Full soon the glow of the trusting heart
Shall yield to a wasting blight,
And Hope, like the rainbow's hues, depart
Away from our dazzled sight.

Oh, what is life! when the strength and might
Of manhood have toiled their way
Up the mount of fame to its starry height,
Where the beams of honor play—
The stately bark from the billow's crest
Is hurled to the gulf beneath;
And the falling star with a dark unrest
Yields up its roseate wreath.

Ah! what is life! when our years are passed,
And our heads are white and hoar;
But a sunbeam trembling in the blast
On a dark and desolate shore—
Or a flower whose leaflets all are strewn
From their native stem away,
Without one tint to recall the frown,
Or lighten its wintry day.

A SUMMER SUNSET.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIRSON.

Oh! such a changing glory gilds the west,
Of every shade of beauty, so intense
That we imagine heav'n with all its pomp
Is hidden only by the emerald wall
Of our horizon; o'er the billowy heights
Of which gleam angel wings, and crimson robes,
And harps and coronets of burnished gold:
'Till, as we gaze, we almost seem to hear
The distant echoes of seraphic songs,
Mingling with the low music of the wind.

THE CIRCASSIAN.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

IN one of the mountain valleys of Circassia the fair Zedora had dwelt until her sixteenth year, and even in that land of beauty she had no rival for personal loveliness.

Zedora was an orphan, living with a harsh and un pitying uncle, who loved her but little. Yet she was always happy when in the presence of the youth Rustan, an heir to a noble but impoverished house, with whom her earliest childhood had been spent, and who had been her protector on all those occasions when the arm of a bold boy is needed for the timid and shrinking girl. It was Rustan who assisted her up the mountain side, who plucked for her the otherwise unattainable flower, and who bore her, at the hazard of his life, when she was carried away by the roaring freshet, safe to the shore. At length he left her for the wars. Their separation caused the first sad hour that the young Circassian had ever experienced. But when, after the campaign was over, Rustan returned to her side, crowned with the fame of successful valor, the joy she experienced more than counterbalanced her former grief. The interviews of the two young lovers—for such they had now become—assumed from this time a more sacred character. Yet their affection was, for the present, kept a secret, for Rustan was poor, and both knew that the avaricious uncle of Zedora had resolved on a wealthy alliance for his niece. They trusted that, in another campaign, Rustan might, by some daring deed, win for himself a rank which would bid wealth flow into his coffers, when he could claim his bride. Others had done so, why might not he? In these fond dreams it was the custom of the lovers to indulge whenever they met.

One night, however, Zedora came to the trysting place with tears in her eyes. The cause was soon revealed to her anxious lover. Her uncle had just been visited by an old acquaintance—a merchant from the Dardanelles—who, struck by the beauty of the niece, had offered to purchase her at a round price for the market of Stamboul. There, as the favorite of some mighty pacha or vizier, perhaps of the Sultan himself, she might rise, he said, to the summit of opulence and power. This dazzling vision completely fascinated the uncle, and would have bewildered many a one of Zedora's female acquaintance, for the custom of the country regards the slavery into which the Circassian girls are sold as the avenue to greatness and splendor, and is eagerly welcomed by all who sigh for the magnificence, of which they heard so much, lying beyond their

quiet vallies. But Zedora had no such ambitious desires. She had given her heart to Rustan, and would rather share the meanest dwelling with him amid her native mountains than possess all the splendors of a Sultana. She hurried, therefore, to the interview to acquaint her lover with the dreadful fate that threatened her.

"Alas!" she said, "I fear we must part forever. My uncle is inexorable: he never changes an opinion once expressed. He has long tired of me, for he is so avaricious as to grudge every morsel that falls to my share. Besides he wishes to clutch the sequins of the merchant."

"The base hound," indignantly replied her lover, "he shall be yet circumvented. Let us dare everything, and fly together. We will cross the mountains to my mother's tribe: there we will be secure from pursuit, and there you shall be mine. To-morrow at day-break we will set out, lest your uncle should divine our purpose and defeat our plans. Will you meet me here as the last star pales before the orient?"

The weeping girl yielded her consent, and clung to her lover as if she felt already the iron grasp of the merchant who was to carry her to Constantinople. Her lover soothed her, and, at length, they parted.

Long before the appointed hour Rustan was at the trysting spot. As the hour for her appearance drew nigh he watched, with intense anxiety, the path leading from her uncle's dwelling, starting eagerly forward whenever a dropping twig, or other sound would, for a moment, deceive him into the hope that he heard her footsteps. But the stars waned: the darkness that precedes the dawn came on; and finally the cold grey light itself began to steal over the landscape—yet still no Zedora appeared. The heart of the lover now began to yield to fears. What if she was ill? What if their plot had been discovered? What if she had already been sold to the Byzantine merchant and was on her way to slavery? This last dreadful supposition almost unmanned Rustan. He walked eagerly forward in the direction of her dwelling. The sun was now up, and the household beginning to stir: still there were no signs of Zedora. At last he met one from whom he learned the dreadful intelligence. The bargain had been concluded between her uncle and the merchant while she was absent the preceding evening, and, on her return, in spite of her unavailing cries, she was transferred, closely veiled, to the custody of her purchaser, who immediately set out with his prize for Constantinople.

For a moment the lover was completely overwhelmed; but his energetic soul could not long be disheartened, and he speedily began to plan how he might rescue his promised bride. At

first he thought of pursuing and attacking the merchant; but he had no one to aid him, nor could he procure such assistance: he was forced, therefore, to abandon this project. His only hope was in following on the merchant's track, and watching events; when if anything favorable should occur, he would be at hand to avail himself of it.

Poor Zedora, meantime, guarded by a strong cavalcade, was on her way to Byzantium, bereft of all hope, and incapable of anything but tears. Her purchaser paid little attention to her grief, which he fancied, would wear off before they reached the end of their journey: so the young girl was left alone to indulge in her melancholy reflections. She passed her time in thinking of Rustan and mourning over her hapless fate. Sometimes the thought suggested itself that her lover would find some means to avert her terrible destiny, but when she reflected on the difficulties that beset his path, she saw how improbable was the suggestion and resigned herself again to despair.

At length they reached Constantinople, but the shame of being exposed in the public market was here spared her; for the merchant, knowing the rarity of his prize, resolved that no one should see her until she had been offered to the vizier himself. Accordingly she was committed to an elegant apartment, with every luxury at her command; but Zedora still continued inconsolable. Her tears, however, heightened her beauty; and the merchant, hastening to the vizier, lost no time in bringing that high personage to her presence. The vizier was charmed with the beautiful Circassian, and could not conceal his admiration.

"Bismillah—she is lovely as a Hourii! The Prophet smiles on his servant in having made him acquainted with this flower of the hills. Let her be sent to my harem at once—merchant, I pay your price, exorbitant as it seems."

"So beauteous a plant should flourish in no garden less mighty than that of your highness," said the merchant deferentially. "It shall be done as you command."

Accordingly Zedora was consigned to the servants of the vizier, who bore her to his palace, a large white structure, looking down, from amid embowering trees, on the blue Bosphorus. Here she was magnificently attired: menials were appointed to wait on her; and her sweetmeats and coffee were brought in on golden dishes, as if she had been a queen. Toward the close of the sultry afternoon his highness himself appeared, superbly dressed, and with a diamond hilted scimeter at his side. Zedora had been looking anxiously, yet with secret dread, for this interview; and now she threw herself at his feet,

resolved to confess that she loved another and to implore his mercy.

Her tears, her supplicating posture, and her pleading voice might have moved the sternest bosom, but on the inexorable vizier they had no influence. The distress of Zedora augmented her beauty, and her new possessor only grew more eager as he gazed on her charms. He had never before seen any one unwilling to share his power and riches, and the jaded voluptuary felt, from this very opposition to his wishes, a new spur to attain them. He avoided a direct reply to Zedora's entreaties; but strove to soothe her by asking if there was anything she needed which the servants had neglected to bring. As her distress increased the vizier redoubled his attentions, until, at length, finding entreaties vain, the unhappy girl gave way to a fainting fit. At this, her lord called for her waiting women, and leaving her in their charge departed, with an intimation to send for him as soon as she became more composed.

But in vain they strove to cheer the spirits of the imprisoned Circassian. In vain others of her nation, who had long since forgotten the land of their birth, and now exulted in the golden chains that bound them, appeared before her at the command of the vizier and extolled the magnificent gardens where they walked, the golden caïques in which they made excursions on the water, the jewels and dresses that were theirs, the trains of servants at their command, and the lofty apartments, which a Sultana might envy, reserved for her especial use by the orders of his highness. Nothing could bring sunshine to the heart of Zedora. She was inexorable to entreaties, indignant at threats, immovable to all their gilded bribes. Yet she saw no escape from final dishonor, except by one terrible path, and that she was resolved to take, sooner than be false to Rustan. The crisis came sooner than she expected.

"Now, by the beard of the Prophet," said the vizier, when he heard that his new slave was still inconsolable, "I will be trifled with no longer. Seven times have the meuzzins called us to prayer at day-break, since I purchased this fair but obstinate Circassian of the merchant, and she still resists alike my entreaties and my promises, refusing even to see me. I have indulged her whim too long: these women must be driven not coaxed: they are like garrisons who though eager to surrender, keep up a show of honor, in order to make us take them by storm. It shall be so, my beautiful Circassian, since you will it. Let the slave be brought before me."

The person to whom this command was addressed, an aged eunuch of his harem, bowed low and proceeded to execute the order, while

the vizier, reclining back on his luxurious cushions, placed the agate mouth-piece of his chibouque to his lips and indolently inhaled the scented smoke. In a few minutes, however, the eunuch returned, leading Zedora, who, to the vizier's surprise, for he had expected to see her in tears, was perfectly composed. She bowed her head on entering the presence, and meekly folded her arms before her like her own servants when they waited her command.

The vizier signed for the eunuch to leave them, and gazed on her, for a few moments, in silent admiration. He had never before seen her person set off to such advantage by the attire, and he thought that nothing half so lovely could have been imagined. A superb robe of worked muslin, spangled with silver, reached to the wide trowsers that almost hid the tiny foot; while a blue shawl, worn as a zone, afforded a becoming relief to the otherwise unbroken whiteness of her dress. A richly worked veil hung, like a silver mist, over her dark locks. Her beautiful eyes were downcast, and she stood like some fair statue motionless. But the heightened color on her transparent cheek, and the quick heaving of her bosom betokened that, under that composed demeanor, was a heart keenly alive to the peril of her situation.

"Thou art beautiful, but perverse," said the vizier at length, "know you not that I have power of life and death over you?"

Zedora made no answer, but remained with her arms crossed meekly before her.

"I love thee, charming Circassian, and will make thee queen of my heart," continued the Turk, "why, then, do you resist my prayers?"

"Because I cannot return your love," said the maiden looking up. "My heart is already another's."

"Now, by the holy kaaba," said the Turk, in a transport of jealousy, "darest thou tell me this? Then, know that you shall be mine—I have trifled too long with my own happiness—but now—"

As he rose from his seat to advance on Zedora, she sprang back and drew a dagger, which she had concealed about her person.

"Back, tyrant," she exclaimed, "with this I am still free."

The Turk paused; then, with a laugh, he flung himself back on his divan, exclaiming, "thou deservest freedom. Bismillah, but I like thy courage. I could almost consent to return thee to thy country."

"Oh! noble Moslem," said Zedora, "do so, and I will revere your name while I live." And, joining her hands in supplication, she would have flung herself at his feet.

To throw her thus off her guard by his false words had been the object of the perfidious Turk, and now, springing forward, quick as lightning he wrested the dagger from her. Zedora burst into tears.

"Ay! weep on," said the Turk sneeringly, "but tears will not avail you now. Thou art mine from this moment," and, shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed on her triumphantly, extending his arm as if to draw her toward him. Zedora stepped back and gave a scream.

"Who hears your cries?" said the Turk tauntingly. "Where can you call for aid? Invoke all your saints, but it will be of no avail."

Had either the speaker or his victim looked up, they would have seen a dark form, shrouded in the long garb of a eunuch, slowly rising, at these words, from behind the divan like some avenging spirit. Stealthily and silently it erected itself to its full height. In its right hand, half concealed by the robe, was a dagger; and as the Turk, now rising from his seat, advanced to lay his foul hands on the victim, the dagger was unsheathed and its holder leaned forward like an enraged tiger waiting to spring. Again Zedora screamed and uttered the name of Rustan.

"Call on," said the Turk, in a tone of mockery; "but thou art mine, nevertheless."

"Thou liest, false Moslem," said a stern voice behind him, and as he turned to face the bold intruder, the dagger of Rustan himself drove deep into the tyrant's bosom, who fell back on the divan dead. Zedora screamed, and sprang into her lover's arms.

"Hush! There is not a moment to lose. The alarm must speedily be given. We must fly this instant. It is our only hope," said Rustan, placing one hand on Zedora's mouth: and at the same time lifting her in his arms, he sprang from the low window of the apartment into the shelter of a neighboring thicket of roses, and hurried on, through the secluded paths of the garden, to the water side. Here he took from a boat lying there, a long mantle, with which he wrapped the person of his mistress, covering her head with the turban of a man. Then he placed her in the boat, sprang in, and rowed swiftly away.

The means by which Rustan had discovered the palace where Zedora was confined, and the success with which he had found his way to its secret recesses, are almost incredible. But love will achieve seeming impossibilities.

We have only to add that the lovers safely reached Circassia, after many perils, and that they lived long and happily among their native hills. At least, so say the story-tellers of Damascus.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THIS is a season when little is doing in fashions; but we have succeeded in procuring a few novelties, which have the additional merit of being appropriate.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS FOR THE SEA-SHORE.—This costume will be the most *recherche* one at Newport, Cape May, or the Springs! It is at once *piquant* and convenient. The boddice extends partially over the hips; something like the skirts of a jockey coat. A beautiful trimming in cord, of a fanciful pattern, reaches up the front of the dress and ornaments the corsage. The sleeves are tight: the bonnet trimmed plainly with ribbon.

FIG. II.—MORNING DRESS FOR HOME.—This is particularly appropriate for a morning dress in the country. The boddice is half high, is made to fit the bust loosely, and terminates in a rounded waist. The sleeves are loose to the elbow, below which they are puffed in the old style. The hair is dressed with charming simplicity.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—This has a very full skirt, ornamented with three deep tucks. Waist *a point*: boddice half high; with a lace collar. The sleeves extend only to the elbows and are puffed. Mitts are worn on the hands. The bonnet is a straw, very plainly trimmed with ribbon. This is a charming dress for morning visits at the present season of the year.

FIG. IV.—MORNING DRESS FOR THE SPRINGS.—This costume is expressly designed for a morning dress at the fashionable watering places. It is in great favor among the fair Parisiennes. The boddice is rather low on the shoulders, and rolls open in front, having two deep ruffles of the same material extending upward from each side of the waist. The sleeves are similarly adorned, and so too are the skirts. A coquetish lace cap, trimmed with small field flowers, and having a deep tie pendant on the right side completes this brilliant costume.

PROMENADE DRESSES.—In general these are now made with an open corsage, with revers and fichu corresponding in form, embroidered and trimmed with lace. A single deep flounce is sometimes worn with gimp trimming: sometimes there are two or three flowers edged with fringe. Dresses in pyramid stripes have no flounces, but the skirt is made very full, nine or ten breadths often being used. Boddices, which are generally made high, are then plain in front, but somewhat full in the back. Check patterns are very fashionable, especially for the sea-shore: these should always have the flounce, the corsage, and the sleeves *en biais*. Sleeves, where the dress is a thin muslin, are made with bouillons: where it is of heavier material, it is usually made tight, with jockeys: some are constructed *a la Russe*, that is, confined at the top by a band, and enlarging to the wrist, where another band confines them.

BONNETS.—The gipsy still maintains its favor: we have seen two or three flats also on fashionable dames. Generally the trimming is very plain: this gives the wearer a chaste and *distinguee* appearance. We have seen a new style of capote in crape or *paille de riz*, lined with bouillonnes of tulle, and having wreaths of

grass or green seeds. There is a very pretty bonnet made of gauze ribbon, fringed—quite a novel and airy-looking affair. No change in the shape has occurred.

SCARFS.—Black lace scarfs, such as was given in advance in our plate for May, are more fashionable than any other wrap. Next to these come mantelets of embroidered muslin trimmed with Valenciennes put on plain.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

TO MAKE INSTANTANEOUS BEER.—Put a pint and a half of water, four tea spoonfuls of ginger, a table spoonful of lemon juice—sweeten it to the taste with syrup or white sugar, and turn it into a junk bottle. Have ready a cork to fit the bottle, a string or wire to tie it down, and a mallet to drive down the cork. Then put into the bottle a heaping teaspoonful of the super carbonate of soda, cork it immediately, tie it down, then shake the whole up well, cut the string and the cork will fly out. Turn it out and drink immediately.

TO MAKE GINGER BEER.—Take an ounce of powdered ginger, half an ounce of cream of tartar, a large lemon sliced, two pounds of loaf sugar, and one gallon of water; mix all together, and let it simmer over the fire for an hour, then put a table spoonful of yeast to it, let it ferment a little time, and then put into stone half-pint bottles, and cork it down close for use.

TO BOIL POTATOES MEALY.—Select them of a uniform size, and pour over them cold water, in an uncovered pot just sufficient to cover them. When this first water nearly boils, pour it off, and replace it with a similar quantity of salted cold water. They will thus be mealy, and not cracked. The prongs of a fork will prove when they are done.

TO MAKE MACASSAR OIL.—Take three quarts of sweet salad oil, half a pint of spirits of wine, three ounces of cinnamon powder, two ounces of bergamot; put it into a large pipkin, and give it a good heat; when it is off the fire, and three or four pieces of alkanet root, and keep it closely covered for several hours; filter it through a funnel lined with blotting paper.

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUE OFF.—Mix half a pail of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take a gill of wheat flour, mix it up well with a little cold water, then pour boiling water over it till it thickens. Pour it into the whitewash while hot, and stir the whole well together.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—If you take the eggs as soon as the hen has laid them and smear the shells with lard or butter, they will keep as good as new laid eggs for some time; but if you rub the shells with butter at any time, it will keep them good for months, and will prevent their being hatched.

TO CLEAN STAINS IN MARBLE.—Take a bullock's gall, a gill of soap lees, half a gill of turpentine, and make it into a paste with pipe clay; then apply it to the marble, and let it dry a day or two; then rub it off; and, if not clean, apply it a second or third time until it is clean.

A CHEAP AND WHOLESOME DRINK.—If you boil two gallons of water with a pound of molasses, and work it with yeast, it makes an excellent drink; and if taken fasting, it relieves coughs and shortness of breath.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Coming of the Mammoth: The Funeral of Time; and other poems. By Henry B. Hirst. 1 vol. Phillips & Sampson, Boston, 1845. We have here a volume that would do credit to the London press. The type, paper, ink and printing are unexceptionable. Mr. Hirst seems to be aware of the value of first impressions, and by the very beautiful appearance of his book fairly coaxes the critic into good will.

Many of the poems, indeed, are worthy of their dress. The author has cultivated his rythmical faculty to the highest degree; and as a versifier stands among the foremost in the country. We remember meeting with the following stanzas, many months ago, when we were ignorant of the writer's name; and they struck us with admiration as one of the best specimens of dactylic verse we had ever seen.

"Time—it has passed; and the lady is pale—
Pale as the lily that lolls on the gale;
Weary and worn she hath waited for years,
Keeping her grief ever green with her tears:—
Years will she tarry; for cold is the clay
Fettering the form of her Everard Gray."

Another characteristic of Mr. Hirst's poetry is its gracefulness. There is much more in the manner in which he expresses an idea than in the idea itself; thus, in the lines above quoted, the effect is very pretty, even apart from the music, though neither the simile nor the metaphor is original. And in the following sonnet on "Bethlehem," which is really quite beautiful—and to our taste the best thing in the book—the reader will find on a close analysis the chief characteristics to be sweetness and grace. Those who have been at that peaceful Moravian settlement will also perceive the exceeding appositeness of the imagery.

"A little town, embraced by happy trees,
Around which sleeps an atmosphere as sweet
As airs of Paradise; where fairy feet
Tinkle at midnight on a balmy breeze
Than ever blew o'er Ceylon's spicy seas.
And where, throughout the long and languid day,
Poised on the poplar's silver-rinded spray,
The Oriole blows his clarion-sounding glees.
Far brighter spots may beam beneath the sun,
But none so bland in beauty—none so calm
With heaven's own quiet, which, distilling balm,
Dreams in its streets—and like a kneeling nun
Hearing high mass, it looks with reverent eyes
Through clasping greenery on the tranquil skies."

This last simile is quite new to us. The whole poem, indeed, is an admirable specimen of the sonnet: it starts out with the intention of describing a simple village, but one around which there hangs an almost heavenly repose—accordingly a dreamy beauty is infused into the reader's mind by the selection of appropriate imagery; the verse is modulated to a languid yet soothing rhythm; and the whole closes, by a simile, which crowns the poem, with classic purity, like the graceful leaves on a Corinthian capital. We have but one error to point out in this elegant little composition:—"silver-rinded" and "clarion-sounding" come in harshly, especially in such close juxta position. Let any one read the poem aloud, and he will admit the truth of this.

There is another merit in many of Mr. Hirst's

poems. In his descriptions of nature he is accurate, and *thoroughly American*: no one can mistake his landscapes or their accessories for English ones. His birds, his flowers, his seasons are all native to the soil: he does not describe such things from books, but from observation. The consequence of this, and of his choice of Saxon words, is a graphic power in his delineations of nature such as few equal, and fewer surpass.

There are many styles observable in this book. No one, for instance, if he had met the poems anonymously in a newspaper would have supposed that "The Legend of the Mammoth" and the "Funeral of Time" were children of the same poetic brain. There is a like dissimilarity between "The Coming of Autumn" and "The Ruined Fountain." We should imagine, from this, that the mind of the author was essentially suggestive: he hears a good poem; immediately cognate ideas occur to him, the subject floats through his brain day and night, and he is uneasy until he has produced something which shall rival the other, in his estimation at least. Sometimes the author even goes so far as to imitate the words, at other times the general air and spirit with which his model begins. We think it would not be difficult to show the originals which led to "Violet—sweet Violet!"—"I give thee all I may, love," and "Moments were, but oh! how fleeting."

A writer possessed of this versatility has much to be proud of; but the critic must assign him a rank below minds purely inventive. No person can become a great poet—the founder of a school—without a fixed style, which must also be wholly his own. The weathercock that veers to every quarter may do to point the changes of the wind, but can never itself originate the current. If Mr. Hirst, however, is content with the rank of imitative minds, he assuredly succeeds best in the style of Tennyson. He has most of the qualities necessary for success in that school—grace, melody, a certain picturesqueness, fancy, sweetness, alliteration. But if he would soar to the front rank of American poets he must discard all styles but that of his own—look within himself, rely on himself, dare to do for himself—and the consequence will be, if he succeeds, a longer struggle but a more glorious apotheosis.

Evelyn; or, The Heart Unmasked. A tale of Domestic Life. By Anna Cora Mowatt. 2 vols. Philadelphia, G. B. Zieber & Co., 1845. This is a very creditable work of fiction, but we cannot altogether praise its tone: indeed we question the propriety of such novels when we remember how very young most of their readers are. Evelyn, the heroine, is married at eighteen, before she is capable of knowing what love is, to an estimable man, but one ill fitted to become her partner for life. Subsequently she meets a Col. Damoreau, by whose fascinating manners her heart is made captive; when she elopes after a series of abortive struggles between love and duty. Want, sickness and death are the fruits of her crime. So far the moral is well enough. But we think the duty of the wife is not dwelt on sufficiently during the course of the narrative, while the character of the husband is drawn in such hard, *unlovable* outlines that the reader, half regrets and half pardons, the fault of the culprit. Yet the author's intention seems to be excellent.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE NEW OPERA OF "LEONORA."—Decidedly, the peculiar "lion" of the day, in the department of the fine arts, has been the successful production in this city, of the opera of "Leonora," by Mr. William H. Fry; and, though the opera, either in its lyric form or in any other shape, scarcely comes within our general scope of critical remark, yet the appearance of an opera, really entitled to the name and altogether American in its composition, is an event so unprecedented and so agreeable to national feeling, that we cannot well suffer it to pass without some degree of comment. An opera of the highest class—not a mere play with songs in it—has always appeared to us one of the most extraordinary efforts of human genius. The processes of the poet and the novelist are obvious. They have to deal with language and idea which are more or less common to us all. But the operatic composer must, with singular unity of design, and from the first note of the overture to the climax of the finale, give interest to his story and clear expression to the dictates of human passions, by means which are purely artificial. Mere prettinesses—the stringing together of a few agreeable airs, to be warbled to the ear—is but the infancy of the matter. The great purpose is to reach the heart; and, by masterly groupings of musical thought, to awaken emotions in the hearer—to sound him in soul "from the lowest note to the top of his compass" with an intensity which the plain acting of a story can never attain. Thus, those floods of harmony which burst from the instrumental combination—now startling by their tempestuous clamor, and again stilled into plaintive wailing—must all have their purpose—must all tend to prepare us in unconscious sympathy for that which is to follow, or to confirm the feeling already aroused; while the phrases of vocal utterance require to be so nicely adapted to the end, that we at once recognize their fitness to convey the dramatic sentiment which it is meant to embody. It follows then, that the opera, in its strictness, is either wearisome to excess, vexing the dull ear, else the source of an excitement of delight, which is vainly to be looked for elsewhere; and hence, too, a complete success depends not only upon the composer and his musical adjuncts, but also, and in no slight degree, upon the susceptibilities and cultivation of those to whom the performance is addressed.

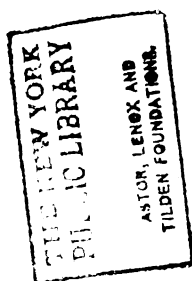
In regard to "Leonora" it may, we think, be safely said that nothing is required to be conceded to it in its position as the pioneer of American operas. It has merits which rise above apology; and our impressions are given with reference to nothing but the question itself. To speak first of defect—the material error, and that which forcibly strikes the hearer, lies in a frequent similarity of thought to ideas already familiar in the works of Bellini. It is plain that Bellini is a favorite with Mr. Fry, and that his compositions have been the subject of the closest study. To this we do not so much object, as we confess to a large share in such admiration. But there are passages in "Leonora" so close in their identity that we at once designate the original in "Norma," the "Sonnambula" and elsewhere; and feel pained that by, it may be, an uncon-

scious imitation, even the judicious are grieved, while, at the same time, opportunity is afforded for carping criticism against a work which, in its other portions, displays large resources of originality. There is imagination enough in Mr. Fry to require that in revision, he should discard whatever may be looked upon as plagiarism, and that he should rely solely upon himself. He has shown, indeed, that he is entitled to take rank among the foremost of living composers; and these "Bellini-isms" aside, there is sufficient beauty in "Leonora"—beauty of its own—to secure to the author a lofty place in the temple of musical fame. And we rejoice that it is so. In matters of direct utility—in government and in practical science—in the fields of war and in the pursuits of peace—America holds no second place; and it is with pride that we point to an evidence that so fair a beginning has been made to bear her part in the production of those refining influences which contribute so powerfully to subdue the asperities of life and to increase its enjoyments. The English composers, for instance, have of late years striven manfully—they have done much that is creditable; but in our opinion, at least, it still remains for them to equal "Leonora."

The plot of the opera is much the same as that of Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," which, in its turn, was derived from the almost forgotten story of "Perourou, the Bellows-mender." The scene of "Leonora" is laid in Spain, at an earlier period than that chosen by Bulwer, and the incidents are somewhat simplified to adapt them to the music. The operatic Claude Melnotte bears the name of Julio—we have Leonora for Pauline, and Montalvo instead of Beauseant, the characters being sustained by Mr. Frazer, Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Seguin, and admirably did they acquit themselves in their respective tasks. Better singing has rarely been heard in Philadelphia; and the large orchestra and powerful chorus were equally admirable. There is, in truth, but one cause of regret—that the experiment of producing an original opera with such unusual splendor, did not prove so profitable as there was reason to desire—not that the public were cold and indifferent—on the contrary—but the expenses were such that even liberal receipts could scarcely overbalance them; and besides, although the dress boxes every night were crowded with a dazzling array of beauty and fashion, yet the extreme heat of the weather during the run of the piece, had its effect in preventing that general and continued attendance which was necessary to secure an ample remuneration.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We have received from Colon & Adriance an edition of Sealsfield's "Life in Texas," in three numbers, which are sold for the reduced price of twenty-five cents. Messrs. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. have laid on our table a "Latin Reader," by N. C. Brooks, Esq., apparently a very valuable work.

MEZZOTINTS.—We give another superb mezzotint in the present number. These engravings are much more costly than others, especially in the printing; but they are infinitely more acceptable to the public.



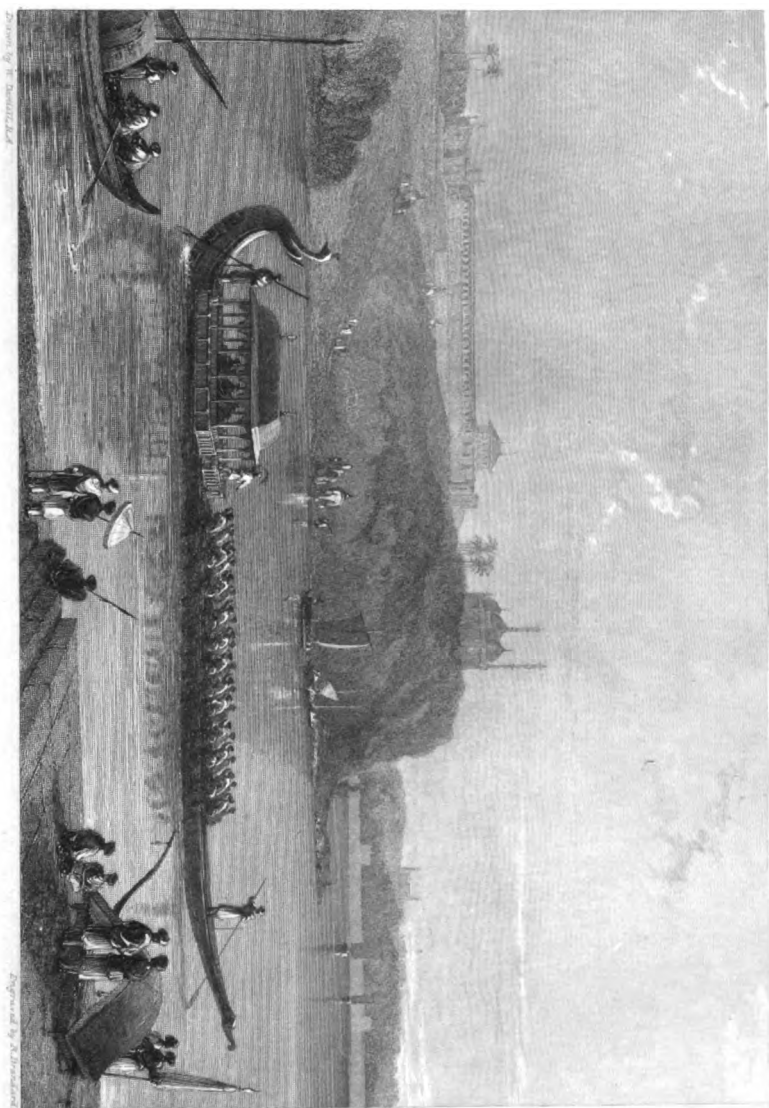


THE LADY OF THE LAKES

THE LADY OF THE LAKES

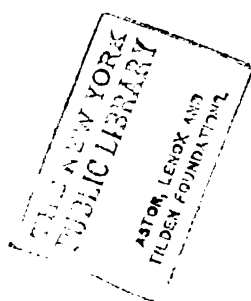


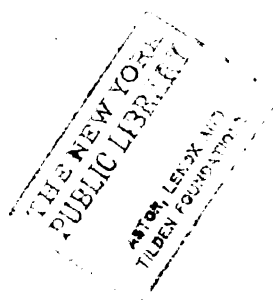




THE GREAT BOAT RACE

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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1845.

No. 3.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"COME, Mabel," said the Lady Matheline de Beaumanoir, addressing a young maiden who had been assisting her at her morning toilette, "as the day is near at hand for me to bestow my annual gifts on my father's household, you must give me your assistance and advice in selecting those which will be most appropriate."

"Nay, lady," replied Mabel, "there would be little modesty in presuming to advise one whose taste and judgment in such matters are so certain not to prove erroneous."

"You would flatter me, Mabel—but come into this inner apartment and tell me what you think of those trifles which you will find there."

"In good sooth," replied Mabel, "they exceed in richness and beauty anything of the kind I ever beheld."

"Do you think them equal to the gifts Lady Sophia Roden distributed last year?"

"Compared to the Lady Sophia's they are like gold to tinsel. May I ask who this sword, with its gold enchased handle, enriched with rubies, is intended for?"

"Who should it be intended for," replied Lady Matheline, "if not for Sir Lancelot Weldon, the bravest knight in the country?"

"If he be the bravest, he is likewise the proudest and the most scornful. It is said that he boasts of having royal blood in his veins, and he said to me not a week ago that the lure his falcon flies at must be neither rook nor raven. I knew that he was thinking of the raven in your family coat of arms."

Lady Matheline colored deeply, though she gaily replied,

"Sir Lancelot," said she, "thought he had made a pretty speech, and what he liked better, one that would tease you, and you were, without doubt, foolish enough to let him see that he was successful. It is true that the raven forms part of the blazonry of our family arms, and is a less noble bird than the falcon, which he displays in

his. Nevertheless, my father would not exchange it for a falcon or an eagle either, for the honor lies in the incident that caused it to be adopted."

"What was it, lady?" enquired Mabel.

"You shall know some time, but not to-day. You must tell me now how you like the embroidery of this silken doublet."

"It is very beautiful," replied Mabel, "and if I were a knight, I would rather have a single rosebud wrought by the fair hand that embroidered it, than all the ermine mantles in Christendom."

"And will the handsome Sir Tristrem be of your mind, do you think?" enquired Lady Matheline.

"I cannot tell," replied Mabel, "but there is one, who, I well know, would value the smallest leaf worked by your hand, more than he would a duke's coronet."

"And who may the preux Chevalier be who holds me in such tender regard? But I think I can guess. It must be Giron, the redoubtable page, who, on a certain time, rode such a furious career against the wooden knight, as to come near being unhorsed by the knight's wooden sword."*

"Nay, dear lady," replied Mabel, "allude not to him thus scornfully. He is gently born, and will one day prove that if he have a heart to love the beautiful Lady Matheline—he has likewise both heart and hands to serve her. Believe me, lady, Giron, the page, will, not many years from now, be a knight with more courage than the renowned Sir Lancelot, more comeliness than the handsome Sir Tristrem, and with more loyalty to his lady-love than either. I hope you will not forget him when you distribute your gifts."

*In the days of Chivalry, as the reader may recollect, boys, in order to acquire the art of managing the lance, were taught to ride a career against a wooden figure, holding in one hand a buckler which turned on an axis, and in the other a wooden sword; and as the shock or the charge caused the buckler to turn rapidly round, if the young cavalier did not manage his horse and weapon with address, he was liable to receive a blow.

"In good sooth, Mabel, I will not. His present is already selected. Look at this thread of gold tissue—will it not be appropriate?"

"Surely, that cannot be what you mean to give him."

"And why not? He will doubtless, as you say, prefer a rosebud or a leaf to sword or dagger, but having but scanty time to complete the preparation of my other gifts, it would be impossible for me to work for him even the stem of a leaf; and on second thoughts it would be needless labor, as he has, I think, watched me at my embroidery frame enough to have made himself master of stitchery, and can work something for himself."

On the day that the gifts were to be distributed, Mabel, as usual, attended Lady Matheline at her toilette, which consumed no little time, for both were anxious that the rich and splendid attire prepared for the occasion should be arranged in the most tasteful manner. A robe of rich brocade was gathered round her waist by a jewelled zone, and diamonds were woven with her glossy hair. The magnificence of her dress well accorded with her style of beauty, which was of the most brilliant and dazzling kind. When everything was in readiness, she was conducted to a seat by her father, which was placed on a platform at the upper end of the hall under a canopy composed of rich silks. The presents were piled on a table which stood before her, and were arranged in such a manner as to enable her to readily select whichever she pleased. Those intended for the female part of the household were first distributed, and the fair Mabel was gratified by receiving a locket containing a ringlet of the beautiful hair of the donor. After all the females had received their respective presents, Lady Matheline took from the table a heater shaped shield, emblazoned with armorial bearings.

"This," said she, "being intended for my young kinsman, Robert de Beaumanoir, is emblazoned with our family arms. The device, simple at first, has been augmented at different times by various additions, but the one of which we all are the proudest is that of a raven. There are some present who would like to know the reason why it was adopted, and have my promise that they shall be gratified, but I find that some of the particulars have escaped me. Sir Lancelot Weldon, shall I have the benefit of your good memory in relating the anecdote?"

Sir Lancelot advanced with a crimson cheek, for he remembered the allusion he had made in the presence of Mabel to the Beaumanoir arms, and doubted not but that it had been repeated to Lady Matheline. What galled him as much if not more, was that he could see by the half

suppressed smile that hovered on many a lip, others had likewise heard and recollected it. He dared not, however, venture to be so discourteous as to disobey the request of a lady which had been made so publicly, particularly as it was known that he could not plead ignorance as an excuse.

"I have heard," said he, "that an ancestor of the present Count de Beaumanoir was one of the most renowned captains of the emperor Henry IV., at the time he was engaged in the war against Rodolph of Suabia. One night, when the bold captain and his men, who formed the van-guard of the army, lay on their arms in the open air ready to renew the conflict which had raged the preceding day, he was suddenly roused from sleep by the flapping of wings near his face. He started up and saw by the bright moonlight that it was a raven. He then perceived that several were flying over the place where he and his men were encamped, uttering their hoarse cries. While attempting to account for a circumstance so singular, he recollected that a number of these birds had taken up their night quarters on a dead tree at no great distance, and this, being considered by the soldiers an evil omen, had occasioned no little terror. He now turned his eyes toward the tree, in which he imagined he could see the figure of a man. It being soon ascertained that his suspicion was well founded, measures were taken to secure the man, who proved to be one of the enemy's patrol. To save his life he confessed that he had been employed by his commander to discover, if possible, at what point the army of the emperor was most assailable; and that a slight breastwork which had been thrown up obstructing his view, he had ascended the tree, and by so doing had disturbed the birds."

"You have related the anecdote correctly, I believe, Sir Lancelot," said Lady Matheline, "which shows that a raven, though a bird of bad repute, and one far less fair in heraldry than an eagle, or even a falcon, was the means of enabling my father's brave ancestor to save the forces of the emperor from being surprised, and it may be from suffering great loss; for it was found that the enemy was on the alert, ready at a moment's warning to act upon whatever intelligence might be received from those who had been sent to reconnoitre their situation. The raven, therefore, though not worthy the notice of one who bears a falcon in his crest, should by a Beaumanoir be held in higher esteem than all other birds."

Half fearing that her resentment had carried her too far, she now hastened to produce the sword with its rubies so clear and transparent

that they appeared as if melting in their golden settings.

"May you," said she, as she presented it to him, "by your valor and high achievements win the applause of the good and the brave, and the regard of the loveliest lady in the land."

As he bent forward to receive the gift, he touched with his lips the white hand that offered it, and said in a low voice, "you fill me with despair, lady, for what achievement however difficult, or however glorious, can merit the favor of Matheline de Beaumanoir?"

The soft glance of her dark, brilliant eyes, and the deepening crimson of her cheeks, were her only answer, but the haughty knight knew well how to interpret these, and determined within himself long ere to seek some means to cause her to repent having inflicted on him the recent momentary humiliation.

The other gifts were soon distributed. The handsome Sir Tristrem received the embroidered doublet, another received an embroidered sword-belt, a plume, or perhaps some article of still less intrinsic value. Giron, the page, alone remained, and all wondered what she intended to bestow on him, as they saw nothing remaining on the table. She requested him to draw near where she sat. Every one present admired the modesty and grace with which he obeyed. As she presented him with the thread of gold tissue, "it should have been," said she, "some weapon or a shield, or a belt, if I had imagined you would have any use for either."

"Any memorial," replied he, kneeling to receive it, "from your hand is precious. I shall ever wear it next my heart, and while I remember that it has been touched by your hand, embalmed by your breath, and that it has been looked upon by eyes dearer to me than the light, the most dangerous and difficult achievements I shall count as nothing. And it may be, lady, that though you scorn me now, length of faithful service and the most loyal affection, may one day win some portion of your esteem."

A crushed tear glistened on his eyelashes as he bent and kissed the hem of her robe, for her scorn had pierced his heart, though he could not cease to love her.

"Farewell, Lady Matheline," said he, "many suns will rise and set ere I see you again, as I have leave from the count, your father, to attend Sir Inglebert Bovine, who sets forth for Palestine by break of day."

Having said thus, he precipitately left the hall, but instead of deriding, all compassionated him for having been publicly presented with such a gift. The eyes of Lady Matheline followed him till he was out of sight, and she acknowledged to

herself that there was that in his noble figure and determined air that might enable him to make good his boast. With an inconsistency not uncommon she began, now he was about to depart, to perceive in him numberless high and noble qualities, and she regretted that he was about to expose himself not only to the dangers of war, but to a climate which often proved fatal to the European.

When, at break of day, she heard the trampling of horses in the court-yard, and the ringing of arms and armor, as Sir Inglebert and his men were preparing to depart, she sprang from her bed, and throwing on a loose robe, went to the window to see if she could discern Giron. But the early dawn struggling with the cold shadows of night, imparted too faint a light to enable her to distinguish one object from another, except when a torch, borne by some menial, threw a red gleam upon the quickly shifting figures.

Giron being now considered qualified to endure the hardships and dangers of war, was to attend Sir Inglebert in quality of a squire, and when his foot touched the galley that was to bear him to Palestine, he renewed his vow to maintain with lance and sword, that the beauty of Matheline de Beaumanoir exceeded that of any other lady living. It would require too much space to accompany him while on his way to the scene of warfare, or even to glance at a moiety of his gallant achievements when there: they were such, however, that he soon exchanged the silver spurs of the squire for the gilded ones of the knight.

Among others who joined the crusade was Sir Lancelot Weldon. Though when he left his native land he had so far dissembled with Lady Matheline as to impress her with the belief that her name would be the battle-cry of him and his followers, and would have power to inspire him with courage to adventure on the most perilous exploits, the scene that had stained his cheek with crimson had so cherished the gall-drop in his heart, that its bitterness had on more than one occasion well nigh overflowed in her presence.

One evening while the European army were lying before the walls of Acre, Giron left his tent and went forth to enjoy the cool breeze which sent forth low whispers as it stole through the glossy leaves of the palm-trees. A full moon poured its unclouded beams from the deep azure of the Assyrian sky, and drawing forth a locket which he wore next his heart, that enclosed the golden thread given him by Lady Matheline, a smile lit up his countenance as he regarded it when he re-called those deeds of valor which had surpassed even his own hopes, and had so

well redeemed the promise he had made her who had bestowed it on him in derision. Footsteps near caused him to hastily restore the locket to its place. He looked round and beheld Sir Lancelot Weldon.

"Will you now say to me," said he to Giron, "what you have already repeated so many times in the presence of others, that Matheline de Beaumanoir is pre-eminent in beauty above all other women?"

"I will," replied Giron.

"Then," said Sir Lancelot, "I defy you to mortal combat, for not only do I aver that Lady Sophia Roden surpasses in beauty all other women, but I moreover declare, that compared with her, Matheline de Beaumanoir is as a sun-burnt peasant girl."

"I accept your challenge," replied Giron, "with a right good will, and doubt not but that I shall show you the audacity of naming Sophia Roden in the same breath with the peerless Matheline de Beaumanoir."

"Were it not," replied Sir Lancelot, "that I would have others witness the vanity of your boast, I would even now put it out of your power to add to your sins the guilt of another falsehood."

"I am ready to bestow on you the same charity," said Giron, "and save you from repeating what you know as well as I to be utterly false."

The passions of the knights being thoroughly roused by casting upon each other the implication of what was well considered the meanest of vices, they without further ceremony drew their swords. The sword of Sir Lancelot was the one presented him by Lady Matheline, and had since been wielded in many a battle, but now, as if in reward of his perjured faith, the blade, after a few passes, shivered into a dozen pieces against the well-tempered breast-plate of his adversary. The truer steel of Sir Giron at the same moment penetrated the cuirass of his antagonist, and inflicted a wound in the breast. He fell to the ground, and Sir Giron drawing his dagger—in the language of the times called the dagger of mercy—demanded of him if he would ask his life.

"Never," was the reply, "for why should I ask what must now be a worthless boon? Strike and finish your work."

"No," replied Sir Giron, "I have made good my assertion that the beauty of Lady Matheline transcends that of all others. The object sought being attained, your life is in no further danger from me, and I will myself, since there was no one present to witness our encounter, testify to your bravery and skill, which, in a better cause, must doubtless have given you the advantage."

As he ceased speaking, Sir Inglebert Bovine, who had been concealed by the deep shadow of some trees, stepped forward into the open moonlight.

"I," said he, "have witnessed your encounter, and though Sir Lancelot acquitted himself well, your superior skill, had his sword remained unbroken, must have ultimately secured to you the victory, which shows your modesty and generosity equal to your courage," and kneeling down by the wounded knight, by the side of Sir Giron, he assisted to remove the breast-plate and apply something for the purpose of staunching the blood, which was flowing freely from the wound. They then bore him to his tent and consigned him to the care of a leech, who, on examination, pronounced the wound not to be dangerous.

From this time was awarded to Sir Giron, the meed of being one of the bravest of the Christian knights, and the Saracens learnt to tremble whenever they saw him dashing along on his powerful but fleet war-steed, and made no attempt to arrest his career. Nor was his fame confined to the East. His victory over Sir Lancelot in single combat, as well as his bravery in the field of battle, were recounted by those crusaders who preceded his return to Europe, and became the theme of the minstrel's song.

A full moon was throwing its mellow radiance over the autumnal landscape that reposed in rich and luxuriant beauty on the western side of Count de Beaumanoir's castle. The prospect was partly bounded by an ancient forest, within whose dim and solemn recesses mysterious harmonies were thrilling among the leaves, soon to be exchanged for that wilder and shriller music that weaves its notes among the branches when winter has swept from them their foliage. The little apartment, where several years previous, Lady Matheline had prepared the annual gifts which she distributed before the departure of Giron to Palestine, overlooked this lovely and varied landscape, and she now stood leaning from the window listening to the sweet and mournful minstrelsy of the forest as it crept through the moonlight air. The period of Sir Giron's absence, to her, had been that in which time bestows on beauty its richest and most fascinating gifts; that in which not only the figure attains the full and waving outline which is the perfection of feminine beauty, but that too which throws over the faultless features the charm of intellectual expression, deeper and more decided. In the same apartment sat Mabel, with her hands listlessly resting on an embroidery-frame, and who, though she did not presume to interrupt the revelry of Lady Matheline, felt in a far better mood for using her tongue than her fingers. She

was at length gratified, for Lady Matheline turning from the window, said,

"Do you think the rumor can possibly be true that says Sir Lancelot was overcome in single combat by the page Giron?"

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Mabel.

"I always knew that Giron would prove himself to be braver than Sir Lancelot, who did nothing but boast of his prowess."

"Have you ever learnt the cause of the quarrel between them?" enquired Lady Matheline.

"I have, but as I was afraid that it would not please you to hear anything that would disparage Sir Lancelot, I have abstained from repeating it."

"But it will please me to hear the truth whatever it may be, so set your fears at rest and let me hear it without further delay."

"It is said that you, lady, was in part the cause of it."

"By my troth, I suspected as much, and you yourself saw the manner in which Sir Lancelot received my present, and heard his protestations of loyalty. How could he suffer himself to be overcome?"

"Yes, I heard his protestations, which were as false as they were fair. It was for the sake of Lady Sophia Roden that he fought: and it is no marvel that the sword which he received from your hand should fail him when opposed to one that was wielded in your behalf. It is said that since that time no knight pretends to deny in the presence of Giron, that you are the fairest lady in Christendom."

"I don't merit such a meed at the hand of Giron, but truly, he who can awe so many brave knights must be strangely altered from the delicate boy, whose long, soft curls were the sport of every breeze. Hark! did I not hear the trampling of horses' feet?"

As she spoke she again hastened to the window, whence, at no great distance, could be descried the high road. She found that she had not been mistaken, for the brilliant moonbeams fell full upon a company of horsemen, six in number, who were riding toward the castle.

"Come hither, Mabel," said she, "and tell me if he who appears to be the leader of the band, wears not the white surcoat of a crusader."

"In good sooth does he," replied Mabel, "and we shall now have news from Palestine, and, it may be, from Sir Giron himself. What a beautiful horse he rides—just such a one as the minstrel told about the other day in his song. But we must not waste our time in gazing at them from the window; for your father will soon summon you to the hall as the supper hour draws nigh, and I must braid the pearls he likes so well with your hair, which will make them show

fairer than if they were set in the finest gold. The taffeta robe too that so well suits your complexion is his favorite—I will run and get it."

"What ails you, Mabel," said Lady Matheline, "that makes you so nice about my attire. One would think some great prince had arrived."

"I hold a brave and honorable knight to be greater than any prince," replied Mabel, "unless he have something more than his title to distinguish him, and he who has just arrived is both brave and honorable, we can have no doubt, or he would not pretend to claim hospitality of your father."

"Well, do as you will, only make as much haste as possible, for the supper hour must be near."

Mabel, who was a skilful tire-woman, soon adjusted her lady's dress. She viewed the result of her labors with an air of peculiar satisfaction, and well she might, for it would have been hardly possible for a female figure to appear more lovely or more brilliantly beautiful.

"Now, Mabel," said Lady Matheline, "bestow a little of your skill on your own person, for there is no knowing but that this redoubtable knight may have a gentle squire, who may not be insensible to your charms if displayed to proper advantage."

Mabel was not reluctant to obey, and she had barely completed her task when the count sent to require their presence in the hall. Lady Matheline did not regret the change in her attire, when she beheld the knight for whose sake it had been made. He had, since his arrival, laid aside his armor, and his fine, well-knit figure was displayed to the best advantage by a suit of rich green velvet embroidered with gold, over which he wore a white surcoat of heavy silk, lined with ermine. His handsome and noble features, bronzed by long exposure to an Assyrian sun, had a highly intellectual cast, while his complexion, dark as it was, found a sufficient contrast in his deep set eyes, which were black as night, and in the hair of the same hue that clustered in short, thick curls above his forehead. There was nothing in his looks or appearance that reminded Lady Matheline of any person she had ever seen before, and when her father presented him to her as Sir Giron de Montglaise, she could scarcely believe that she beheld him, whom a few years previous, she had in derision presented with a golden thread. She now thought of it with shame and embarrassment, and her eyes drooped beneath the glance of his, till their long lashes rested on her cheeks, which were glowing with blushes.

"While time and climate," said he, "have wrought such a change in my person that none of my old friends recognize me, I find that

beauty only ripens to greater perfection in our own fair clime."

"If your person has changed," said the count, "it is only for the better, and we consider it an honor to welcome a knight whose bravery, second only to his modesty, has won applause from the most envious, and become the theme of story and of song."

The count now took his place at the table, which, though spread for the evening repast, was loaded with a profusion of substantial viands. He invited Sir Giron to take the seat at his left hand, his daughter occupying her usual station at his right. She would have given much to know the thoughts of their guest as regarded herself, for no longer the sensitive boy, whose every emotion beamed from his eyes or trembled on his lips, he had learnt to lock his deeper and more impassioned feelings in his heart, where they glowed not the less intensely because concealed. In his demeanor there was that union of ease, grace and self-possession, which showed that he had been the companion of princes, and that he entertained that proper self-respect, which is the surest means of commanding it from others. In his deportment toward Lady Matheline, he preserved that high tone of courtesy and respect demanded by the laws of chivalry, but he betrayed not by a single word more than by his looks, that he regarded her with aught of that deep tenderness that had so often, when a page, caused his voice to falter when he addressed her, and made the tears start to his eyes at the least token of her disapprobation. It is true, that during his absence, her name had been his battle-cry, and that he had, on every occasion, asserted her pre-eminence over all others; but was it not merely to redeem the vow he had made at her feet, when his heart was too full of love to resent her scorn? This was a question which she repeatedly asked herself, but could not answer, and it is doubtful whether, even in her most capricious moments, she ever inflicted more pain on Giron, the page, than the quiet politeness and self-possession of Giron, the knight, inflicted on her. When Mabel had spoken of his triumph over Sir Lancelot, she had pictured to herself the same devoted and impulsive boy, who always wore his heart outside his doublet, so that she could read it as well as her own. To see instead a cavalier so dignified and so stately, who betrayed no emotion when she purposely alluded to the days gone by, was more than she could in patience bear, and tears, the effect of a strange mingling of resentment and grief, though she used her utmost efforts to suppress them, forced themselves to her eyes. Her emotion did not escape his observation, and he must have been more than human had he

deeply regretted her endurance of pain similar to what she had so often and so recklessly inflicted on him.

When Lady Matheline retired to her chamber, her thoughts were too busy in forming conjectures as to what might now be the state of Sir Giron's affections as regarded herself, to suffer her to sleep.

As has already been observed, the air was mild and balmy as of a summer night, and she again took her station by the open lattice. But the forest melody which had so charmed her a few hours before, had now no power to engage her attentions, nor did the rich landscape sleeping in the moonlight claim a single thought. An hour or more had passed when a merry roundelay, sung in a rich, manly voice, came stealing from the dim recesses of the forest. The musician was entirely concealed from view, but there was no mistaking the fine voice, which even before it had acquired its present depth and fulness, had often floated through her bower and charmed her ear, though caprice had caused her to withhold the meed of praise. The voice was too distant to distinguish the words, but it gradually came nearer, and she could finally discern the snowy surcoat of Sir Giron gleaming through the dark foliage of a copse that grew near the borders of the forest. The sprightly air was now changed to one more plaintive, and she could distinctly hear the following words, which, from their import, were probably improvised for the occasion.

To me thine eye is brighter far—

Far dearer is its light

Than yonder soft and beaming star

That gilds the brow of night:

Ah, Memory! why recall so well,

When from that dark, bright eye,

Glances of cold derision fell

When the young page was nigh?

In thy sweet voice, I more delight

Than song of Eastern bird,

That through the live-long summer night

In liquid strains is heard:

Why did that voice, whose lightest tone

Such witching power possessed,

Speak words of bitter scorn alone

When to the page addressed?

The song ceased, and then in a voice sweet though tremulous, Lady Matheline responded as follows:

The page possessed a gentle heart—

I deemed not that 'twas fearless too.

Why should I only learn that truth

Its loss of gentleness to rue?

Forget, Sir Knight, the scornful look—

The taunting word remember not;

Be, in the woman's tenderness,

The foolish girl's caprice forgot.

Surprised at her own boldness, she might with Juliet have said,

"Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek."

When the song closed, Sir Giron stepped forward into the open moonlight, and chanting a few lines expressive of his acceptance of her appeal, he pressed his hand to his heart, and bowing low, retired through a postern gate, by means of which he had found egress into the forest.

The day had again arrived on which it was customary for Lady Matheline to bestow the annual gifts on her father's household. At the appointed hour she appeared arranged in bridal robes; and with a slight embarrassment of manner that rendered her only the more interesting, she presented to each member of the household an appropriate gift. When all present, save Sir Giron had received some token of remembrance, Count de Beaumanoir took him by the hand and led him to the spot where his daughter stood. He took her hand and placed it within that of Sir Giron.

"It is my privilege," said he, "to bestow the hand where the heart is already given." The priest is waiting at the altar to confirm this my richest gift."

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

STILL beautiful! the dolphin wears
Its glory to the last,
So, richest are the forest robes
Before the autumn blast.

Now in a shower of gold I stand,
And rainbow-river dyes,
The crimson harvest, touched with fire,
Glittering around me lies.

Each dear-loved tree has shuddering felt
God's coming wintry breath,
And round her shrinking form has wrapped
Her bridal-robe of Death.

Above—how like a shining host
Of banners all unfurled!
Beneath, a sea of living gold
In many billows whirled.

Where now the sweet green turf and flowers
That blossomed underneath?

Gone, and their faded glories wrapped
In Autumn's blasted wreath.

The music—oh! how changed; yet still
A living voice is here;
The requiem song of Summer-time
Falls sadly on my ear.

MANŒUVERING.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY DR. ROBERT E. LITTLE.

NOT many years ago on a pleasant evening in autumn, the well paved streets of a small but flourishing village in one of the western states, rattled with carriages filled with the gay of both sexes, destined for the mansion of Major Travers. At an early hour the rooms were filled to suffocation. The whole unmarried population of the neighborhood had assembled. But there was one, who, if not the handsomest, was certainly the centre of attraction in the room—that one was Ruth Graves. Let us describe her. Without possessing that union of face and expression which goes so far to constitute beauty, she was what would by the connoisseur be deemed interesting. Her eyes when in a state of repose differed not from the thousand others met with daily—but when aroused by circumstances around her they assumed an unwonted brilliancy, and seemed to speak forth from their beautiful fringes all that was agitating her within. Of a petite figure—graceful and sprightly—when unrestrained by the companionship of her more grave associates she resembled more a deer bounding across the green sward, than a girl of sixteen accustomed to the seclusion of a boarding-school. Grave and merry by times, she might have been considered either melancholy or a votary of pleasure—there being in her actions always a tendency to extremes. Reared in luxury, and under the foolish instructions of her superior⁹ taught to estimate the world by its appearance and capability of show, she was skilled in all the mysteries of second rate fashionable society—knew how to decorate her person with all the finery of the village milliner's shop—had learned to be bland or sarcastic in conversation as necessity required—in short, she was or rather desirous of being esteemed what a woman should not be—a coquette.

Surrounded, during the greater part of the evening by the younger members of the company, Ruth gave herself up entirely to enjoyment. Near the close of the party, and at an hour when beaux were running short of small talk, and belles beginning to relax in their endeavors to please, a slender young man of two and twenty approached the circle of which Ruth was the centre, blushed, bowed, and with that awkwardness peculiar to youth, seated himself. For a moment not a word was uttered by either, until the other members of the party disappeared, when leading her to a seat in a distant part of the room, he began a conversation which embarrassment at their previous meetings had prevented.

But having now schooled himself for the task, he determined to unmask her intentions as regarded the future.

"Ruth," he said, "I know the cup of pleasure when presented to our lips is hard to be resisted—but, tell me, do you never sicken at and make an effort to overcome the caprices of fashion?"

Ruth's cheek reddened as she replied.

"I often do—yet notwithstanding I have long since learned to look on the dissipation of the day as ruinous both to mind and body, and in secret to acknowledge that the votaries of pleasure are deceiving themselves in their vain pursuit after happiness, by indulging in amusements which serve only to disgust, displaying virtues which they do not possess, concealing faults which are stains upon humanity, and making a barter of affections which are as likely to mingle as oil and water—yet I am unable to tear myself from the allurements of fashion."

"If such be your opinion, why is it that you thus indulge day after day your love of admiration by running the gauntlet of fashion, and subjecting yourself to a change of feeling—a thing which of all others you profess to look upon with the greatest dread? Why not abandon the society of those whose companionship can afford you only momentary gratification, and permit me to inform your guardian of our engagement, and thus do away with the suspicion and distrust which must ever attend those whose actions are not marked by candor? We are both young, and if disappointment attends us we may recover from the blow. If we delay the consummation of our wishes until fortune places me in a position to demand your hand—years of devotion in the practice of an arduous profession will necessarily elapse—and when the desired riches pour in upon us, time will have frosted our locks, and so chilled our affections that the remainder of our days will be spent in lamenting the evil destiny, which caused us to stifle our affections for the purpose of gratifying the ambitious views of those who have no right to control them. Parental authority should never interfere in the choice of a partner for life—such an affair should rest entirely with those who are most especially interested."

"Oh! Henry, do not urge me to permit you to do that which I know will blast all our hopes of happiness—not only for the present but for an age to come. My mother, whom you know to be stern and unyielding, would never consent to our union until you are placed far above your present position so far as wealth is concerned, and the highest honors of your profession are waiting you. Farewell till then!"

Here their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Ruth's elder sister, who declared it was time to go. The lover sighed and left.

The father of Ruth and her sister Prudence, by a course of industry and economy during the early part of his life, had accumulated considerable property, but being possessed of a generous disposition and inclined to dissipation as years stole upon him—he was exposed to temptations which he was unable to resist—temptations injurious alike to health, to rectitude and to estate. As a consequence, prior to his death, he became involved—the utmost prudence being necessary to save the homestead and a few domestics from the hammer. For several years after the death of Mr. Graves his widow mingled but little with the world, (having an utter contempt for the vulgar crowd around her) but as her daughters became marriageable, the society of a few was courted, and parties were given, until finally Secarsville, or as it was usually called by her simple neighbors, "Pea-ridge," became the depot of fashion for the second rate gentry of the county. The eldest daughter of the family having married a poor but worthy young man, contrary to the wishes of her friends, and especially of her uncle, who manifested his displeasure by making a new will, it was determined by the mother and uncle that any marriage contracted hereafter by the younger members, should be what would by the world be deemed brilliant. Accordingly nothing less than the heir to thousands, or a scion of some distinguished family, was to be considered eligible for the hand of either Prudence or Ruth.

As their own immediate neighborhood, however, furnished none who were considered on a footing with them, a trip to the Springs was determined on. Accordingly, one summer day, the register of the hotel at the Blue Lick Springs exhibited the names of D. Graves, Esq.—Mrs. Richard Graves and her two daughters.

The Blue Lick Springs were attended as all watering places are, by persons in almost every station of life—the wealthy citizen recommending himself on the score of wealth or ancestry—the fop priding himself on his well brushed coat—and the true gentleman without pretension—all mingling together in the same crowd. Here, one day, was seen a half famished dandy and a cunning sharper in close conversation with the wealthy Miss Gizzle, and the accomplished widow Spriggins. At a little distance from them, and not less conspicuous for their gaudy dresses, three ladies might be seen promenading under the huge oaks around the house. The latter we need not inform the reader were

the lady of Secarsville and her two daughters—while the two former rejoiced in the aristocratic appellation of Augustus Fitz Noodle and Maximilian Rudolph Thunderbungus—one a native of our own democratic republic, and the other from la belle France, although of Polish origin. The gentlemen fearful of being esteemed obtrusive, soon retired to their rooms, where the foreigner broke out as follows.

"Ah—hah—be gar—I be one fortunate man—*vat* you tink?"

"What now? Has your father, the count, died?"

"No—so better dan dat—splendeed young ladie—admire my moustach—*ma foi*, she est superbe—say I am ver noble—*air distingue*—is it not so goot, *mon ami*?"

"I don't understand you, explain," simpered the elegant Fitz Noodle.

"No onderstand—eh, sir—de ladie is going to marrie me—de love and monnie—all at de one time—*au diable sont le violon donne*. I go to de ball and say to de ladie—I be one stranger—I no speak de goot English—*pardonnez moi*—I then say I will make you one ladie in my country—ah—hah—one hundred tousand dollars—I be ver rich man."

"With the lady and a hundred thousand dollars you certainly would," drawled Mr. Augustus Fitz Noodle, who had by this time learned from the broken language of his companion that he had overheard the conversation of the ladies after they had left the promenade—and that the gentlemen themselves—their probable eligibility, etc., were the subjects of conversation. Fitz Noodle and the moustached foreigner were equally elated. Miss Prudence and her sister Ruth were, if possible, to be transformed into Madame Rudolph Thunderbungus and Mrs. Fitz Noodle.

In due season the ball began. The musicians showed symptoms of their desire to commence their scraping—belles prepared themselves for the merry dance—*beaux* played the agreeable—and mothers managed to secure partners for their daughters. But still the dance was delayed—and for no other reason than that assigned by our two fashionable gentlemen. Mrs. Graves and daughters had not arrived—personages who had at previous fetes attracted little or no notice, save that caused by their gaudy dresses. Suddenly, however, from their being spoken of by Fitz Noodle and his companion, they were transformed into "something superior." The gentlemen themselves indeed were unknown; but from their dress and foreign air they were supposed to be wealthy in reality, or at least in expectance—hence their influence. At last it was buzzed about

by the gentlemen that the long expected ladies were about to make their appearance: the almost interminable clatter of tongues ceased, and sure enough the *grand entree* was made. Mrs. Graves leaning on the arm of her brother, a small, thin man, entered first, followed by Miss Graves and Ruth, dressed in an ultra fashionable style. Scarcely had they seated themselves before our two heroes, each attended by a master of ceremonies, approached, went through the formality of an introduction, and begged permission to lead them through the mazes of the first cotillion. The honor was granted. Through the whole evening they were the attendants of the young ladies—at one time busied in the dance, and again promenading the long piazza in front of the ball room. The batteries of loving eyes and lisping tongues were brought to bear on one side—while fine dress, persuasive manners and great pretensions were not left untried on the other. Both parties were successful—more we need not say. Augustus Fitz Noodle and Maximilian Rudolph Thunderbungus were presented at a late hour to the worthy mother, who, evidently delighted at their attentions, invited them to visit Secarsville, and promised that her daughters, who were *splendidly edified*, should contribute to their amusement—one of them, she said, played *delightingly* on the *pianer* and *singed* like a *martingale*, while the other *drawed* and *painted* baskets of fruit, trees, and sich like, equal to the great *Asiatic Ruboings*. She wound up by a description of the aforesaid country seat, which she represented as being the *most handsomest* farm in the country of almost unknown size—the fields being productive beyond *calceslation*—and the grounds around the house being ornamented with the rarest *extotics* that money could procure, and laid out in gravel *promenades* so convenient for moonlight strolls. Our heroes readily accepted the invitation, and promised to be punctual to their appointment on the following week. The tips of the ladies gloves were kissed, and an *adien* given for a fortnight.

The family returned home. Preparations were immediately instituted for the reception of the visitors—preparations, as the old lady said, in a style of magnificence worthy of herself and *distinguished* guests. The tramping of domestics and the "*bravura*" singing of the elder sister, interrupted now and then by the discordant voice of her mother, were heard in the halls of Secarsville from early dawn until a late hour at night. Bustle and confusion reigned throughout. Window and bed-curtains were taken down and dusted, carpets shaken, and fire-fenders polished: in short, the whole house underwent a complete renovation.

The long looked for day of arrival at length rolled round. As the whole household had been during the day on the look out, the vehicle in which our heroes made their visit was seen some time before it arrived; and before it had fairly stopped some half dozen little negroes, with a tremendous hue and cry, headed by "dear uncle," were ready at the gate to hand out and welcome to the hospitality of Secarsville Mr. Augustus Fitz Noodle and Monsieur Maximilean Rudolph Thunderbungus. At the door they were met by Mrs. Graves, who begged leave "in the name of herself and daughters to welcome to the privileges of her home—two persons, who though strangers, had so *disinterestingly* assisted to render their time pleasant during their *adjourn* at the Springs for the benefit of the health of the dear creatures—who were, she was happy to inform them, entirely *restored*," and here the old lady actually panted for breath, as this was certainly the longest speech that she had ever before delivered. Without giving the gentlemen time to inquire for the ladies, Mrs. Graves with great dignity started across the room to the bell rope and gave it a pull. In popped the woolly head of Jake, whose face had evidently been greased for the occasion, with the exclamation—

"Here me, missy."

"Jacob—has your—young mistress returned from iding?"

"Me see, missy."

In a short time Jake returned and informed his mistress that "dey um come." The ladies themselves followed immediately after him. Entering the room suddenly they started back and apologized for their abruptness, declaring that they were expecting a visit from one of their neighbors, and had thus been led to enter. Refreshments consisting of wine, lemonade, cakes, &c., were immediately ordered—to the former of which the gentlemen, including "dear uncle," did ample justice—the Frenchman vouching that he had tasted nothing equal to it since his arrival "in de United State—his pere, de count being one admirer of de superb wine—un biberon—he have de ver best in his cellar." After which a stroll through the grounds around the house was taken by the younger members of the company—the mother and uncle remaining in the parlor. Everything was admired by our heroes. They failed not, however, to speak of their own possessions—those of one being on the banks of the Hudson, and of the other on the Rhine. But they disliked, they said, to return unaccompanied by beings who were capable of exerting such an influence over their destinies as their companions were—regretted being strangers in the country, and feared to hear the will of their respected

mother in regard to their union. Their fears were quieted by Prudence and Ruth, each informing her own admirer that *mother* having the utmost confidence in the discretion of her daughters—would, without doubt, acquiesce in any choice that either might make. A summons to tea stopped the conversation in regard to a matter nearest their hearts.

Waiters on which were piled up all the delicacies which a stray French cook hired for the occasion could think of, and in quantity sufficient for a Kentucky barbecue, were handed round. Compliments in profusion were paid the ladies. Mrs. Graves proposed that music should be introduced so as to fill up the remainder of the evening. Prudence, who was the musical prodigy of the family, had so often heard her mother's praise, fancied that she in reality possessed a talent for music, and when pressed by Thunderbungus to play assented. She attempted an intricate piece from some Italian opera, but having no native talent, less science—and with a harsh, discordant voice, her effort was an entire failure—so great, however, was its effect that Thunderbungus shed tears, while Fitz Noodle "sighed a deep sigh." Ruth's turn now came—and with less pretension she commenced—

"Why don't the men propose?"

and as her melting tones ceased, sighs were heard coming not from one, but from all the members of the company. At the conclusion of the song, the old lady turning to Augustus Fitz Noodle, enquired why he had not, before this time, with his prospects, entered into an alliance matrimonial?

"Why," answered the exquisite, "to speak the truth—my dear madam—I am almost on the eve of forswearing female society. Not because my admiration for ladies is small—but having mingled so much with the world, I have learned how little hope there is for a majority of us to be happy in wedded life, unless there be a perfect similarity between the parties in mind and disposition. I have determined never to marry until I have satisfied myself that the fair one who is to look her destiny with mine, possesses all the attributes capable of rendering life a charm." Here he gave Ruth a tender glance.

"Oh! Mister Fitz Noodle, them's my sentiments exactly. You and me agrees perfectly in our notions about married life. I have taken great pains to have my daughters edified in a style becoming our distinguished station in society. We are ascended from the nobility of old England—my daughters are not used to associating with common people, and I intend they never shall. When they *marries*, they shall marry perfect gentleman—as for them to marry any other it would

ruinate our standing in society, if not break the heart of me and their 'dear uncle,' who sets such a store on them."

Now as Fitz Noodle had insinuated to the old lady that he and his companion were travelling merely for the good of their health, and had spoken of their ample possessions at home—she, simple soul, believed every word uttered by them, and when requested to grant them an interview on the next morning, was in ecstasies at the probability of getting clear of her daughters, and that too to gentlemen of the first rank in life. Our heroes preferred their claims, and as Mrs. Graves had anticipated their intentions, her consent was immediately given—subject to the ratification of "dear uncle," (he, however, had previously expressed to her his approbation of the proposed arrangement.) The ladies were introduced into the drawing-room to hear their mother's will—crimson blushes suffused their faces, followed by rivers of tears and maternal blessings.

It was arranged that the marriages should take place within the coming month—and that the honeymoon should be spent at Secarsville—the parties visiting their homes in the spring succeeding. This scheme—proposed by Mrs. Graves—was, as might be supposed, readily assented to by the male parties concerned. To fill up the vacant time that would elapse before the appointed day, re-unions were arranged, fishing parties made up, and visits to the neighboring village projected. But minutes passed off as days to Fitz Noodle and Thunderbungus—differing in this respect from true lovers—for what lover ever thinks of the lapse of time when in the presence of his mistress?

Disappointment falls to the lot of man when least expected. The gentlemen in one of their visits with "dear uncle" to the village, entered the bar-room of the hotel—the proprietor of which, a shrewd old Boniface, directed their attention to an advertisement on the wall headed, "*Beware of the Swindlers*," followed by a minute description of persons easily confounded with Augustus Fitz Noodle and Maximilean Rudolph Thunderbungus. One proved to be a barber and hairdresser, and the other a foreign dancing-master: hence the exclamation of the latter, "*au diable vont le violon donne*."

On the next morning the village was in an uproar—the gentlemen had disappeared. Dear uncle returned home alone—the ladies fainted. In due time they recovered, not much improved, however, in wisdom, as the mother and daughters are still manœuvring—the former displaying the attractions of the latter, while they themselves

bring to bear all their batteries on all the marriageable men—whether old or young—encountered during their summer jaunts through the country, and visits to the capitol during the winter. All, however, is to no effect, as they have almost lived beyond that period when "love's morning beam first shone on the horizon of their existence." In short, they are now on the verge of old maidenhood, without a possibility of relief unless the antiquated beau, the first of Purdy's admirers should again enter the lists. As for Ruth her hope has died—her heart has now no room for passion. The names of Augustus Fitz Noodle and Maximilean Rudolph Thunderbungus are never mentioned in the halls of the *ascendants* of the old *English nobility*.

After the night of Major Traver's party Henry Winter never again mentioned marriage to Ruth Graves. That passion, boyish as it was, was one of the mistakes of his life. He met a young girl in the first buddings of womanhood, and was made to believe that the breast heaved, and the heart beat for him, and him alone. No resistance was offered—and he fancied that his passion was love. Time and experience cooled his ardor, and as years have stolen upon him he remembers it only as a dream, rejoicing that in it there was no reality—and that he was not possessed of wealth, otherwise he might have fallen into a fiery gulf, from which there is no escape save death. Oh! poverty, thou much dreaded phantom of the weak—what benefits hast thou conferred on mankind—freedom of thought and action—permitting man in the world to rear up for himself as did Scotia's bard an "altar to independence."

HOME IN HEAVEN.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

Why should we weep at earthly grief,
Or pine for earthly joy?
The sharpest sorrows here are brief,
The sweetest pleasures cloy.
At most, but tiny sails we are,
Across an ocean driven,
And though we wander long and far,
Our only port is Heaven!

We seek for gold, but soon as won,
We yield our parting breath;
We strive for fame, when scarce begun
The race is stopped by death.
Why are we born, if such is life?
Know then the boon is given,
That you and I, by earnest strife,
May win a home in Heaven.

THE JILT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Do you think Caroline Ferrers really loves Mr. Blanchard?" said Jane Southcote to her friend Emma, as her eye glanced on the persons she spoke of, promenading down the length of the ball-room at Saratoga.

"And why should she not? They are engaged, you know, and that is sufficient evidence that she loves him."

"So it would be in most cases," was the rejoinder, "but I doubt whether it is so here. Caroline has always been a flirt, and is very cold-hearted: she takes Mr. Blanchard because he is rich, and she is desirous of getting settled; but that he is the choice of her fancy, or of what little heart she possesses, I can never believe. I fancy that, of all her beaux, John Houston was the only one that made an impression on her."

"I used to think that Caroline thought something of him, I will admit," said Emma, "but he has been abroad these ten months, and, by this time, she has forgotten him in a score of subsequent conquests."

"I doubt it," was the reply of her friend. "John Houston possessed everything to dazzle a girl like Caroline: he had wealth, a high social position, brilliant manners and great personal beauty. Nor was he without talent. I have seen Caroline, though usually so indifferent, hanging on his conversation with evident delight: I have beheld her watching him, with ill-concealed anxiety, as he waltzed with others; I have known her to change her purpose and go to parties where she had sent a regret, when no other reason could have existed for her fickleness, except the fact that she had learned the intended presence of Mr. Houston at the fete. You may depend on it Caroline loves him better than she does Blanchard, and if he was to return and offer her his hand I prophecy she would jilt his rival without hesitation."

"Oh! I never will believe that," said Emma, "Caroline could not be so base. You judge her too harshly."

"We shall see," replied her older friend. "But here comes Mr. Booth to claim your hand for the dance." And with these words they separated.

The character of Caroline Ferrers had not been unaptly sketched by Miss Southcote. If ever there was a flirt, the imperious beauty was one. Vain, cold-hearted and selfish to the last degree, she had made the arts of coquetry her study ever since her entrance into the gay world; and so successful had been her career, that no rival beauty could boast of half so many offers or exhibit a train of

admirers at all comparable to hers in numbers, wealth, or fashionable standing. It seemed to be her pride to bring her suitors to the point of proposing, when, with an affected start, she would declare she never thought of anything serious.

The only person who had ever touched her heart was John Houston, but, strange to say, on him she could make no impression. Not that he avoided her overtures or shunned her society: on the contrary he never suffered an opportunity of being with her to pass; still he never betrayed, by either word or look, that he felt any peculiar interest in her. For once, accordingly, the coquette was foiled. This, however, only increased her passion. She became, at length, so completely in love that, artful as she was, she was unable to disguise from the more observant of her acquaintance this engrossing sentiment. And the unrequited love of Caroline Ferrers grew to be a secret theme for jests with those who envied the proud and successful beauty. Their exultation could scarcely be concealed when Mr. Houston suddenly departed for Europe, leaving to Caroline the bitter consciousness of having failed in the only instance where she desired success except for its momentary triumph.

But admirably did she conceal her mortification—so admirably indeed that many fancied they had been mistaken, and that, after all, she had not cared for Mr. Houston. Jane Southcote was not, however, of this opinion. And her conviction of Caroline's unrequited affection became strengthened, when, a few months after Mr. Houston's departure, she accepted the hand of Mr. Blanchard, a young millionaire, but having none of the personal qualities or social charms of the other.

Months passed, and the time appointed for the marriage was rapidly approaching. The preparations had already begun, when the fashionable world was startled by the intelligence that Mrs. Somers, one of the leaders of *ton*, had returned from Europe, whither she had gone on a tour about a year before. She had brought back with her a complete suite of the costliest French furniture for her new mansion, and it was said that her parties, for the ensuing winter, would be unusually superb. All were anxious, therefore, to renew their acquaintance with her. Caroline Ferrers was one of the first to call on her.

"And so you are really going to be married," said Mrs. Somers, during the course of the conversation. "Do you know I met one of your old beaux in Naples? He looked quite disconsolate, I assure you. Poor Mr. Houston!"

Caroline endeavored to preserve her composure at these words, but she felt her heart beating violently, and fearing to trust her tongue, she merely bowed her head. But Mrs. Somers was a close

observer, and she read her visitor's secret at once. With real joy she perceived the embarrassment of Caroline, for they had long been rival belles; and she thought she now saw an opportunity to revenge herself for the many triumphs of her young and more beautiful competitor.

"Do you know?" said the artful woman, "that he was continually talking of you? I tried, at first—for we might as well be sincere to each other—to throw my chains around him, but I soon found that you had been beforehand with him. I then gave up all hope of him as a lover; and you don't know what close friends, in consequence, we soon became. He finally bestowed on me his entire confidence: he said he loved you; but, in despair at your coldness and at your refusing everybody indiscriminately, he had come abroad, hoping, in change of scene, to find forgetfulness. In this he had not succeeded. We learned your engagement just before I sailed; and for a few days Mr. Houston was inconsolable."

Mrs. Somers, at this point of the conversation, paused a moment. She knew that if Caroline was above temptation, she would not, engaged as she was to Mr. Blanchard, continue to listen. But seeing no signs of indignation, the speaker resumed.

"In a word, my dear, Mr. Houston loves you ardently, and repents his conduct in not having satisfied himself verbally of your intentions. His despair has now given him courage, and he sails for home by the next steamer. He would have returned with me, but some affairs of business, entirely beyond his control, keep him abroad another month. So you see, Carry, that there will be a duel yet between these two rash young men, Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Houston," said Mrs. Somers laughingly. "But seriously, I have no doubt," continued the speaker, "that you have only to refuse Mr. Blanchard to ensure your being Mrs. Houston; and, pardon me if I say, what the whole world believes, though you may not, that the latter is infinitely superior, in every respect, to the former. But now," she added hastily, adroitly changing the conversation, "what is the news? Who is married, who has been ruined, who gave the best parties last winter? I am dying for a good dish of gossip."

Caroline went home from this interview with strangely conflicting feelings. She would not have hesitated to jilt Mr. Blanchard even on the eve of marriage; but she could scarcely credit that Mr. Houston had loved her and yet concealed his passion so effectually. At first, therefore, she refused to believe what Mrs. Somers had said; but when she came to consider all the circumstances more at leisure, a thousand things in the conduct of Mr. Houston flashed across her

memory, which were only reconcileable with the supposition that he loved her. The longer she pondered on the matter the firmer became her conviction that Mrs. Somers had spoken the truth. Caroline now blamed herself for having, for a moment, suspected her friend. She was filled with exultation that she could yet be Mrs. Houston, for she did not hesitate in resolving to dismiss Mr. Blanchard.

"My dear," said Mrs. Somers, when she called on Caroline, the ensuing day. "I did not tell you one confession which Mr. Houston made, and I am hardly excusable for revealing the secret now; but, you must know, he began, at first, to flirt with you, and ended by falling, head over ears, into love. He was fairly caught, he said, in his own trap. I do hope you will have a little mercy on him and dismiss this tiresome Mr. Blanchard. By way of a great secret I have something to tell you concerning myself:—I am about to be married, and it would be so nice for you to have Mr. Houston at the same time. Then, you know, we could both go on a wedding tour together. Nay, you must not ask me who is to be my future 'lord and master.' That I must conceal awhile yet. No one of my friends but yourself is even aware of my approaching union."

If Caroline had hesitated in her heartless resolution Mrs. Somers could well have played the part of a tempter; but the vain and selfish coquette never thought of any person's gratification but her own, and so, on the next occasion of a visit from Mr. Blanchard, she denied herself. He was somewhat surprised, but fancying her out of spirits he said he would call the ensuing day. He came accordingly and was again refused. The third day he met with the same fate. He now determined to put up with Caroline's whim no longer, and insisted on seeing her. She came down accordingly. Mr. Blanchard was piqued and irritated: she was cold and haughty. He spoke of the singularity of her demeanor with some warmth: she replied that she thanked heaven she was not yet his slave. When one party is resolved to bring about a quarrel it is necessary for the other to put a guard on every word and action; this Mr. Blanchard was not in a mood to do; and the consequence was that, in the midst of his recriminations, Caroline haughtily stopped him and declared their engagement at an end. Her lover was thunderstruck, but the coquette, having succeeded in bringing about a quarrel in such a way as to make him appear quite as much in the blame as herself, was determined not to lose her advantage. She would hear no explanations. It was evident their characters were not suited for each other, she said: on no account would she marry

a man who could not command his temper even on trivial matters. And Mr. Blanchard left the house in despair.

Did no remorse torture the bosom of Caroline when she retired to the quiet of her own thoughts that night? No. She only thought of her release from a man she did not love, and of her approaching union with the brilliant and handsome Houston. She reflected on the envy which would follow her footsteps when a bride: on the bitter heart-burnings of malicious rivals when they beheld her triumph; on the numerous and splendid entertainments she would give during the approaching winter: on the magnificence of her house, furniture and equipage. Indulging these dreams of the future she fell asleep with a smile on her lips.

Henceforth Caroline Ferrers was supremely happy. It is a mistake to suppose that a coquette cannot love: no woman can exist without affection; and though vanity may corrode the heart and nearly destroy its better feelings, there love still remains. It is true a flirt will often sacrifice her affection for wealth and show; but when both her vanity and love can be gratified, her felicity is unbounded. It was thus with Caroline now.

Mr. Houston was expected in a month, and the flutter of Caroline's spirits when the steamer arrived and she read his name in the list of passengers, cannot be described. She calculated how long it would require to travel from Boston to the southern city where she resided. He would not surely, she thought, be many days behind the mail. She would have gone to Mrs. Somers to find relief in confidence for the excess of her joy; but Mrs. Somers had left the city a week before on a visit to the north. Caroline was, therefore, forced to conceal her feelings, for no one of her acquaintance as yet knew of her approaching marriage. She had determined to take them by surprise.

Three days had passed since the arrival of the mail, when a letter arrived from Mrs. Somers. She had seen Mr. Houston: he was on his way to the south. He might be expected the succeeding day. Such were the contents of the welcome epistle; and Caroline retired, that night, in a delirium of expectant joy.

Early the next morning one of her acquaintance, whose gossiping character made her generally avoided, called on Caroline: the countenance of the visitor betokened that something had happened of an unusual character. She had scarcely taken her seat, therefore, when she said,

"Have you heard the news, Miss Ferrers? No—I suppose not. You could not guess who has been getting married," she continued maliciously. "You don't pretend to know? I thought

not. Well, then, not to keep you in suspense—no others than your old rival Mrs. Somers and your old beau, John Houston."

A faint smile broke over Caroline's face: she had no doubt this was another of the thousand and one false rumors of fashionable society. She bowed incredulously.

"Oh! I see you only half believe me," said her visitor, "but I have it on good authority, nothing less than that of the newspapers. They were married in New York, too—and that explains the journey of Mrs. Somers. I have a paper here," and, with the word, she produced it from her reticule.

Caroline felt a dizziness creeping over her, and when she took the paper she could not, for a moment, see for blindness. But exerting herself she overcame her faintness and read the announcement, evidently copied from a New York paper. In a moment all her dreams of triumph vanished: she saw herself duped by a successful rival; and had not the presence of her malicious visitor restrained her, she would have given way to transports of grief and rage. By an almost impossible effort, however, she continued calm and composed.

"I suppose we shall soon have the bride and groom here," she said. "They will make a splendid match."

"Yes!—rather," said her visitor. "I once thought you had set your cap for him yourself; but I have no doubt it is the wealth of Mrs. Somers that has had such weight against you in the scales."

Caroline's cheek burned at these words. To have her secret known and convassed by every gossip was intolerable to one of her pride; and, for a moment, the hope flashed across her that this announcement was untrue, and that Mr. Houston would yet be hers. "If so," she said to herself, "what a triumph I shall have over these exulting wretches."

But, at that instant, the servant entered with a missive tied with silver ribbon. Caroline opened it with trembling hands. It ran thus:—

Mr. and Mrs. John Houston's compliments to Miss Ferrers. At home, No. 14 — street, Thursday evening, the 25th.

A choking sensation rose to Caroline's throat as she read: she felt herself becoming faint; and had just enough presence of mind left to attempt to rise and ring for a glass of water. But it was too late. Not even the malignant and exulting countenance of her visitor could keep down her feelings; they were too overpowering, at that crisis, to think of the shame of exposure. She made a step forward, reeled and sank to the floor insensible.

Her acquaintance, with a cry of alarm, hastened to loosen the sufferer's dress and sprinkle water on her face: then, finding Caroline still insensible, she rang the bell violently for aid. Before the servant came, however, she took care to peruse the note which had caused the fainting spell; and, full of this bit of malicious gossip, she hurried away, as soon as the victim began to show signs of recovery.

Caroline found her story in the mouth of every body before a week was over. Nor could she betray the part which Mrs. Somers had played in deceiving her; for that would only be to heighten the folly of which she had been guilty. She found herself, in a single day, the jest of society: her admirers were gone, her hopes were broken, her happiness forever destroyed. Yet, terrible as the retribution, it was only visiting on her a tithe of the misery she had caused. We cannot, therefore, regret the punishment of *THE JILT*.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

THOU faded leaf! it seems to be
But as of yesterday,
When thou did'st flourish on the tree
In all the pride of May!
Then 'twas the merry hour of spring
Of nature's fairest blossoming,
On field, on flower, and spray:
It promised fair, how changed the scene,
To what is now from what hath been.

So fares it with life's early spring,
Hope gilds each coming day,
And sweetly does the syren sing
Her fond delusive lay;
When the young fervent heart beats high,
Whilst passion kindles in the eye,
With bright, unceasing lay:
Fair are thy tints, thou genial hour,
Yet transient as the autumn flower.

Thou faded leaf! how like to thee
Is beauty in her morning pride,
When life is but a summer sea,
And hope illumines its placid tide,
Alas! for beauty's autumn hour!
Alas! for beauty's blighted flower
When hope and bliss have died:
Her pallid brow, her cheek of grief
Have thy sad hue, thou faded leaf!

Autumnal leaf! there is a stern
And warning tone in thy decay;
Like thee must man to death return
With his frail tenement of clay.
Thy warning is of death and doom,
Of genius blighted in its bloom,
Of joy's o'er-clouded ray:
Life, rapture, hope, ye are as brief
And fleeting as the autumn leaf.

M.

HINTS ON BONNETS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

It will surprise many of our readers to hear that bonnets are a modern invention. The Greek and Roman fashion was to wear only a veil for the head-dress; the flowing drapery of this graceful piece of attire could not, they thought, be excelled in beauty; and besides it had a suitability for its purpose which no modern invention can rival. The veil could be hastily drawn over the head so as to conceal the features, or protect the face from cold, as occasion might require: and it could easily be withdrawn to welcome a friend, or partially put aside in coquettish play. For the mild and genial climate of the Mediterranean nothing could be more suitable. To this day the ladies of Andalusia adhere to their *manilla*, a substitute for the more classic veil.

Even now the use of the bonnet is confined to civilized America, to England, to the richer circles of France, to portions of Germany, and to the females of the aristocracy generally throughout Europe. The peasantry of Normandy wear a snow-white cap, rising into an enormous cone: the women of Italy have a handkerchief, adopted to graceful folds, as a head-dress: in Greece the ladies wear a cap with a veil; and the national costumes of Poland, Hungary and Russia are equally striking. The girls of Switzerland and some parts of Germany wear straw-hats; and these are the only things that approximate to the fashionable bonnet. Indeed, it was from them that it took its origin.

The bonnet first came into vogue little more than a century ago. Previous to that time the customary head-dress for a lady when abroad was a hood: we may still see this article of dress in engravings from portraits by Vandyke. A century or two earlier, it was the fashion to muffle the head in a wimple. So far back as the days of Charles the First it was not unusual for females, who were travelling, to wear a felt hat with a broad brim; and both Madame de Montpensier and Madame de Montespan, at the gay court of Louis XIV., hunted in gold-laced semi-cocked hats. But, on all these occasions, the lady also wore a male-coat, and otherwise, as much as possible, assumed the attire of the sterner sex. There was no more relation between these hunting hats and the present fashionable bonnet, than there is now between a Parisian riding-hat with its feather and the last fabric of *paille de riz*.

The first step toward the bonnet was to take the common Leghorn flat, and tie it on by strings fastened to its sides and passing beneath the wearer's

chin. The gipsey hat, so fashionable the present summer, approaches somewhat to these primitive head-dresses of our great, great grandmothers. A bonnet of that day presented two ugly projections before and behind. Prior to this fashion several attempts had been made to render the round hat with the straight projecting brim less awkward. These uncouth affairs were at one time surrounded with a deep ruff of ribbons; then they were crushed, by some leader of ton, into an untidy rumble-tumble shape: at another time copious streamers were left to float down the back; again an enormous pitch upward was given to the hinder protuberance. But none of these transitory alterations improved the appearance of the bonnet. Even our stiff grandmothers had to acknowledge that their head gear was very unpromising. The gipsey hat did not make things better. At length a witty and beautiful duchess, one of the leaders of fashion in her day, hit on a permanent alteration in the shape of the bonnet; and the next step accordingly was to cut off the hinder protuberance altogether, leaving the poke in front. At once this new style became the rage, and gipsey hats were no longer seen. The example of innovation soon spread. Milliners consulted their own genius, and by making popular alterations in the shape of the bonnets, secured the admiration and patronage of the public. Scarcely a month elapsed without bringing forth some new variety of the bonnet. The war between England and France, during the supremacy of Napoleon, cut off all communication between the fair Londoners and the *modistes* of Paris; each had to get up their own fashions; and while the one bedecked themselves with a bonnet all crown, the other concealed themselves in a bonnet all face. At length the costume became, in a measure, fixed in London; and the Oldenburg bonnet came into fashion, with a moderate sized poke in front, but a crown eighteen inches high rising perpendicularly from the nape of the neck. This uncouth affair lasted until after the restoration of the Bourbons, when the fashion was adopted from Paris of constructing the bonnet with a comparatively small crown, but a long, narrow face projecting nearly a foot and a half in front. Revolution now followed revolution in bonnets. A partial return was made to the little round hat of the last century. Then ensued a fashion which was at its height in Paris at the time of the second revolution: a bonnet with the brim shaped like an eccentric oval and which projected flaringly from either side of the head. It is said that the present queen of France wore such a bonnet as this on the day when the throne was offered to her husband. Subsequently the Dunstable bonnet came up, with its immense

face like a coal scuttle. Then there were again changes and "rumors of change." We had the face wide and flaming, soon after the face long and narrow: at one time there was scarcely any crown, at another time the bonnet was all crown. In the way of ornament we had immense bows, and then no bows at all: chaplets of flowers succeeded to nosegays, afterwards flowers had to give way to plain ribbon. Now whim, now taste directed the change; but, as ever in fashion, the public voice followed the boldest innovator. Finally the mode settled down into the partially reduced bonnet at present the rage; but how long it will continue fashionable is a subject beyond anyone's foresight. An attempt has been made to bring the gipsey hat again into fashion, but as yet without success. We certainly regard the style of bonnet now in vogue, with its elegant trimmings of lace and flowers, as by far the prettiest yet introduced: it sets off even an ordinary face, heightens a beautiful one, and looks ugly only when the colors are not adapted to the wearer's age or complexion.

In the introduction of bonnets, however, fashion has not consulted comfort. It is impossible to travel in them without injury to their delicate fabrics: in this respect they are inferior to the fur-trimmed hood worn in the days of Charles I. We cannot but think that a return might be made advantageously to that picturesque head-dress, if not for fair weather costume, at least for rainy dress and for journeyings. A lady now has to sit bolt upright in a carriage, and must deny herself the luxury of reclining against its cushioned sides, no matter how fatigued she may be: we think the sex might emulate the example of their husbands and brothers, who have abandoned hats for caps in travelling. So far as beauty is concerned, a neat, well made hood—such as we see in the pictures of Rubens or Vandyke—is quite as graceful as nine-tenths of our fashionable bonnets. Such a head-dress would also be warmer than the present one in winter. It would, moreover, combine, like the Greek veil, the capability of perfect exposure of the face with perfect concealment; for it could be drawn close over the countenance, or flung back on the shoulders at the whim of the owner. In a cold climate the hood is the nearest approximation to the classic veil which circumstances will allow. It would be susceptible, moreover, of adornment, according to the fancy or wealth of the fair wearer: in the age when they were universally worn, gold chains and jewels of inestimable price were used to ornament them.

This, however, is a mere speculation. However little utility there is in the bonnet as at present worn, there is small probability of its being

supplanted by any other head-dress. It has one striking advantage over the fashions of the past: we mean, its susceptibility of change, according to the fancy of the owner. Great scope is afforded for taste in choosing whether to adorn it with flowers, ribbons or plumes. The continually varying shapes which come up give room also to consult the style most suitable to the countenance. But in this particular it is as well not to be too extravagant. It is related of Napoleon that he was never known to be more angry than when a milliner sent in a bill, charging him with thirty-six new bonnets for Josephine, in the short space of one month.

It is a very nice point to settle the color of a bonnet. This must be left to the wearer's taste, though generally the milliner's opinion is the most valuable; for the constant arrangement of colors in trimming gives her an eye to harmony. We have seen some of the most incongruous selections in the color of bonnets: for instance, we once beheld a pale, sea-green chosen by a lady whose complexion was nearly cadaverous. Many persons look well in white; some faces are improved by pink linings; plumes on the outside of the bonnet often increase beauty. But a short lady can never do worse than to wear a long willow feather: she looks like one of these stumpy little steamers with a pennon longer than herself. Yellow on a bilious complexion is wretchedly out of harmony. There should be a difference, too, in the selection of colors for the same face in winter and summer. White has gained very general popularity for both seasons, but we cannot see its applicability, except in very few cases, for cold weather.

TO THE HUDSON.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

BEAUTIFUL river! I could ever dwell

Upon thy wood-clad banks, with verdure laden—
Watching thy bosom, as its billows swell

Like the white breast of some enamored maiden,
List'ning, with drooping neck and downcast eye,

To words of tenderness from lips whose tone
Sounds to her ear like soft and gentle music,

Or tiny wavelets on the sea-shore thrown,
Where Desolation broods and Silence reigns alone!

There is a spell about thy name, oh! river,

Flowing so gently 'mid the far-off hills,
And my blood kindles, and my heart-strings quiver
As thy fair image in my mind's eye dwells.

Though other streams in grandeur may outvie thee,
And other names dwell on the poet's tongue—

In beauty there are none that may come nigh thee—

Thou art the brightest all bright streams among,
The loveliest wanderer yet that poet ever sung!

8*

ISABEL RABY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONQUEST AND SELF
CONQUEST," &c. &c.

"Ah! little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel."—*London.*

HAST thou ever, reader, from the broad bosom of the Hudson, caught a glimpse of a rustic, stone cottage, seated at the base of sheltering hills, and embowered in trees whose waving branches but half revealed the porch, with its clustering vines, the windows shaded by roses and honeysuckles, and the garden rich with Flora's loveliest treasures opening within a few feet of the pebbly beach? From such a nest of beauty did Isabel Raby first look out upon the world—the world which held for her no father's love, and whose first welcome to her was given in a mother's tears. In this secluded home, companioned only by that gentle mother, amid books and birds and flowers, Isabel grew up into rare beauty, with a form of queen-like grace, a brow on which purity and truth had set their seal, and eyes from whose depths,

"—————Like holy revealings
From innermost shrines came the light of her feelings."

The first seventeen years of Isabel's life glided away like one long summer's day, cloudless and serene. She scarcely knew even by name the pleasures which the young in cities enjoy, but nothing had ever disturbed the deep springs of joy in her own bosom, and as she carolled forth her "wood notes wild," or sat in sweet reverie amidst visions to which earth's brightest realities would have seemed tame, the loveliest leader of the revels in court or castle might have envied her.

Mrs. Raby's had been a sad history. A neglected and dependent childhood, a youth of sorrow, one bright, brief flash of joy, and then, the rayless night of widowhood. Her child—*his* child had reconciled her to life, but only to life in that quiet home. She shrank from the world—the gay, the self-absorbed, the busy world, which held for her now no friendly heart. She had few neighbors and these were hard-working men and women, without the education or the refinement which would have made them agreeable associates. Even the pastor of the little church, whose spire was seen through an opening in the hills, was a man of narrow mind, and could do little to meet the necessities of a nature sensitive and delicate as that of Mrs. Raby. The most frequent visits of Mrs. Raby and Isabel were made to a deserted mansion, little more than half a mile distant from their own simple home.

The last owners of Mordaunt Hall had died young, leaving an only son to the guardianship of

an uncle residing in New York. By their will this place had been retained as the future residence of their son, and the house and grounds were kept in order by the gardener and his wife, who lived in the otherwise tenantless hall, and supported themselves by the sale of fruit from its orchard and of plants from its shrubbery. Isabel, in some of her wanderings, had found her way to this abode, which, to her childish imagination, realised in its wide halls and spacious rooms and lofty stairs, its conservatory and shrubbery, its antique but really handsome furniture, and its large and well-stored library, all of luxury and magnificence which her books had depicted to her, and which she had sometimes grieved to think she could never behold. Her evident admiration and delight, perhaps more than her childish beauty, won the good-will of Mrs. Griffin, the present house-keeper at this stately mansion, and Isabel was often invited to visit her, sometimes to spend a day with her. She became in time quite at home at Mordaunt Hall, and was permitted to roam at will through its gardens, and, when her childish passion for flowers yielded to a longing for more intellectual pleasures, to sit for hours unmolested in its library and cull at will from its shelves food for her own sweet fancies. Often did Isabel leave the large old-fashioned chair by the bow-window, which was her favorite seat in that library, only when the fading twilight no longer permitted her to read, and return to it again when the morning dew still hung in gem-like drops on shrub and flower. With none to direct her choice of books, her hours were doubtless often wasted—or worse than wasted over the fictitious records of a world in which the duties and responsibilities of actual life were postponed to the gratifications of passion, or the dictates of refined but weak sensibilities. But these did not constitute all her reading. Vivid descriptions of natural beauty, portraiture of the great and good, and striking presentations of just and noble sentiments often enchained her interest, elevated her taste, and gave direction to her principles.

One morning in the summer succeeding her seventeenth birthday found Isabel at Mordaunt Hall, when the sun was just rising above the eastern hills. She had intended to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, and she proceeded at once to the parlor usually occupied by them. There stood the breakfast table, evidently arranged with more than usual care, but neither the good dame nor her husband were visible, and, scarcely pausing to think where they might be, Isabel hastened to the library and was soon in her accustomed seat, entranced with the tale of passion that had attracted her thither so early. Long—how long

she could not tell—she had sat there when the opening of the door caused her to look up with a familiar smile of greeting to her old friend. The next instant she had started from her chair, and as she stood with the rushing blood dying her cheeks, her dark eyes, after one flashing glance, veiled by their snowy lids and jetty lashes, her beautiful head bent slightly downward, causing her dark ringlets to fall over the simple white cambric dress, which scarcely veiled the exquisite proportions of a form full of womanly grace and beauty, Alfred Mordaunt felt that he had never gazed on more soul-subduing loveliness.

The silence which the startled girl and her surprised admirer might have long preserved, was broken by Mrs. Griffin, who approached, saying in a self-complacent tone, "I hope, sir, you will find every thing as it ought to be here." As she passed within the room, however, her bland accents were exchanged for something of sharpness, while she cried, "Why, Izzy, what under the sun brought you here so soon this morning of all the mornings in the year? I hope, sir, you won't be angry with me for letting Izzy come here to read."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Griffin," said Alfred Mordaunt.

"Maybe I hadn't ought to have done it," resumed Mrs. Griffin, "but she helped me keep the books in order, and I thought it couldn't hurt them for her to read in them, seeing she always has such nice clean hands, and I never let her take them away—did I, Izzy?"

The air of startled modesty which Isabel had at first worn, had been superseded during this apologetic address by an expression of pride better understood by Alfred Mordaunt than by Mrs. Griffin. He hastened to remove the feeling from which it sprang, by saying, with a very easy yet courteous manner, "I am sorry that you should have been prevented making use of the books in any way you pleased. Pray oblige me by considering this room and its contents as completely at your service. If you will sometimes allow me to find you here, I shall consider the books which procure me such a pleasure as more valuable than I ever before thought them."

Had Isabel been more versed in the world's ways she might have been surprised at the freedom of this speech. As it was, she was only grateful for its kindness, and thanking him for the invitation it conveyed, she took her leave with a curtsy to him and a somewhat cold "good morning" to Mrs. Griffin. Mrs. Griffin followed and detained her near the door.

"Now, Izzy—don't be vexed at my sending you away. You know I couldn't help it now that Mr. Mordaunt is come himself."

Alfred Mordaunt had approached them, bringing the book which Isabel had laid aside, as an excuse for one more look at that lovely face, and he overheard these words.

"Pray, Mrs. Griffin," he exclaimed, "do not send Miss Izzy away. Surely this house is large enough for me without taking away her room—besides, what will you do without her? She is your daughter, I presume."

"My daughter! oh, no, sir! she isn't any daughter or any kin at all of mine—but deary me! there, she's gone, and I wanted to send a message to her mother by her."

"Who is she, and where does she live?" asked Alfred Mordaunt.

"Her name is Isabel Raby, and she lives with her mother about half a mile from here. Well, I shall have to send my old man for the jelly moulds, for as to anybody's coming up with Izzy when once she sets out that way—they as does it must walk faster than I can."

"I will take your message, Mrs. Griffin—what is it?"

"Oh, dear sir! I can't ask you to bring me jelly moulds, no how at all. I know Izzy wouldn't mind walking over with them this evening, but for you to go to bring—"

The rest of Mrs. Griffin's remonstrance was lost in air—Alfred Mordaunt was already far on his way in pursuit of Isabel, who had walked rapidly on with burning cheeks and a heart beating quicker than its wont, half from pleasurable excitement at the handsome and graceful stranger's courteous speeches, and half from vexation at Mrs. Griffin's unceremonious treatment. She had just entered a defile through which her homeward path led, when, hearing a quick tread on the turf behind her, she turned and found herself again unexpectedly face to face with Mr. Mordaunt.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you the book in which you seemed so much interested this morning, Miss Raby. This is it, I believe."

"Yes, sir—but I did not intend to take it away—I have never—"

"Pray, do not mortify me by refusing me the privilege of an acquaintance in so slight an affair."

Scarcely knowing how to reply, Isabel walked on in embarrassed silence, and he resumed with more gaiety of manner, "Our good Mrs. Griffin is, I acknowledge, a somewhat informal mistress of ceremonies—still she has made us acquainted with each other's appellations, and if you will only permit me to accompany you home and introduce me to Mrs. Raby, I shall feel that I have gained all that Mordaunt Hall ever wanted to render it perfectly charming society."

"It is long since you have visited Mordaunt Hall, I believe."

"Not since my boyhood—I knew not till this morning how much I had lost by the delay."

It was not without some flutter of spirit and embarrassment of manner that Isabel introduced Mr. Mordaunt to her mother. He saw by Mrs. Raby's reception of him that she was no stranger to the forms of society. His conversation became in consequence less complimentary but more respectful, and his manner lost nothing even in the eyes of Isabel by having its graceful freedom chastened by somewhat of modest reserve. In conversation reference was made to a book which Isabel had not seen. Mr. Mordaunt thought it must be in the Hall library, and with Mrs. Raby's permission he would bring it over in the afternoon. After such an overture it was impossible to withhold an invitation to become their visitor during his residence at the Hall, and for the next week Alfred Mordaunt might have been frequently seen seated in Mrs. Raby's pretty parlor, or walking along the river side or amongst the hills with Isabel leaning on his arm. On the very first day of this week, and almost immediately after his first interview with Isabel, the following letter was written and despatched to his confidential friend, Lewis Jerrold.

MORDAUNT HALL, June 8th, 1804.

For once, my wise friend, you have been mistaken in your calculations. "A portmanteau will serve all your purposes for the twenty-four hours that you will stay at Mordaunt Hall," said you, and now, most sapient Lewis, I write to request that you will order Tom here with my horse, as I have determined to be at this place for several weeks at least. I shall write to my uncle in a few days, by which time he will probably be at home. He will be vexed at my delay, I know, but he will soon overcome his vexation, especially as I shall give him no real cause to complain of me. The only thing he exacted of me as the condition of his paying my debts, was that I should marry Adelaide Morgan. I might, therefore, fairly have contended that all the preliminaries to that final act of the comedy were to be arranged by him, but with my usual liberality I have gone beyond my engagement and secured the lady's consent to marry me. Surely during the six months in which I am still permitted to call myself Benedick the bachelor, my uncle will not be unreasonable enough to expect that I should surrender my freedom to his dictation or hers. He is with her party, and I shall appoint him my proxy with her. To pay her all the lover-like attentions which I should do were I with her will not be a very onerous task, and as I am supposed in the meantime to be engaged here in preparing for her reception, she cannot be displeased at my absence.

"Supposed to be"—you perceive that I do not intend to make any effort to persuade you that this is the object of my prolonged residence. I know well that such an attempt would be vain,

most mathematical Lewis. It would probably set you to forming an algebraic question in which my past character and future designs being fully ascertained, my present object would enter as the unknown quantity, and but half your usual accuracy would give you as the result something connected with dear, delightful woman. Delightful indeed when she comes in such a form as that in which she presented herself to me this morning. Just imagine my sauntering into the old library with no better reason than that I knew not where to go, and startling from her studies there the loveliest creature eyes ever beheld. To describe her is impossible, for I can only tell you of large dark eyes, of a skin of the faintest rose tint, rendered yet more dazzlingly fair by the contrast of jetty curls falling almost to the waist, of lips—nay, it is folly to attempt her portraiture, for how can you conceive of the soul which gives perfection to all these charms, of the union of intelligence with the most entire simplicity, of womanly pride with the most sensitive modesty. To feel all her charm you must see her as I did—a startled fawn, yet preserving in all her timidity an air of dignity.

Already you are burning to ask me, "what is all this beauty to you?—what have you to do with it, bound as you are to another?" Ah, Lewis! these are questions which time must answer. For the present I only design to take the good the gods provide me in this lovely retreat, and obeying the command to love my neighbor as myself, I shall endeavor while I am happy with the lovely Isabel to make her equally happy with me. I can write of nothing else at present, and as I have made a clean breast of it I may safely subscribe myself
Your sincere friend,

A. MORDAUNT.

P. S.—My charmer has a mother. This discovery would have driven me to despair had I not found her absorbed by the passionate pages of Rousseau.

Mails travelled not then with the rapidity which they now do, and a week passed away before Mr. Mordaunt received his friend's answer to this letter. It was as follows:—

NEW YORK, June 14th, 1804.

This letter will be handed to you by Tom, whom, according to your request, I shall send to you to-morrow with your horse. Your last letter has furnished me with a question somewhat different from that which you suggested as likely to occupy me. It is—"why should a man who is generous, brave and frank with men, become without shame selfish, cowardly and insincere with women?" Were I not tied to you by obligations on whose bond the grave has set its seal, I tell you frankly, Alfred, my reply to your last letter would have been to disown you as my friend; but when my indignation burned most strongly against the selfish betrayer of the innocent, the memory of my mother as I had last seen her, in the marble rigidity of death, with that mysterious impress on the brow from which the stoutest spirit shrinks appalled rose up before me, and again my heart embraced you as at that moment when beside her bier I vowed that no event should ever separate me from him who had been to her a son during my enforced absence,

supplying her wants with a generosity only equalled by his delicacy, and cheering her hours of suffering with a tenderness scarcely less than filial. This memory binds me to you forever, Alfred. While it endures I cannot cease to love you, but even by that love I pray you let me not cease to esteem you.

Hitherto your faults have been those of impetuous passion—committed one moment and repented of the next—but here you are deliberately designing to commit the deepest and most damning sin of which I do honestly think man can be guilty. Were this girl your sister, Alfred, would you not rather—aye, so much rather that no sum can express the difference—that she should be "laid in the earth," wrapped in the white robes of virgin purity, than that she should live for such an end as you design for her? You say that it is her soul which gives perfection to her beauty—you admire her womanly pride, her sensitive modesty, and yet all these fair attributes you would erase from her nature, and what will you leave her in their stead? You will leave her "the worm that never dies—the fire that is never quenched," for well do I believe that if "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," it hath no torture worse than the self-loathing, the undying agony of her who retaining a remembrance of purity knows that it is lost to her forever. Arouse your generous nature, Alfred—remember that you risk nothing. You may break that mother's heart and send that poor girl to an early grave, to a mad-house, or to yet darker sin and deeper sorrow, and then you may walk forth into the world and none shall dare question, "what hast thou done?"

Alfred, have mercy on her, have mercy on thy friend, have mercy on thyself—

Truly yours,

LEWIS JERROLD.

Such an appeal could not be disregarded by one not wholly hardened in crime, and the day after its reception Alfred Mordaunt was on his way to New York, leaving a note of adieu for Mrs. and Miss Raby, regretting the circumstances which obliged him to leave the neighborhood so suddenly, and requesting that Isabel would consider his books as wholly at her disposal.

He had gone—but not so quickly passed the shadow which he had thrown on the clear stream of Isabel's life. There was something wanting in her home, her walks, her books—an eye, a voice which mirrored back her own soul and gave expression to her deepest emotions. Fancy offered to supply them to her, but with maidenly pride and delicacy she turned away from its magical creations; she would not acknowledge even to herself that the absence of one, so lately a stranger, could have so touched the very springs of her being. Yet that it should have been so is not strange when we remember that in Alfred Mordaunt Isabel had first found the charm of full, unbroken sympathy. His spirit young, buoyant, joyous, could keep time and tune with hers as they went dancing together along life's green

and flower-strewed paths. Nor was this all the secret of his influence. His intellectual power and cultivation won from her that homage which the proudest woman delights to yield to one. Her mind enthroned him "Lord and King," and how did this increase the value of his gentle courtesies?

Poor Isabel! she was in one little week ages gone in love.

Less than a month after Alfred Mordaunt's departure, Isabel was aroused from the languor which had begun to steal over her by the illness of her mother. This was at first of a painful rather than of a dangerous character, yet it gave a shock to her delicate constitution which it never recovered, and it was soon evident to experienced eyes that she would not outlive the leaves then waving above her dwelling. So gradual was her decay that to Isabel, though she was ever at her mother's side, and employed her every hour in gentle ministrings, the moment of separation came suddenly and unexpectedly. The kind Mrs. Griffin had spent much time at Mrs. Raby's bedside during the last few weeks of her life. She was with her at the hour of death, and when Isabel sank stunned and insensible beside the lifeless body of her first and almost her only friend, she sent for Mr. Griffin, and before Isabel had entirely recovered her consciousness they had placed her in a coach and driven her to Mordaunt Hall. Here a fever, the result of agitation and fatigue, confined her to her room for many days. During this period her mind wandered, and though she recognized all who approached her, she retained no remembrance of the circumstances which brought her there. The last sacred rites for the dead had been performed before this sleep of the mind passed away, and Isabel awoke to a sense of her bereavement.

"Don't go away from us, Izzy," said Mrs. Griffin—"my old man and I love you just as well as if you was our own child. Stay with us while we stay here, and if ever we go from Mordaunt Hall it shall be to garden and keep house for you."

Isabel dreaded the loneliness of her own home, and she consented to remain. Kind and affectionate were both Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, and Isabel was grateful for their kindness and submissive to their wishes, but her heart yearned for a love and a companionship which they could not give. There was no complaint, no murmur in her heart or on her lips, but fancy could no more weave for her bright dreams of the future, or hope throw rainbow tints over her clouded sky. Sadness settled on her countenance and spiritless languor marked her movements. The library was still her favorite resort, but she would sit there for

hours with a book in her hand and scarcely read a page. One day she was seated thus when the door suddenly opened, and Alfred Mordaunt again stood before her. The blood rushed to Isabel's temples, crimsoning for an instant face and neck: then suddenly retreating to her heart, its coloring faded rapidly away, leaving her face more than usually pale. Nor was Alfred Mordaunt himself quite composed. To his face too a sudden flush had risen as his eyes rested upon her, but it faded not so suddenly away. He did not advert in words to her late affliction, but the tender clasp of his hand, his gentle greeting, his voice so soft and low, spoke a sympathy more soothing to Isabel than all which the words of others had conveyed. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she wiped them silently away. He saw the movement, and again taking the hand he had just relinquished, he raised it to his lips.

"I did not know you were expected," said Isabel, at length endeavoring to rouse herself to conversation.

"I was not—I only heard from Mr. Griffin two days since that—that you were here—I could not know you to be in sorrow, dear Isabel, without hastening to offer you my sympathy."

Again that fair hand was in his, and though he raised it again and again to his lips during their succeeding conversation, Isabel did not attempt to withdraw it. And that conversation—there was no word of love in it, yet love breathed in the softened tones and shone in the pitying glances of Alfred Mordaunt, and Isabel's eyes grew brighter, and a smile less gay but more tender than of yore played around her lips. Mrs. Griffin had seen Mr. Mordaunt before he entered, and being occupied with household cares it was long before she disturbed this interesting tête-à-tête.

Days, weeks glided away, and still Alfred Mordaunt was at Mordaunt Hall. He had spoken on his first arrival of repairs and alterations there. Mr. Griffin brought carpenters and masons to him from a neighboring town, and they received his orders, yet still he lingered. Whatever was the object of his delay, it certainly was not to quicken their operations, as he constantly impressed on them that there was no necessity for haste, that he wished the work done "slowly and surely," and to secure this he paid them by the day.

In the meantime Isabel was the companion of his walks and rides. In the house he either read to her while she was engaged with her needle, or he conversed with her in French, which she had been taught by her mother. This was done professedly for her improvement, but in truth, because it gave him the power to say things which he would not yet have dared to utter in sober English, and to feed his passion with the

quick blush and the sudden withdrawal of the love-lighted eyes which contradicted Isabel's faltering, hesitating, "I do not quite understand that." In the twilight hour when feelings that have covered themselves from the gaudy light of day sometimes lay aside their veil, they often sat alone in that old library in perfect silence, or conversing in those low tones in which the heart utters itself. It was thus one evening that Alfred Mordaunt offered to Isabel a friendship which differed from the tenderest love only in name. "But this friendship so tender, so devoted, to be complete must be mutual—is it so, dear Isabel?"

Their clasped hands trembled in each other, his voice had sunk to a whisper, and as a yet softer whisper than his own replied to him, he drew that lovely form close to his side and pressed a kiss on those dewy lips. Before Isabel had time, if she could have gathered courage, to remonstrate on this lover-like freedom, he had released her, and uttering in gentle tones—"a friend's good night"—he passed from the room.

The next morning the workmen wished to see Mr. Mordaunt, they were waiting for directions. Then Mr. Griffin wanted to consult him about some new arrangement of the gardens. Impatient as he was he must go—he must listen, he must talk, and as he had breakfasted at a late hour, it was almost noon before he was free. He looked for Isabel in the library but she was not there, and he returned to the little parlor in which they had breakfasted, and where he now found her.

"Why have you deserted the library to-day, Isabel?" he asked.

There was a conscious flush upon her cheek and tremor in her voice as she replied, "I have some work——"

"Which must be left for another time," he said with a playful imperativeness, "I cannot spare my pupil to-day, and it is time for your French lesson."

He drew her hand through his arm, and leading her into the library seated her on the old-fashioned sofa, and placed himself at her side.

"I have a great many sentences arranged for you to-day," he resumed, "and first," he said, using the French tongue, which we shall drop, "*Tell me, my friend, do you love me as I love you?*"

His eyes were fixed upon her as he spoke—she dared not raise hers for a moment to his face, she could not command her voice to reply.

"Answer, answer quickly," he said, still in French, "or I shall claim a forfeit."

"What is the question?" she asked with a smile, employing the same tongue.

"*Do you love me as I love you?*" he repeated.

"And how is that?" questioned Isabel with a tremulous voice.

Forgetful at that moment of everything but of her, and yielding to the impetuous current of his feelings, he answered, "*As my life—more, than my life—with all the passion of my nature—with my whole heart?*"

At this moment, while he leaned toward Isabel and fixed his glowing eyes upon her face as if he would read there the response which she could not utter, the door opened and a gentleman entered, over whose grave, earnest countenance there fell a deeper shadow as his eyes rested on Alfred Mordaunt. The latter glanced impatiently at the intruder, and starting from his seat, exclaimed in a tone of mingled vexation and surprise, "Lewis Jerrold!"

"Not unwelcome, I hope, Alfred, though unexpected."

"You can never be unwelcome to me, Lewis," said Alfred Mordaunt, offering his hand to his friend, yet with something in his tone and manner which contradicted his words—"my friend, Mr. Jerrold—Miss Raby."

Isabel bowed—she would gladly have left the room, but feared to betray her tremor by rising.

"What have you been doing here for so many weeks, Alfred? Your uncle expected to find you in New York on his arrival there two weeks ago."

"I found some repairs and alterations necessary here, and I could not leave them to the taste of country workmen, you know," said Alfred Mordaunt with a heightened color.

"Your uncle said he supposed you were preparing Mordaunt Hall for the reception of Mrs. Mordaunt that is to be—by the bye, I saw her yesterday—she is quite well."

Alfred Mordaunt cast one glance of fierce anger at his friend, and then turned to look at Isabel. The rich coloring which happy love had so lately called to her cheek had faded from it, and her large, dark eyes were fixed with an expression of intense scrutiny on Lewis Jerrold. While Alfred Mordaunt was still regarding her, she withdrew those eyes from his friend and fastened them on him. He could not meet that glance without blanching—his eyes fell, and Isabel, as if she had no further business there, rose to leave the room. She had over-estimated her strength, and at the first step she made her head became dizzy, and staggering up against the window near which she had been seated, she leaned there for a moment with her eyes closed and her face deadly pale, looking like some beautiful statue. Both gentlemen started to their feet, and Alfred Mordaunt hastening to her threw his arm around her, exclaiming, "you are ill, dear Isabel, let me support you to your own room."

His touch appeared to restore her strength, for instantly withdrawing from his arm with an expression of hauteur of which he did not suppose her capable, she said, "Pardon me, sir—it was but a moment's weakness—a dizziness to which I am subject—it has passed away," and before he could make any attempt to detain her she had left the room.

When Mrs. Griffin came to the library to summon the gentlemen to their dinner at the early hour usual in the country, the flush on Alfred Mordaunt's face, and the unaccustomed scowl upon his brow attracted even her generally unobservant eye, while the gravity which she had before remarked in the stranger's countenance had deepened into sadness.

"Ah! you won't see Izzy here to day, Mr. Mordaunt," said she, on seeing that gentleman glance anxiously around the dining-room on his entrance—"she's gone home, poor thing! she can't endure to meet a stranger yet—she'll get over it in time, but now I couldn't even get her to wait till evening."

This day had been unusually sultry for the season—September—and when the friends returned to the library dark clouds were rising in the western sky, yet Alfred Mordaunt ordered his horse, and, with a slight apology to his visiter, prepared for an engagement which could not, he said, be postponed. With some suspicion of his real object, Lewis Jerrold offered to accompany him in his ride, but the offer was rejected with somewhat cold courtesy.

Lewis Jerrold's words had fallen so heavily on Isabel's heart, that long after she reached her room the only action of her mind was to repeat over and over again the thought, "he is preparing Mordaunt Hall for his intended bride." At length something more came to her remembrance—the attentions she had received for the last few weeks, the looks, beneath which her nerves had thrilled, the last evening's good night, this morning's words of passion—and yet he loved her not—it had been all to him the amusement of an idle hour—a very pleasant mockery. Her cheeks burned, her eyes flashed, and at once rising from the seat on which she had thrown herself, she sought Mrs. Griffin and communicated her intention of returning home, alleging the presence of a stranger as the cause of her sudden determination. Mrs. Griffin offered to accompany her, but she declined the offer, longing for the freedom of solitude. Yet when solitude was attained she found no pleasure in the thoughts that rushed confusedly through her mind. It could scarce be said that she thought, for she had no power even to arrange the images which presented themselves. Her mind was as a mirror in which

scene after scene was reflected—glowing, life-like—while a busy devil whispered in her ear—"It was all mockery."

She lingered on her way—she turned aside into a wood and rested long upon a fallen tree, dreading to meet the inquiries and observations of her own servants. At length the muttering of distant thunder and the increasing darkness of the sky made her hasten home. Here gentler but scarce less painful emotions awaited her, but she had scarcely yielded to them when she was called to meet Alfred Mordaunt. Carefully removing the traces of her recent tears, she proceeded to the room in which she had been told he awaited her, with a proud composure of countenance and manner. Her unaccustomed air of perfect self-possession embarrassed him. He became agitated and lost the attitude of superiority which he had hitherto maintained in their intercourse. She was, at the very least, his equal. But he felt that now or never must his prize be won, and making a great effort he mastered himself so far as to assume an air of badinage, while he said, "you ran away without having half recited your lesson this morning. You did not answer my first question."

"I can do it now," said Isabel quietly.

"Do you remember it?"

"Oh, perfectly! You asked me—'*do you love me as I love you?*'—I answer, yes, precisely in the same way."

In her entire absorption with the sentiment she uttered, she had cast off the cover of a foreign language and spoke in her own—the play had at once become a reality.

"I will ask you," said Alfred Mordaunt, "as you did me this morning—and how is that?"

"Oh! in *French*, and as children say, to make believe."

She smiled, but her smile had no playfulness in it. It was the very concentration of bitterness.

"Cruel, Isabel!—cruel and cold—is this all?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Mordaunt. What more can you ask than a fair return to your own sentiments?"

"And is this a fair return to love as ardent and tender as man ever felt?"

A deeper color burned on Isabel's cheek, as looking steadily in his face she said in calm and cold tones, "pardon me, Mr. Mordaunt, if I ask you to discontinue such language to me. It may be common and well understood in the gay world—but I am an ignorant recluse and know not how to meet it as such badinage deserves."

"Badinage! oh, Isabel! can you believe it such? How shall I convey to you the depth and truth of my emotions? How convince you that language has no form of tenderness that

can do justice to the feelings with which I regard you?"

He drew near to her—he took her hand—she did not repulse him—the strange rigidity vanished from her features, the stranger coldness from her manners—again her eyes fell beneath his glance, and hesitatingly she said, "and Mr. Jerrold—he was mistaken then?"

"Mistaken, indeed, if he thought any one half so dear to me as my Isabel. But I have a long tale to tell you, dearest—will you listen to it and promise not to judge me till you have heard all?"

The decisive moment had come—all must be revealed, and Alfred Mordaunt beginning with his early life as it had passed under the guardianship of a worldly-minded, indulgent, but careless relative, and touching lightly on the natural consequences of the education received from him, in a youth of reckless gaiety and self-indulgence, proceeded vividly to depict the distress to which he had been reduced by his disregard of expense, and the conflict of feeling which he had endured when it became necessary to choose between the disgrace of a prison for debt and the sacrifice of Mordaunt Hall, the home of his cherished and happy childhood. He related his uncle's offer to release him from the obligations so painfully hampering him on the one condition that he would marry Miss Morgan—a lady who, though she had never interested him, had the highest recommendation to his uncle's favor in the present possession of one hundred thousand dollars, and large expectations from her father at his death. "When this proposal was made to me, dear Isabel," he continued, "I had never seen you, I had never felt a preference for any woman, and I readily consented. I gave the fatal promise to my uncle—I addressed the lady—Isabel, she loves me not—but she is young and influenced by her father, who supposes that I shall inherit my uncle's large property. She accepted me. My first visit to Mordaunt Hall, my first view of you, taught me to deplore this engagement, by teaching me how I could have loved—but the past was irretrievable, and I fled from you."

He paused for a moment, and then rapidly and passionately proceeded, "I fled from you, but I could not flee from your image in my heart, and when I heard you were in sorrow I was irresistibly attracted hither. I came to offer you all I had to give, the tenderest sympathy—the most devoted love. And now, Isabel, it remains for you to say whether these are to be rejected—whether the misfortunes of my youth are to darken my manhood—whether my life is to be loveless, joyless, or whether your sympathy, your tenderness are to make me rich amends for all—speak, Isabel, must I henceforth regard

you as a stranger, indifferent alike to my weal or woe?"

"Oh, no—no!" cried Isabel, placing her hand in his, and looking into his face with eyes full of tenderness and of unquestioning faith—"oh, no! I can never be indifferent to you—I will be your friend—your true friend—your sister."

"Not sister—not sister," he exclaimed, as he wound his arm around her, "but dearer, far dearer—my love—my wife in all save the name—we will live, love, die together at Mordaunt Hall, while another may wear the worthless title—"

He ceased abruptly, for Isabel had started from his arms, and stood gazing upon him in horror. She understood him at last. For an instant both were silent. Their souls had been revealed to each other, and he, in all his pride of intellect and strength of manhood, stood abashed and cowering before that weak girl.

"Leave me, sir," said Isabel, at length in a quiet but firm tone.

"Hear me, Isabel!"

"I pray you leave me, Mr. Mordaunt?"

"But one sentence—but one word, Isabel."

"I beseech of your courtesy, of your humanity, sir, that you will leave me."

"Only promise that you will listen to me, Isabel, when freed from my present bonds I come to woo you as my wife."

"In no way—in no way will I ever willingly see you more, and now, if you will not leave me, I must seek a refuge elsewhere."

She was turning away, but he exclaimed—"you shall be obeyed—I hoped to find in you a woman who cared for the heart more than for the trappings of life—but the dream is over—farewell."

He was gone, but Isabel stood where he had left her, pale and with deep sadness in her dim and heavy eyes. The belief that his love had been but mockery had aroused Isabel's indignant pride—the discovery of deeper and more unholy designs had well nigh crushed out the life from her heart. Like him who gazed upon the fabled Gorgon, she seemed stiffened into stone by one glance at the impurity he had but half unveiled. His farewell had not moved her. A clap of thunder which shook the house was heard by her as in a dream. The next moment his horse's hoofs were striking rapidly the flinty road which wound around the hill beside her dwelling, and Isabel's eyes were lifted toward him, and followed him in his course till she closed them to shut out the lurid glare of the lightning that for an instant lit up earth and sky. The thunder peal which succeeded with scarce an interval, for thought had but commenced when she looked

again to the spot at which she had last seen him. He was not there, but as her eye glanced upward, far, far above, his horse was rushing, riderless, in wild terror to his home. His sin, her sorrow, all, all was forgotten at that sight, and bare-headed Isabel went forth in the storm to seek him living or dead. With rapid steps and panting breath she ascended the hill, she approached the spot on which—yes! there he lay—still, pale, bleeding. Gracious heaven! is he dead? With one wild scream she threw herself on the ground beside him. She raised his head, wiped away the blood which was streaming from a cut near the temple, and pressing the wound together with her hand, strove to arouse him to sensibility by tones and words of tenderness. How long she had sat thus we know not, but they were both wet with the rain which had begun to fall soon after she left the house, when Lewis Jerrold, who had been alarmed by the arrival of his friend's horse at Mordaunt Hall, found him. From Isabel Raby he could obtain no distinct account of the cause of the disaster. To every question on this subject she replied, "it was I—oh, God!—it was I who sent him forth to die."

In the arrangements to be made for Alfred Mordaunt's comfort, however, she was prompt and decided. She sent Lewis Jerrold to her house to order up the servants with a cot and pillows.

"He must be taken there," she said, "and then a surgeon called."

This was done, and bleeding soon restored speech and sensibility to Alfred Mordaunt, but it was long, very long before his senses were in his possession, or his life was considered out of danger. During this time Isabel Raby was never far distant from his room. It was her voice which soothed his ravings when they were wildest—from her hand he received the potions which he refused from every other. To his passionate apostrophes of her name she answered with the tenderest words and accents. The surgeon smiled—the elder Mr. Mordaunt, whom his nephew's illness had brought from New York, looked at her with no pleasant eye—and even Mrs. Griffin exclaimed, "why, bless my heart, Izzy! you're jest as crazy as Mr. Mordaunt himself, I'm a thinking, to talk so to him," but she was heedless of it all.

One morning she and Lewis Jerrold sat beside him watching him while he slumbered long and heavily. At length he stirred and asked in a feeble voice for water. Isabel handed it to him, and raising his head on her arm, said tenderly—"drink, dear friend."

"My Isabel!" he exclaimed, looking up at her. There was so much sanity both in his looks

and tone that Isabel, between surprise and joy, would have dropped the cup she held, but Lewis Jerrold caught it and gave her a warning look. As she took it from his lips Alfred Mordaunt said, "and Lewis too!—I have been ill, Lewis."

"Yes, Alfred—but you are better now."

"And you have nursed me, Isabel, how kind!"

"We have all nursed you," said Lewis Jerrold, anxious to draw his friend's attention from Isabel, who was too much agitated to speak—"but you must ask no more questions for the present—a little more such quiet sleep as you had just now, and we will hear all you have to say."

"Let me hold your hand, Isabel, and I will sleep."

He held out his hand, and again a look from Lewis Jerrold rebuked Isabel's hesitation. She placed her hand in Alfred Mordaunt's, and clasping it feebly he soon slumbered again. Isabel sat motionless, almost breathless, till that slumber became deep and heavy, then gradually, gently releasing her hand from his yielding clasp, she rose from her seat. For several minutes she bent silently over him and gazed intently on his now placid face, while tears gathered in her eyes and fell slowly, heavily upon his hair. A pair of scissors lay on a table near her, and taking them she very carefully and gently cut off a dark ringlet on which one of those gem-like drops still lay sparkling—then raising her eyes to Lewis Jerrold she said, "You love him, Mr. Jerrold—you will be very careful of him, I know—I have seen him for the last time." She advanced to the door, yet, when there, turned yet again for one last, long look.

Lewis Jerrold had heard Isabel's words without comprehending them. The only significance he attached to them was that she would no longer be his friend's nurse now that his senses were restored. In this manner he explained them to his friend when he inquired for her on awaking, but when skilful treatment, good nursing and the healing influence of hope had restored Alfred Mordaunt to such health that he could leave his room, he petitioned in vain for an interview with Isabel, who was with Mrs. Griffin at Mordaunt Hall.

"She will not see me till I am freed from all obligations to another," said Alfred Mordaunt to his friend. "And now Lewis you must be my Mercury. Difficult as the task will be, I will write to Adelaide Morgan the whole truth, but such a letter must be trusted to no less safe conveyance than a friend's hand—you will carry it for me?"

"I will Alfred—but think well on what you are doing—Adelaide Morgan, if she has not the

brilliancy of Isabel Raby, is at least a very interesting woman ——."

"She may be, but she does not interest me, Lewis," interrupted Alfred Mordaunt impatiently.

"But are you sure that Isabel will listen to you when you are free from other ties?"

"Do you doubt that she loves me, Lewis?"

"I do not—and yet there is a strange firmness in her declaration that she will never see you again."

"I have wounded her pride and I must make amends for it before I can hope to be heard."

In the mean time, rumors had reached Adelaide Morgan of a discreditable amour on the part of Alfred Mordaunt—of a lady whose charms had detained him in the country and who had been his nurse through his illness, and before he could write his purposed letter he received one from her father, dissolving in his daughter's name the engagement between them, and alledging as her only reason a conviction that their union could not conduce to the happiness of either.

Alfred Mordaunt was now free, and with a little skilful management of the anger which the Morgans had excited, and of the softened feelings which his own late illness had aroused in the heart of his uncle, he prevailed upon him to become a suitor for him to Miss Raby. The suit was made with all the ceremonials of respect—all that could heal the wounded pride of Isabel, and it was calmly, sadly, but firmly rejected.

"Go to her Lewis," cried Alfred Mordaunt, for the first time doubtful of success—"entreat her to see me—no one can assure her as I can myself of the truth, the fervor of my affection."

Lewis went to her—but he went in vain.

"Save me, I pray you Mr. Jerrold, from these useless—these painful applications."

"But why should they be useless, Miss Raby? Surely you are not capable of such implacable resentment."

"Resentment! Can you believe me impelled by resentment against *him*?" said Isabel, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Then can you think the pride which makes you both miserable, a virtue?"

"You mistake again, Mr. Jerrold—pride would give me power to repress these tears and at least to *seem* happy."

"Then to what am I to attribute your refusal to hear, or even to see my friend?"

Isabel Raby sat for more than a minute in silence, with downcast eyes, and the color growing brighter and brighter on her lately pallid cheeks, at length she said, "I have no name for the feeling which governs me; but be assured, Mr. Jerrold, it is not less real and enduring—I

cannot see your friend, and again I pray you, in pity to us both, to persuade him to go hence and save me from any farther mention of this subject."

Lewis Jerrold urged his friend's compliance with Isabel's request, both as an act of policy and of regard for her. "Her health is scarcely less shattered than your own," said he; "it may be a nervous irritability, produced by this very state of health, which makes her refuse your prayer—leave her for a while and I doubt not all will yet be well."

Alfred Mordaunt complied. He departed, leaving a letter for Isabel, in which gentle reproaches for her present unkindness were mingled with expressions of confidence in her affection and hope for the future. She received it—read it—wept over it, but did not reply to it.

To trace his wanderings for the succeeding year—to tell how in half that time Lewis Jerrold had sought and won the Adelaide Morgan whom he had thought so interesting while she was yet the fiancée of his friend, and how his wife had sought and won the friendship of the lonely Isabel, would extend this record far beyond its allotted limits.

Lewis Jerrold had encouraged his wife's interest in Isabel Raby, both from his own regard for her and from a hope that his Adelaide would, with woman's delicate tact, discover and remove the barrier to his friend's happiness. They had found Isabel in her own home. The brilliancy of her beauty had faded, but it was replaced by a loveliness the most winning. Gentle resignation now marked the spirit once so joyous and so full of bright hopes. Her glad voice had become low and sad, yet very sweet in its tones.

"She will die," said Lewis Jerrold to his wife, as he noted her pallid face and shrunken form. "There is nothing here to draw her out of herself—nothing to make her forget."

"Let us take her away from this lonely place," said Adelaide—and she tried to do so, but Isabel shook her head with a sad smile.

"I know nothing of your world, dear friends, and it is too late for me to learn its ways."

"Too late, Isabel!—You are not, I think, more than twenty," said Adelaide.

"I am not yet nineteen."

"Why, you are scarcely old enough to come out."

"I have lived a great deal in that time—I see through all your kind intentions, dear friends," she added, extending a hand to each, "but do not fear for me—I feel that my life is not to be a long one, and already I bless my Heavenly Father for destroying all those fair, but false dreams which would have made it so hard to die."

Books were still Isabel's best companions, but instead of the wild legends of passion, she delighted in the recorded experience of those who had lived and suffered, and striven with themselves and conquered—in the lessons of those who taught that the heart was full of delusions, against which we were required to guard ourselves with ever watchful care—above all, in the best of all books, the book of God.

The last day of their visit had passed, and in the evening Lewis Jerrold walked over to Mor-daunt Hall to make his adieu to his old acquaintance, Mrs. Griffin, leaving Adelaide and Isabel to a long *tête à tête*. They were seated in the porch, on which the light of a full moon fell through the flickering shadows of the elms. They were long silent, for the hearts of both were full—too full for speech. At length Adelaide, moving nearer to her friend, took that fair, delicate hand in hers and said tenderly, "I can scarcely realise, dear Isabel, that two weeks ago we had never met. It is true I knew and loved you long before from report, but now I feel in leaving you as if it were a dear sister whom I was consigning to loneliness. Will you let me speak to you as I would to a sister?"

"Will I let you?—Ah! if you only knew how sweet it is to have you speak so to me."

"Then, dear sister mine, why do you persist in this seclusion from a world which you were formed to charm?"

"Ah, Adelaide! because I am a coward and dread the trials which I should have to encounter in that world."

"But Isabel—pardon me if I seem to reflect on one so much better and wiser than I, by the question—are we not taught that we are only stewards of Heaven's good gifts, which we should use for the benefit of others? Can it be right, from the fear of any personal annoyance, to live thus fenced in from our kind?"

"Doubtless it would be very wrong to seek such a position, but I was placed here without any action of my own, and —"

"But you need not remain here," interrupted Adelaide.

"Before I felt as I now do, that there were duties in life even for me, isolated as I am, I had become unable to perform them. My health—"

"There is one, dear Isabel, to whom you might yet bring joy —"

"Speak not of him—speak not of him," said Isabel, in a husky and agitated voice.

"I must, dear Isabel, I must both for your sake and his"—and the warm-hearted Adelaide sank on her knees beside her friend, and wrapped her arms around her as she continued, "listen to me this once—why should you for a single fault

reject so sternly the heart that loves you so truly?"

"A single fault!—Oh Adelaide!—You could not ask me if you knew what that fault was."

"I do know—he has told me all—all Isabel. He has taken shame to himself and given to you the honor you deserve—but surely something less than the misery of his whole life should make amends for his offence against you, deep as it was."

"Can you believe that I have sought his unhappiness as an *amende* to me—that I have acted from a desire to punish him—him whose reported sorrow in our separation has been the worst part of my own?"

"Then you love him, Isabel—you love him still."

"I have dreamed sometimes of a brother, Adelaide—but never with such intense yearning to hear his voice—to look upon his face—to clasp his hand in mine, as I have felt—as I feel whenever his image is present to me. It is a yearning which only prayer can still—prayer for him which seems to bring our souls together. Is this love?"

"Love the truest, the purest—and why should you resist it, Isabel? Why not gratify this yearning?"

"Adelaide, if I were sure that he would never seek to be more to me than a dear friend and brother, gladly would I do so."

"And why should he not be more—why not be to you what Lewis is to me, Isabel?"

"Oh, Adelaide! can you ask me why?—I hoped that you, a woman—a wife—would understand me. Is not reverence necessary to such love as yours for Mr. Jerrold? Would you have felt that there was any sanctity in your marriage if he had sought it from such feelings as—Oh, Adelaide! you must understand me."

"I do—I do, Isabel, and I love and honor you for such feelings—yet may they not be pushed too far —"

She was interrupted by a severer paroxysm of coughing than she had yet observed in her friend. She watched her anxiously as she saw her delicate frame shaken by it. As it ceased, Isabel put her handkerchief to her lips. When she removed it, she held it towards Adelaide, who saw on it by the moonlight spots of bright red.

"Blood," she exclaimed, "Oh Isabel!"

"My mother died of consumption, Adelaide, and that is not the only token I have received lately that I shall soon be beside her. Oh! that I may be with her in Heaven and that another may meet us there—but I can talk no more to-night—good night, dear sister."

The next morning Adelaide parted from her

friend with a sadness that was the result of painful foreboding. By her request, Lewis Jerrold ordered his coachman to drive to the house of the physician who had attended Mrs. Raby, to whom Adelaide related what she had seen the previous evening.

"I was afraid of it—I was afraid of it," said he, looking very gravely—"she inherits her mother's constitution—I will do all I can for her you may be assured."

"Should you see any cause for immediate alarm will you communicate it to me," said Lewis, handing him a card on which he had written his address. The physician promised and they parted. Little more than six weeks after, this dreaded summons was given.

"She may live," wrote Isabel's physician, "for two or three weeks—longer I believe impossible—and she may not live for so many days."

The day after the reception of this summons Adelaide stood beside her friend's bed. After the first agitation of their meeting had subsided, Isabel asked for Lewis Jerrold.

"He is at Mordaunt Hall, Isabel. He thought the meeting with one friend as much as you could bear to-night."

Adelaide paused—but there was a hesitation in her manner which indicated that there was something more that she wished, yet feared to tell.

"Is he alone, Adelaide?" asked Isabel.

"No, Isabel—there is another with him, who hoped that you would not refuse to see him now."

Isabel closed her eyes for a minute or more before she answered, "I will see him, Adelaide."

It was the latter part of September, and the woods and shrubbery around Mordaunt Hall and Isabel's own lonely home were bright with Autumn's gorgeous tints and lit by Autumn's rich, golden sunshine. The scarlet flowers of the woodbine and the fragrant wreaths of the sweet briar were clustering as of old around the cottage porch, while the dash of the waves against the pebbly beach, the low hum of the bees among the flowers, and the rustling of the leaves amidst the pendent branches of the elm as the breeze swept them gracefully to and fro, made a low, subdued music, which might have seemed to a fanciful spirit, nature's requiem for the dying year. Little recked Alfred Mordaunt of all these sounds and sights of beauty as, leaning on the arm of Lewis Jerrold, he walked with heavy heart and step over the path so often traversed with the gay, arrogant confidence of youth. He passed through the little garden—he ascended the step—he entered the parlor—his heart beat with thick, tumultuous throbings, and then seemed to cease

all motions as Adelaide, opening the room-door, beckoned him within. He passed her, and Isabel was before him, on a low couch near the window, propped up by pillows, almost in a sitting posture. Her loose muslin wrapper concealed the altered proportions of her form, but one glance at her face would have destroyed all hope, if hope had yet found a place in the heart of Alfred Mordaunt. Yet she was beautiful—more beautiful than ever—but with that spiritual beauty which we feel is not of the earth. From her plain, muslin cap, one heavy ringlet of dark hair had fallen on her neck, contrasting with its alabaster whiteness and transparency. So clear was her skin that the finest veins in her snowy temples were visible. On each cheek burned a spot of crimson—her lips were of a yet brighter color, and in the depths of her dark eyes glowed a light, vivid, yet pure and serene. In those eyes, as they were fixed upon the door through which Alfred Mordaunt advanced, was mirrored that intense yearning of which she had spoken. It was gratified.

With a smile as full of happiness as her lips had ever worn, she extended her hand to him when he drew near, saying in sweet though feeble accents, "Welcome, beloved friend!"

He could not speak, but throwing himself on his knees beside her couch, he hid his convulsed features upon it, while he pressed the hand he continued to clasp, upon his forehead.

"Dear friend—dearest of earthly friends—my more than brother," said Isabel, "weep not—be comforted."

She passed her other hand through his hair, and then, as his thick, heavy sobs still fell upon her ear, she bent forward till her lips touched his head. It was an exertion greater than she had made for many days, and Adelaide Jerrold seeing her endeavor in vain to raise herself, sprang forward to replace her on her pillows. As she lifted the sweet face up, she saw blood upon the lips, and exclaimed in an alarmed voice, "Mr. Mordaunt!"

Alfred Mordaunt looked up—the light was fading from her eyes—the color was gone from her cheeks, and her breath came gaspingly. Her eyes were still fastened on him—her lips moved—he put his ear to them and caught at intervals the words, "Through mercy—Heaven—meet me there."

Alfred Mordaunt had been borne senseless from the chamber of death, but he stood there once again to take a last, lingering look at that serene face, so lovely even in its last repose. As he gazed upon it, Lewis Jerrold heard him murmur to himself, "Wrapped in the white robes of virgin purity."

In the burial ground of the Mordaunt family, and beside Mrs. Raby's grave, stands a white marble tablet, with the simple inscription,

ISABEL RABY,
Died September 26th, 1805,
Aged eighteen years, eight months.

"Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God."

Above that monument, even now, in the serene evening of a life, most of which has been passed in deeds of Christian charity, Alfred Mordaunt often bends in penitence and prayer.

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

YES, meet me in my dying hour,
When life is growing cold,
And the story of thy cruel power
Upon the heart is told.
Come, while its strings are yet awake
And trembling still for thee,
And as they quiver, ere they break,
Thy soul shall feel for me.

Go with them when they bear me out
And lay me down to rest,
Then leave me in my loneliness—
The damp sods on my breast—
Go back to her for whom ye gave
The life that once was mine;
I shall not feel, in that dark grave,
This perfidy of thine.

THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

Oh! sweet the blushing violet,
That by the streamlet blows:
And sweet the lily of the vale;
And sweet the wildwood rose;
And sweet the dainty hyacinth,
That blooms in lady's bower;
But sweeter far than all combined,
Is my own mountain flower.

Though beauteous maids may crowd the hall,
Where fashion reigns supreme;
Where dancers move in queenly silks,
And costly jewels gleam.
Yet none of fashion's gilded dames
O'er me have half the power,
As she—all innocence and grace—
My own dear mountain flower.

9*

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE PLYMOUTH COLONY.

BY H. J. VERNON.

A SHORT distance from the banks of the little river, which divides Scituate from Marshfield, not quite a day's journey from old Plymouth, there stands an antique farm-house, one portion of which is, at least, two hundred years old. Near it, and immediately overlooking the stream, is a round knoll, now covered with luxurious corn, but which, tradition says, was once occupied by a block-house. Every vestige of this latter, however, has long since disappeared.

It was at the door of this farm-house, on a bright September morning in 16—, that a group of three persons was assembled. Two were apparently about to set forth on a journey. One of these was an elderly man, attired strictly in the Puritanic garb: the other was a youth, who might be about twenty-two, and wearing the insignia of an officer in the colonial forces. The journey of himself and companion, indeed, had reference, to the Indian war carrying on in the vicinity of Narragansett Bay; for the young captain had been sent from Plymouth as a messenger to summon old Miles Ellingwood to the council: it being in contemplation to make an extraordinary levy in order to put an end to the conflict at once. And young Rutherford had been chosen for the messenger, because, as all the colony knew, he was betrothed to the only child of the old man, sweet Ruth Ellingwood.

The third member of the group, as the reader by this time has supposed, was Ruth herself. Her lover had taken occasion, while the old veteran was preparing his horse-girths, to draw her aside and win from her a promise that, on his return, which would be in about a fortnight, she would become his wife. Ruth, therefore, was covered with blushes, when the old man called out that all was ready, and in a minute more, the farewells had been said and the travellers were on their way. The fair girl stood watching them until they reached the edge of the forest, where her lover turned and waved his hand to her: then, with a sigh, she entered the house.

The depredations of the savages had not, for many years, extended as high as old Miles Ellingwood's farm, and, therefore, though the country around was comparatively thinly settled, Ruth felt no alarm at being left thus alone. She had with her a maid servant, who did the rougher work, and there were two male laborers on the place. In those days this was sufficient company even for a young maiden on a lonely border farm: so that Ruth slept as sweetly,

that night, as if her father had been under the same roof.

On the second day of her father's absence Ruth wandered out, toward sunset, in the direction of the river, and pausing to rest, at the little block-house, gazed thoughtfully upon the scene. The rude structure, formed of logs, had been raised as a defence against the incursions of the Indians, but as for some years they had made no attacks upon that part of the country, the little fortress had been suffered to decay, and was covered now with a luxuriant wild vine, which wreathed in fantastic festoons gnily around it. Enchanted by the beauty of the scene, Ruth sat lost in thought until the twilight had deepened into shadow, and the outline of her father's house on the hill could scarcely be distinguished. Rising at length to return homeward, she was started by hearing a "ugh," pronounced by a guttural voice nigh her, and turning hastily around, she saw to her alarm the tawny figure of an armed Indian gazing upon her. He was painted hideously, as if upon a war-party, and his peculiar dress left no doubt upon the maiden's mind that he belonged to the tribe which was now ravaging the southern settlements. All this, however, was seen in an instant, for her first glance had been sufficient—and comprehending her danger at once she fled from the spot with all the swiftness she could. But ere she had gone many paces she felt the hand of the Indian upon her shoulder, while a dozen of his confederates sprung up as if by magic all around her. At this instant a laborer of her father was seen in a field close by. Uttering a wild whoop the troop of Indians burst away after him, leaving her in the charge of her captor, and following them with her eyes she saw with agony the tomahawk of the foremost savage dashed into the brains of the husbandman. The whole band then rushed toward the house, and as the little garrison had been taken entirely by surprise, and boasted indeed only one man and the maid servant, there was scarcely any resistance made to the furious onset of the savages. Their struggles soon brought destruction on themselves. With the ruthless barbarity of Indian war-fare they were inhumanely butchered; a fate which Ruth expected every moment to fall upon herself, but from which, so far as she could judge, she was saved by her captor, apparently the leader of the party. In less than an hour after sunset the home where she had spent so many peaceful hours was a smouldering heap of ruins, and even the hoary block-house itself had been given up to the torch of the barbarians.

No sooner had the conflagration reduced the buildings to ruins, than the band set out on their retreat, Ruth being hurried along between two of

the savages at a rate that almost surpassed her feeble powers.

During this rapid march the emotions in her bosom defied description. She saw herself suddenly cut off from all that she loved, with the prospect before her of a speedy death or a lingering captivity. But she thought not so much of her own sufferings as she did of the agony which awaited her lover and her parent when they returned to find her late home a ruin, and to torture themselves with dark suspicions of her fate.

Meanwhile, after a march of some hours, the savages paused for the night, in a little glade, surrounded by thick woodlands, but admirably protected from observation by the nature of the surrounding country.

Their captive was placed in the circle, around which the savages sat, and, by their gestures, Ruth became aware that she was the subject of the conversation, a warm debate appearing to be carried on between the leader of the party and one who seemed to be next to him in authority—and by the angry vehemence of the subordinate and the occasional scowls of his companions she judged that her captor advocated, against the rest, the preservation of her life. For a long time she knew not but that the next moment would be her last. Now a savage would turn frowning toward her, and clutching his knife, fiercely speak with angry vehemence for several minutes—while the approving gestures of his companions made her momentarily tremble for her life. Once she thought her last minute had come: it was when the angriest of the group suddenly starting from his seat, sprang toward her, and dexterously weaving his left hand into her hair, extended the other, in which glittered a scalping knife, on high. But Ruth neither shrieked nor trembled, she knew that her life was in the hands of her Creator, and closing her eyes to shut out the sight of the fatal weapon, she bowed her head meekly to the stroke. A minute elapsed and then another, and yet the blade descended not, and opening her eyes with a shudder which even her resigned mind could not avert, she saw, to her surprise that the savage had sheathed the fatal weapon, and was standing moodily over her, while her captor pointed exultingly to her. In a minute after the Indian relaxed his hold of her hair, and retreated apparently crest-fallen to the group. All this was inexplicable; and the only solution to the riddle which Ruth could think of, was that the attack of the savage had been intended as a trial of her firmness, upon which, perhaps, her life had depended.

Often, however, during the ensuing hour, while the Indians continued smoking around her, would

the sullen countenance of the disappointed savage be turned upon her with a look of hate almost demoniacal.

And thus passed away more than one dreary hour, during which the mind of the maiden was tortured with the most dreadful suspense. The Indians hung around their fire, seemingly engaged in reciting their exploits in battle; while as their narrations proceeded, Ruth could see by their glaring eyes and quicker speech that their thirst for blood was becoming aroused. It was a terrible situation for a sensible mind like her's. Wholly at the mercy of her ruthless captors, with the butchery of her father's household still before her eyes, she expected momentarily, as the passions of her captors became inflamed by the recital of their deeds, to see them start up and make her the victim to their fury. But she trusted in her only help in such an awful emergency; and for the first time, perhaps, since the creation, the voice of heartfelt prayer, went up to the true God in that dark recess of the forest. Yes! Ruth prayed, she prayed for those she loved—she prayed for herself that her fate might be as her Maker willed it—but above all she prayed for the deluded barbarians who held her as their captive. And thus the night wore on.

The evening was rapidly advancing when two travellers left the little highway leading out of Plymouth, and struck into a narrow horse path that wound through the forest toward the border settlements. They might have been recognized at a single glance for the father and lover of Ruth. The business for which the former visited Plymouth had been adjusted sooner than he expected, and, owing to a temporary cessation of hostilities against the southern savages, the latter found himself at liberty to accompany Mr. Ellingwood home, his heart beating high, as he rode, with the expectation of seeing Ruth so soon, while a thousand fancies chased each other through his brain, often vague and visionary perhaps, but all centering upon one dear being.

"We shall be at our journey's end ere an hour," said Mr. Ellingwood, as he saw the twilight thickening around them, "and were it not for this moon, we should have some difficulty in threading our way through the forest."

"Yes! but does not the moon give out an unnaturally bright light as she rises yonder—but surely," added the young soldier, checking his steed and looking around doubtfully, "that is not the east where that vivid glare appears? Can the forest be on fire?"

"The Lord have mercy on his people if it is so," answered the puritan—"and I may well say, on poor Ruth, for verily the conflagration is in the direction of my habitation,

and may it not be that the flames have caught it?"

"Let us on," vehemently ejaculated the young soldier, forgetting everything in the alarm of the lover, "let us on—the very suspicion is terrible."

The words had no sooner been pronounced than, without pausing for his companion's answer, Rutherford dashed madly on, careless of the gathering darkness, or the thousand obstructions in his path. The father, incited by an equal alarm, pressed in his rear.

As they hurried along, the ruddy glow on the horizon grew more and more intense, until its light covered the sky in that quarter half way to the zenith. They began to hope, as its intensity increased, that it was only the forest on fire; but when they beheld the conflagration decline, flicker, and almost entirely vanish, their hearts became once more filled with uneasy fears. At length they emerged upon the cleared land of Mr. Ellingwood's farm, and in an instant the spectacle of his smouldering homestead burst upon them.

"My house burned down!—but oh! my child, my child, where art thou, Ruth?" cried the agonized parent, whose stoicism gave way as he gazed on the desolation before him.

"They have taken shelter, I doubt not, in the old block-house," answered the lover, turning his horse's head quickly toward it; but how was he astonished, in place of the expected fortress, to see only a smoking pile of ruins, from which occasionally the smouldering flames would leap up in fitful flashes.

"Oh, my God," bitterly exclaimed Rutherford, "there has been something besides accident in this. But can they be anywhere about? Ruth! Ruth! Ruth!" he continued in a loud and agonised voice; but only the silent woods echoed back his call, and he listened vainly for the answering voice of the inmates of the late dwelling.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed the agonised parent, "is she no more? If this cup might have passed from me—but the will of God be done."

Meantime, however, the young soldier had sprang from his steed to examine something, which lying, half-hidden under the ruins, had sent the blood curdling to his heart. With a sickening feeling he gazed upon the body of a man, the head clove in twain and disfigured by the loss of the scalp-lock. For a moment, as he gazed upon it, his breath, coming thick and choking, almost deprived him of utterance, and he could only take his companion by the arm, and point with horror in his eyes to the mutilated corpse. But the gesture was enough. The quick eyes of the father, anxious for his lost child, at once detected in the body his murdered servant.

He started back aghast. For an instant neither spoke. At length in a dry, husky voice, tremulous with agitation, the father said,

"The Indians!—my child is dead—verily! thy hand is heavy on me, oh! Lord."

The young officer for a moment stood gazing, spell-bound, upon the murdered man, then his feelings burst forth.

"By the God of my fathers," he said, "I will rescue you, Ruth, if living, and revenge you if dead—" and clenching his hand fiercely he shook it on high, as if to call heaven to witness his vow.

"Richard—Richard," said the father, "swear not at all!"

"Father," answered Rutherford, in a milder tone, "I am rebuked. But let us waste no time. If Ruth is alive she is a prisoner, for surely they have not dared to murder her—we will find their trail and follow on: it is not the first time I have dogged a savage. In the name of our Maker let us go."

We need not describe their feelings of alternate hope and fear as they searched around the homestead for the bodies of the slain. Ruth was not among them.

"Hope, father, hope," said Rutherford, "Ruth is only a prisoner."

"In the Lord is my trust."

It might be about an hour after the departure of the Indians, when Mr. Ellingwood and Rutherford set forth on foot in their pursuit. No man travelled in that day without being armed, and both, therefore, carried with them their guns, together with the common hunting-knife then in use. With the sagacity which long practice in border warfare had given to him, Rutherford followed up the trail of the savages. Stooping his body forward to watch the marks of the Indian footsteps, and gliding stealthily along in silence, while the father followed behind, he found himself at length on the verge of a precipitous descent, from which a narrow path led down into a kind of amphitheatre below, overgrown with dwarf trees, and almost hidden from sight. The keen eye of the young soldier had detected that within the seclusion of the little grove was hidden a party of human beings, no doubt the very ones he sought. His breath grew thick with the excitement of the discovery, but remembering that all depended on his coolness, he checked his emotion, and turning to Mr. Ellingwood, whispered,

"They are there below—all now depends on our sagacity, for as they outnumber us, we must trust to stratagem to rescue Ruth."

The father answered not, but his eye gleamed, and he pressed the hand of Rutherford warmly. Taking a rapid glance at the landscape immediately around him, the young officer beckoned

to his companion, and commenced stealthily descending the declivity.

"Hist!" said Rutherford, when they reached the base of the descent, "look there."

The father turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and beheld six powerful Indians sitting in a circle, while his daughter knelt, as if in prayer, a short distance off. The sight made him involuntarily lift his piece to his shoulder, but the cautious young soldier, laying his hand upon the old man's arm, and bending down his mouth close to Mr. Ellingwood's ear, whispered,

"Take them in range—move a little to the right"

The father mechanically obeyed, but the crackling of a dry twig beneath his feet caused the savages to look around. He paused. Neither of the two dared to breathe during that moment of agony. Bending his ear close to the ground, the savage, who appeared to be the leader of the party, listened a minute intently, while one of his companions slowly arose and stepped cautiously toward the thicket where Mr. Ellingwood was concealed. It was an instant of thrilling suspense. A deeper breath than common, or the rustling of a single fallen leaf would have betrayed the pursuers to the Indians, and sealed not only their own fate, but that of Ruth. The savage came nigher and nigher, and putting his hands out, cautiously removed some of the outermost branches of the thicket. The young soldier might have stabbed him to the heart, almost without changing his own position, but by so doing he would have alarmed the rest, and prevented all possibility of a surprise—a plan of attack which held out the only hope that they might prevail against the overpowering numbers of the Indians. He only held his breath, therefore, firmly between his teeth, determined not to use his knife except in the last necessity. His coolness, perhaps, saved their lives, for after a moment's unsuccessful scrutiny the savage retired.

For more than five minutes after the retreat of the savage, neither Rutherford nor Mr. Ellingwood moved; but at length the young officer beckoned to his companion and stole stealthily a few paces farther to the right. So cautiously did he move that a quarter of an hour elapsed before he had gained the position he sought.

The savages were still sitting in a circle before them, not many yards distant. Their arms had been piled against a log equally distant from themselves and the two companions. The plan of Rutherford was to fire at the group, and instantly rushing from covert to seize the arms of the Indians before they could do so themselves. Everything was now ready.

"Take the two innermost ones," whispered Rutherford to his companion—"and leave the leader and the tall one behind him to me—ready—*fire*."

The report of the two pieces cracked sharply in the air, and two of the savages fell over dead. But the other four sprang up with a loud yell, gazed wildly around an instant, and then recovering from their surprise, darted forward to secure their arms. That moment of hesitation sealed their fate. The lightning is not quicker than was the rush made by the two avengers to obtain possession of the savages' arms. Seizing a piece with either hand, and kicking the other behind him, Rutherford dashed on to meet his adversaries. One of them was already bleeding, but he raised his tomahawk to strike the young officer. Before he could aim it, however, the piece of Rutherford, directed at his brain, went off, and, with a sharp, quick cry, he leaped convulsively on high, and then fell to the ground dead. Rutherford did not pause a moment, for he saw that the other savage who had at first rushed upon him had retreated, and now following him with his eye he beheld the Indian, to his horror, with his hand wreathed in Ruth's hair, and drawing with the other his tomahawk from his belt. The maiden lay at his feet, pale as ashes, stretching her hands out to Rutherford for aid, but unable to utter a word. Not a moment was to be lost. Hastily lifting the other musket to his shoulder, Rutherford glanced his eye rapidly along the barrel and pulled the trigger. Good God! the gun flashed in the pan. Every thing hung on the next instant. The tomahawk of the savage had providentially caught in his belt, and after tugging at it vainly until now, he suddenly jerked his knife from its sheath, and drawing the weapon back to the full length of his arm, was about to plunge it into Ruth's heart, when at that instant, the tomahawk of Rutherford, with unerring aim, whizzed through the air, and as the arm of the Indian descended, buried deep into his brain. He staggered and reeled around, his blow spending itself upon the air. He clutched the grass in agony as he fell, made one or two convulsive movements, and then all was over. In another instant Rutherford had clasped the trembling maiden to his bosom; while at the same moment the voice of Mr. Ellingwood was heard exclaiming,

"The Lord God of Israel be praised, how is the spoiler delivered into our hands—my daughter, oh! my daughter."

The struggle between the father and his two antagonists had been short and decisive. The possession of their weapons had given the odds to Mr. Ellingwood. One of them had fallen at

the first fire, and the other perceiving the defeat of his companions, had dashed into the woods, and disappeared.

"But you are wounded, father," said Ruth, "oh! Rutherford, see how he bleeds."

And wounded indeed was the parent. The hatchet of the fallen Indian had struck his side, which was now bleeding profusely. Ruth, however, bandaged it up as well as her trembling hands would permit, and with their joy in a measure damped by this occurrence, the little party, after returning thanksgiving to that great being who had preserved them in such imminent peril, set out for the nearest frontier settlement. Before many hours' march they reached the hospitable home of a neighbor, and were welcomed to its shelter with tears of rejoicing.

Ruth rapidly recovered from the fatigue of that eventful night; but her father, alas! was destined to be its victim. His wound proved mortal.

Before he died, however, he insisted on seeing Ruth and her lover united. The ceremony was performed at his bed-side.

"God bless you my children," he said, as he placed his hand on them: then looking to heaven, he murmured, "Lord lettest now thy servant depart in peace," and thus he died.

ELLEN GRAY.

BY GEORGE ELTON.

Oh! have you seen my Ellen fair?
The moonbeams on her flowing hair
Like shifting ripples play.
Her mouth is like a damask rose,
When first the fragrant leaves uncloze,
Her breast a wilderness of snows—
My darling Ellen Gray.

Sweet is her smile and kind her air,
And like the sunshine everywhere
She turns the night to day.
So heavenly all her instincts are,
She seems the angel of a star
Come from her silver throne afar,
My saintly Ellen Gray.

THE STATE BARGE.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

PROUD as a swan its mate beside,
It floats upon the prouder tide;
The silver oars, in measured tune,
Keep time as waterfalls in June:
'Mid snowy temples soaring high,
A dreaming thing it wanders by;
A fairy barge—a fairy scene—
And worthy even Lucknow's queen.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

WE are able, this month, to present our readers with the *early fall fashions for New York and Philadelphia*, the patterns for which have been sent out to us *in advance from Paris*. Next month we shall give the late fall fashions and the early winter ones. By this enterprise we are, as usual, six weeks ahead of every cotemporary.

FIG. I.—MORNING DRESS.—This is made with a rounded waist, the boddice partially open in front: the skirt opens from the zone. The sleeves are loose, and extend half way to the wrist. A very pretty lace cap completes the costume.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS of plaid silk, made with three deep flounces: the waist rounded: the sleeves loose, with under sleeves of cambric. The boddice comes high up on the neck. The capote is trimmed with small roses.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—The principal feature of this dress is the *pardessus d'été*, or *La Kazawaika* which is just now the *mode* with the most fashionable people in London. It is generally made, as in this instance, of Pekin silk. The bonnet is of straw, trimmed with ribbon. This costume will continue to be worn late into the autumn.

FIG. IV.—ANOTHER FALL COSTUME: the skirt having three deep flounces, and the sleeves being long. A mantelet is worn over all, this article being again all the fashion. The present one is cut very sloping over the top of the shoulders, descending down the front in long and rounded ends: it is trimmed on the back with three volants. This costume will be appropriate until the first of November.

CHANGES IN DRESSES.—Corsages are becoming higher every day: the revers are, however, made very open to show the chemisette, which is richly embroidered. The robes Amazones, where the skirt and body are separate with a jacket, are growing in favor. We gave a specimen of this style in July. Some dresses of couil, are with full backs, though the front is tight and ornamented with buttons Marquises. Flounces are generally worn in echelon. Several of the leaders of fashion in London are patronizing that most beautiful over-all dress, the *paletot d'été*, which, they wear made entirely of black and white lace.

BONNETS.—Straws now begin to make their appearance: they are mostly trimmed plainly with ribbon. The latest style, however, is the shaded capote. It is composed of a quantity of gauze folds, the colors being shaded across, from a very light hue to the darkest shade. For instance, upon a citron colored one, the first is of the palest straw color, the deepest and last fold being of the hue of the marigold, the intermediate folds being of the graduated shades. Then, again, a pink hat, the first fold being of the palest China-rose color, and the last *biais* a perfect cerise.

CAPS.—They are worn small and placed backward on the head, (see fig. 1.) For morning wear, the most favorite material is embroidered muslin, the crown made very small, and decorated with a *triple papillon*, trimmed with *brides*, or streamers of ribbon or velvet.

SHAWLS, &c.—Double shawls of black lace and black lace mantelets are in high favor as well as scarfs. A new mantelet, termed *visites*, (see fig. 4.) is a mixture of the scarf and mantelet, of white organdy, lined with pink, the long ends rounded and the pelerine very full, the whole trimmed with fringed pink ribbon, three rows on the pelerine; others are trimmed with lace or embroidered with trimming festoons.

FULL DRESS COIFFURES.—These are of the most fanciful description, and of the richest tissues; for instance, we have the *bonnet smyrnoite*, embroidered all over with gold and pearls; the whole of the head dress encircled with a twist at the back. Then again, the *Coiffure Algerienne*, composed of a gold net work, embroidered with *ponceau* or green silk, and round which is a narrow scarf of gold and silk, the ends of which are terminated with broad fringe drooping as low as the waist. A more simple description of head dress, are those called *les Fontanges*; formed of a single *naut* of satin fringed with gold, fastened upon the side of a kind of net-work, which confines the back hair. The *coiffure Sevillienne* is also much in favor, composed of black jet, and ornamented at the side with a large rose, and with long jet tassels at the opposite side of the head-dress.

BALL DRESSES.—The light textures of which these fairy-like costumes are of every color: white, however, predominates. We may cite, as one of the most elegant toilettes, a dress formed of three skirts of *tulle semé* with *pois d'or*, and edged or bordered with a broad fringe of white and gold; these three skirts are raised in a kind of drapery *puperpostes* on each side with three *nauts* of silk and gold *torsades*, terminated with Algerine tassels: upon the upper skirt the cord reaches up to the waist, which it also encircles, but without being tied in any way, so as to give proper effect to the side *cordelières*: the corsage is formed *à la grecque*, with very small sleeves, perfectly plain, and also edged with a fringe. Another style of evening dress, are those made of pink or blue Italian silk *glacées* white, which are made *à double jupe*, the upper ones being formed open, and trimmed *en tablier* on each side of the *jupe*; the *tour* of the openings and the lower part of the skirt being trimmed with *ruches* of ribbon or net. We may also remark that the trimmings most used for ornamenting the *robes Pompadour*, are the fringed ribbons put on *en petit falbalas*, and having a most charming effect. For *petites soirées*, some of the most fashionable wear dresses of white *barégé à lignes transversales*, that is, striped across, with Grecian corsage, and the sleeves rather large; also dresses of light colored Italian silks, and trimmed with three or four flounces of a very light style of black lace, has a very charming effect; these half style of evening dresses are sometimes made with high bodies, and may be seen composed of plaided Pekin silk, either pink and white, or green and white, and trimmed with four rows of handsome fringe, made in the two colors.

REDINGOTES.—Several very elegant ones have lately appeared, composed of white *tarlatane* muslin, and lined with pink or blue taffetas or a *transparent*, and trimmed with *garniture* of shaded ribbon; the corsage is made perfectly *degagé*, and short sleeves, making, altogether, a most charming evening dress.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

THIS being the month, when housewives generally attend to their preserves, we devote our space to the following very latest and most approved receipts.

TO PRESERVE PEACHES, APRICOTS, NECTARINES AND PLUMS.—September is the best month for peaches, as they are then harder and larger. Weigh the peaches, put them into a preserving pan full of cold water with a slice or two of lemon; set them on a slow fire, have ready a sieve and a napkin, and be careful not to do them too much.

Some of the peaches will be ready sooner than others: when they begin to be soft they are done enough; take them out as they become soft and drain them on a sieve, and let them stand until cold; then make a syrup, to every pound of peaches allowing a pound of loaf sugar—use some of the water in which the peaches were boiled for the syrup. Crack the pits of half a dozen peaches, throw them into hot water and remove their skins, then boil them with the syrup you are making. Put the peaches into jars and glasses, and pour the syrup over them.

Cut several round pieces of paper, dip them in brandy, lay them over the preserves, and tie up the jars.

Apricots, Nectarines and Plums, may be preserved in the same manner.

This way of preserving peaches is much preferable to cutting them up and then preserving them. The fruit should not be permitted to boil until it becomes shrivelled.

TO PRESERVE QUINCES.—Quinces if very ripe, are best preserved in the following manner:—Pare and cut them in slices, an inch thick—take out the cores carefully so as to have the slices in the form of a ring. Allow a pound of nice white sugar for each pound of the fruit—dissolve it in cold water, having a quart of the latter to a pound of sugar, then put in the sliced quinces, and let them soak in it ten or twelve hours. Put them in a preserving kettle, and put it on a moderate fire—cover them over, and let the quinces boil gently—there should be more than enough syrup to cover the quinces. When a broom splinter will go through them easily, take them from the fire, and turn them out. In the course of a week, turn the syrup from them, and boil it down, so that there will be just enough to cover the fruit. When not very ripe, pare and cut the quinces either in rings or quarters, take out the cores and boil the quinces in fair water, till they begin to grow tender—take them up, and strain the water in which they are boiled—put in either brown or white sugar—add a little cold water. When lukewarm, put in the whites of eggs and clarify it—let it cool, then put in the quinces, and boil them slowly for half an hour. Keep them covered over while boiling, if you wish to have them of a light color. Turn them out into pots as soon as preserved, and set them away in a cool place. Look at them in the course of a week to see if they have fermented—if so, turn the syrup from them, boil it, and turn it back while hot. The parings and cores of the quinces can be used for marmalade, with a few whole ones. Some people prefer to preserve the quinces with the cores in, but the syrup

will not look clear. The following is a cheap method of preserving quinces, and answers very well for common use: Pare, halve, and take out the cores of the quinces, and boil the parings in new cider till soft. Strain the cider, and for five pounds of quinces put in a pound of brown sugar, a quart of molasses, the beaten white of an egg—clarify it, then put in the quinces. There should be rather more than enough cider to cover the quinces, as it wastes a good deal while the quinces are boiling. The peel of an orange cut in small pieces, and boiled with them, gives the quinces a fine flavor.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Gather the fruit when fully ripe, and of a fine yellow; pare, quarter and core it. Put the quinces into a saucepan with a little water, set them on the fire until they are quite soft; then take them out, and lay them on a sieve to drain; rub them through; and put to each pound of the strained quinces a pound of brown sugar. Set it on a few coals, and let it stew slowly, stirring it constantly. When it has stewed an hour, take a little of it out, let it get cold—if it then cuts smooth, it is sufficiently stewed.

QUINCE JELLY.—Halve the quinces, and take out the cores. Boil the quinces till very soft in clear water, mash them, and let them drain through a flannel bag, without squeezing them. Put to the quince liquor, when drained through the bag, white sugar in the proportion of a pound to a pint of liquor. Add the whites of eggs, and clarify it. When clear, boil it on a moderate fire, till it becomes a thick jelly. Fill glasses with the jelly, and cover them tight. The quince pulp that remains in the jelly-bag can be made into marmalade.

GREEN GAGES.—Allow equal weights of sugar and gages. Make a syrup of white sugar, and just water enough to cover the plums. Boil the plums slowly in the syrup ten minutes—turn them into a dish, and let them remain four or five days, then boil them again, till the syrup appears to have entered the plums. Put them into a china jar, and in the course of a week turn the syrup from them, scald it, and turn it over them hot.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Pare them very thin, and simmer them in a thin syrup, allowing only one quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of pears. Let them lie for two days, add another quarter of a pound of sugar to each pound of pears, and simmer them again. Let them lie all night, or longer if you please, then simmer them once more, this time adding half a pound of sugar to each pound of pears, with the juice of half a lemon to every two pounds of fruit. A small portion of the lemon peel may also be used. The fruit may then be drained and dried in the sun, so that they may be used dry; or they may be poured into jars with the syrup over them.

Another mode of preserving pears, and a less troublesome one, is to pare, quarter and core the pears, boil them for an hour in as much water as will cover them, then add to every pound of pears a pound of white sugar and the juice of half a lemon, boil the whole and skim it. When the pears are soft pour them into jars and the syrup over them; tie up the jars.

GRAPE JELLY.—Take out the stoner, mash the grapes with your hands, (they must be ripe,) then squeeze them through a cloth to extract all the juice from them, and boil and finish the same as currant jelly. Use half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Medici Series of Italian Prose. 4 vols. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, 1845.—Under this title it is the intention of the publisher to present the American readers with four standard works from the Italian tongue, viz:—"The Challenge of Barletta," a historical romance, "The Florentine Histories," by Machiavelli, "The Citizen of a Republic," by Ceba, and the "Autobiography of Alfieri." The volumes will be sold separately or together. We have the first of the series now before us. It is a story of the days of Medici, and probably the best novel in the Italian tongue. The translation is executed with fidelity and grace, by C. Edwards Lester, the American Consul at Genoa. The volume is printed in large and handsome type: the paper is thick and white; and indeed the whole of the mechanical execution of the book is creditable in the highest degree. We are glad to see works of such merit taken in hand by our publishers and issued in a style commensurate with their value. Italian literature has hitherto been too much of a sealed book to the American public; and we have no doubt this enterprise will receive, as it deserves, handsome encouragement.

Spiritual Direction. By M. Michelet. 1 vol. J. M. Campbell, Philadelphia, 1845.—We have here a translation of Michelet's famous work, "Du Prêtre, de la femme, de la famille," which has attracted so much attention in France among theologians and those interested in religious movements.

The American Village; and other poems. By C. W. Denison. 1 vol. H. B. Skinner & Co., Boston, 1845.—This neat little volume contains several elegant poems, among which we would mention, "To the Memory of my Mother," "The Factory Girl," and "The Dying Convict."

Abbey of Innismoyale. 1 vol. J. M. Campbell. Philadelphia, 1845.—This is a religious novel, by the author of "Father Clement." It is got up in very good style.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A RUSSIAN POET.—Many of our readers, who have regarded Russia as a semi-barbarous country, will be surprised at the caption of this editorial notice. But poets are almost as numerous in the dominions of the czar, as they are in either England or America, and though their poems are by no means equal to the best in our literature, they nevertheless evince force, imagination and considerable artistic skill. One of the most popular of their writers in verse was Pushkin, a notice of whose life and death has just appeared in Blackwood. From numerous specimens of his works we select the following poem, which tells, in energetic verse, a thrilling story of Oriental love. The rapid and breathless style of the poem is admirably suited to the subject: it, however, is one of the national characteristics, if we may so speak, of Russian poetry.

THE BLACK SHAWL.

Like a madman I gazed on a raven black shawl;
Remorse, fear and anguish—this heart knows them all.
When believing and fond, in the spring-time of youth,
I loved a Greek maiden with tenderest truth.

That fair one caressed me—my life! oh, 'twas bright,
But it set—that fair day—in a hurricane night.

One day I had bidden young guests, a gay crew,
When sudden there knock'd at my gate a vile Jew.

"With guests thou art feasting," he whisperingly said,
"And she hath betrayed thee, thy young Grecian maid."

I cursed him and gave him good gnerdon of gold,
And call'd me a slave that was trusty and bold.

"Ho! my charger—my charger!" we mount, we depart,
And soft pity whisper'd in vain at my heart.

On the Greek maiden's threshold in frenzy I stood—
I was faint—and the sun seem'd as darken'd with blood:

By the maiden's lone window I listen'd, and there
I beheld an Armenian caressing the fair.

The light darken'd round me: then flash'd my good blade,
The minion ne'er finished the kiss that betray'd.

On the corse of the minion in fury I danced,
Then silent and pale at the maiden I glanced.

I remember the prayers and the red-bursting stream:
Thus perish'd the maiden—thus perish'd my dream.

This raven black shawl from her dead brow I tore—
On its folds from my dagger I wiped off the gore.

The mists of the evening arose, and my slave
Hurl'd the corse of both in the Danube's dark wave.

Since then, I kiss never the maid's eyes of light—
Since then, I know never the soft joys of night.

Like a madman I gaze on the raven black shawl;
Remorse, fear and anguish—this heart knows them all.

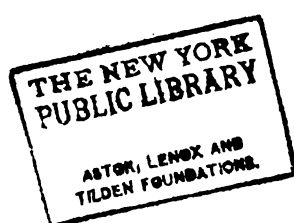
This poem reminds us forcibly of some of the old ballads of Spain and England. It is remarkable that the simplicity and force of our poets decrease with the advance of civilization. As we grow more refined we become less Homeric.

A POWERFUL TALE.—We invite attention to the thrilling story of Isabel Raby. It is rarely that an article is found, at once so powerful and instructive: we consider it one of the very best specimens of fictitious writing.

The story by Mrs. Orne is also an admirable one. It is founded on the following incident narrated in Sir Walter Scott's Essay on Chivalry. "When the daughter of the Count bestowed her annual gifts on her father's household, she gave the page Leofried, in derision a single thread of gold tissue. To show the value he placed on the most minute memorial coming from such a hand, the youth opened a wound in his bosom and deposited the thread in the neighborhood of the heart."

CHEAP MUSIC.—We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. T. B. Peterson, and especially to that part of it, which refers to *cheap music*. The music he advertises can be furnished by him at one fourth the price of copper-plate music, and is, in every way, equal, if not superior to the latter.

GALLERY OF COSTUMES.—We give the second, of our gallery of costumes, in our present number. It represents the national dress of Tyrol. We shall endeavor thus to unite utility and ornament.





Illman & Sons

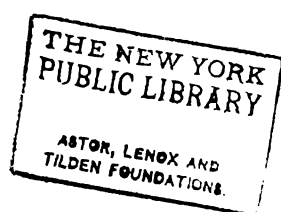
THE GREEK GALESTYEL

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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1845.

No. 4.

THE GREEK CAPTIVE.

BY MRS. M. A. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER I.

—
"Whose bullet on the night air sang."
— *Bridge of Sighs.*

It was a few days after the fall of Missolonghi, and, in the close walls of Hussein Bey's palace, one of the fair victims of that terrible disaster sat alone. Theresa Colonna had seen her aged sire perish in the storming of the town, and had afterward witnessed the inhuman massacre of her two brothers; and, to crown her misfortunes, her beauty had attracted the notice of Hussein Bey, and she had been torn from her native soil, and from one she loved more than life, to adorn his harem. The desolate feelings of the orphan girl were beyond the power of pen to portray. Bereft of every relative, and ignorant of her lover's fate, she sat, by the iron-latticed window, a prey to hopeless despondency. In vain she tried to hope. If she looked steadily into the future, she saw no encouragement. Death, or what was worse than death, seemed her inevitable destiny. Alas! she was only one out of hundreds of the daughters of unhappy Greece, who, on that melancholy occasion, were carried into slavery, to amuse the whims, or gratify the base passions of their conquerors.

As she sat, by that lonely window, the tears began to flow freely. Far off, across the blue waters that almost washed the base of the tower, she saw the purple hills of her native land, now lost to her forever. She thought of her happy home, of her aged sire and her manly brothers, and of the terrible day in which their little household had been laid ruthlessly in blood and ashes. Then the uncertain fate of her lover rose up before her imagination. Had he, too, fallen in that terrible conflict? If not, surely he would have been there, at the close of the strife, to protect her. No, she could not flatter herself that he yet lived: the vulture preyed on his corse as on those of the thousand other brave defenders of Missolonghi:

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and, as these thoughts came across her, she buried her face on her hands and sobbed convulsively.

She remained in this agony of grief until the setting sun had sunk in the blue Ionian, and the shades of evening cast their sombre hues over wave, and shore, and hill. The cool air stole through the casement, and she looked up. Suddenly a low voice sounded her name immediately under her. The tone was familiar. Could the speaker be Demetrius, her lover, so lately mourned as dead?—or had fancy suggested to her too sensitive heart the well known voice? With an expression of surprise she gazed around. A painter would have chosen that moment to depict her exquisite loveliness. Her looks, just now so desponding, beamed with hope and animation. She stood erect, with her head slightly turned aside, displaying the beautiful chiselling of her throat, while her large, dark, oriental eye shone with a brilliancy, that can only be appreciated by those who have seen a Greek woman in emotion. Her lips were slightly parted, revealing her white and pearly teeth. Her costume was such as to heighten her beauty. Her upper robe was a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles: below was a handkerchief of muslin, concealing her bosom; and under this was a gown of striped silk, falling in front in graceful and easy folds. This splendid array of colors, gleaming out in the thick shadows of the apartment, gave her the appearance of one of those portraits of Titian, where the brilliancy of the tints is heightened by the depth of the background.

"Zoe—my life!" was repeated in a whisper.

The voice seemed to proceed from under the window: she sprang to it with a suppressed cry.

"Theresa!"

There could no longer be any doubt, for as the name of her lover broke from her agitated lips, his face appeared above the sill of the window, to which he had ascended from below by an exertion of almost superhuman dexterity and strength.

The rush of joyful emotion that swept through the heart of the Greek girl, made her brain, for a moment, reel with dizziness; and she clung to

the casement for support. The kisses of her lover, showered on the fair hand, restored her to consciousness.

"Oh! I am so glad you are here," she said, bursting into tears.

"I have dared shot and steel and sentry," he said, "to see you once more, and restore you to liberty. You did not think I had deserted you?"

"Oh! no, no, no," she quickly replied to his half reproachful tone, "I thought you, too, dead—that I was alone—in *his* power—and I prayed for death."

"Thank God for that!" ejaculated her lover. "Anything before becoming the minion of Hussein Bey. But we waste words," he added, as if suddenly recollecting himself, "the haughty Turk returns to-morrow from his camp. I knew that though he had not followed you here yet, he would not be long away, and I have to-day heard that he will arrive to-morrow. It is to save you from him that I have come hither to-night. With difficulty I found your apartment. I have brought instruments to wrench off these iron bars, and a rope to assist your descent. I will not conceal from you the danger of the attempt, for even if you reach the ground in safety, we may be intercepted before we can gain the water-side, or even after we have left the shore. Think you that you can make the attempt?"

"Anything rather than stay here. I will endure anything with you and for you.

Her lover made no reply, except by a silent pressure of her hand: then he took from under his garment a thick bar of iron, and began to wrench the lattice work of the window away. There was a silent energy in his demeanor that convinced Theresa, more than words could have done, of the imminency of their peril. On her part she assisted him as much as she could with her feeble hands. Soon one of the bars yielded to their efforts, then another, and then a third. The opening promised quickly to be large enough for the required purpose, when suddenly lights were seen flashing in the garden below. Theresa tremblingly pointed them out to Demetrius.

"I fear we are discovered," he said, "but there may yet be time. One more wrench at this bar and then I can hand you out."

He seized the iron rod as he spoke, and shook it with the strength of a dozen men, but it yielded not. Steps were now heard in the garden below, succeeded by voices calling to each other, while lights hurried from every quarter in the direction of the tower.

"Fly, fly," shrieked Theresa, "it is too late to think of anything but saving yourself. Another minute and they will be here."

The only answer of Demetrius was to shake the

bar again with a giant's grip, but it stubbornly refused to yield. A loud shout, at this moment, arose from the garden, announcing the discovery of the young Greek, and immediately several shots whistled about the window. The danger to Theresa moved him, however, more than his own.

"Go in," he cried, "nay! I will fly since you insist on it. If I escape you will hear from me."

With these words he was gone.

But Theresa did not leave the casement. Forgetting her exposed situation in the peril of her lover, she remained at her post eagerly watching the events that followed. The Turks saw the daring Greek drop from the window, and immediately, with a howl of baffled rage, dispersed into a semi-circle around the tower to cut off his retreat. For a few minutes nothing was heard but the hurried tramping of feet, while the lights flashed to and fro incessantly. Then a wild shout of exultation rose up from one quarter, and from the haste with which every one ran thither, Theresa knew that her lover had been discovered. The rattling of steel was now heard, then shots followed, in quick succession, mingled with groans and curses. Suddenly there was a loud cry, she could not distinguish whether of defiance or of mortal pain, but the voice she knew to be her lover's; while almost simultaneously it seemed as if a dozen pistols and carbines were discharged in the melee. To this succeeded a shout, in which all the pursuers seemed to join, and then a sudden and complete silence. To add to the horrible uncertainty, the lights appeared to have been extinguished in the strife, and everything was now in profound darkness. Minute after minute passed, and yet the noise was not resumed. The stillness was awe-inspiring: it seemed as if conquerors and conquered had vanished, by magic. Theresa breathed hard and thick. She dared scarcely hope, and yet she listened for the dip of oars, for that would assure her that Demetrius had escaped. But no sound met her ear, except the light rustling of a leaf on a contiguous tree, and the muffled sound of a fountain in the neighboring apartment. She grew sick and faint. There was no longer any doubt that her lover had fallen, and with this conviction she sank to the floor and lost all consciousness.

CHAPTER II.

"Hope in the young heart dieth." *Anon.*

WHEN she recovered her senses, a lamp was burning dimly before her, and the face of an old hag, wrinkled and repulsive, gazed down on her. She saw, at a glance, that she was in a different chamber from the one she had occupied. She raised herself on her elbow and looked bewildered

around. Then with a groan she sank back and burst into tears.

"Weep on—it will do you good," said the old hag, "even if it spoils your pretty face; for it don't matter how you look now, since the cord and sack are the fate of all unfaithful to his highness."

Absorbed in the terrible conviction of her lover's death, Theresa gave no heed to the speaker's words, but continued sobbing violently.

"A fair form and a sweet face," said the old hag as if musing, "for the cold embrace of the ocean. But even that is too good for her. I would that all these waxen faces that so enchant his highness were food for fishes—then perhaps he might have a word for one who was once as beautiful as the best of them. Ha! my sweet mistress," she said mockingly, giving the weeping girl a rude shake, "rouse up and prepare for your supper."

"Supper," said Theresa vaguely, as if not comprehending her, "he wants nothing now!"

"Ay! supper in the cold waters, for such is the dainty dish prepared for you. Get up at once, for the messengers will be here speedily."

Theresa mechanically obeyed, but, all at once, as if struck by a sudden thought, she flung herself at the feet of the old hag, and said,

"Tell me the truth—perhaps he is not dead—say! did he escape?"

"Escape," was the reply, with a laugh of derision, "did any one ever escape the scimitar of Hussein Bey? Nor will you, fair one, escape his vengeance."

But Theresa heard not the conclusion, for with a wild shriek, at this confirmation of her worst fears, she sank again into a state of insensibility.

The restoratives applied, by her companion, soon, however, brought her to consciousness, and then she was, for the first time, made to understand the terrible fate which probably awaited her. She well knew that infidelity was punished by confining the unhappy victim in a sack, and in this condition flinging her into the sea; but she could not have supposed that, by a refinement of cruelty, her interview with her lover would have brought on her this frightful doom. Death, in another shape, had no terror for her, but to be consigned to this horrible fate made her blood run cold. Yet was not death, even in this guise, preferable to becoming the minion of Hussein Bey? Poor girl, either destiny seemed alike terrible to her, and burying her face in the pillows of the divan, she strove to shut out the thought of her condition. At times tears for her lover's untimely fate relieved her, while she forgot her sorrow in grief for him. At length nature, exhausted by these struggles, gave way, and she

fell asleep, the old hag still continuing by her side and drawing out, with fiendish delight, speculations on her approaching fate.

When she awoke the woman still kept her unwelcome vigil.

"Allah protect us," were the first words Theresa heard, "was ever such infatuation? Here, thou unbelieving heretic, learn that his highness will wait on you ere your fate is decided. He has ordered that you be ready to receive him, and sent these garments for your wear." With these words she displayed a superb Turkish dress. "Haste, and let us have no more tears; for if Hussein Bey finds you weeping, not even his infatuation will save you from the sack."

From these words and the tone of dissatisfaction in which they were spoken, Theresa gathered that she might yet save her life. Probably, for one moment, she felt glad. But the price to be paid recurred to her, and she shrank, with loathing, from the hateful bargain. The sense of desolation that oppressed her when she reflected on her lonely and unfriended situation was almost overpowering. For an instant she gave way to weakness. But the recollection that her lover had died in the attempt to rescue her cheered the poor girl in that hour, and she resolved to face her inevitable fate in a manner that would meet his approval, could he have been there to see it. Knowing that resistance would be useless, she suffered herself to be attired in the garments left for her.

Refreshments were now brought in and offered, but Theresa turned from the proffered dishes with disgust. All she desired was to be left alone. But the old hag seemed to take delight in tormenting her with her presence, and the day had far advanced before she left her charge even for a moment. The torture of her suggestions and taunts, even more than the terrible nature of her position, unhinged the nerves of the now heart-broken girl. Indeed the criminal chained to the stake was more enviable than her. He, at least, knew his doom; but hers was all uncertainty. She was assured that not even a scornful defiance of her conqueror might be able to win her that terrible death, which she felt would be Paradise compared to the more fearful destiny that might await her. She sat moodily on the magnificent cushions, her head buried in her hands, refusing all sustenance, and longing even for tears to afford her relief; but her burning eyes were destitute of moisture, and even that melancholy support was denied her. At length all things grew, as it were, confused in her brain; and she was conscious only of a vague feeling of suspense and horror, when a footstep sounded beside her, and Hussein Bey himself stood in the apartment.

A frown was on his brow, and his eyes sparkled with anger, for he had just parted from the old hag who had attended Theresa, and who had conveyed to him the intelligence of his captive's obstinacy. But, as he gazed on the beautiful face before him, his passion appeared to subside, and he addressed her with tones comparatively gentle.

"Light of the Greeks," he said, approaching her, "wilt thou return my love? For thee will I forego my vow to spare none of thy race. For thee will I prepare the choicest apartments of my palace—troops of beautiful slaves shall wait on thee—thy wishes shall all be gratified, and as the favorite Sultana of Hussein Bey thou shalt be worthy of envy even by the queen of Stamboul herself. Say, fair Greek, shall it be so?"

Theresa shrank back from his proffered hand as from the touch of a pestilence, and rose to her feet. A momentary scowl passed over the face of the speaker, and his hand half sought the hilt of his scimitar. Had it been any other of his slaves who had thus addressed Hussein Bey, that hour would have been the last of her existence; but Theresa's beauty had for the time changed their position, and he, instead of she, was the captive now.

"By the Prophet's beard," he said, "I love thee as my life. Lay any command on thy servant and it shall be obeyed—all I ask as recompense is a return of my love. Beautiful Greek, say, wilt thou be mine?"

His tones were so soft, his manner of wooing so respectful, and his whole demeanor so different from what Theresa had expected that she knew not what to reply. But, after a moment's hesitation, she was herself again. She saw before her the murderer of her lover, the enemy of her race, and loathing was expressed in every feature. Stepping proudly back, she said,

"I spurn thy love, cruel tyrant. Think you that a daughter of Greece would stoop to one like you, red with the blood of her father and of all her kin? No, better a thousand deaths, than live with such a miscreant."

"Ha!" said Hussein Bey, hissing the word between his teeth, while his eyes sparkled with rage, and his hand instinctively grasped the hilt of his scimitar and drew the blade half out of its scabbard, "ha! sayest thou so? Then, by the kaaba, thou shalt learn what it is to refuse the love of Hussein Bey. Is it for that dog of a Giaour," he said, advancing and seizing her delicate wrist, which he grasped till she almost fainted with pain, "that you reject me?"

Theresa, at this allusion to her lover, forgetting her own peril, could not help asking after his fate, for a hope still lingered in her heart that he was not dead.

"Oh! tell me," she said, "did he escape? Tell me, I pray you——"

Her temerity was checked, and the words she would have uttered died on her tongue at the change which came over the face of Hussein Bey at these words. His eyes fairly blazed with fury. He crushed that delicate wrist in his sinewy hand until she shrieked with pain.

"False wretch!" he exclaimed, speaking with difficulty, so intense was his passion, "the fate of both shall be alike: the vultures to devour the one, the monsters of the sea the other. Dost thou know what I will do with thee, girl?" he continued, speaking more coherently, and gazing into her face with fierce and savage exultation. "Nay, start not, as if I was about to poison thee. Hussein Bey's revenge seeks a more dreadful punishment; and thine shall be the doom of the slave who has dared to love other than her master."

At these dreadful words Theresa felt her heart sink within her. The terrible death she was about to undergo rose up before with its thousand horrors. But when she thought of her slaughtered family and her martyred lover, it seemed sacrilege to regret her own doom; and all the haughtiness of spirit which she had shown just before, now again sparkled in her eyes.

"Thy doom and thyself, foul Turk, I despise alike," she said. "Know that a Greek virgin prefers death to the love of her country's foe."

"Then death be it—and death on the instant," he exclaimed. "Ho! without there."

At that crisis, as if in answer to the despairing look, which Theresa cast to heaven, a wild tumult was heard without, of so startling a character that Hussein Bey paused, and relaxing his hold of his victim's arm, listened intently, like one struck with sudden fear.

CHAPTER III.

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land."

— *Marco Botzaris.*

WE must now change the scene to a wild mountain pass, some leagues distant from the locality of the last chapter, where, on the morning of the same day on which the events we have recorded took place, a party of fugitive Greeks, escaped from the late defeat, had assembled. In numbers they were scanty, not over a hundred or two, but they were all well armed, and desperate in fortunes. Most of them had lost a relative, many of them a wife or daughter; and their conversation, therefore, was chiefly occupied with planning how they might find revenge.

It was a picturesque scene, that wild Albanian camp. Here and there a weary soldier lay at rest

on the ground: heaps of arms were carelessly thrown about; yonder a solitary sentinel watched the narrow pass that led to their retreat; and close by a group of the most influential of the fugitives, clad in their superb costume, was eagerly discussing where a blow might be struck to advantage against the enemy. At this juncture the sentinel gave the alarm that some one was approaching, and the whole party advanced to the edge of the cliff that overlooked the pass.

Far down the steep and rugged descent was visible the form of a man, just discernible through the mist that still clung to the mountain side. At the distance it was impossible to tell whether he was friend or foe; but it soon became evident that he was advancing with great rapidity. Long did the spectators watch, as the visitor, now lost behind a cliff or other obstruction, and now emerging into full view, threaded his way up the winding defile. At length speculations began to be hazarded as to his character.

"He is an enemy, but being alone, we have nothing to fear. Probably, however, he is sent forward to reconnoitre by a larger force."

"Nay," said another, "he is a Greek: some fugitive who has heard of our retreat."

They watched again, for a time, in silence, until the visiter, beholding them, waved his arm.

"I know him now," said another, "it is Demetrius, whom I last saw at Missolonghi. See how rapidly he advances—there is surely no pursuer in sight, yet he dashes over rocks and precipices as if on a matter of life and death."

They were not long left in suspense as to the cause of this haste, however; for, before the fugitives, on hearing of his approach, could assemble at the brow of the cliff, the panting runner was among them. His dress was covered with dust, and a thick perspiration covered his face. He was evidently almost exhausted. The instant he stepped on the ascent, a shout greeted his appearance and a dozen questions were asked at once; but waving away those who crowded too closely on him, he exclaimed, "patience—give me a moment's breathing space and you shall know all."

When he had recovered himself, by a minute's rest, he started up from the soil where he had sank exhausted, and said,

"Brothers, now is the hour of revenge, and I come to lead you to it. Know you the stronghold of Hussein Bey?"

A hundred voices responded in the affirmative, when he proceeded,

"The tyrant is now there with but a small force—a few hundred of his guards. I have come thence since midnight," and then in a rapid manner, though pausing every few moments for breath, he narrated his unsuccessful

attempt to rescue Theresa and the almost miraculous manner of his escape.

"As soon as I dropped from the casement," he said, "I fell among some shrubbery near the foot of the tower. Under cover of the bushes I hoped to reach the water-side, but in this I was disappointed, for they extended only a few rods, and when I left their covert I was immediately discovered. Such a shout as then rose up! A dozen of the guards, bearing lights, rushed toward me. The first one I clove to the shoulder, and he fell dead. The next I shot down with one of my pistols. The yells of rage on the part of my pursuers now grew deafening: I replied with shouts of defiance. A score of pistol balls whistled about me, but happily I escaped unharmed. Four of my adversaries had now fallen by my hand, yet I had only received this wound on my arm, which you see I have bandaged," he continued to his breathless listeners—"but I had no hope of escaping. Just at this crisis, however, I found myself at the mouth of a wild ravine, half filled with bushes. A strong current of air blowing from it suddenly extinguished the torches near me. This brought forcibly to my mind the character and purpose for which this ravine—for it was an artificial one—had been made. I had often been at the castle when a boy, and when it was in the hands of the old Pasha, so I supposed this to be the mouth of a covered way leading to the water-side of which I had often heard tradition speak, though I had never seen it. It struck me, immediately, that the guards were ignorant of the existence of this passage—I had myself forgotten until this moment that there was such a thing. At once I plunged into it. I remained long enough near the entrance to know that my pursuers were at fault: then I proceeded cautiously, making my way over fallen stones and other obstructions, until my most sanguine hopes were realized, and I stood by the silent shore and looked back, in the moonlight, on the castle. Swimming the water, I hurried thither, to lead you to the surprise of Hussein Bey. Shall it not be so, comrades?"

A wild shout of assent greeted his words, while the ardent hearers clashed their scimitars together. After a hurried consultation it was determined to begin the march at once, the object being to reach the castle as soon as possible, which would be some time during the ensuing night. Demetrius knew that the fate of Theresa would be decided before then; but since he could not save her, he triumphed in the thought of revenge.

All that day the mountaineers maintained their rapid march. It was wonderful how Demetrius kept up with them, after the fatigues he had undergone the preceding night; but no flagging

was discernible in his step, and when others would have halted, it was he who urged them on.

Night was coming fast, yet still they were on their way. At length, however, they ascended a gentle eminence, and there, in the valley before them, lay the castle of Hussien Bey. Sentinels were visible on its walls, troops were arriving and departing from the entrance, and the bustle everywhere about showed that a considerable accession had been made to the force of the garrison since the preceding day. Yet no one proposed to turn back. Each man was resolute to conquer, or sell his life that night.

Demetrius saw, with impatience, the necessity for delay. A latent hope still lurked within him that Theresa might be yet unharmed. It was this which had sustained him through so many fatigues; which had borne him up in the long night march and given new vigor to his fainting sinews in the day's journey. But to have attempted the castle before nightfall would have been madness; for the only chance of success lay in surprising the garrison by entering secretly into the garden through the covered way, and so getting egress into the heart of the fortress.

With the first approach of twilight, however, Demetrius led his band to the mouth of the covered way, which he fortunately gained undetected. A cautious but rapid march carried the assailants to the garden. The guards were idling about, most of them being unarmed, while the entrances to the interior of the building were open and unwatched. Assuring himself of this by a cautious reconnoissance, Demetrius gave the signal, and on the instant, with a wild shout, his followers rushed from their concealment, the guards were assaulted and the doors secured. It was the uproar of the onset—the huzzas, the pistol shots and the clashing of sabres—which penetrating to the apartment where Theresa was confined, startled Hussein Bey in the manner we have recorded.

The Turks were taken by surprise, and fled in all directions at first. The victorious Greeks followed them from room to room, avenging by shot and blow the wrongs of relatives, and the degradation of their country. Blood flowed like water in that proud castle, which had so long been considered impregnable. In the front of the assailants was Demetrius, fighting with the strength of five men. Right on, through corridor and chamber, he dashed, making for the quarter of the castle in which he knew Theresa to be confined. And now shriek upon shriek rose on his ear. Could it be Theresa's voice? Like a raging lion, mad with despair, he pressed forward, when suddenly, at the entrance of the apartment whence the cries had proceeded, he was confronted by Hussein Bey himself.

"Ha!" said the Turk, unsheathing his scimitar, "dog of a Greek take that."

Demetrius evaded the dexterous blade, and sprang on his rival with his dagger, for his own scimitar had just been shivered on one of his opponents.

"Vengeance, tyrant—vengeance for Greece!" he shouted, as he drove the dagger into his rival, while the shrieks from within, which he no longer doubted were Theresa's, grew fainter as if receding in the distance.

But the blow was not fatal: the dagger stuck fast in the concealed armor of the Turk, who, on his part, hugged his companion close and strove to get at his own dagger. Fired by the cries within Demetrius now struggled to loose himself, but the Bey clung to him. At length Demetrius heard steps approaching: they were those of his own friends. With a mighty effort he shook off his antagonist. At the same instant a dozen daggers were driven into the Moslem, who fell dead upon the floor.

Quick as thought Demetrius sprang from the sinking body and followed the fast decreasing cries; while several of his band, at his summons for aid, pursued in the same direction. Well was it that they had come up so opportunely. When they overtook the fugitives, it was in an apartment overlooking a deep embayment of the arm of the sea; where four ruffians, headed by a eunuch, as a last act of futile revenge, were preparing to execute their master's horrid orders respecting Theresa.

It was now, however, but the work of an instant to overpower the miscreants; and our heroine was herself snatched by Demetrius from the grasp of the last one of them unharmed. All passed so quickly that, in less time than we have taken to describe it, Theresa was freed and in her lover's arms. There, when assured of his and her safety after this incredulous escape, she sank back with one wild, joyous cry.

The castle was now in the possession of the assailants. Everywhere its inmates had been taken by surprise, so that numbers were of little avail. No mercy was shown by the conqueror, and none was asked at their hands.

It appears that Hussein Bey, incredulous at the successful surprise by the Greeks, had lingered to see his orders for Theresa's sacrifice executed, thinking there would, after that, be time enough to put himself at the head of his guards and save the castle. He had no idea, until the rapid approach of Demetrius, of the extent of the danger: then he rushed forth, but it was too late.

The ruins of Hussein Bey's fortified palace may still be seen, blackened by the smoke of the conflagration to which the avenging Greeks de-

voted it. Far away among the blue hills, command a distant view of the dismantled fortress is a lovely cottage; thither Demetrius repaired with his bride, after the conclusion of the war, and there his children still tell the story of their mother's capture and her bold rescue.

OH BID NOT WOMAN HIDE HER HEART.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIRSON.

OH, bid not woman hide her heart,
That pulse of life within her breast
Which is in every look and tone,
And movement, still confest?

How shall she hide the gushing spring
Of every thought, of every sigh,
Of every hope that stirs her soul,
Of every sympathy?

How shall a woman hide her heart
The while her hand is on the lyre?
It is the throbbing of the heart
Alone that stirs the wire;

Oh, bid her not such task essay,
For dark and deep must be the art
Which weaves the tissue of deceit
That hides a woman's heart.

Why should a woman hide her heart?
Earth hideth not her balmy flowers,
Though soulless, senseless, sordid men
May desecrate the bowers;

But richly, widely, everywhere
The sweet, frail things are scatter'd free,
That such as love the beautiful
May worship joyously.

Why should a woman hide her heart?
The wild bird sings her tuneful lay
Regardless that her hymn of love
May guide the murderer's way;

She sings, and all the pure of heart
Are raptur'd with her notes of love,
The incense breath on which the soul
Goes up to God above.

Why should a woman hide her heart,
That beautiful and holy thing,
Which breathes a tone of perfect love
From every trembling string?

Oh, can there be a wish, a thought,
That woman's gentle heart can feel,
Which she should blush to weave in song,
Or tremble to reveal?

Then let not worldly prudence veil
In silence, or in mystery
So pure and beautiful a gem
As woman's heart must be;

Oh, bid her not such task essay,
For deep indeed must be the art
That wraps in tissue of deceit
A woman's loving heart.

AN HOUR WITH POESIE.

"Gather ye roses while you may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying." *Herrick.*

We have been reading the Elizabethan poets. Once, when a boy, we remember walking in an antique garden, which had been left so long deserted that the thick grass was like velvet to the tread, while the tangled mazes of tree and flower gave it a wild, sylvan aspect, strangely picturesque. The old poets of the age of Elizabeth fill us with much the same emotions of majestic and secluded beauty.

Have you ever sought out the lyrics of that day? They are scattered all over the dramas of the time, like blossoms shed on the road-side, yet in their very prodigality, and though full of rarest beauty, they are less known now than the whimsies of Tennyson or the tawdry sentimentalities of Moore. Shame, that the old masters should be thus neglected! Listen to us awhile, and while sitting by the open casement with this fresh September breeze rustling the leaves of our book, we will read you some of the lyrics of that bold Elizabethan time, when Sidney loved and Spencer sung.

Here is "Roslind's Madrigal." It is a curious fact that some of the best lyrics we possess have been written by persons who never produced more than one successful song. Of this description, among others, are "Auld Robin Grey," and "For lack of gold she left me." The madrigal in question belongs to the same class, for it is the only redeeming point in a very tiresome romance, entitled "Euphues' Golden Legacy," by Thomas Lodge—the same pastoral, by the bye, which suggested Shakspeare's "As you Like It."

*"Love in my bosom like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest,
Ah, wanton, will ye?*
*And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes a pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel, he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye?*

What a playfulness and grace about this lyric! The opening lines are beautiful, are they not? We knew you would think so. Then you will also agree with us that there is an exquisite pathos in the following poem. It is a farewell

addressed to Anne Boleyn, by her lover, Sir Thomas Wyatt, just before that talented, but unfortunate lady was married to Henry VIII. The manner in which Wyatt alludes to the beginning of his love, to its weary delays, and to its final disappointment, displays an eloquent heart struggling manfully with an unfortunate but passionate affection.

"Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know—since when
The suit, the service none can tell,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the great assays,*
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience and delays,
Forget not yet.

Forget not, oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The love that never meant amiss.
Forget not yet.

Forget not now thine own approved
The which so constant hath thee loved,
Whose steadfast faith hath never moved.
Forget not yet."

After reading that you will join in the heart-felt wish expressed by Miss Strickland. It is in her "Queens of England"—stay, we will take down the book. "Happy would it have been for Anne Boleyn if parental ambition had never aimed at her fulfilling a higher destiny than becoming the wife of the accomplished and true-hearted Wyatt: that devoted friend, whose love surviving the grave, lives still in the valuable biographical memorials which he preserved of her life."

Here is a volume of Herrick's poems—than whom there never was a sweeter lyricist. He is the lark, "high up in heaven." The thought of poor Anne Boleyn, has given a tinge of sadness to our mood: let us then read "To Daffodils."

"Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?

Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings; and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or, that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read,

* Trials.

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

How exquisite! What plaintive sweetness! Well may you exclaim thus, for we have seen the tears rise unconsciously to the eyes of more than one gentle-hearted maid, on reading that poem. There, shut the book. Nay! that a touch of liveliness may be mingled with your recollections of Herrick, let us first recite this pretty little "Dialogue on a kiss." You see it is in verse, and that there are two speakers—one we will call Charles, and let the other be Julia, sweetest name to mortal ears. Remember too, there is a chorus at the end of each verse, in which both voices join. Now let us recite in turn. Do you begin!

(JULIA.) Has it a speaking virtue? (CHARLES.) Yes!

(J.) How speaks it, say? (C.) Do you but this,
Part your joined lips, then speaks the kiss.

Chorus. And this love's sweetest language is.

(J.) Has it a body? (C.) Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolorings;
And as it flies it gently sings,

Chorus. Love honey yields, but never stings.

A very pretty conceit—by 're lady! And all the prettier when practised thus in concert. It is a deal pleasanter, we find, to have one to sympathize thus with you over poetry, than to recite it surlily to yourself, without the advantage of dramatic representation—ahem!

Here is another volume. Turn for us to page 27, and you will find there a poem of exquisite tenderness—"To Althea in Prison." It is by Lovelace. You may read that poem again and again, and every time discover some new beauty. Listen.

"When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye—
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes, that tattle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller note shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

*If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free—
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."*

We have gone back to the reign of Henry VIII. for one poem, let us now take a step or two beyond that of Elizabeth—for by the Elizabethan age we would not be understood to confine ourselves rigidly to the life-time of that queen. Here is Ben Jonson, "rare old Ben;" we will select a glorious lyric from this volume. Ah! here it is.

*"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.*

*I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."*

Glorious—is it not? Yet, you perceive that the grace and freedom of Herrick's day was somewhat departing, and that conceits, often affected and sometimes strained, were coming into fashion.

And now let us to our evening walk; for as old Coke has it, after his knottiest disquisitions, "this taste sufficeth for the present." Nay, you would first ask us who was the author of that quaint volume, in its thick calf-binding and tarnished gold edges. It is our old friend Sir John Suckling. You will hear him constantly spoken of by the pretenders to literary history, as a companion of Buckingham, Rochester, Sedley, and the other wits of Charles the Second's court. It is a mistake. Suckling was dead long before the restoration, and had nothing to do with the orgies of Buckhurst, or the "*vive la bagatelle*" of the Merry Monarch. But he filled the transition period between two great, yet dissimilar epochs. He partook, therefore, of the peculiarities of both. He touched with one foot the age of Elizabeth: with the other the age of Charles. His poems have, at times, the grace of Sidney, and at other times, the recklessness of Rochester. He was a type of his age, half poet, half courtier: you would find him one hour in his study, the next hour at a debauch. He had a hand in most of the gallantries of the day, and knew how to cringe a knee at Whitehall with the best of them; but he was not all "of the earth, earthy," his better voice would sometimes be heard; and there floated through his soul, day and night, dreams of immortal poesy. Had he lived a generation sooner he might have vied with

Herrick: had he been born a generation later he would have been only an Etherege. As it was he played two opposite characters. From the palace he went home, in lace and ruffles, to his verses: from these he sauntered to a supper at some tavern in the city. Many of his poems are too free for the present day; but his coarseness was assumed to be in the fashion; the delicacy they display belongs to the man. Here is a poem "On Seeing a Bride," that will bear out what we say. Let us read some of the finest conceits.

*"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.*

*Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who seeks them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catharine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)*

*Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly;)
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July."*

Now for a poem in his other character—that of the gay gallant and man of fashion. It is just such a song as we may suppose him to have improvised at some gay supper, when one of his dashing companions appeared in dejection, "all woe-begone with love."

*"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?"*

*Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?"*

*Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
—The devil take her!"*

Nay!—shake not your finger at us, merry girl. Was it not yourself who took down the book after we had closed Ben Jonson, and was it not solely to gratify your curiosity that we stopped to speak of Suckling? And how could we explain the character of his genius without quoting as we have? "Pshaw!" you toss your pretty head too. Well then—is the door open that we may run for it?—know that we agree with Suckling, and that every sensible man ought to forget you coquettes at once, instead of dying at your obduracy. There now—catch us if you can!

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

CHAPTER I.

"Hereby hangs a tale."—*Shakspeare.*

THE soft light of an August moon was streaming down on the city of Philadelphia. The sky was serene and clear, the air was soft and balmy, and to any one who stood on some lofty eminence, and surveyed the city asleep at that solemn hour of midnight, nothing could have been more strikingly and strangely beautiful than the scene before him. The long row of houses from which every evidence of the inhabitants had disappeared, the immense ranges of smokeless chimneys, the silent and deserted streets, the white silvery light, lying like a flood on the housetops, and struggling down over cornices and through the tops of trees into the recesses of lanes and byeways, and above all the consciousness of the joy and sorrow, pain, misery, penury and crime, happiness, plenty and innocence, with all their attendant causes and blessings which lay shut in within those senseless wall, hushed and soothed into forgetful slumber by the still small voice of night, could scarcely have failed to affect the beholders with a deep sense of awe and solemnity.

But although the warning had gone forth from bells innumerable, that another day had rolled off into the vast abyss of departed time, yet the light streaming from the windows of a stately mansion in Chesnut street, told that all had not yielded to the summons of night, which bids the weary to repose. Before this house some loiterers yet lingered, and with shoulders leaned against lamp-posts and tree-boxes, seemed to be drinking in the sounds that flowed harmoniously out from under the half lifted sash. The incessant hurrying of servants up and down the marble steps, the sweet strains of music, the occasional glimpse, which the observer caught through the parted curtains, of light, airy figures, whirling by in the evolutions of the mazy dance, with now and then the appearance of some lovely head at the window, casting a momentary glance upward to the quiet sky, and then vanishing again, proclaimed the interior to be the scene of gaiety and joy. The night was, in truth, the anniversary of the birth of the eldest daughter of the opulent proprietor, and as she on that evening completed her seventeenth year, the occasion was one of no common festivity.

The whole available fashion of the city, that could be gathered at this unfashionable season, was crowded into the rooms. Fat ladies of forty,

in rouge and pearl powder; rusty bachelors and gay blooming girls; portly papas and careful calculating mammas, together with a plentiful sprinkling of youthful, fashionable fortune-hunters,—for to her personal attractions Miss Elton added those of an heiress—all contributed to the making up of the motley crowd. Through this assemblage Marian Elton glided the "observed of all observers." Full of an exceeding loveliness, and graceful as the bodiless creation of a dream, she seemed the very soul of tenderness and feeling. Her large blue eyes shone with a bewitching splendor, and as she moved along, murmurs of admiration and flattery reached her ears from every side. Was she not happy? How could she be else than happy in such a situation? And yet to a careful observer there was something in the manner in which from time to time she turned her eyes anxiously toward the door, that betrayed a feeling not at all suited to the occasion.

On went the music and the dance; faster than ever flew the feet, keeping time to the merry strains; no pause, no rest in that whirlpool of delight; maidens who, but a few minutes before, were led to their seats, sinking with fatigue, are by some strange magic again at their posts, as fresh and vigorous as ever;—heavens! is it possible that the votaries of pleasure will impose on themselves a labor, from which even the sons and daughters of toil would almost shrink? From this vortex of human bodies Marion gradually disengaged herself, and approaching one of the windows drew aside the heavy curtains. A hand was laid lightly on her's as she did so. She started back with a slight cry, but the moonlight from without streaming in, discovered to her the features of a young man, which when she saw, her terror instantly disappeared, and after casting a slight glance behind her irresolutely, she seemed to gather courage, entered the enclosure, and the curtains fell behind her.

"How did you procure admittance?" was her first exclamation, as she disengaged herself from the young man's ardent embrace.

"Ask me not, dear Marian," returned he, "all things are easy to those who love as I do. See, my adored! I have every thing ready. Here are the disguises,—the carriage waits below,—my friends—all is arranged; in a few moments, by your compliance, my scheme will be complete, and then—oh! rapture! you shall be mine forever! Lo!" continued he, as he slightly parted the curtains, so as to admit a glimpse of the room, "nothing could have been more propitious. Every one is too busily engaged to take any notice of us! Come, my love, a few steps and we are safe."

"Edward," returned the girl, tremblingly, "my heart shrinks back from this rash step! Only think;—if my father should continue obdurate and refuse to listen to our supplications, what would become of us?"

"Nonsense—I mean, my love, it is impossible. Hard-hearted fathers, my dear Marian, are now, believe me, confined entirely to romances and melo-dramas. To-morrow, be sure, will see it all set right; your father will receive back his *children* with joy; and we will all be so happy together."

"Yet—yet—Edward—this concealment—this stealthy flight—" and a tear, as she spoke, trickled down her beautiful cheek, while she looked up pleadingly into his face.

"Marion, my love," urged he, "this hesitation will ruin all! Come, let me throw this around you. We must not lose a moment more, or they will be seeking you." And as he spoke, he wrapped her person in a large rich shawl, and then taking her arm in his, opened the curtain, and, slowly crossing the room, passed out at the door, descended the stairs, traversed the hall, and reached the carriage without being recognised by any one.

"To Mr. ———'s," said he, in a low voice to the driver, and the vehicle rolled rapidly down the street.

Shortly afterward the ball-room was a scene of most magnificent confusion. Marian was no where to be found. They searched the whole house from top to bottom, from garret to cellar; parlors, cupboards, closets and pantrys, but all in vain; some proposed one thing, some another, the poet of the party suggested an examination of all the "old oak chests," with spring locks, that might be about the building. One thing only was certain—she was gone; so the company speedily followed her example, and was soon gone also.

After all the guests had departed, the wreath of roses which she had worn through the evening was found in one of the windows, the flowers trodden and crushed under foot. Alas, was not that wreath an ominous emblem of the days to come?

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! cruel hearted fathers!" *Shakspeare.*

THE morning after the events which we have related in the last chapter, found Mr. Henry Elton in the dining-room, moody and melancholy, the papers lying unopened before him, while he wasted every kind of surmises upon the unaccountable absence of his daughter.

"A letter, sir," said a servant, appearing at the

door, and advancing with a nicely folded paper in his hand.

Mr. Elton took the letter, and the servant disappeared. He broke the seal, opened and read: "Dear Father."

His hand dropped on his knee, and his whole frame shook as these words met his eyes. He felt that his daughter's fate was contained in what followed, and it was some time ere he could summon resolution to continue the perusal of the note. At length he proceeded.

"My dear father—my dear and honored father—for as such will I yet make bold to address you. I have ventured on this the first unadvised step that I have ever taken, from a feeling that it was the only way to secure the happiness of my after life. My reluctance to the union which you proposed and urged to me you cannot help knowing. I could not picture to myself a future, under the circumstances, that was not full of sorrow and discontent, and surely, dear father, it could not delight you to see her unhappy, who has endeavored hitherto to obey you in all things. Dear father, with your approbation my prospect of happiness is now clear and unclouded, and I am sure that when you know *him* better you will not withhold your approval of my choice. We together throw ourselves on your generosity, and await with anxiety an answer, in order that our joy may be completed by the reception of your blessing.

I am, dear father,
Your affectionate child,
MARIAN HARGRAVE."

It would have been curious to have watched the rapid change of Mr. Elton's features as he scanned this epistle. The conflicting emotions that agitated his brow at the beginning, gave way as he proceeded, and when he had concluded, his pale, calm face, so cold and passionless, utterly concealed whatever thoughts were passing through his mind. After a reverie of some ten minutes duration he suddenly started up and violently rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"Send your mistress here," said he, and threw himself back into his seat.

Mrs. Elton appeared, a tall, fine looking woman in the prime of life; she was his wife by a second marriage, and the step-mother of Marian. Mr. Elton handed her the note and then rang the bell again.

"Go immediately to Miss Marian's chamber," said he to the person who answered it, "and see everything belonging to her packed up in trunks directly. When you are done inform me of it." The servant disappeared.

"And now, Mrs. Elton, what think you of Marian's behaviour?" continued he to the lady who had finished the note.

"It is very strange, and totally unlike her

general conduct," returned she. "I cannot think what could have impelled her to it."

"Think!" retorted he, a scornful, bitter smile quivering his lip. "Think! Why, is it not written there plainly enough? The union which I proposed to her would have been unfortunate—the happiness of her life depended on her choice, and—and—oh, very well—very well! Her choice is made, and I trust she will meet with nothing to disturb her dream of delight!"

"But what will you do, sir? something must be done."

"What will I do! did you not hear me order her wardrobe to be got ready. Oh, she shall have every rag that she owns."

"But, sir, consider; this Edward Hargrave is penniless; whatever may be his other qualification I am *sure* he has no means of supporting his wife. If *you* desert them your daughter cannot be otherwise than miserable, and——"

"Never, in my hearing," said he, breaking through his assumed calmness—"never pronounce that word daughter again. From this hour she is no child of mine. I disown her utterly and forever. Did she not desert me?—did she not fly from my house into the arms of a heartless vagabond? And that too, oh, heaven! in the very hour when I was planning new schemes of pleasure, new sources of happiness, new delights and amusements, to render her life easy and full of joy. And think you I can now take her back to my arms after her so cruelly abandoning me? No, may God curse me if ever again, in life or death, she receive from me the smallest token that I am aware of her existence on earth, not even if I saw her dying of hunger at my feet!" and he flung himself back into his seat pale and trembling like a leaf, while his wife scarcely dared to lift her eyes from the ground.

"The trunks are ready, sir," faltered the servant, who had been standing unnoticed at the door.

"Here, then: take them to the address which you will find on this paper," said he, tearing off a portion of the letter. "Yet stay," he continued, "perhaps this will do better," and he took a sheet paper and folding it carefully round the letter, wrote the direction on the back.

"Take these trunks and this letter as it is directed. When they are there your business is done, return immediately—and not a word—*mark me—not a word* to any one whom you may happen to see. Do this as you value your place and my favors. Go."

And so by thy rash step, poor Marian, art thou separated from thy father forever! Yet courage, courage! Hast thou not him who is dearer to thee than all the world beside?

CHAPTER III.

"THE bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch
O'er the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled;
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

Hood's Bridge of Sighs.

On a cold, stormy night in November, some three months after the events which we have related, a solitary woman might have been seen sitting in the interior of a wretched frame house in Pine street near Broad, and by the light of a miserable candle endeavoring to note the progress of time on the dial of an old and shattered time-piece. The dress of the woman accorded strangely with the apartment in which she was sitting. Hark, as she moves restlessly about how the rich silk rustles and flashes; how delicately that band clasps the wrist of that tiny, white, but attenuated hand! and lo! too, as she turns her features toward the light—have we never looked on that face before? is there not something in the sweet beauty of that countenance now so faded and pale, that reminds us of happier days? Yes, yes! And yet, can it be? Alas! it is too true—Marian—lovely Marian, are all thy glad dreams of happiness ended in this at last?

"Twenty minutes past twelve, and he has not yet come! What, oh, what could have kept him? Yet how could he come through all this storm. And perhaps—perhaps he has gone at last to my father's. Would he forgive him? Oh, surely he cannot always remain obdurate. If he should—now that all is gone—what—what *would* become of us?" and bursting into a flood of tears, she sank back into the chair from which she had risen during her soliloquy, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Suddenly a heavy step resounded on the threshold and a hand raised the latch of the door. It had been bolted inside, and with an eager hand Marian now undid the fastening and opened the door. "Dear Edward," just escaped her lips; but she instantly checked herself on perceiving that it was a stranger, and demanded his business. The man, who was wrapped in a huge overcoat, stepped inside of the door, and taking from a breast-pocket a sealed letter, handed it to her, then turning on his heel disappeared in the darkness. Marian shut the door and approached the candle. With trembling hand, and pale, quivering lip she examined the exterior of the letter; the direction was in her husband's hand-writing. She broke the seal—the letter read thus:—

"Dear Marian—It has at last come to this.

Sheer and sad necessity compels me to a step, which, although I believe it to be the only one that can restore you to the affection of your parents, will yet come near breaking my own heart. I need not tell you, for you know but too well, through what trials and privations we have passed, in the vain expectation of one day regaining your father's favor. I need not tell you, how, step by step, we have descended from our home of elegance, until that wretched hovel is the only shelter left us. It is now but too plain, that while I am by, I am but as the cloud that intercepts the sunlight which should cheer your path through life; but you can never know with what a breaking heart I proceed to open to you the way back to happiness. I had proposed to myself the task of telling you this in person, but ever when I would have done it, my courage failed me, and now I am obliged to have recourse to the chilling medium of a letter. Dear Marian, think no more of *me*; cheerless and unobserved, I go forth a wanderer on the world alone, until death shall put a period to my exile. You will now return to your paternal roof, and oh! may you never know one moment more of such sorrow as you have seen with me. Marian, farewell! You will never see me more, but wherever I may be, or whatever vicissitudes of fortune may befall me, I will never forget to pray for you (if the prayers of such as me may be heard,) with an ardor that will cease but with life. Again, farewell—farewell, forever!

EDWARD HARGRAVE."

Poor Marian! What tongue can tell the maddening emotions which racked thy whirling brain, as, word by word, this epistle fell like drops of fire upon thy soul! How like an endless night came down the shadows of despair, as clasping thy white hands, thy pale lips murmured, "Lost, lost to me, forever!"

The rain fell in torrents, and the wind swept with a moaning sound along the silent and deserted streets, and through that rain and wind, crazed and heedless, went that lonely and heart broken woman. A blaze of light flashing out brightly across her path, and the enlivening strains of music at length partially woke her from her stupor. She looked up and found herself before her father's house. Scarcely knowing why, she ascended the stairs, and soon stood in the presence of a gay and glittering company. Mr. Elton—probably in order to show that such a trifle as the loss of a daughter was not a thing to grieve him long—had found it necessary again to give an evening party. What a strange contrast was that scene to her, compared with the one which she had witnessed in the same room scarcely three months ago! But for the aching heart, the wasted form, all might have seemed to her but as a horrid dream; alas! it was a dream from which she could not awake. Her appearance at once attracted the attention of the guests, and finally of her father himself. He had noticed the commotion of the company and

advanced to investigate the cause. On the impulse of the moment she was about to cast herself at his feet. He turned his eye upon her as if he knew her not—then addressing one who was standing by, said coldly, "What does the woman want?"

It was enough. That look, that tone, like the icy hand of death, sent the blood curdling back upon Marian's heart, and without a word, she turned and with weak and tottering steps disappeared. All hope was gone. Her father had spurned her. Whither now should she go?

Again in the street—again under that pelting rain and that cold, unpitied heaven. For a square or two she wandered on, facing the storm that came more harshly from the east, and then her strength failing her, she sank down exhausted on a flight of marble steps. She had lain but a few moments when a torch flashed upon her and a rough hand shook her rudely by the shoulder.

With an effort she struggled to her feet and stood up before the person who had disturbed her. It was a watchman, and when he lifted his light and beheld her face so sunken and colorless, even his heart seemed to be touched, for there was something kind in the tone in which he enquired her destination. She muttered some indistinct words in reply, and glided away. What could she say, or whither should she go?

Ay! whither. For a short time her step was as tottering as before, but then her whole manner suddenly changed, her tread became firm and buoyant, her eye lighted up with a wild, unnatural fire, and as if incited by some firm and settled purpose, she pressed quickly on.

The red, stormy waters of the Delaware rushed sullenly along with a heavy moaning sound, and the cold foam was curling up over the wharves as she reached the brink of the river. For a single moment she stood gazing on the raging water; and in that moment through a rent in the clouds looked down the pale and silent moon; but even while the sickly ray of light trembled on the wave, a sullen plunge, heard above the voices of the storm, left the wharf vacant; and then another cloud veiled again the orb of light, and all was dark!

The newspaper of the following day contained this paragraph.

"**FOUND DROWNED.**—The body of a young and respectably dressed female was yesterday morning seen floating on the Delaware, opposite Dock street wharf. It was observed and brought to the shore by some boatmen. Shortly afterward the coroner held an inquest on it: verdict of the jury—found drowned—cause unknown. The body has not yet been identified, nor can any conjecture be formed as to what could have been the cause of this sad tragedy."

In the papers of the succeeding morning was another paragraph: it ran thus:—

"The body of the female which was found in the Delaware yesterday, has been recognized as being that of the daughter of one of our most influential merchants; in consideration of the feelings of those concerned we spare all names and particulars."

And thus the world notices a history which broke human hearts in its progress.

LOVE AND HOPE.

BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

My heart is sad with changing fears—
My eyes are dim with bitter tears;
But when I turn in fancy free
And cast a thought, dear one, on thee,
I still have hope!

With bitter gall my cup was fill'd,
Life's crimson cup was rudely chill'd—
False friends brought grief to thy pure heart,
And bade us here forever part
And crush this hope!

Oh! wild despair—thou bitter foe—
Why dost thou bring this bitter throe?
Why did'st thou light on two fond hearts
And crush with thy unerring darts
Their only hope?

Oh! Jealousy—thou thing unknown!
Why could'st thou not away have flown?
Nor dared to lisp thy subtle tongue,
To have forever from us wrung
That dear fond hope?

—But, dearest, why should we despair?
There is a holier, dearer bond
Than ever heartless friends can feel,
That binds us firm, for woe or weal,
In love and hope!

Then let us joy, dear girl, for true
As Heaven, I'll ever prove to you;
And though we're scoffed and scorned the while,
I'll live in glory 'neath thy smile,
And feast on hope!

Let prayers, from depth of heart unknown,
Ascend, and meet mine at that throne
Where rules that power of Heavenly love—
That lights the soul to Christ above,
And bids it hope!

Cheer up! nor let that grief abide,
Within thy heart to swell the tide
Of fearful sorrow;—blessed with love
Our life shall wane—till high above
All earthly hope!

Dear one! I bid a short farewell
With feelings such as none can tell;
I fondly hope 'tis not the last—
If so—then cherished be the past,
We'll die in hope!

THE CONTRAST.

BY "F. E. F." AUTHOR OF A "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "A DECAYED FAMILY," &C. &C.

CHAPTER I.

"You are not dancing, are you, Herbert?" said George Willing to his cousin.

"No," replied the other, "I am merely looking on to-night."

"And so gravely too," returned Willing smiling, "that one would think you were choosing a wife from among the belles before you. And perhaps you could not do better," he continued carelessly, "for I don't know when I have been to a party where there was more beauty."

"No man in his senses would choose a wife in such a scene as this," replied Herbert.

"And why not?" asked Willing in the same careless tone. "I think there are few places where a pretty girl appears to more advantage."

"If that were all, there's beauty and grace enough I grant you," replied Herbert. "But what kind of wives are these fashionable girls going to make, think you?"

"Just as good as any others," replied Willing. "Why should they not?"

"For a man of fortune who wants a doll to grace the head of his establishment, such a girl as that may do," continued Herbert, following with his eyes one of the most distinguished of the beauties mingling in the dance; "but for poor young lawyers, Willing, like you and I, these city belles are not the wives."

"I don't know how you rate your pretensions, Herbert," said Willing laughing, "but for myself, I require as much grace and beauty as any man of fortune in town."

"May be," replied Herbert smiling, "but you'll not get it quite as easily for all that. There is the point, Willing. There is no *heart* among these girls. These fashionable daughters with scheming mothers, are only looking out for the best establishments they can get, and what man of sense, I ask, would choose one of them. No, no, give me a girl who has been brought up far away from such scenes as these."

"From scheming mammas you and I are quite safe," answered Willing laughing, "even if they were as numerous as you seem to think. But where do you expect to find this *rara avis* of your's, Herbert, this unsophisticated beauty, who is all for you and love, and the world well lost."

"In the country if anywhere," replied Herbert earnestly.

"Pooh!" said Willing, "women are the same all the world over, depend on it, Herbert. There are mercenary girls in the country as there are

romantic ones in the city. For my part, I would prefer one brought up and accustomed to the tone and opinions and feelings of those amid whom her lot was cast. Women of the world are not necessarily worldly women. A girl who has had a few seasons of gaiety knows what it is worth, and what is more, what it is *not* worth; and I think the chances are they make better wives for having quenched the love of pleasure in the amusements of a few winters, than those to whom it comes with all the charm of freshness and novelty. It often seems that what we do not have at the right season, we can never get enough of afterward. Let young girls be gay while they are young, and I am not afraid but they will make domestic wives enough," and saying this he quitted Herbert to join a dark eyed girl whom he had followed with his eyes during the waltz, but who, as she withdrew from the dance, happened to glance with a smile to where the friends were standing. That look and that smile were enough; Willing was at her side in a moment, and notwithstanding that he was a poor young lawyer and she a fashionable beauty and decided belle, he was soon earnestly talking, and she looking up with as much interest and animation as if he had been a millionaire.

"Fool!" said Herbert to himself, "she is only flirting with him." And gazing round him, he held a very sage discourse with himself on the heartlessness and folly of the world about him. How it came that he was so severe upon a class in which his birth and connections placed him, was rather surprising, but he had passed the winter at B——, a small town in the interior, on business of his profession, and this visit had given color to some of his views.

At home, though moving in the best class, there was nothing about him either as to fortune or talents, to render him marked above hundreds of others that throng our ball rooms. But at B—— the case was quite different. In the first place, as is usual in villages, gentlemen were scarce; secondly, the air and manner that every young man must acquire who moves in a larger society, rendered him very distinguished among the belles of so small a place as B——; and moreover, he bore a name which even they knew belonged to one of the gay and fashionable cliques of the city. And it is wonderful how much these advantages loom up in the country and at a distance. These simple, unsophisticated beings are often amazingly taken with the idea of the fashionable gaiety of the town. Besides though Herbert's fortune was so small as to be thought nothing in the city, it sounded very respectably so far from the metropolis. So that altogether Herbert was quite a god-send to

the belles of B——. He was flattered and flirted with in a manner quite new to him, and he was charmed. This was what he called "*heart*," and the beauty that received his attentions with the most evident pleasure, in the new circle in which he found himself, was to him the most "unsophisticated" girl he had ever met. In short, his vanity was taken by surprise, and he never passed a more agreeable winter. His business finished, he returned home to find himself among those who did not remember that he had been away; to fall back in his proper place as only one of a crowd of others—and thus proceeded his sudden perception of the heartlessness of the class to which he belonged. He remembered with regret the little circle where his presence had been greeted with such pleasure and animation, and his thoughts lingered particularly over the cheerful parlor and gay tea-table of a certain Mrs. Walker; and when they came to the bright eyes of Mary Walker, which grew so brilliant at his approach, he ceased to hear or think of anything else. Now these Walkers did not happen to be one of the half dozen families that hold themselves, and are generally held in superior respect by the rest of the circle in which they are placed; and in fact it had occasioned no small indignation among those families who looked upon themselves as best entitled to monopolize a fashionable man from the city, that Herbert should devote so much of his time to these Walkers. To him, however, the grades and distinctions of a little set like that, seemed as futile as do those of our larger societies to Europeans. And the idea of Mrs. Walker's being called a "match-making," scheming mother, would have amused him if any body had suggested it. He saw no "matches" round him, and no opportunity for scheming. Therefore the making parties for boating and riding, and then returning to a gay tea-table and cordial reception, never alarmed him. And yet no city mother ever knew better what she was about than Mrs. Walker, and Mary's brains teemed with visions of gaiety and fashion. Nor was this "warm-hearted, unsophisticated girl" without her dreams of ambition, and her petty spites and jealousies. To be Mrs. Henry Herbert, cousin to all the Willings and Howards, and knowing and visiting most of the fashionables of the gayest city in the Union; to move in a clique in which Sophy Jones, grandly as her family thought she had married, could not get; to carry off the man that Sue Belmont and Harriet Martin and all the girls she knew would give their eyes for; in short to make the greatest match that had been made in the village, time out of mind, was a triumph and happiness only too great to come to pass.

And probably it never would, had not Herbert, after a few weeks in the city, where he missed the flattery and sensation he had created in B—— just enough to make it doubly welcome to him, been obliged to return upon other matters relative to business, as he did very soon to the great delight of Mary Walker and her mother.

The boating parties and the country rides were renewed with great spirit, and this time with success. Herbert was engaged before he well knew what he was about. Mary was radiant with happiness, and never man was made so much of as Herbert was by all her family.

The engagement excited quite a sensation in B——, and the "luck of those Walkers" furnished talk for the mothers and daughters of their acquaintance for months. Talk of it, however, as they would, the thing was nevertheless so. Mary had "got him," and there was no disputing the fact.

Herbert's friends received the news with some surprise and some disappointment. But Herbert wrote in raptures as to the beauty of his bride; and at any rate he had a right to please himself. If he had chosen a penniless country beauty it was his own affair; so they had nothing to say on the subject but to trust that she was all Herbert thought her, and make up their minds to receive her as kindly as possible. He soon after arrived to make the arrangements necessary for his marriage, which was to take place early in the autumn.

He met Willing soon after his return, who stopped to congratulate him, which he did with a warmth and cordiality that almost partook of a personal interest in the matter, which soon explained itself by his saying,

"And now I must call upon you for your congratulations, Harry—I too am about to become a Benedict."

"You!" exclaimed Herbert. "This is news! My dear fellow I give you joy," and he shook his friend's hand till he thought he would have shaken it off. "But who is the lady? You have not told me that yet."

"Miss Aspinwall," replied Willing smiling.

"Miss Aspinwall!—Laura Aspinwall?" inquired Herbert with an expression of surprise, of surprise so great that it almost amounted to displeasure.

"Yes," said George laughing—"you seem astonished, and yet I think you might have had some suspicion of it too."

"Of your admiration there could be no doubt, I saw that plain enough. Your attentions were too open and devoted to be mistaken, and I own I thought you very imprudent, for to tell you the truth, George, I believed she was only flirting with you. I had not the smallest idea of her ever

marrying you. And you are actually engaged," he repeated again almost incredulously.

"Thank you—yes, actually engaged," said George laughing. "But I do not wonder you are surprised, Harry. She is a noble creature, and with her wit and beauty, I own I am rather astonished myself at her having me. It is a delightful fact, nevertheless," he continued gaily, "she must see something more in me than you and I see, Harry."

"You mistake me, George—it is not that," said Harry earnestly—"you are the equal of any woman, I care not who she is, in personal qualifications. You have talents, manners and appearance——"

"Thank you," said George, laughing heartily. "You are really making the amende honorable."

"No, I don't mean that," said Herbert, linking his arm in his friend's as they walked on, "for I am just as much surprised at the result as ever. I saw Miss Aspinwall so surrounded by admirers, and some among them men of fortune too, that faith, I thought your chance a small one, and I must say, considering all things, I think you are a brave man, George, to undertake it. A beauty and a belle, admired and courted, accustomed to all the elegancies and luxuries of wealth in her father's house. And yet bringing you no fortune—you have assumed a heavy responsibility in answering for her happiness as the wife of a hard working lawyer, George."

"I know it," answered Willing with emotion, "and so help me heaven, it is a trust I will do my utmost faithfully to discharge. Mine is no ordinary attachment, Harry—in fact she is not a woman to inspire a common affection—and if the devotion of a life can make her happy she shall be so."

"She is certainly beautiful, and altogether very distinguished looking, George—I am not surprised at your enthusiasm. But I don't know why, she always gave me the idea of a proud woman—pardon me, but there is an expression in her look-up that gave me that impression."

"She is," said Willing. "And it is on the depth of that pride and the elevation of character that peculiarly belong to her, that I base my trust for the future. She is too truly proud to dwell in externals; to place her happiness on house and furniture, and the ordinary tinsel of life that subdues most women. Were it not for that, I should indeed dread the change from the home she has been accustomed to, to that which my scanty means will permit me to offer her. Such as my abilities are, they shall be strained to their utmost that she may miss, as little as possible, the comforts she has been surrounded by from her cradle. For, after all, say what you will," he

added with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "it is a severe test, Harry, to put a woman's affection to, to ask her to give up all for your love alone."

"That is the first word of common sense you have spoken yet," thought Herbert, and his mind travelled back to Mary and the simple country style in which she had been brought up, and he felt better satisfied with his own prospects than he had been since the commencement of the conversation.

From matrimonial they proceeded to discuss business prospects; and becoming much interested in the conversation, they proposed to adjourn to a restaurant to dine, and there discuss their affairs at leisure. The result was that agreeing as they both did, in the necessity as married men of their buckling to their profession in earnest, and coming to the conclusion that in the united family connections of the two, there was business enough almost to support an office, they ended by agreeing to join forces and enter into partnership.

CHAPTER II.

THE wedding was over, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert arrived in town. His family called at once upon the bride, and were received by her with a self-possession and familiarity that somewhat surprised them. They expected to find in Herbert's country beauty a timid, gentle, young creature, who would need their kindness to reassure and support her. Never were they more mistaken, and it is a mistake very common with city bred persons, that of supposing that country girls must, as a matter of course, be diffident and bashful. Never having been accustomed to that atmosphere of criticism which prevails almost equally with the natural air in a city, rendering those innately most self-relying to a degree modest and doubtful, and having only associated with a small circle, the members of which are all upon the most intimate terms, they naturally acquire a fearlessness of manner and familiarity of tone that strikes unpleasantly upon the ear of those who are accustomed to more retenu and timidity, in the young at least.

Mrs. Herbert evidently supposed she was now a person of consequence, and there was even a tinge of patronage in her manner that did not render it prepossessing. Instead of waiting to receive countenance and welcome from her husband's family, it was she who was dispensing it in the most gracious style, even to old Mr. and Mrs. Herbert—moreover she was the bride all over. The white hat and veil, the gay light silk, the *tout ensemble*, there was no mistaking. And her whole conversation was pervaded with the sense of the dignity of her new position. "As a bride I got this or that," "being a bride I suppose

I must do so and so," and "my bridal hat," and "my bridal dress," &c. &c.—and she talked on with such perfect ease and unconsciousness of the unpleasant impression she was creating, as would really have amused any uninterested spectator of the scene. Herbert was rather nervous, but he looked at her as if he thought her very handsome. After inviting her to spend the next day with them, the Herberts bid their new sister good morning.

"Well, Susan—what do you think of Harry's wife?" was the eager question of one of his sisters who had been prevented by indisposition from making the visit with the rest of the family. "Is she as handsome as Harry thinks?"

"She is handsome," replied Miss Herbert. But there was something in her tone and manner that did not satisfy her sister, for she said quickly,

"You don't like her, Sue—I see it. Now just tell me all about it."

Miss Herbert hesitated a moment, and then said,

"One should not judge in one visit."

"Oh! I know all that," interrupted Ellen, a little impatiently, "but just tell me how she struck you this morning. Dreadfully embarrassed and nervous, of course."

"Not a bit of it," replied Miss Herbert. "She was as familiar with us as if she had known us all her life. If you will have the truth, only don't say I said it, she struck me as—forward. She insisted on mamma's taking the corner seat on the sofa, and was most pressing and urgent on papa to take the arm-chair, and was afraid I was too near the fire, and in short I thought she never would have done with doing the honors. She meant, I presume, to be cordial and affectionate, particularly to mamma—but it was down right patronising."

"Oh—oh," said Ellen, uttering something between an ejaculation and a sigh. "But you say she is pretty."

"Yes—very—decidedly—pretty features and beautiful complexion—rather fat, and too much color, but still handsome—if it were not——"

"For what—out with it, Sue, do."

"For the same expression that pervades her whole air and bearing. Something that borders on vulgar—I can't describe what it is, but you will see for yourself to-morrow. She is to dine here."

"She was badly dressed, of course," pursued Ellen. "For besides not having had the opportunity, the family have not the means of providing her with much of a trousseau, I presume."

"Yes—no," replied Miss Herbert—"that is to say, it was expensive, but in bad taste. In fact, to be expensive is bad taste for the bride of a poor young lawyer. Mamma was quite shocked by it. I could not but smile as I looked at her and thought

of the useful present mamma wished to send her. You and I did wisely in advising finery, for the other would, I imagine, have been looked on as a deadly insult. Her taste is fine and gay, which I am sorry to see. She wears bracelets in the morning, and a good deal of cheap jewelry, which is, you know, so vulgar."

"That will soon correct itself," replied Ellen. "We can teach her to dress and all that."

"I doubt whether we can teach her anything," replied Miss Herbert. "To be sure, one should not judge in one morning, but as you want my 'first impressions,' they are that she is a lady who is very well satisfied with herself, and who will not like interference. Perhaps I may be altogether mistaken in all this, I hope I am. I am afraid, poor thing, she will be disappointed too, for she seems to expect a great deal of gaiety. 'As a bride,' she said, 'she supposed she would have to go out a great deal,' and 'being a bride she could not refuse invitations.'"

"Then she is quite full of being a bride."

"Oh! every other word."

"Poor girl," said Ellen smiling, "she does not know of how very little consequence a poor young man's bride is in the city. I am sorry that there seem any symptoms of extravagance about her, for that would really be a serious fault in Henry's wife. Upon the whole, from your account, I should fear that though handsome, she does not bear the stamp of a lady, Sue."

"Exactly," replied Miss Herbert, and the conversation dropped.

The expensiveness of dress that struck her husband's family so unfavorably, did injustice to Mrs. Herbert, as it arose not from extravagance, but from bad taste and ignorance. In fitting herself out for her marriage, her great object had been to be dressed up to the new station, which she was so soon to occupy. The sum allowed her by her father being small, it was chiefly expended in the few showy articles which had offended her new relations. But Mary was in fact economical. She prided herself on making every dollar she spent tell, and the result was what she called an "effective" but scanty wardrobe.

She was a good deal surprised and very much disappointed, and not a little vexed to find that her husband's family did not intend giving her a ball. In fact the idea never entered their heads. She was received kindly and cordially; but to fête, caress, or in short, make what women call a "fuss" with her, never occurred to them. The Willings and Howards called, and some of them asked her to tea, but as none of them happened to be giving parties at the time, she had no opportunity of wearing the bridal veil and orange flowers, in which she had expected to create such

a sensation. She soon became impatient to be at house-keeping, supposing that then everybody would, of course, call upon her and treat her with the distinction she imagined her due. In fact, if she had only kept quiet, she would in the course of time have become acquainted with all her husband's friends. But there was nothing about her to induce society to make a rush to form her acquaintance. And unfortunately she was wanting in that quiet repose so necessary to the dignity and good manners of a person situated like herself. So nothing would do but Herbert must take a house, to which he consented, being very weary himself of living at lodgings.

"Willing tells me there is a house next door to his to rent," said her husband. "Suppose we go up and look at it."

"Oh! that is a mean, shabby little row," replied his wife quickly—"one of those houses would not suit us."

"Why not?" asked Herbert—"Mrs. Willing says they are very convenient, and if they are large enough for them, I am sure they would be so for us."

"It may do very well for Mrs. Willing," replied Mary, "to go to house-keeping in that way; everybody knows who she is, but—" she checked herself, heartily repenting that she had already admitted that Mrs. Willing had a personal consequence which would bear her through what she, Mary Walker, would not undertake, particularly as she saw it struck her husband unpleasantly—she added, therefore, hastily, "we require a three story house. I must have a spare room for my mother and sisters when they come to town." This "spare room" was a great spoke in Mary's wheel, but the fact was, she could not bear the appearance of so small a house; and, moreover, it would have mortified her to death to write home that they had taken a two story house; and she would not for the world that Sue Belmont and Harriet Martin heard that she, Mrs. Henry Herbert, whom they supposed at the head of fashionable society, who had made such a "match," was living in a two "story house"—"tell it not in B——." Herbert could not refuse to provide a reception for those members of his family who might occasionally visit them, and so a larger house at a considerably higher rent was taken than he had originally anticipated.

"I do not wish you to go beyond your means, Harry," she said to her husband, "only tell me what you can afford, and depend upon it I will make the money go as far as possible."

And she did. She hemmed yards and she sewed miles—but no one ever saw her with a needle in her hand—that would have looked as if she was "used to it." No, all her work was done

up stairs. Never was any one more indefatigable and industrious than she in furnishing her house. She put down carpets and she put up curtains, and made everything woman's fingers could make with her own hands, and when it was all done it was a—failure. A failure, because she had attempted more than she had the means to execute. She could not think of dispensing with curtains, but as everything must come within a certain sum, they were scant and without a lining. None at all would have been better, as being free from pretension and certainly cheaper. The ottomans, on a similar plan, looked very like chicken coops, covered with the same gay material as the curtains. In short, the same cheap and showy style pervaded the whole. The money that would have furnished a small house prettily, and provided comforts in abundance, served but to make a larger one look scanty and fine. Mary, however, was charmed, and gave herself no little credit for producing so much "effect," (her favorite word) with such small means. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

BACHELORS.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

So, Hal, "you'll be a bachelor—"
 Who never knows his mind,
 But grumbles, fumes and storms about,
 As bad as womankind!
 Has now a cold, and now the gout,
 And now is in a fret—
 Like children spoilt, your bachelors
 Are always in a pet.

"You'll have no wife to rule the roast,
 That plague of plagues you're spared"—
 But sure as fate a house-keeper,
 Cross-eyed and sandy haired!
 You boast, and seem to think, you'll do
 And say whate'er you please—
 Why, Hal, you'll fear to speak, unless
 Your tyrant first agrees.

And then your house, I pity you;
 A kennel for a home,
 Where free as air, in rooms and out,
 The cat and monkey roam.
 Where nothing's ever in its place,
 Where tea and toast are cold,
 Where all the maids are slovens, too,
 And e'en the cook a scold!

Oh! Hal, when dancers gaily trip,
 To music's lively sound,
 You'll sit alone at home and sleep,
 Like dormouse under ground.
 Get married while you have the chance,
 Or else—don't look aghast!—
 Your fate will be, like all your class,
 To darn your hose at last.

DEATH OF SIMON GIRTY.*

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

It was several years ago that a number of us formed a party, for the purpose of visiting the Indian reserve to shoot deer. With that eagerness which marks the inexperienced hunter, I had spent the day pursuing game—which always saw me first—and as the last rays of the sun gilded the tree tops I reached the camp exhausted and hungry, without having shot anything larger than a squirrel. I found the camp deserted, with the exception of the old pioneer Sheddin, whose aged limbs had refused to obey his still active spirit, and consequently he had returned to camp, where he had been since the middle of the afternoon.

After admiring the deer which he had shot I threw off my bullet pouch, and sitting down ate some jerked venison. The old pioneer threw upon the fire some dry logs, which soon flung among the trees a volume of light, and presented to the stragglers a surp beacon to guide them to camp. Just as Sheddin had finished narrating an incident of his early day, which had transpired near the spot where we were, we heard a shrill cry, followed by a succession of broken sounds, apparently caused by bringing the hand rapidly against the mouth. Sheddin sprang to his feet, and the spirit of other days appeared aroused within him.

"I tell you that that sound never came from the mouth of a white man!" he exclaimed. "I am too old to be fooled."

"Then perhaps some of the Wyandots are coming into camp?" I remarked.

"Very likely. We are now on their hunting ground, and I should not be surprised if they were to visit us." Sheddin had scarcely said this when we heard voices in low conversation; then persons stumbling through the brush, and immediately two Indians appeared within the circle of light, and advanced toward us. We both arose: they came up and offered us their hands, which we grasped and shook heartily, welcoming them to our tent. With a politeness which an Indian never forgets, they drew out their pipes, filled them with tobacco and presented them to us. In return we got out some provisions and a bottle of brandy; and while they ate their meal and sipped the spirits, we silently smoked their pipes. An Indian considers it the height of impoliteness to address one while

*Our eastern readers may require to be informed that Simon Girty was a celebrated white renegade, well known in the Indian wars attending the early settlement of Ohio. Numerous stories are told of his daring feats.

hungry, and knowing this, we sat in silence till they had partaken of a hearty meal, when one of our visitors turned around, and in good English said,

"Our white brethren have softened our hearts with kindness; you are welcome to all the game you can kill."

This was kind, for we were hunting upon their grounds without having asked them, which would have been a sufficient provocation with some tribes to commence a quarrel, which might have terminated in death. The Indians were both aged men, particularly one, whose white scalp-lock indicated that he had spent nearly a century in war and the chase. His eyes were bleared and almost sightless, and his limbs slightly trembled with the impotency of age. The other warrior appeared to be about fifty, but was yet in the plenitude of his strength. His eyes were keen and full of fire, and his protruding muscles and well formed and stoutly built figure, gave indication of great prowess. The old man appeared to be the principal personage, from the deference which the other paid him.

The brandy soon warmed up the Indians, and we became quite intimate. Sheddin, who loved a listener, repeated one of his spirited Indian fights. As he proceeded, the Indians became excited, and evidently felt for their red brethren, whom Sheddin had killed. The youngest of the Indians, that he might be even with us, described an exciting battle where he had killed a white man; but this I pass over, and shall occupy the rest of this paper with the death of Simon Girty.

Conjecture had been busy for a number of years relative to this celebrated renegade. Some had affirmed that he died in Canada. He went to Canada but did not die there, as the Indian—who witnessed his dissolution—affirms: but let him tell his own tale, which I shall give as nearly as possible in the peculiar style of the old chief.

"It was at the battle of the Thames where Girty lost his life. The long knives fought like tigers, and swept down the Indians before them as the storm hurls the trees in autumn. The Indian there was brave too, but the white man had the Great Spirit on his side, and what use is there in warring against it? The battle raged with fury—the white and the red man mingled in deadly fight, and many were the brave deeds committed that day. With the strength of the whirlwind the Indian mowed down the whites, but others with desperation filled their places, and in turn cut down the Indians. The strength of the Indian on that day had departed; his tomahawk flew wide of the mark, his rifle shot crooked, and his spirit shrunk within him as a woman's. Girty

was there. I saw him in the fight; his towering form swaying here and there, as the battle raged. Now he would discharge his rifle—now throw his tomahawk, and striking down his victim, tear the reeking scalp from his head, and then with the shrill war-yell, he would bound forward, and again with fury mingle in the crowd. I followed the white man with my tomahawk in my hand, I saw that he was brave, and that to step in his tracks would lead to glory. Girty sprang forward. With the deep war-cry I followed, and the pale warrior recoiled before us. We cut our path through them—to the right and left they swayed, and made us a hollow path with dead white men strewn through it. 'Follow me, Wasataba!' cried Girty, and I rushed on. A big white captain opposed me. I hurled my tomahawk into his head, dashed him upon the ground, and trod his body under my feet. On we went. Nothing could resist us, for the Great Spirit of battle was in us, and we grew strong as we advanced; but now we started back appaled!

"On came a mass of horsemen—with the rush of mighty torrents they came, their swords glittering and their horses goaded to madness. Every thing gave way before them, but we were so hemmed in that we could not retreat, and we turned and bared our bosoms to the rush. On they came! Numbers were knocked down and trodden under feet. Among the rest was Girty and myself. The mad horses stumbled over our bodies, their iron bound feet crushed many to death, but as they came, I drew up my body and rolled among the dead. They tramped on the corpses and this saved me. The mighty troop passed. I sprang up, and saw Girty lying at length, with the iron hoof of a horse crushed in his breast. He breathed still but was dying. I raised him up and his pale face gazed toward the troop. His brow blackened, and the features of the great war dance gathered upon his face. He clenched his teeth firmly, he shook his fist at the horsemen, and his voice gathered strength ere it died away forever. 'Curse the white man!' he said. 'May the lightnings of God visit his dwelling with every refreshing storm! May its blighting heat wither his corpse, and strike dead at his feet his wives and children! May his cattle perish and rot at his door. May he rot, rot down by inches—may he linger for years and die a putrid mass, suffering as I would cause him, had I him in my power! Curse the whole white race! May plagues and contagion come among them, till like wild beasts they devour each other in frenzy and madness! Send among the accursed race the most loathsome diseases! Turn their pleasures into madness—the honey of their lives into the bitterest gall! Turn the son against the parent,

the parent against son! Ye bear the mark of Cain, each upon your brow, and may every one strive to slay the other. May a deep, an everlasting curse——' The outstretched arm relaxed—the voice gurgled in his throat, the firmly set teeth gnashed, the features blanched—the eye glazed, and Girty was a corpse!"

The Indian ceased. In the excitement of the narration he had risen—his brawny arm was firmly outstretched—his scowling features were illuminated by the lurid rays of the fire—his legs, still muscular, were planted firmly before him, and his other arm as firmly drawn behind, as if to strike down an enemy—the fire blazed up and clothed this strange, wild figure with its light, and I thought of Sully the painter.

STANZAS.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

A VOICE of plaintive music fell
Upon the summer air,
Faint as the broken murmur
Of a spirit's dying prayer;
It was the music of a heart
O'er which the storm had passed,
And left but one imperfect chord
To answer to the blast.
"My strength is immortality!"
The soul's clear voice replied—
'T was like an angel's when it kneels
A tempted one beside—
"I watch the surges as they break,
The tempest raging high,
As some brave mariner whose home
Gleams bright before the eye.
"Is it a bitter thing for thee,
Worn heart! to bear away
The idols thou hast cherished here,
The sunbeams of the day!
Or agony to hear the knell
Of all thy bright hopes toll?
List to the better voice within,
The teachings of the soul."

WEEP NOT.

BY JANE SIMPSON.

OH! weep not that the friends ye loved,
Must change and pass away;
And weep not that on beauty's cheek
The roses must decay.
Oh! weep not that the gentle eyes,
Which once with kindness shone,
Can meet thy gaze with coldness now,
And pass as though unknown.
Though lovers fly, and friends deceive,
Mourn not when these depart,
But weep in bitterness to lose
Thy gay and guileless heart.

ESTELLE LEFEVRE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"ESTELLE?"

"Well."

"I have been thinking——"

"Indeed!"

"As I was up in the grape-vine there, half smothered by the green leaves, which would be constantly glancing between my eyes and your sweet face, Estelle——"

"Never mind my face, nor the grape-vines; you were thinking——well."

"As I threw the great heavy clusters on the grass at your feet, and looked down on your sweet, upturned face—that tiny foot peeping out so prettily from your blue skirt—that soft eye—those red lips——"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a soft palm, which came with gentle emphasis in contact with his mouth; and the laughing eyes of Estelle Lefevre looked roguishly at her image reflected in his.

"You are always talking of my eyes, my lips and such nonsense! Do stop kissing my hand so furiously, and if you really have thought, explain the phenomenon."

"Nay, nay, Estelle, do you expect a man to talk reason with this dainty hand forcing back his speech, and tempting his kisses?" said Eugene, as distinctly as he could speak through the fair fingers which held his lips in thralldom.

"A man, forsooth!" and Estelle's laugh rang through the overhanging vines like the carol of a happy bird; "and how long is it since Master Eugene Jourdain has claimed for himself the dignity of manhood?"

An expression between a frown and a smile passed over the face of the youth. He drew Estelle's hand from his mouth and prisoned it in his, while his disengaged arm stole round her waist. For the first time in her life her eyes fell beneath his gaze, and with instinctive delicacy she would have withdrawn from his arm, that arm which she had hitherto sought with a freedom as innocent and confiding, as that with which the fledgling seeks the wing of a mother bird; for she felt that the days of their childhood had indeed passed; that they were no longer to haunt the green woods for wild flowers, as in former days; that she should never more sleep off her weariness on the soft moss, while he sat watching her slumbers, and frightening the insects from her fair brow, with the flowering branches which they had gathered together. The beautiful and trusting love, which from her infancy had found its germ in her heart, which had grown with her

growth and brightened with her intellect, now suddenly expanded into a deep and fervent affection. As the rose-bud shoots forth and ripens under the genial influence of a summer sun, but which expands its petals and lavishes its odors only to the last ray which penetrates to its heart, so did the love of Estelle Lefevre change from childish confidence, to the timidity which ever attends the first consciousness of love in a pure bosom, as she trembled in the slight embrace and blushed beneath the gaze of her companion. For the universe she could not have placed her hand upon his lips and have looked into his eyes, as she had done a moment before; and yet, though she trembled and blushed, and almost shrunk from the bosom to which he drew her, the maiden was very happy.

"Yes, Estelle, I am now twenty and you are eighteen; I have a home and a good, kind mother, but still my heart is unsatisfied; come, dear, with your sweet smiles and sweeter voice, come and live with me always. We have ever loved each other; why should we not marry?"—and as he spoke the youth seated himself on the grass and drew her gently to his side.

Estelle's answer was given in a low voice, so low that it scarcely reached the ear of the youth: yet he was satisfied with its import. They remained together, two very happy beings, talking of the past and laying plans for the future—that bright and promising future which lay so pleasantly before their young fancies, unmindful that the sun was going down, and that its arrowy and golden light was flickering over the green bosom of the vineyard, like a shower of powdered gems; and forgetful that the heavy clusters, which they should have gathered, still hung in festoons of dusky purple along the canopy of foliage, which rustled dreamily over their heads. A robin and his mate came chirping around the vine, whose spring shoots had sheltered their "callow young," and nestled together among the thick leaves. The grape gatherers came from a distant part of the vineyard, with their gay voices and shouts of merry laughter; and as they passed, each with an overflowing basket on his head, they smiled and cast significant glances on Eugene and the vintner's daughter; not that it was anything remarkable to see the two sitting together under the same vine, but they had never been known to neglect their work before; and the earnest tenderness betrayed in the manner of the youth, with the moist eyes and the smile which broke in a swarm of dimples around the red lips of the maiden, told, more plainly than words could speak, that the character of their intercourse had changed.

"May I go in and speak to your parents now?"

said Eugene, as he opened the little wicket which led to Estelle's house.

"If—if—as you will, Eugene;—no—not just now; let me go in first;" and, with a palpitating heart, the maiden entered the cottage.

"Ah, she is charming," muttered the youth, as she disappeared among the thick shrubbery which luxuriated over her dwelling. "Well, I will go home and get my supper, and then come back again. Estelle; *ma belle!* Ah, I am a happy fellow! How she does love me!" and with this very moderate soliloquy, for a Frenchman in love, Eugene went to his mother's cottage, eat his supper with undiminished appetite, arrayed his handsome form in his best holiday suit, and sallied forth to ask the consent of Estelle's parents to their union.

Meantime Estelle found the supper table ready laid, and her parents, in their usual seats, waiting for her. She took the vacant chair, and strove to appear unconcerned, and as if nothing on earth had happened. So drawing the bowl of milk, mantling with rich cream, before her, she took up a piece of bread, white and soft as a handful of snow-flakes, and began to break it into little dainty pieces, and scatter it over the surface of the milk. This accomplished, she helped herself to a luscious fig, from a plate that stood temptingly before her, and laying it on the cloth, she began to dip up the milk with her spoon, and to pour it back into the bowl, with an industry quite edifying to behold.

The old people kept up a duett with their spoons, unmindful of the taciturnity of their daughter. At length the old man's lips had a moment's respite, and he began scraping up the fruit skins and fragments of bread, into a little pyramid on the table-cloth before him.

"We have news for you, Estelle!" he said, as if suddenly recollecting himself.

"For me, papa?" and Estelle gave a start, which sent a spoonful of milk out upon the white cloth, and a blush crimsoned her face, which would smile in spite of her efforts to the contrary. The old man was busily engaged in capping his pyramid with the half of a fig-skin, so the accident and her blushes passed unnoticed.

"Yes, the post-boy brought us a letter from your cousin Louisa. The cholera is in Paris; so she has left her place, and is coming to spend a few weeks with you, my dear."

At that moment the wicket gate fell to with a slight noise. Estelle rose to her feet, blushing and trembling.

"Oh, I am so glad, so—that is, I am very tired, and will go to bed if you please;" and she went round to her father, and bent her glowing cheek to receive his night kiss, embraced her mother,

and ran up stairs just in time to avoid Eugene Jourdain, who stood looking at her through the province-rose tree, which almost concealed the casement.

An hour passed, and Estelle wandered around her little chamber, with the restlessness of a newly caged bird. Now she would softly open the door and listen to the voices which came up from below, while the blood was continually coursing up to her cheek, and flowing back again to her heart—that pure, warm heart, which beat and fluttered so tumultuously, under her black velvet bodice. Again she would push back the flowering vines which draped her casement, and look out upon the vineyard, which sloped down the hill, in front of the cottage to the little hamlet nestled in the heart of her native valley. But neither the beautiful landscape spread out before her, the dense shadows and the uncertain moonlight, flickering among the heavy masses of foliage, nor the soft summer breeze, as it went rustling and sighing through the vines, like a thousand light-winged spirits, which the night had called into motion, could quiet her restless anxiety. For the twentieth time she drew back the muslin curtain and looked out into the moonlight, when the outer door was opened, and the shadow of Eugene Jourdain fell across the greensward under her window. For a moment Estelle hesitated; then she threw open her door, ran noiselessly down the stairs, and overtook Eugene just as he was passing through the gate. Breathless and pale with anxiety—for her fancy had conjured up a thousand difficulties, while shut up in her little chamber—she laid her hand on his arm and said, “Eugene, tell me—have they consented?”

“Ah, *ma belle!* it is all settled; we shall be married in a few weeks; nay, now I think of it, our wedding day shall be on the vintners’ festival; will this please you, Estelle?”

Estelle murmured her assent, and, suffering her betrothed to press a kiss on her forehead, which shone like Parian marble as it was raised to his face, with the dark curls flowing back from her temples, and the moonlight pouring full upon her—she broke from his arms and ran toward the house; then suddenly returning, she exclaimed—

“Oh, Eugene, I had forgotten; my cousin is coming from Paris; she shall be my bridesmaid; she is very pretty—you will love her, I am certain! Good night.” And kissing her hand, the happy girl darted into the house.

Poor Estelle! She little dreamed that her words were prophecy.

Eugene and Estelle were sitting together one day, when the heavy diligence, which passed through the village once a week, came lumbering

up the hill, and stopped before the cottage. A trunk and several packages were placed on the greensward, and then a graceful female form, in a gay travelling pelisse, and a hat profusely decorated with knots of riband, came lightly down the steps.

“It is—I am almost certain that it is my cousin!” exclaimed Estelle, springing up and running out to receive her guest. The warm-hearted embrace and the cordial welcome were given, and then the cousins came toward the house, with their arms interlaced, chatting and laughing as merrily as if they had parted but yesterday. Eugene’s attention was naturally fixed on the stranger as she advanced. Her extraordinary beauty—for she possessed that rare complexion, in a French woman, a perfect blonde—together with her graceful carriage and gay dress, excited his admiration somewhat more than might have been agreeable to his lady-love, had she read his heart; but hearts were the last things that Estelle dreamed of studying. She was satisfied with loving and being beloved. The possibility of a change in her happiness never entered her confiding mind. She was fascinated with her cousin’s beauty, and it pleased her when she saw, by Eugene’s eyes, that he shared her admiration.

“Did I not say that she was charming?”—whispered the happy girl, as she passed Eugene to conduct her cousin to the little chamber which they were to occupy together.

“What name did you give that handsome young man?” inquired Louisa, as she flung her gay bonnet carelessly upon Estelle’s neat little bed.

“He is a neighbor—a—his mother lives in the cottage yonder, half way down the hill.”

Louisa fixed her large blue eyes on the blushing face of her cousin, and an arch smile broke over her mouth. “Ah, I understand—a lover—*ma foi*, what magnificent eyes he has!—Is it a settled affair, my sweet cousin?”

“We are to be married as soon as the grapes are all gathered,” replied Estelle modestly.

“That will be charming!—I shall be bridesmaid, shall I not? Ah, you are putting away my dresses—thank you—there, take this heavy pelisse, and fling me that *robe de chambre*; you are very good; what superb eyes the young man has!”

Estelle felt an uneasy sensation about the heart; but whether it was occasioned by the off-handed manner with which her cousin required the little services which she would much rather have offered, or by the praises lavished on Eugene’s eyes, she did not stop to inquire. She busied herself in unpacking the trunk, while her

visitor flung the dressing-gown over her shoulders, and seating herself before the little mirror, went on chatting and laughing as she twisted her golden hair round her fingers, and let it fall in long glossy ringlets over her damask cheek and white throat.

Perhaps a more striking contrast, both of person and of mind, could not have been procured, than was exhibited in the two cousins, as they descended from Estelle's sleeping chamber. Estelle, with her pure forehead and gentle eyes, her slight form set off by the black bodice laced over her delicate bust, and the crimson skirt, just short enough to betray the neat foot and slender ankle, was the beau ideal of a rustic beauty, untried in the world's ways, and ignorant alike of sorrow and of evil. She appeared as she was, a gentle, kind-hearted, merry girl, full of youth and happiness. But her cousin—she who came forth with her sunny curls and blooming cheeks, whose smile had something bewitching in its brightness, whose form might have served as the model for a Cleopatra, so exquisite was its proportions, so perfectly was each delicate limb rounded, who came from that humble chamber rustling in silks, and glittering with second-hand ornaments—who, and what was she? A peasant girl, born in obscurity, where, but for chance, she might have passed her life. Old Lefevre had a brother, who died young and in poverty. Louisa was his daughter. A lady of fashion, whom caprice or ill health had brought to Lefevre's native village for pure air—the valley of which we have spoken, opened to the sea—was charmed with the child's rare beauty, and in compassion for her destitute orphanage, transplanted her from the valley to her own proud home, in Paris. But satisfied with having rescued the child from want, she never dreamed of owing it a further duty. Louisa had strong passions, a quick intellect, and great powers of imitation. These qualities, with proper culture, might have made her a brilliant and a good woman; but fostered, or rather neglected, in the luxurious home of a Parisian belle, suffered to pick up scraps of knowledge as she best could, unrestrained in her choice of books and without the least idea of self government, she soon lost that freshness and purity of heart, which had rendered her an object of love in her humble home. At eighteen, Louisa was the waiting-maid and confidant of her mistress. At twenty, she quarrelled with a favorite footman, and because he was not discharged at her request, left her benefactress in a fit of caprice, and returned to her early home, unsettled in her habits and vitiated in her principles; in short, a thorough coquette. Had Estelle sought forever for a serpent to breathe upon the paradise of her heart, she could not have found a more dangerous one than the cousin, whose arm lingered around

her waist, as they descended into the room where Eugene was still sitting.

It was on the evening of the third day after Louisa's arrival. The old couple had retired. Estelle was sitting in a shaded part of the room, with her elbow on the table, and her head resting on her hand. Her eyes were turned toward Eugene, and tears trembled in them. Poor girl; she had been toiling all day in the vineyard, with no one to lift the heavy basket to her head, or to share her labors in any way. No wonder that her eyes were heavy, and that she moved languidly under her load of fruit, as she bore it to the wine-press. Eugene had been absent from her side all the day. She had heard his gay voice as it came up from the grove, where he was gathering flowers with Louisa. She had seen them sauntering, arm in arm, along the brow of the hill, and now and then the soft notes of his flageolet, the tinkling music of her cousin's guitar, would reach her from the cottage, where they were sitting together. At such times she would turn away from her companions and go off alone, that they might not see the trembling of her lips, or the tears which would gather in her eyes. Poor thing; she was grieved to the heart's core. And now, when she had come in, weary in frame and wretched in spirit, she was allowed to remain unnoticed and neglected, while her betrothed and her cousin trifled away the evening, unmindful of her presence.

Louisa was sitting by the open casement; the moonbeams stole softly through the province-rose tree, to her beautiful face, and her golden curls shone out in the light, or were lost in the shadow, as the night-breeze swayed the green branches to and fro with its fairy pinions. Her neck was uncovered, save by the broad blue riband attached to the guitar in her lap, and her white fingers carelessly trifled with the strings.

"And so you would not like to live in Paris, after all that I have told you of its pleasures?" she said, raising her eyes to Eugene, who stood leaning against the casement, gazing intently on her face.

"I have scarcely thought of anything else, but of Paris and of yourself, since the first day of your arrival," replied Eugene abstractedly.

Estelle heard the reply; she pressed her lips firmly together to force back the groan which throbbed at her heart, and glided from the apartment. Her departure aroused Eugene to a consciousness of her existence; he sighed deeply and moved to another part of the room. Louisa too heard the sob of stifled agony, which, spite of her efforts, had broken from the young girl's lips. She leaned back into the shadow, to conceal the

smile which trembled around her mouth, and, as she struck up a light air on her guitar, murmured, "so my little cousin is jealous—*mon dieu*, what folly!"

These words, light as they were, conveyed all that she felt. What mattered it to her—the coquette and the profligate of heart—that she was withering the happiness of one who had loved her; that she was bringing wretchedness and desolation to the pure, young heart of a fellow being? It is strange that women—those who pass for gentle-hearted and kind women—who would not harm the wing of an insect, nor witness the struggles of a dying bird—will wring the heart and trample on the affections of each other, with a recklessness of consequences, which would appal even themselves, could they understand their own acts. Could they but feel the littleness of that vanity which urges them on to aimless conquest, they would desist from their unholy pursuits, sickened and shuddering with self-disgust. But it is to be regretted, that the power of inflicting evil is often granted to those who are incapable of reflection; who carelessly originate a cause, without dreaming of the effect, or without the wish, and sometimes without the power, of understanding the connection between the two when presented before them—presented before them, as it sometimes is, written out with the finger of death upon the marble forehead of a victim, appealing to their consciences, as it sometimes does, from the haunts of infancy, or from the cells of a mad-house. Coquettes, could you see yourselves as others see you—not as creatures of beauty, endowed with powers of pleasing, which you only exercise for your amusement—but as barbarians and murderers—nay, worse, for they content themselves with the agonies of the body, they exult only in the writhings of physical torture—but you fix upon the godlike portion of the being that which is most sensitive and most capable of suffering—your instrument of torture is clenched upon the affections, where the good and the pure are the most vulnerable—you administer death by degrees, drain the heart by its most subtle and sensitive channels, and smile as you see the life ebbing away—your poison is distilled into the soul, and is not the less fatal because it operates upon the more ethereal part of our nature—could you see your deeds as others see them, you would abhor the arts you now practice. Plead not, in extenuation, that infamy, madness and death seldom follow your machinations; that the heart of a sister woman does not always break when you have wantonly torn away its support. If the disappointment which you inflict, does not bring on this appalling train of consequences, it will shape itself to some other

form of suffering. Perhaps the victim may become better, more humble and self-devoting; she may turn to the consolations of benevolence, scattering bounty and lavishing good on her fellow beings, while her heart is secretly bleeding. Or the seeds of ambition may spring up in the mind, laid barren by your wiles. The heart, which but for you might have blossomed in its own home, and have shed its sweetness over a domestic circle, may be driven into the arena of the world, to forget its anguish in excitement, and like the beacon-light, which consumes as it illuminates, its core may be turning to ashes, as it scatters forth its dying brilliancy to the world. In no form and under no circumstances, can it be harmless to trifle with the feelings of a fellow creature, and no high-minded, good woman was ever guilty of it.

Poor Estelle; we have left her too long in her solitude. But why should we dwell upon her anguish? Why should we record the tears which were wrung from her heart, as the lively tones of that guitar came up, like a mockery, to the little chamber where she had sought a refuge? Why should we register the heart-sickness which crept over her, as minute after minute and hour after hour dragged by, and still the voice of her betrothed came to her ears in its deep and passionate enunciation, mingled with the subdued tones of her cousin. Never had there been such tenderness in his accents when he addressed her. Poor thing! It was no wonder that she shrunk to the farther edge of the bed, when, long after midnight, the traitoress laid her cheek on the pillow beside her, and flung her white arm carelessly over her form. She had been more than woman, had not her heart throbbled with indignation beneath the soft pressure of that arm. It did swell almost to bursting, and she lay in the slight embrace of her rival, shuddering and faint, as if the coil of a serpent had been about her. Poor, poor Estelle! thy destiny was upon thee, the destiny that has writhed many a heart as good and as pure as thine!

The grapes were all gathered from the vineyard, and the morrow was appointed for the vintners' festival, and as Estelle's wedding-day. Eugene, for the first time for many days, withdrew her from the family circle, and they walked forth in the star-light together. He did not speak of the morrow, but the gentle intonations of his voice, and the tender interest betrayed in his words, wrought soothingly upon Estelle's feelings. The suspicions, which had preyed upon her happiness, were gradually dispersed, and her heart turned to his, softened and overflowing with contrition, for having doubted his love. She little dreamed that his gentleness and seeming affection

originated in sympathy and self-reproach, that—
But we will not anticipate.

The morrow found Estelle happy and full of hope. She arose early and began to arrange her bridal chamber. The sun was scarcely up when everything was settled to her satisfaction. The toilet-table and its humble paraphernalia stood beneath the little mirror, as spotless as the being who had garnished it. The white window curtains were gathered up from the sashes, with knots of riband and bouquets of fresh flowers. In one corner stood the bed, airy and white as an ununsunned snow-drift. Its profuse drapery of transparent muslin was festooned and garlanded with flowers, and looped back in a thousand graceful folds, so as to display the square, frilled pillows, the snowy counterpane, and the bridal dress laid carefully upon it.

"A few more flowers to make a bouquet for the toilet, and a garland for the mirror, and then it will be beautiful!" exclaimed the bride, glancing round the room. "Ah, here is the rose which Eugene gave me. I will put it into my bosom for fear of accident; dear Eugene, I wonder if he is up yet. I will run down and get the flowers, and then all will be ready." So tucking the corner of her apron under her belt, and throwing a little shawl over her shoulders, she ran out, exclaiming to herself—"no matter if my hair is all over my shoulders, I shall have time to dress it when I come back; Eugene will not be here these three hours yet."

"How lovely everything looks this morning," exclaimed the bride, as she opened the door and stood for a moment gazing upon the scenery before her—the green vineyard—the quiet valley, with the little hamlet half buried in its bosom—the opposite hill, covered with heavy summer foliage, and the calm sea, as it rippled up the mouth of the valley, each tiny wave crested with foam, and glittering like gold as it broke to the sunshine, and the whole landscape smiling beneath its veil of misty dew. It was indeed lovely; but the morning was advancing, and Estelle had no time to indulge in her admiration. So she gathered up her dress that the dew might not wet it, and ran along the brow of the hill toward a green hollow, where the flowers, which she was in search of, grew in abundance. A grove of magnificent oaks stood in the mouth of the valley, just where the sea had worn for itself a little cove into the greensward. Some of the lesser trees grew almost out upon the beach; the grass was thick as moss around the huge trunks, and the monotonous ripple of the waves mingled harmoniously with the sound of rustling leaves. Altogether, it was a place of leafy and dream-like quiet. In this grove the villagers had been

accustomed to hold their rural fêtes; and here the old vintner and his wife, with some half dozen of the village maidens, had repaired at early dawn to arrange the rustic seats, and clear away the greensward for the dance which was to succeed the wedding. The hollow where Estelle was gathering flowers lay in the neighborhood of the grove. She had filled her apron and was about to return home, when she remembered that she had not seen her cousin since early dawn.

"I wonder what detains Louisa; I will run down to the grove and see; I hope that she is not angry because I was jealous of her and dear Eugene; how foolish it was in me!"—thus, half speaking and half thinking, Estelle turned toward the grove.

She found her parents and the little sister of Eugene, together with a group of maidens, standing under one of the largest trees, listening to a village youth, who was talking earnestly and with a great deal of gesticulation. More than once he pointed to a ship, lying far out to sea, as if that had some connection with his discourse. Estelle did not see her cousin among the group, and she remarked that every face wore an expression of indignation or surprise, which, as she drew near, changed to a look of sympathy. At Estelle's approach the villagers drew back, and the youth stopped speaking and gradually withdrew behind the trunk of the oak. Her father's face was flushed and almost convulsed with anger; and she saw her mother sink to a seat, as if utterly incapable of supporting herself. A terrible foreboding came to the poor bride's heart; a sense of suffocation was in her throat, and her limbs trembled so violently that she could with difficulty move forward. She approached her parents.

"Mother," she said, and her sweet voice was almost sharp with excessive anxiety, "mother, why is this? Where is Louisa? What is the matter, mother?"

The distressed woman grasped her daughter's fingers in one hand, and laying the other on her arm, looked into her face anxiously and tenderly, but did not speak. The old vintner took her other hand and drew it up to his bosom; all traces of anger had left his face, and grief, such as wrings a strong heart to tears, was stirring in every pale feature, as he bent over his daughter.

"Estelle," he said, and his strong voice was broken with sobs, "you are our child, our own, only, darling child—nobody would ever love you as we do, so don't grieve, don't weep—let the wretch go, he and his vile, wicked deluder. We did it—we, your mother and I—we brought the serpent and laid it in the bosom of our own child—but we did not mean it. Look up, love, look

at me; don't grow so pale; we will be very happy yet. I will give you the vineyard, the cottage, everything, only say that you will bear up under this; say, love, cannot you be happy with your poor old father and mother?"

The old man broke off in an agony of terror, for the hand in his grew cold as marble, and he felt that she did not hear his words. She had comprehended the extent of her misery; she knew that her betrothed and her cousin had gone off together—that the ship then in sight was bearing them to Paris. The blood ebbed from her lips, and left her face a deathly white. Her heart grew colder and colder, and as she stood between her parents, still as death, with the flowers dropping, one by one, from her apron, her dark hair falling in heavy masses over her shoulders, and her eyes, keen and intensely bright, fixed on vacancy, she seemed as if turning into marble. There was a death-like stillness in the group. Eugene's little sister stood apart, with tears standing in her young eyes, terrified and feeling as if she had done something to vex Estelle. One fair girl placed her finger on her forehead, with a significant look at her neighbor, but this was all; minutes passed, and not one in that group uttered a syllable, or stirred a finger.

At length the old man burst forth in an agony of grief.

"Estelle, oh, my God!—Estelle, cannot you speak?—will not you speak to me?"

A smile—a strange, cold smile—broke over Estelle's white lips. "Speak?—oh, yes, father—but let us go now—Eugene will be waiting." Her voice was low and sweet as the morning air.

That young girl was right; Estelle was mad. But madness in her took a gentle and lovely form; it was as if an angel had sealed her intellect with the signet of heaven.

TO MY SISTER.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

SISTER, I've tried all forms of tenderness,
All links that bind us with their magic power,
All loves that here emparadise the hour,
And give each thought the form of a caress
From lov'd one's lips—but none had power to bless
My lonely spirit with such full content
As has thy Love, that like a star o'erbent
My ragged pathway till its faithfulness
Grew deep into my soul, and I became—
A watcher by that fountain of delight,
(As fondly hail'd as e'er to Arab's sight
The cooling streamlet in his land of flame)
That gave its freshness to life's arid track,
And brought its earliest dreams of beauty back.

THE KNIGHT'S SWORD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY H. R. BRADLEY.

THERE may still be seen in the market-place at Halberstadt, and exactly opposite to the Cathedral, the remains of a venerable church, which had been dedicated to "our Lady." Of this splendid temple there is nought now to testify its former grandeur but four grand pillars which once decorated the front. All the rest has fallen under the heavy hand of time, and that once beauteous building is now but a mouldering heap of ruins. There clings, however, to these ruins, an ancient tradition, which deserves to be remembered when all trace of them is lost.

Outside the walls, and not far from what was once the principal gate of this church, there hangs to a short, thick iron chain, a knight's sword of a very ancient fashion; and this sword, even when the air is most still, is observed to be agitated with a slight, tremulous motion, that never ceases for a single moment. *What can be the cause of this?* Those who would resolve every difficulty upon mere philosophical principles, declare that there must be a magnet on both sides of the sword. This may be true, or it may not; but I adhere to the ancient tradition respecting it, which I am now about to give to the reader; and I do so, first, because I prefer an old tale to the most modern discovery in chemistry—and next, because I find the tradition supported by a second fact, that on the ruined spot immediately below the sword, there is a round spot in the earth, about four feet in circumference, which is altogether bare of herbage; whilst beyond it, the earth is covered with a green and healthy verdure.

And now for my tale.

In times, long since gone by, there was on the brow of the mountain, close to Halberstadt, the castle of the proud, ambitious knight, Sir Hugh. He was a nobleman feared, if not respected, by all those who called themselves knights. He was haughty, irascible, and impatient; the terror of all his domestics, and a tyrant to his wife. This was an amiable and charming lady, who died at the very time that Leonora, his only child, was blooming into womanhood.

Upon her death bed, the lady of Sir Hugh blessed her child with these words:—

"May patience, gentleness, and charity adorn thee: and may religion prepare thee for Heaven, where I shall await thee, my only, my beloved daughter."

The lady expired in pronouncing these words, and Leonora was still weeping at her bedside, when she was addressed by a youth named

Tenthold, whom the Knight Hugh had reared and educated in his castle, because he was the only, and the unprotected son, of one of his ancient companions in arms. This youth, who was also kneeling at the bedside of his second mother, thus spoke to the maiden:—

"Then above," said he, as if under the influence of inspiration, "then above shall we see her again, Leonora; but while here, let us never forget the glance of mutual affection which the dying saint cast upon us as she blessed us."

"May her blessing be our protection," whispered Leonora.

"Leonora," said the youth, taking courage, "through her gentle words, faith and courage are restored to us. Eternal love! May it always be ours, even though it is only in a future life that it can find a fitting reward."

"Ah!" cried Leonora, as her eyes beamed with affection upon the youth, "by this corpse do I again kneel down, and swear to thee"—

But she was interrupted by the rough voice of the Knight Hugh, who at that instant stepped into the chamber. He pushed the young couple away from each other. Both drew back from the impatient father; Tenthold, with almost a convulsive shudder, and Leonora with redoubled tears.

But a few days elapsed, before the Knight Hugh again lived in the midst of feasting and luxury. The constant companions of his rude pleasures were the Knight Assen, and his son Ebenbord, a well grown, handsome looking youth—a great favorite with the Knight Hugh, as it was to him he intended his daughter Leonora should be married. Hugh already looked upon him as his future son-in-law, the heir to his castle and domains, and in whose shield the arms of his race should be empaled. Leonora had excited in the youth the strongest feelings of love, but she could not be inspired with a corresponding affection for him. Her heart was drawn toward Tenthold, with whom she had, in presence of heaven and its angels, entered into a covenant of everlasting love; and the protectress of that alliance, as well as the witness to it, were the spirit and the clay-cold form of the lady of the castle.

One day, Tenthold, equipped as for a long journey, appeared in the great hall of the castle, before the Knight Hugh, and his friends the knight of Assen, and his son, who were at the moment engaged in their usual revels.

"Knight Hugh," he said to the baron, "I come for the purpose of taking my leave of you—I come to thank you for the education you have given me, and the care you have taken of me—I come to say, that I shall ever feel grateful to you for both, and that it shall be my constant

endeavor ever to repay you for them, by my devotion and my services."

"Art thou mad with wine?" asked the Knight Hugh.

"No—but it is my intention soon to revel, not amid the noise of the wine cup, but amidst the tumult of arms!"

"Probably as a sword polisher, among the crusaders in the East," sneeringly said the young Ebenbord.

"No—but as a knight of equal rank with thyself, shall I look upon thee, when next we meet," exclaimed Tenthold, "thou wretched caitiff and fool."

And so saying, he cast him the glove which he bore in his leathern jerkin.

All were amazed at this unwonted boldness, and Tenthold was about to leave the hall unquestioned, when he was met at the door by Leonora. She was white as snow, pale, utterly cast down, and on her countenance were to be seen the deep traces of sorrow and despair. The young man clasped her in his arms, and cried out to the Knight Hugh:

"This maiden do I demand of thee—this maiden shall I obtain from thee, either in this world, or hereafter, before the judge of all."

He pressed the parting kiss upon the cheek of the maiden, who had fainted. He laid her softly in an arm chair, and then proceeded on his way.

"This is child's play," roared the Knight Hugh, as he sprang from his seat. "The varlet shall repent this impertinence."

He rushed from the hall, but learned that Tenthold, accompanied by an attendant, had ridden in haste from the castle.

Tenthold was a combatant in many tournaments on the Rhine, and in all his feats of arms as a knight, he proved the nobility of his descent. He then went to the East, where so much of Christian blood had been shed in the endeavor to recover possession of the holy sepulchre. He arrived in the East, when the first King of Jerusalem, Godfrey, was there. By him was Tenthold received as a son—by him was Tenthold rewarded as a brave champion, and by him was he attended with the care of a christian, when a severe wound confined him to his couch. The young knight fought in most of the battles against the infidels, with great renown, and a knight's sword, with the holy cross was his reward. After a year, a truce was agreed upon between the hostile armies, and he returned to Europe.

He sailed from Jaffa, and a prosperous voyage soon enabled him to travel through Germany. He appeared there as a gallant knight, in splendid attire, and soon were his longing eyes gratified with a view of the loved towers of the castle of

Halberstadt. His first question on arriving at the village was for Leonora.

"To-morrow, she will become the bride of the Count Ebenhord of Assen," answered the host. "The sports in honor of the marriage feasts have begun to-day."

"Well," remarked Tenthold, "I have made my vow to heaven that Leonora shall be mine; and as to this Ebenhord of Assen, who never yet has stood in knightly battle, I swear by my sword, that he never shall rob me of my bride."

He called then to his pages, and desired that they should take from the packages of his sumpter mules, two of his suits—one was of well carved silver armor, that displayed in its manufacture all the costly skill of Italy. Tenthold put on him this suit, whilst his emblazoned helmet was covered with expensive plumes. The host of the inn looked with amazement upon the exceedingly handsome knight, who was his guest.

Tenthold directed that the next suit, a velvet doublet, which was of the most magnificent description, and decorated with the rare embroidery of the East, a short mantle with gold embroidery, and a bonnet with a costly heron feather, with all other parts of a courtly dress, should be borne by one of his servants, and that he might, at an appointed signal, be in an instant prepared with it.

The hour for the nuptial banquet had been announced by the solemn tolling of the bell, when Tenthold rose, and accompanied by his page, passed out toward the castle. Bachanalian clamor and shouts of joy burst forth to greet him as he advanced toward the hall, now glowing with a thousand torches.

All made way for the stately knight, in silver armor, and as he stepped into the castle hall, the eyes of each were attracted toward him, for he was the only person there not in festive attire.

Tenthold kept his vizor closed.

"Whoever you are," said the lord of the castle, stepping toward him, "you are welcome."

"Whoever I am, still my arms and my shield proclaim me to be a knight of noble birth. What I seek for here, are German hospitality and German honesty."

The Knight Hugh scanned the closed helmet and the shield of the stranger. He then invited him to taste of the feast, and the strange knight sat himself down beside him, and took from his hand the cup of welcome.

The host hoped, by this opportunity, to see the face of the stranger, but the latter left his vizor drop so suddenly that the curiosity of Knight Hugh remained ungratified.

"Come you," he then said, "far from hence, sir knight?"

"Far? that you may well see, if you recognize

the holy John's cross that I wear on the left side of my helmet, as a token of honor that I came from the East, where our arms are now at rest."

"And you now come——"

"To ungird me of my sword in my father land, until there is need again for its use."

The bride, Leonora, who was solemnly and richly adorned for the coming ceremony, at this moment passed near, leaning on the arm of her intended husband, the Knight Ebenhord of Assen. Instantly did the maiden recognize Tenthold by the scarf that he wore, and which she herself had worked in secret for him, and that she had in the sad times that were past, given to him as a pledge of her love. She was nigh to fainting at the sight, but the bridegroom held her fast, and asked,

"What is the matter?"

"This is it," said Tenthold, standing up; "this is it—she wants the bridegroom."

"I am he," replied Ebenhord.

"It is false," answered Tenthold, "thou never could'st be truly beloved by Leonora."

At these words Tenthold drew back his vizor, and cast his gauntlet toward the bridegroom, and then solemnly and slowly stepped forth from the hall, when he saw that Ebenhord had accepted his challenge. Outside, his trusty page awaited him, and instantly availing himself of the laws of hospitality, which he knew his host dare not violate, he arrayed himself in his courtly suit and returned to the hall, where his kindly demeanor, his manly beauty, and his noble bearing, won for him the heart of every fair and gentle dame who looked upon him.

Whilst Ebenhord sought to avoid him, the Knight Hugh stepped boldly toward him and said:—

"I am right glad to see you here; but when the time for your community as a guest is passed, I must beg of you to leave my castle, because I fear that your presence may lead to some further disturbance."

"I ask you, Knight Hugh, but for one hour, and to that I have a right, according to knightly manners and ancient customs."

"It is thine," replied the bluff Knight Hugh.

"Art thou still mine?" opportunely whispered Tenthold to the unlucky bride.

"Forever, and forever," replied Leonora as she hastened past him.

Tenthold's brief discourse had not escaped Ebenhord, who watched his enemy with a sharp eye.

After this assurance from his Leonora, Tenthold went forth from the castle, and still arrayed in his rich velvet robe, he proceeded, by the clear light of the moon, to the church of "our Lady." He did so, to beg for her protection, and to pray for her blessing upon him.

"Love, it is," said he, "that urges me on, and what would live be without love?"

He then knelt, and prayed with fervor and in silence; but he had been followed stealthily from the castle by the young Ebenhord, who crept toward him, and as he was engaged in his devotion, plunged his sword into his heart.

"Thou hast fulfilled my doom, Ebenhord," he groaned forth: "It is the will of heaven; and now, with my last dying words, and in the name of all the celestial powers, I demand of thee my Leonora; thee, too, do I summon to follow me to judgment. Soon—soon shalt thou hasten after me."

The craven Ebenhord turned back to the castle, and entered the hall of feasting. His eye was wild and distracted. Murder and guilt had stamped deeply their brands upon his wrinkled forehead. The men, at first, laughed at him, on account of his prolonged absence, but the dames and maidens were affrighted when they looked upon him.

"Behold, my love," he said to Leonora, "this is the heart's blood of the miscreant who sought to tear us asunder, and who would prevent our marriage. This sword has transfixed him, and yet he presumed—aye! even in the agonies of death, to call upon thee at once to follow him. But think no more; it is now, and now only, my beloved, that I can call thee mine."

He would have embraced her, but she turned in horror from him. Her face turned ghastly pale: she shook in every limb. Even Ebenhord stood aghast at the change which came over her.

"I feel," she faintly sighed—"I feel that he has indeed gone to the tomb. Tenthold, beloved Tenthold, I follow thee; all ye angels protect me—pray for me."

As she spoke she raised her eyes to heaven, extended her arms, and then fell back insensible. They rushed to her, thinking she had fainted; but when they raised her, she was dead.

Ebenhord would have frantically embraced the body of the bride, but the chaplain of the castle—the ancient and kindly tutor of Leonora—pushed him away, at the same time exclaiming:—

"Away, sinner, away!—dare not to touch the body of a saint."

These words struck Ebenhord to the heart. He hastened forth into the air. He sought out the body of his foe, and then groaning forth the two words, "repentance reconciles," he drew his sword, which was still reeking with the blood of Tenthold, and plunged it into his own heart.

Upon the following morning, those who were going to the church, found the bodies of the two knights stiffened in their blood.

The choristers came, and at their head was a holy monk of the Rhine. He it was who alone

had the courage to draw the sword from the body of the miserable Ebenhord; and as he did so, he cried out to the affrighted multitude these words:

"This shall be a warning sign to all sinners. This shall hang before the church of our lady; and the earl of Ebenhord shall suffer the punishment of the lost, so long as this unlucky sword shall move, and so long as the earth that he has blasted with the blood of a pious knight of Jerusalem, shall refuse to bear a blade of grass."

The sword still trembles, and the earth beneath it is still devoid of verdure.

TWILIGHT.

BY HIRAM KELSEY.

SWEET twilight hour!

How solemnly along the wearied earth
Thy shadows steal, spreading o'er mount and vale
The mantle of repose; while the great pulse
Of nature, from its noonday heat, is calmed
Unto a gentle flow, and the vast world
Lies down to balmy slumber! Holy eve!
How sweet, and yet how melancholy are
Thy teachings! and thy lessons, how sublime!
And still clad with a beauty that doth glide
Into the heart, a heavenly balm, that soothes
The deep repinings of the lonely spirit.

Sweet twilight hour!

Calmly thy peace and quiet joy do smooth
The ruffled feelings—and the holiness
That shadows forth the sanctity of heaven
O'er such a scene, like to the goings-forth
Of angels to bestow on the seared earth
The blessings of a God-head's love, so melts
Into the very soul, that half the dross
Passeth away of earth and holy thoughts
And dreamy glimpses of immortal life
Dawn on the mind. While our glad bosoms beat
With chastened feelings, such as swell the breasts
Of angels, when around the eternal throne,
Kneeling in fairy bands they worship there,
Blessed with the dazzling view of matchless bliss.

Sweet twilight hour!

Often thy fading charms and soft repose
Ope memory's dearest cells; and there rush up
A thousand glad remembrances—bright youth
With hours of bliss, buoyed up by airy hopes
And heavenly aspirations; which, alas!
Have passed away, as from the evening skies,
Their golden glories, or the rainbow's tints
Amid the storm—those days of morning bliss,
When friendship, love, and smiling hopes had power
To chase away the gloomy spells that whiles
Came o'er me. And I love to live them o'er,
To be once more what I have been, and thus
To hold commune, holy, and sweet, and pure,
With spirits now departed. And when age
Shall cast its twilight shades darkling around,
Then, trained in hours like these, may I go down
Into the tomb, strong in the faith that sees
A glorious immortality beyond.

THE MAJOR'S STORY;

OR, THE TREASON OF ARNOLD.

BY WILLIAM GRANDIN.

THE Major's cottage! ah! that neat and comfortable little dwelling, half concealed by the forest of lilacs, honeysuckles and jessamines that surround it, is indeed one of the most perfect and delightful elysiums known since the days of Eden's prosperity.

I had accepted an invitation to visit, in company with a young friend, the abode of the happy, the war-worn soldier. Our little excursion had been arranged in the most proper and tasteful style, by and with the advice and consent of "*Bella*," the pride of the old man's age—the stay and comfort of his declining years.

If I chose here to follow the example of the prosy ones who have written in the past and present generations, I should launch the barque of invention upon the broad ocean of the supernatural, for the edification and instruction of the rising world. But as my business is not so much to say my will, as to relate like a faithful chronicler the doings of others, I shall, for the present, leave any reflections of my own for a more convenient season, and proceed with the least possible delay to recount, nearly in his own words, a story of olden time, by my venerable and worthy friend Major ———.

But I must reflect! Who can get on in this very wicked world without reflection? Is it not the life and soul, the very essence of our novels and our poems? One might cover reams of folio-post in simple reflections; or pass away the weary hours in the compilation of homilies, after the manner of the renowned Archbishop of Grenada, of whose name and character very honorable mention is made in the life of a worthy Spanish cavalier, Don Blas of Santillane. The truth is, that authors and writers of any and every caste should never receive censure for prefacing their productions with *sensible* remarks. They should be allowed, without a murmur of complaint, to scatter through their pages the manna of their own romantic, fictitious, or real conceptions. The writer, who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem is not by the *fearfulness* of a writer's faults, but the *greatness* of his beauties, and the noblest works are generally replete with both. It has been somewhere remarked, that if any one *delight* in writing, let him go on; but in hope to please or

satisfy *others*, let him not blacken the end of a quill! For does not experience teach us, that writers for the most part, spend their time in the purchase of reproof and censure from envious contemporaries, or self-conceited posterity? And again, we cannot but lament with Addison that there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in the language of Cicero and that of a *common author*, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun. However this may be, we but follow the example of greater ones who have preceded us, and should our prefatory remarks prove more "nice than wise," the censure of one just person shall be enough for our satisfaction.

Degree after degree of mental prowess has passed: stone after stone has crumbled and wasted from the pile of romance: stream after stream has been turned from the channel of fiction—until to-day we cannot boast of a Don Quixotte, a Gulliver, or a Munchausen! The times of Smollett, Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, and all of romance have flown, never more "to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon."

We are compelled at this day, perforce to read the homely productions of real life; the matter of fact fictions of Irving, Bulwer, Cooper, and a host of other prosy, inelegant and steam-power writers. Oh, for that delightful season of ghosts, spirits, hobgoblins, and the fairies that float in air! But with many others we are unable by any means to summon a spirit of earth or air, and, therefore, without such potent aid, we proceed to our business.

The Major's cottage! After winding our way through evergreen pines and cedars, over rocks and moss-clad ground by the gently murmuring brook that pours its waters foaming in milky whiteness over its pebbly bottom—at length we arrived at the cottage. The Major received us kindly, and took our proffered hands with the manly, confiding shake of the veteran soldier. In truth, when we found ourselves safely anchored by the jessamine porch, we felt as merry and as pleased with ourselves and the world, as ever felt a "free-born American" on "*Independence day*."

"I am happy to receive you, and am always happy to receive visitors," said the Major, "not forgetting the ever memorable reception given to my Lord Cornwallis and General Burgoyne. But *Bella*, my lass—no seats for our visitors?"

The maiden, who was in truth a lovely one, with her cheeks somewhat tinged with the carnations of confusion, gently withdrew her white hand from her father's arm, retreated toward the inner temple of the cottage, and soon caused the aged and faithful negro to transfer certain oaken chairs from the parlor to the shade of the porch. During her absence the Major continued.

"The girls of the present day are vastly different from those of the Revolution; vastly different! The girls of '76 were very different from your girls! An instance: Returning to our camp after a somewhat severe and meagre foraging expedition, our party had occasion to make a brief stop at a tolerable looking house with gable ends, and surmounted by a weather-cock. Our summons was answered by something bearing a marvelous similitude to womankind. Enveloped in a half score of linsay-wolsey garments, in true faderland fashion, she had more the appearance of a jolly porpoise rolling about the floor, than that of a civilized being. But beneath all this mountain of cloth—this formidable array of woolen fortifications sufficient to cover a well appointed regiment of jolly sogers, there was a heart; a true Dutch heart! None of your pert, upstart, dashy, romantic, fashionable women was here!—but as genuine a *good vrouw*, as we read of in the excellent history of the voracious Diedrich Knickerbocker. 'I have not the most remote idea that she looked upon her parents as fools—but I rather imagine she feared, revered and loved them. Few, very few girls of that stamp now—eh, gentlemen?'"

We ventured to assure the worthy Major (and we still hold to the same opinion) that there might be in our day, in certain classes of society, an occasional instance of *modernized* young ladies—but that as a general proposition the damsels of the present time were very much of the same disposition as their grandmothers, so far as obedience and veneration in behalf of parents might be brought into question. Then might the artist have had an opportunity to study nature's loveliest hues—the modest, downcast eye, the blushing cheek—it was very evident that Bella did not apply her father's critique to herself.

We were seated beneath the porch. The gentle breeze which wafted through the highlands of the Hudson fanned the heated air, and everything in nature seemed pleased. And thus the Major:

"While yet a lieutenant in the Continental Army, and on duty in yonder dilapidated mass of ruins,* at that time a tolerably well conditioned and bravely garrisoned fortress, a something occurred, the vivid remembrance of which must only be blotted out when my life's blood ceases to flow! At that time it was commanded by a general whose devoted patriotism and well tried daring had never as yet been called in question by friend or foe; but whose after life, as black and guilty, as it ever had been brilliant

*Fort Putnam. Stone has crumbled after stone, and nought remains to mark the place where rest the 'bravest of the brave,' save the gray pile!

and blameless—stamped the name, the character and fortunes of Benedict Arnold with the inglorious name of traitor! His mind, embittered by disappointed hopes, and soured by humbled pride, sought vigilantly for some means to vent its horrible designs, by the total ruin of his country, and of liberty in the Western World. The name of that man, which might have lived renowned in story, now casts a blight of deepest shame upon every page of his country's history.

"At the time of which I am now speaking, we had enrolled among our troops, a tall, rawboned, slabsided, ingenious Yankee. Young as I was, and inexperienced in the great science of humanity, I saw, or imagined that this man was a keen one, 'cute' as any of his tribe. My mind as easily wrought upon as those blushing damsels of the present day, conceived for this man a strong affection, that in after life ripened into love, lasting as life. Bella, you remember the grey-haired man who guided your infant steps, and taught you the simple language of childhood? Yes, my young friends, this Snakee Gimeons—for such was his unheard-of cognomen—was a brave and a *wise* man; not wise after the manner, or in the learning of men, but possessed of a mind superior to the necessities of cultivation to render it penetrating, logical, of service to himself and to others.

"Although a lieutenant in the service, and in accordance with the requisitions of military etiquette necessarily his superior, I hesitated not at all times to demean myself toward him as a friend. I am willing to confess that whenever I was wise enough to listen to, and adopt his advice, I was always the gainer thereby. And had I been the possessor of enough wisdom and moral courage to have followed his advice in *one* instance—the unfortunate, the lamented Andre, would yet perhaps have lived, and the man who most deserved to die, would have ended his life on a gibbet.

"When H. B. M. sloop of war Vulture floated on the bosom of the Hudson, for the purpose of bearing to the fortresses of West Point, a negotiator with a traitor—Snakee Gimeons, a true Yankee, perceived and speculated on certain curious coincidences, that to him were somewhat bewildering.

"He had always been unaccountably prejudiced against General Arnold; and it was evident to me that in the execution of any of his commands he was less active than at other times. On all occasions the casual observer might have noticed his dislike peering through his twinkling and snake-like eye, whenever it rested on the person of the traitor. He was silent, however, and secret in his own councils. Never had *words* betrayed me, the slightest dislike of his commander. Never did I know until too late, that

his awakened suspicions had always rested on the man whose dark deeds he had almost divined.

'Which is the villain? Let me see his eye,
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him!'

"We were standing together just at twilight of a fine autumn day, upon a parapet of the fort, when Gimeons, with more than his usual energy of manner, said,

"I wonder what on airth all this hidin' and seekin' and *parlarvousing* means? I have a mind, lieutenant, to open my mind fully and freely to you about a matter which just at this present writin', gives me much oneasiness."

"Ah! indeed? Well, Gimeons, pray what has come to pass *now*, to disturb your usual unruffled temperament?"

"Come to pass? You may well say that, lieutenant—for it is raaly a monstrous nice pass we shall come to shortly, unless a miracle prevents it, or some one assumes a heavy responsibility. The spirit moves me, and I now warn you to assume that responsibility, and charge General Arnold with treason! Yes, lieutenant, in the name of liberty, I charge you!"

"My astonishment at such a charge may very well be imagined; but soon imagining that the worthy soldier might perchance be just at this moment in a jesting vein, I remarked in a jocular manner that it was impossible for me to appreciate the force of the commands he had but that moment imposed, and, moreover, it was at present beyond the scope of my imagination to conceive in what way, or to what extent, the goddess of freedom could be in danger from a man who on so many occasions, and under such adverse circumstances had proved himself to be her most devoted worshipper and defender.

"Aye, aye, it may be agreeable to you now and then to have your jest—but there is a time for all things, and let me tell you with my sarvice (touching his head-covering) this is no time for foolery!"

"Gimeons—what *do* you mean?"

"Mean? Why, if it please you, sir, I mean that I have not observed the events of the last week without profiting by what I saw. I have not seen the secret interviews, the exchange of communications, the hurried steps and suspicious glances to no purpose. I have not heard, *by accident*, the conversations of a traitor, for no other purpose than to keep a quiet and civil tongue in my head! And finally, lieutenant, I trust I shall not assert without some effect, that Gen. Arnold, the brave soldier, and yet the sneaking knave, is a traitor to his country, and only awaits a coincidence of circumstances, to finish his deeds of darkness!" When Snakee had done speaking, I

looked into his face to discover the characteristics of the maniac.

"Are you mad?" said I.

"Mad! mad! Is it for this that I have opened my mind to you? Have I exposed my weakness for this? Upon the faith and honor of a soldier, united to the love and respect of a friend, I once more assure you that what I before have said, and now again repeat, *General Arnold is a traitor!* I leave you to adopt such measures as you may think necessary and proper."

"Having said this, he left the parapet, leaving me confounded, bewildered and yet amused. I looked after him, and as his inelegant figure disappeared behind an angle of the wall, an involuntary ha! ha! escaped me; so loud that the casements of the fort, and the surrounding rocks echoing the sound, carried to the bosom of my devoted Gimeons a degree of grief and pain, that under no circumstances would I have inflicted willingly. * * * * *

"I found him, the iron-hearted Snakee, alone, with the hot tears coursing each other down his hardy countenance. I turned and left him; for my soul reproached me. His love, his devotion, his truth and confidence, all reproached me; and yet I had not the courage, the honor to accost him, for I yet believed he had lost his wits. From the very fountains of feeling I pitied the *man*, and would have relieved the *friend*, but I could not. In a day or two the news arrived! Snakee had been vigilant, I had been negligent. The cage had been opened—the bird had flown!

"With the intelligence of Andre's capture came that of Arnold's treason! My penitence was deep and abiding. I could scarcely forgive myself for the neglect of my humble friend's advice, for my treatment of him, my unmanly behavior and unworthy neglect of my country's interest.

"The fatal consummation of the treason had been prevented, however, by the more than Roman firmness of the three patriots who captured the unfortunate Andre, and it remained for me to seek a reconciliation with my injured friend. I found him, and with tearful eye craved his forgiveness. Perhaps you may say it was unmanly, impotent, childish. Not so; for it is as much the duty of a soldier to acknowledge his wrong as to extend the courtesies of satisfaction.

"Gimeons did pardon my thoughtless, youthful indiscretion, and from that moment my soul loved him 'even with a brother's love:' from that moment I swore for him an eternal friendship; and yonder marble slab, reposing beneath the shadows of that old oak tree, daily serves to remind me of the brave soldier and the devoted friend. There his ashes rest. He died as he had lived a patriot and an honorable man."

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

OUR object is always to publish the fashions a month in advance of the period when they may be required for use: thus affording our subscribers time to prepare their dresses before the season opens. The modes engraved are sent out to us from Paris, as those which will be most fashionable.

FIG. I.—BRIDESMAID'S COSTUME.—A superb affair of pink satin, in two jupes, edged with broad blonde and lace. Corsage low, and rounded. A deep lace cape depends from the shoulders. The head-dress is, we think, particularly elegant.

FIG. II.—A BRIDAL COSTUME.—A lace tunic worn over satin. The corsage low, open in front to show the chemisette, and adorned with a white rose. The hair is worn in curls, with a wreath of white roses around the head.

FIG. III.—PROMENADE DRESS of rich blue or purple velvet trimmed with white fur: the corsage high, with a neat collar. Sleeves long and tight. The bonnet is of silk, simply trimmed with three folds of a similar material.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS of silk, trimmed on the corsage and down the front, *a la tunic*, with narrow bands of velvet. The corsage is high and rounded. The sleeves long, but rather loose, with a deep cuff at the wrist. The bonnet is of silk, with a Russian plume. For pleasant autumn weather this is a very appropriate costume, and will be worn extensively for the next six weeks or two months.

Mousseline de laines will be worn for promenade, dinner parties and small evening soirees; at larger evening parties barege will be more fashionable. Neither horizontal nor cross over stripes are the *ton* any longer among the "upper circles" of Paris. The fine mousseline de laines, made wholly of wool, and printed in seven or eight colors, will supplant silk to a great extent: they are now made with all its brilliancy. Dresses of this material will be generally made, *a la Maintenon*, open in front, with long waists, and sleeves *a la Grecque* reaching half way from the elbow to the wrist. For evening parties, tarlatane dresses will be very fashionable, embroidered in two or three colors—such as white, embroidered with purple and yellow, &c. &c. As the cold weather approaches, out-of-door dresses will be made higher on the neck.

Mantelets are still worn as very fashionable. Those made in silk generally have the ends of the front cut square and long; the cape, which is very large, is trimmed with three rows of a *garniture*, composed of an *effilé-dentelle*, a perfectly new invention, the head of the fringe representing a fancy lace, from the edge of which descends the fringe, the latter in no way adding to the thickness, or interfering in any way with the lace. As to the present form of mantelets, it seems to be the endeavor on the part of our *modistes* to aim at uniting the *mantelets-écharpes* (which are, properly speaking, less spacious than the actual mantelets,) with the pelerine of a smaller size, and the ends of which are fringed. For instance, what can be more graceful than the *mantelet-échappe*, in white *poult de soie*, and encircled with an *effilé-dentelle* of the same color, the

ends of the pelerine forming three folds, fixed and perpendicular at the top of the waist. Those of embroidered muslin, of the Pompadour style, still appropriate for the early fall weather, enjoy as much success as ever; they are generally encircled with a *falbalas festonné*, or what is now more worn, a sort of large wave, shaded at the edge, and from which *badines* a pretty lace. Another pretty style of mantelet are those of black silk, short and rounded at the back, plaited round the shoulders, and upon the two sides of the front as far as the top of the waist, and trimmed all round with two rows of splendid broad black lace, surmounted with a fulling of black silk, fixed at regular distances with small *pattes* of silk ribbon.

COIFFURES.—Those worn at the opera in Paris are mostly of the turban form, and made of tarlatane, gauze, or lace. A very distinguished head-dress, now in great favor, is the *coiffure cétés*, formed of golden ears of corn, and a simple lappet of English lace; the *coiffures Napolitaines* are still much in favor, made open at the back, and formed of a point of lace rounded; this elegant and fanciful head-dress is particularly adapted for ladies who possess a good head of hair. The present style of head-dress is of the most simple description; the small caps having little or no foundation, and the lappets of English point lace being lightly thrown over the back, and retained by a *petit nœud*, or a small cluster of natural flowers. Sometimes we see the hair arranged simply in numberless plaits, raised and attached with two splendid Neapolitan pins, or *coques* of ribbon having the ends floating, and of divers shades of the same color. The *coiffure a la Grecque* will be very fashionable this fall.

SHAWLS composed of China *crêpe*, and entirely covered with an embroidery, are much in fashion; some are made in white, whilst several very magnificent ones are of a splendid ponceau, dark blue, or green. Several of the Parisian *élégantes* prefer the scarf shape of the *tissu d'Orient*.

BONNETS.—A slight change in the shape of hats is noticeable, as may be seen in No. 3. Great variety of trimming is allowed this fall. The wild red poppies, the blue corn flowers, the blossom of the *eglantine*, &c., will be much in request for the decorating of the shaded and Tuscan straws, also honeysuckles, the *scabiosa*, the scented hawthorn, wild cherry, and sprigs of the *privet* shrub. Italian straws are generally decorated with three heads or bunches of the tips of those feathers denominated *panaches*, or what is still more elegant, an ostrich plume, *penché* upon the hat. This fashion of decorating hats with feathers will be the most prevailing one the present autumn.

We annex two styles for bonnets. One a capote of white silk; the edge of the brim trimmed with a double *râche* of tulle, and the crown decorated on the left side with a pretty fancy flower, and on the right side with three fringed ends of white ribbon, put on so as just to touch the other; a *nœud* and two long ends of pink shaded ribbon is placed at the back, and loops of the same in the interior. The other a capote of white Italian straw, the brim ornamented with two narrow pipings of straw-colored satin, and the crown decorated with a magnificent branch of flowers, having *nœuds* of ribbon in the interior.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

CAKES.

IN making cake, accuracy in proportioning the ingredients is indispensable. It is equally indispensable for the success of the cake that it should be placed in a heated oven as soon as prepared. It is useless to attempt to make light cake unless the eggs are perfectly fresh, and the butter good. Neither eggs nor butter and sugar should be beaten in tin, as its coldness prevents their becoming light. To ascertain if a large cake is perfectly done, a broad bladed knife should be plunged into the centre of it; if dry and clean when drawn out, the cake is baked. For a smaller cake, insert a straw or the whisp of a broom; if it comes out in the least moist the cake should be left in the oven.

FROSTING CAKES.—Allow for the white of one egg nine heaping tea-spoonfuls of double refined sugar, and one of nice Poland starch. The sugar and starch should be pounded, and sifted through a very fine sieve. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, so that you can turn the plate upside down, without the eggs falling from it—then stir in the sugar gradually with a wooden spoon—stir it ten or fifteen minutes without any cessation—then add a tea-spoonful of lemon-juice, (vinegar will answer, but is not as nice)—put in sufficient rose-water to flavor it. If you wish to color it pink, stir in a few grains of cochineal powder or rose pink—if you wish to have it of a blue tinge, add a little of what is called powder blue. Lay the frosting on the cake with a knife, soon after it is taken from the oven—smooth it over, and let it remain in a cool place till hard. To frost a common sized loaf of cake, allow the white of one egg, and half of another.

BRIDE'S CAKE.—Take four pounds of fine flour well dried, four pounds of fresh butter, two pounds of loaf sugar, pounded and sifted fine, a quarter of an ounce of mace, and the same quantity of nutmegs; to every pound of flour put eight eggs; wash and pick four pounds of currants, and dry them before the fire; blanch a pound of sweet almonds, and cut them lengthways, very thin, a pound of citron, a pound of candied orange, a pound of candied lemon, and half a pint of brandy; first work the butter with your hand to a cream, then beat in your sugar a quarter of an hour; beat the whites of your eggs to a very strong froth; mix them with your sugar and butter; beat the yolks half an hour, at least, and mix them with your cake: then put in your flour, mace, and nutmegs; keep beating it till the oven is ready; put in your brandy, and beat the currants and almonds lightly in; tie three sheets of paper round the bottom of your hoops to keep it from running out; rub it well with butter, put in your cake, and the sweetmeats in three lays, with cake between every lay; after it is risen and colored, cover it with paper before your oven is stopped up; it will take three hours' baking.

PLUM CAKE, OR NEW ENGLAND WEDDING CAKE.—One pound of dry flour, one pound of sweet butter, one pound of sugar, twelve eggs, two pounds of raisins, (the sultana raisins are the best,) two pounds of currants. As much spice as you please. A glass of wine, one of brandy, and a pound of citron. Mix the butter

and sugar as for pound cake. Sift the spice, and beat the eggs very light. Put in the fruit last, stirring it in gradually. It should be well floured. If necessary, add more flour after the fruit is in. Butter sheets of paper, and line the inside of one large pan, or two smaller ones. Lay in some slices of citron, then a layer of the mixture, then of the citron, and so on till the pan is full. This cake requires a tolerably hot and steady oven, and will need baking four or five hours, according to its thickness. It will be better to let it cool gradually in the oven. Ice it when thoroughly cold.

SUPERIOR SPONGE CAKE.—Take the weight of ten eggs in powdered loaf sugar, beat it to a froth with the yolks of twelve eggs, put in the grated rind of a fresh lemon, leaving out the white part—add half the juice. Beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth, and mix them with the sugar and butter. Stir the whole without any cessation for fifteen minutes, then stir in gradually the weight of six eggs in sifted flour. As soon as the flour is well mixed in, turn the cake into pans lined with buttered paper—bake it immediately in a quick, but not a furiously hot oven. It will bake in the course of twenty minutes. If it bakes too fast, cover it with thick paper.

ALMOND CAKE.—Blanch half a pound of sweet, and three ounces of bitter almonds—pound them to a paste in a mortar with orange-flower water—add half a pound of sifted loaf sugar, and a little brandy—whisk separately, for half an hour, the whites and yolks of twenty eggs, and the yolks to the almonds and sugar, and then stir in the whites, and beat them all well together. Butter a tin pan, sift bread raspings over it, put the cake into it, over the top of which strew sifted loaf sugar. Bake it in a quick oven for half or three quarters of an hour.

POUNDED CAKE.—Mix a pound of sugar with three quarters of a pound of butter. When worked white, stir in the yolk of eight eggs, beaten to a froth, then the whites. Add a pound of sifted flour, and mace or nutmeg to the taste. If you wish to have your cake particularly nice, stir in, just before you put it into the pans, a quarter of a pound of citron, or almonds blanched and powdered fine in rose-water.

CUP CAKES.—Mix three tea-cups of sugar with one and a half of butter. When white, beat three eggs, and stir them into the butter and sugar, together with three tea-cups of sifted flour, and rose-water or essence of lemon to the taste. Dissolve a tea-spoonful of saleratus in a tea-cup of milk, strain it into the cake, then add three more tea-cups of sifted flour. Bake the cake immediately, either in cups or pans.

SUGAR CAKE.—Take half a pound of dried flour, the same quantity of fresh butter washed in rose-water, and a quarter of a pound of sifted loaf sugar—then mix together the flour and sugar—rub in the butter, and add the yolk of an egg, beaten with a table-spoonful of cream; make it into a paste, roll and cut it into small round cakes, which bake upon a floured tin.

QUEEN CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, with some rose-water, one pound of flour dried, one pound of sifted sugar—beat all well together—add a few currants washed and dried—butter small pans of a size for the purpose, grate sugar over them—they are soon baked. They may be done in a Dutch oven.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Domestic Economy, for the use of young ladies at home and at school. By Miss Catharine E. Beecher. Revised edition. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New York.—The author of this work says, in her preface, that she was led to attempt it, in consequence of the deplorable sufferings of multitudes of young wives and mothers, from the combined influence of poor health, poor domestics and a defective domestic education. Observation among her own sex convinced her that young girls, especially in the wealthier classes, were not trained for the duties they would have to perform as wives and mothers, and that thousands, in consequence were hurried to the grave, after a few years of wedded life, broken down in health and spirits. To remedy this evil the present work was undertaken, in which *domestic economy* is taught as a science. The author's views are forcibly expressed in the preface: "When young ladies are taught the construction of their own bodies, and all the causes in domestic life which tend to weaken the constitution, when they are taught rightly to appreciate and learn the most convenient and economical modes of performing all family duties, and of employing time and money; and when they perceive the true estimate accorded to these things by teachers and friends, the grand cause of this evil will be removed. Women will be trained to secure, as of first importance, a strong and healthy constitution, and all those rules of thrift and economy that will make domestic duty easy and pleasant."

The Florentine Histories. By Niccolò Machiavelli. 2 vols. New York, Paine & Burgess. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson.—This work forms the second and third numbers of the "Medici Series of Italian Prose," of which we spoke last month in terms of high and deserved praise. The publishing house of Messrs. Paine & Burgess has embarked in the somewhat novel experiment of printing only American works—that is, works either composed or translated by Americans, consequently excluding re-prints. The project is patriotic and deserves success, for it is quite time that we sustained our native authors and built up a national literature. There is dormant talent enough in this country to raise it to a high rank in *belles lettres*; all that is required to effect this is a proper encouragement extended to authors and publishers. The present work, for instance, should be in every library. It is the most authentic history of Florence extant, and is written in a pure and classic style, reminding the reader of the lucid pages of Thucydides. Jared Sparks, speaking of it, says—"there is probably no work within the same compass, in which the instructive lessons of history can be studied with more profit and effect." The translation is admirably done, and the work beautifully printed. It is quite a relief to turn from the slovenly pages of the paltry French novels, to the clear type, and instructive lessons of this history.

Essay on Human Rights and Political Guaranties. By E. P. Hurlbut. 1 vol. Greeley & McElrath, New York, 1845.—We regret the want of space which forbids us to speak of this book as it deserves. It is really

a very able affair; the style clear, the arguments cogent, and the whole written with great candor. If we dissent from some of the author's propositions, we heartily agree to others, and those the most important. The law of human society is progress, and we are not yet so perfect, but what there is room for improvement. We would direct attention particularly to the author's views on the position of woman, and the remodelling which our laws require with respect to the sex. Mr. Hurlbut, we are glad to see, is not a fanatic. He seeks slow, legitimate, wholesome reforms: not a violent disruption of the fabric of society. If his book is perused in the same spirit of candor in which it is written, the reader will rise from that perusal benefited and encouraged. There is much thought in the volume, and more that is suggestive of thought.

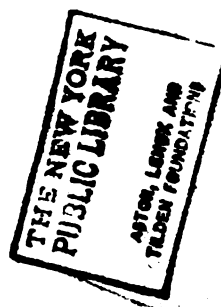
Modern Cookery in all its branches. By Eliza Acton. Revised for American House-keepers. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. 1 vol. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1845.—This is the most extensive, accurate and economical work of the kind we have seen. Every receipt has been tested by the author, and is given with the most minute exactness. The proportions of the different ingredients, for each dish, are carefully set down; and the whole is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts. Mrs. Hale has added to the English edition receipts for dishes peculiar to this country, such as terrapins, Indian corn, &c.; and the additions are placed in brackets, to distinguish them from the original text. Now that the details of domestic economy are becoming matters of study to the sex, we know no work on Cookery which we can recommend with so much confidence. There is no dish that can be thought of, for which a receipt is not found in this volume. It may be had bound for one dollar of T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

Praise and Principle. By the author of "Conquest and Self Conquest," &c. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, 1845.—This is a very well written novel. Its object is to show how superior is a character guided by principle, to one governed by the praises of the world; and in developing this wholesome, but sadly neglected truth, the author exhibits all the power which our readers must have remarked in her story of "Isabel Raby," published in the last number of this magazine.

Physic and Physicians. 2 vols. G. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia.—This is really one of the most amusing and gossiping books of the season. It is a medical sketch-book, exhibiting the public and private lives of the most celebrated physicians of former ages, and abounds with anecdotes.

Fowler's Phrenological Almanac for 1846. Colon & Adrians, Philadelphia.—This work is got up in its usual style, and can be recommended to the friends of phrenology.

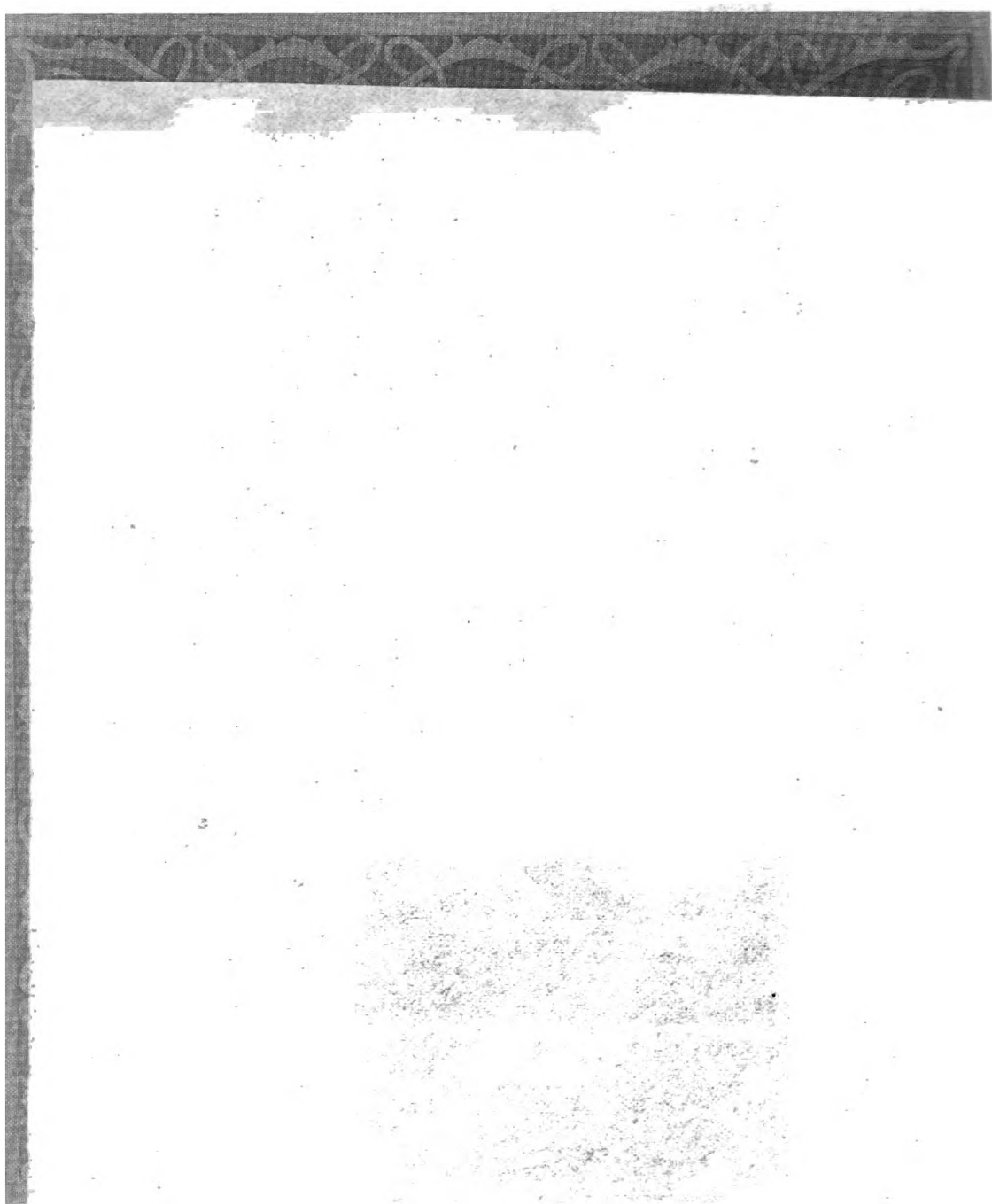
ESTELLE LEFEVRE.—If this story should strike any one as "a twice told" tale, we can only say it is now given to the public in an improved form, and under circumstances which promise it a more extensive circulation. It will have the charm of novelty to all.



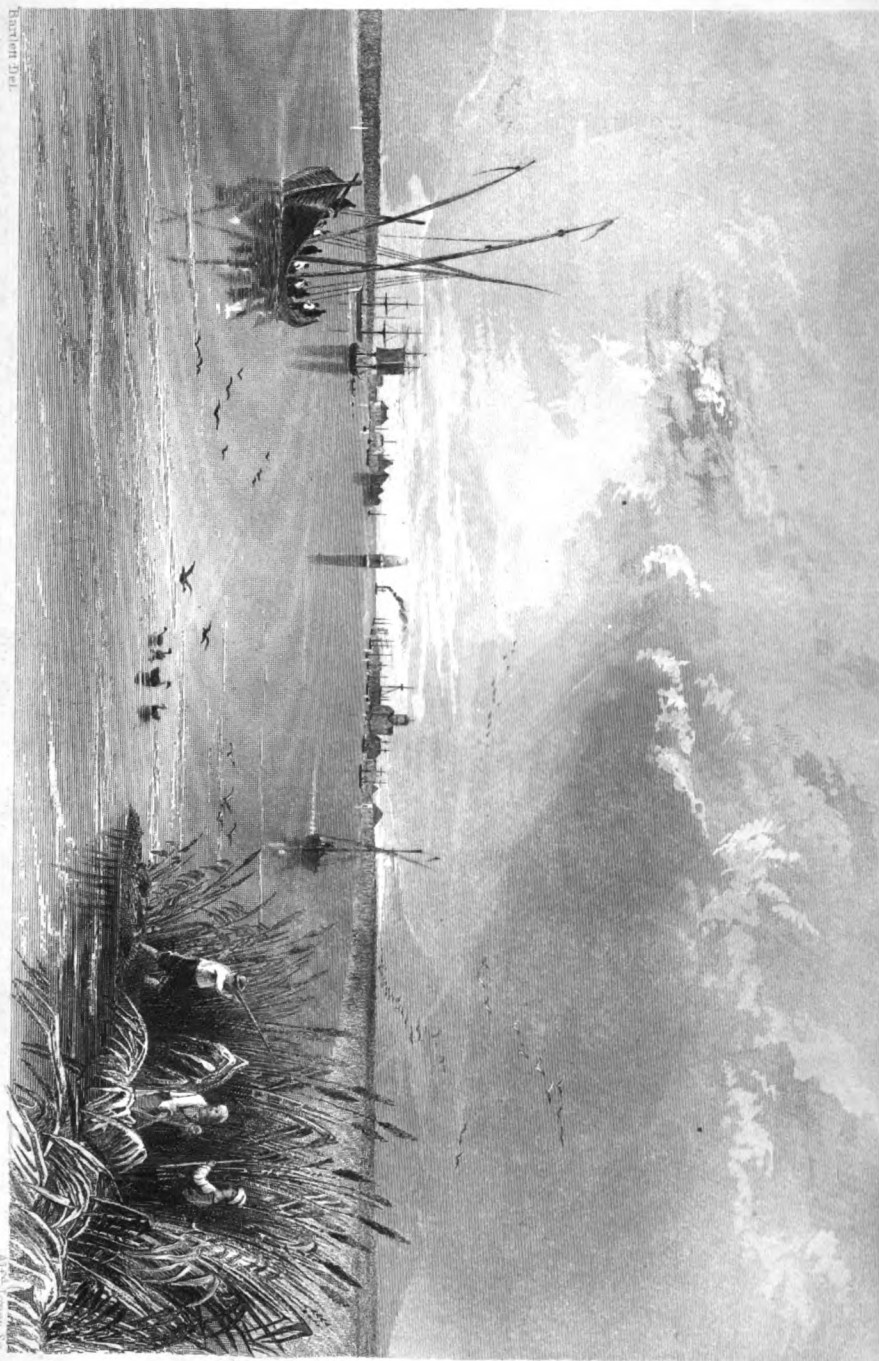


THE DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.

Engraved Expressly for the Lady's National Magazine 1845



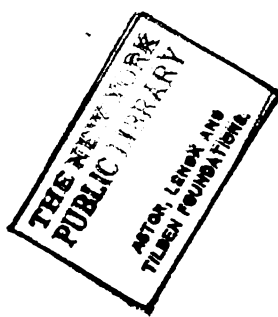
Printed and Published by the Indian National Museum, Calcutta, 1941.

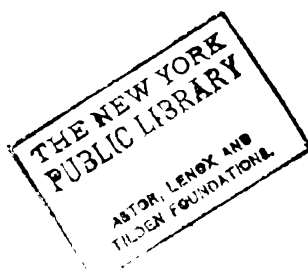


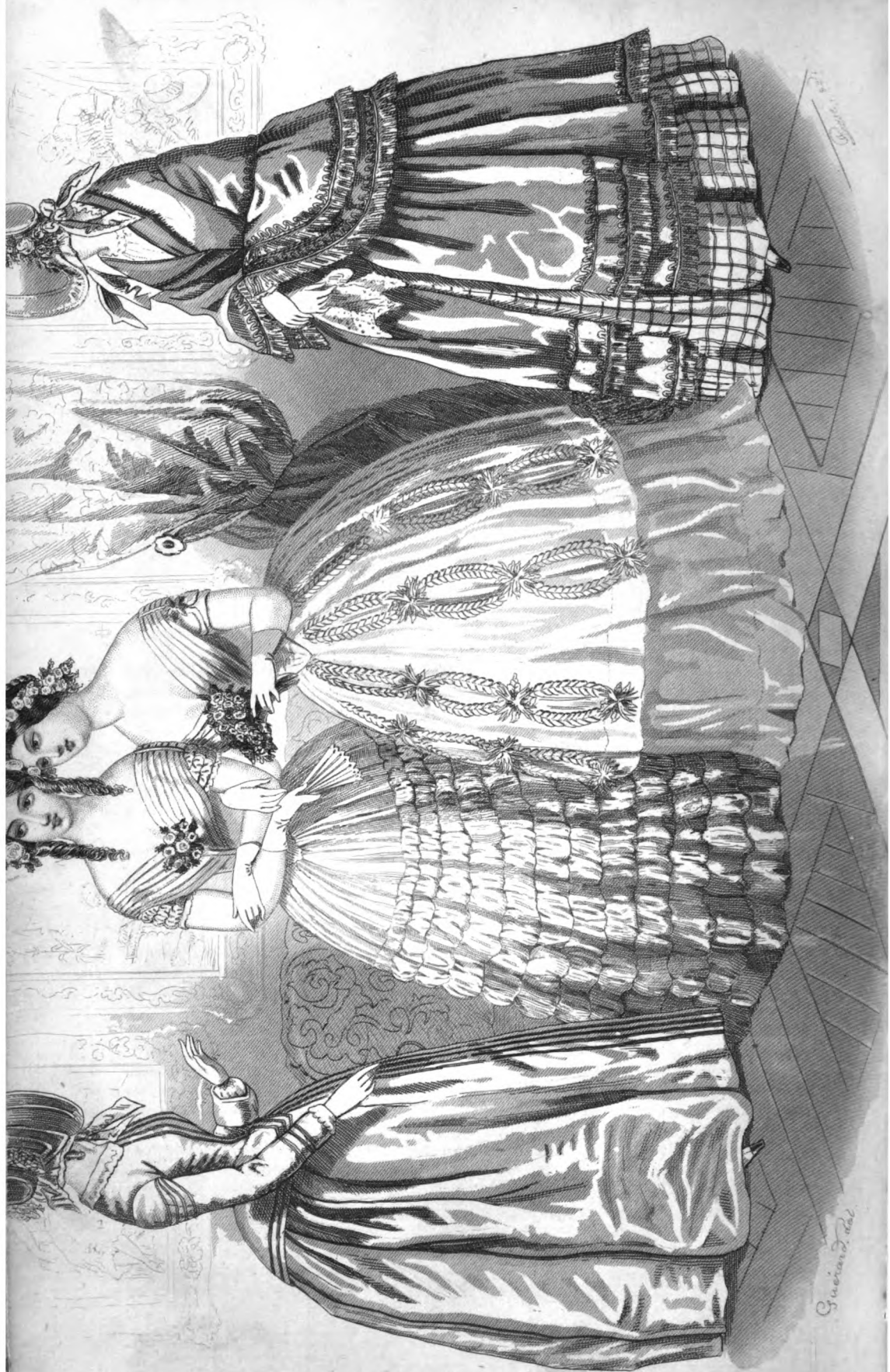
Eastern Sea

Palmer's Month of the Danubius

For Peterson's Magazine







LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1845.

No. 5.

THE MAIDEN'S STRATAGEM.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

THE softening shades of a June twilight had already well nigh subdued the rich hues of gold and purple with which sunset had dyed the clouds that lay along the western horizon, when a young girl, after first looking carefully around, stepped from a private postern door which opened from the back part of Falkland Palace, at that time the residence of Anne of Denmark. Hastily traversing an open space of some extent, she entered the precincts of an ancient forest. She stopped at the foot of an old oak, and throwing back her satin hood which had been drawn closely over her face, revealed a pair of dark, lively eyes and red, dewy lips which had a certain curl that imparted to her whole countenance a look of piquancy almost bordering on sauciness. The heightened glow of her peachy cheeks appeared still brighter from the contrast afforded by a profusion of dark, glossy ringlets that fell down her neck and shoulders. Almost at the same moment that she stationed herself beneath the oak, a young man who was commonly called Wemys of Logie, and whose remarkable fine person was set off to the best advantage by the rich and beaming costume worn by gentlemen of that period, stepped from behind a tree, which till then had concealed him.

"This is kind in you, my dear Margaret," said he, clasping the maiden's small, white hand in his, "for in an hour's time I shall leave this place to be absent a week or more."

"Why do you go?" she enquired.

"Necessity compels me."

"Ah, John, I am sometimes almost afraid that what I have heard is true."

"And what have you heard to my disadvantage?" he enquired.

"That you are not only on terms of friendship with the insurgent Earl of Bothwell, but that you take every opportunity to secretly aid and abet his attempts against the liberty of the king and queen."

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"Nothing but court scandal, my dear Margaret. I would not hurt one hair of our good King Jamie's head, much more of Queen Anne's, who has been so kind and loving to you, were I sure in return of hearing the clink of half the silver on this side of the Tweed."

"The clink of the whole of it would be scarcely loud enough to give you a headache," replied Margaret, "if the noblemen's coffers are as empty as their master's treasury. But your words and actions do not agree. Friendship for the insurgent earl is not compatible with your professed loyalty. Promise me that you will see him no more."

"No, I cannot promise you that, though I will promise you, on my honor, never to aid him in any attempt against the liberty of the king and queen."

Margaret, though far from satisfied with this promise, was unable, with all the eloquence of which she was mistress, to exact anything more satisfactory. She parted with her lover with a heavy heart, for, notwithstanding his protestations, she feared that he would not have firmness enough to resist the persuasions of the Earl of Bothwell to join him in an attempt, which rumor whispered he intended speedily to make against the palace.

This intention the earl carried into effect shortly afterward, and though he was repulsed from the royal apartments, he succeeded in forcing an entrance into the stables and carried off all the queen's horses. In consequence of this attack the queen removed to Dalkeith Palace.

It was near mid-day, and a lady about nineteen sat alone in one of the apartments of the palace just alluded to. Her form was fine, and she was dressed in a murrey-colored satin embroidered with gold. Her complexion was clear, her hair soft and abundant, and her features handsome, particularly her eyes, which were dark and usually bright and lively, though the drooping of the long eye-lashes gave them at present a languid and sleepy look. Some needle-work was lying near her on a table, together with several of the popular ballads of the day, but

she had yielded to the langor naturally produced by the oppressive heat of an August noon, and her hands, which were very beautiful, were crossed indolently upon her lap, while her small feet, covered with satin slippers, rested on a cushioned stool, and seemed timidly peeping from beneath the ample skirt of her dress. Not a single sound, not even the shiver of a leaf on the stately old trees that rose before the open windows, invaded the stillness of the apartment, when suddenly the door opened, and Margaret, the betrothed of Wemys of Logie, rushed into the room. All color had left her cheeks and lips, and she appeared even to breathe with difficulty. She ran to the spot where Anne of Denmark sat—the lady just described—and threw herself at her feet. Margaret was a favorite of the youthful queen, who roused from her state of listlessness, enquired, as she gently attempted to raise her, what had happened to so agitate her.

"I will not rise," said Margaret, "till your majesty will promise to aid and befriend me."

"That is what I am always willing to do, if possible," replied the queen. "Tell me in what you require my aid."

"In behalf of John Wemys, who is now a prisoner in the guard-room, and every one says that death will be the penalty of his alleged offence."

"Ah, he is one of Black Bothwell's adherents, is he not? I remember now that he was thought to be one of those who made the attack on Falkland Palace."

"It is false," replied Margaret, passionately. "Though a friend to the earl, he has ever been a true and loyal subject."

"For your sake I am willing to believe that he is," replied the queen, "though I am constrained to say that appearances are sorely against him. But my belief in his innocence can be of no avail, unless the king can be brought to believe it too."

"I well know that," replied Margaret, "and if your majesty would only speak one favorable word to him of poor Wemys, it would have more weight than all I could say in a month."

"I doubt that," replied the queen, "for you know that entreaty sorts not with my humor, and it sorts as little with the king's to receive advice and direction in an affair like the present."

"Ah, madam," said Margaret, emboldened by despair, "I think I should stand little about consulting my humor when the life of a fellow creature, I knew to be innocent, was at stake."

"I forgive your indirect reproof, for it is just," said Anne, "but in all sincerity, Margaret, I advise you to petition the king yourself if you would save the prisoner's life, and lo, the opportunity seasonably presents itself."

As she spoke King James entered the apartment. His age at that period was twenty-five years. He was above the middling height, of a fair complexion and noble features, but he was awkward and ungainly in his carriage, and entirely devoid of kingly dignity. An expression of satisfaction and good humor sat upon his countenance as he said, addressing the queen,

"Well, wife, though we have not the luck to catch the Black Bothwell himself, we have Wemys of Logie, one of the stoutest of his adherents, under lock and key, though if the earl be the *skelly* warlock Chancellor Maitland takes him to be, it would be no wonder if he whiskit him through the keyhole before morning and conveyed him beyond the Tweed."

"And I should not care if he did," replied Anne, "if your majesty means any harm to the poor young man."

"Mean any harm to him?" repeated the king, somewhat angrily. "And would you have me mean any good to him after assisting the earl in his traitorous attack upon the palace?"

"It is by no means sure," said the queen, "that he did assist him. Nay, I am almost certain that you have not a more loyal subject in your whole kingdom than Wemys of Logie."

"What strange perverseness can possess you?" said James, "to speak thus warmly in behalf of our enemy. Think you that after my wisdom and sagacity has caused suspicion to fall upon him, and after he has even confessed that he has often, within the past year, conferred with the Earl of Bothwell, that I would suffer him to escape, which would, I think, savor but little of either?"

"Heaven forbid that I should call in question either your wisdom or sagacity," replied the queen, "qualities which are too conspicuous to be doubted."

"You may well say that," replied the king, "who have not only had the benefit of them both for the three years we have been joined in wedlock, but when the Scottish witches and their spiteful sisters of Norway brewed the dreadful storm that came nigh to drown you, so that I was moved to go myself to bring you home, I had the wisdom to keep it from my chancellor, as I never was wont to do any of my secrets of my weightiest affairs, or na doubt he would have sat his face so stoutly against it as to prevent my going. There were besides twa other reasons moving me. I knew that gif I had made him of my counsel, he had been blamit for putting it into my head, which had not been his study; for it becomes no subjects to give princes advice on sic affairs, and then I remembered what envious and unjust burden he

daily bore for leading me by the nose, as if I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn that could do nothing for myself. So you see that it is plain, if I had not had the wisdom to conceal my intended adventure from the chancellor, you might have been left to perish among the Norway snows."

"Truly I might," replied Anne, "and not only I, but my poor maidens, who forgot their own sufferings and peril to comfort me. More especially did my beloved Margaret, now in our presence, ever keep up so cheerful a heart and wear so smiling a countenance, even in the most doleful hours, as to prevent me from sinking into such a state of despondency as might have endangered my health; for which reason and the faithful service she has since rendered me, I feel bound to make her such poor return as may be in my power, and I would fain hope that for my sake you will not deny her the small favor which she may now make bold to ask you."

As Anne ceased speaking she made a sign to Margaret, who cast herself at the king's feet, and with an eloquence proportionate to her lover's danger plead for his pardon; the shame and timidity which this indirect confession of her attachment might have occasioned, being entirely lost in anxiety and grief.

"Though I regret," said the king in reply, "that the lad's ill deeds should put a bar to the indulgence of a virtuous attachment in one the queen holds in sic luvie and good esteem, yet when we have one safe under lock and key who has lifted his hand against the liberty of his anointed king, we should be a traitor to ourself and queen to set him free."

"Say not so, most gracious king," said Margaret, "for not ten days before the Earl of Bothwell attacked Falkland Palace, he told me on his honor that he would not raise his hand against you or the queen for all the treasure in the kingdom, and well I know that Wemys of Logie would not stoop to tell a falsehood, even in his lightest humor."

"You are no doubt, as the queen says, a good lassie," said James, "but your een being dazzled with a flash of Cupid's mirror, you canna be expected to look at the matter in the true light that I do, nor do you ken the deal o' trouble it is for a crowned king who has the cares of a whole kingdom pressing upon his shoulthers, to be forced to sleep night after night with one ee' open because neither sneek nor bar can be made strong enough to keep the murderous callants from breaking in upon me and the queen at midnight, and I ken no way to put a stop to it but to make an example of one of them."

All at once, instead of the look of despair

depicted on the face of Margaret, her countenance became lighted up as if some secret hope had flashed upon her mind. She, however, succeeded in imparting to her voice a tone of deep despondency as she replied to the king.

"Your majesty," she said, "will not then grant me my boon?"

"I am sorry to say nay, but I and my council have given to the unhappy culprit sic a fair and patient hearing as is required by justice, in which he had the benefit of all the wisdom and learning which ourself could bring to bear on the subject, and which, when occasion demands, we are accustomed to mete out with no niggardly hand; so na doubt had he been *sackless* of what is alleged against him, his innocence would have appeared; instead whereof he pretends not to deny that up to the very time of the attack on the palace he continued to confer with Black Bothwell. For the security of the queen, therefore, to say nothing of ourself, who, though come of a race that delighted mair than was seemly in the clink and glitter of naked steel, have always been a peaceable man, and ta'en good heed to hold the balance of justice with an even hand, the law, as I have already hinted, must have its course."

James now left the apartment, when the queen reproved Margaret for not more earnestly pressing her suit.

"It would have been useless," replied Margaret, "for he plumed himself too much on the wisdom he had displayed in dealing with poor Wemys, to have any room for the movings of compassion."

"Still it would have been but natural for you to have pressed the matter with a little more warmth."

"It would have been, and I certainly should, had not something better occurred to me."

"I can by no means imagine what it can be," said Anne.

"It is something that will be impracticable, unless your majesty will graciously condescend to lend your concurrence."

"Nay, Margaret, there will be no condescension in the case. You are not only my own dear countrywoman, but a friend I can trust, and had it not been for you many would have been the sad and lonely hours I should have passed in Scotland, stranger as I was in a strange land. In the present case I shall the more willingly assist you in any way I can, as I am as well convinced as yourself that the prisoner is innocent, and that the king will hereafter deeply regret it should the sentence of death be executed against him—but let me hear your plan."

"I believe," said Margaret, "that it is my turn to sleep in your bed-chamber to-night."

"It is," replied the queen.

"I have been thinking," said the maiden, "that when all is quiet and the king is asleep, I can go to the guard-room, and under pretence that his majesty wishes to put some questions to him, can conduct him to your chamber, whence an open window and a strong cord will afford him the means of escape. Yet, if according to his late practice, he should sleep with one eye open," she added, smiling, "it will be like thrusting him into a lion's mouth."

"On the contrary," replied Anne, "he sleeps as sound as one of the seven sleepers, and if you have the courage to put your plan into execution, I doubt not of its complete success. Watch diligently, and when you see me slightly wave the bed-curtain, you may be sure that you can safely go forth."

It was about nine o'clock in the evening that the king entered the queen's chamber, and seldom had he been in so talkative a mood. Though Anne ventured once or twice to remind him that as it was his intention to indulge in the pleasures of the chase the ensuing day, it would be necessary for him to rise early, and that, therefore, he would have but a short time to repose, he went on talking of papistry and puritanism, warlocks and witches, and his skill in detecting them, not unfrequently interspersing his discourse with quotations from the Latin. These, as he was very affably inclined, he condescended to translate for the benefit of the queen and Margaret, who, it may be presumed, were greatly edified, especially the latter, filled as she was with the most intense anxiety lest the plan for her lover's escape should be frustrated by the king's unwonted wakefulness, which, owing to his pertinacious volubility, seemed likely to continue till after midnight.

"The gude thought is ever wont to come after-hend," said he, at the end of a long speech, "for instead of wasting words on those who have little care for anything but *bonny wawbies* and sic kind o' trash, I might have recorded on paper what would have made a whole page of the book, which I trust to make like a well-stored hive, whence our loving subjects and their posterity after them may draw forth the honey of wisdom."

"You might have done so," replied the queen, "but as it is now midnight, I trust your majesty will not peril your health by studying at so late an hour."

"Ye needna fear that," he replied. "I mind me of what Soloman said, that much study is a weariness to the flesh, and shall not set about it this time o' night."

The queen, who complained of weariness, after receiving from Margaret the assistance she needed, dismissed her to the little ante-room or

closet where she slept. It was half an hour after before the king's uncommon mental exhilaration had so far subsided as to induce him to seek his pillow. Margaret, who had listened intently to every movement, now rose from her bed, on the outside of which she had thrown herself without undressing, and so stationed herself that she could observe the signal proposed by the queen. The king continued to talk after he was in bed, but in the middle of a long sentence Margaret had the pleasure to find that his voice died away into a faint and indistinct muttering, one or two words which showed that his mind was running upon the possible escape of the prisoner, being alone intelligible. Yet it was not till some time afterward that the queen ventured to make the signal, when Margaret, with a lamp in her hand, stole softly from the chamber. She had several long passages to pass through, and sensible as she was of the deceitfulness of her errand, she more than once started at the light echo of her own footsteps, or the dim shadow painted on the wainscot that glided by her side. She beheld no person, however, till she entered the hall, when she was alarmed by seeing several men, who had perhaps the evening previous indulged a little too freely in their cups, lying upon some of the benches; but as it was the "witching time of night" when sleeps weighs most heavily upon the senses, none appeared sensible of her presence, though she was obliged to pass so near one or two of them, that the light she carried in her hand flashed full upon their faces. This was fortunate, as even the queen had one evening, when passing from one apartment to another, been very rudely addressed by a person who mistook her for one of her attendants. When she reached the prison-room, she found two sentinels keeping watch on the outside of the door.

"I have a message to the prisoner from the king," said she, "and must be admitted to his presence."

"Our orders are very strict concerning him," replied one of the sentinels, "and we cannot admit you without some token from his majesty."

"I should think that just coming from his presence was token enough," said she, "but if you would have another, here is his signet ring."

As she passed the table on which the ring happened to lie, she fortunately had the precaution to bring it with her, as she suspected that the guard might demand some signal from the king. Without further objection, one of the men unlocked the door and she entered the guard-room. Confinement in a prison, and a violent death in prospective, though it is said they have in certain instances exercised a stupifying influence, had the effect on one of the active and excitable

temperament of John Wemys, to rouse his physical energies and give a keenness to his mental perceptions wholly unprecedented, converting a moment's inaction into perfect torture. It was not singular, therefore, that on this, the first night of his imprisonment, before having had time to discipline his feelings, Margaret should find him traversing the floor with hasty and irregular steps, instead of reclining on his pallet. His back was toward her when she entered, and he did not perceive her till she had advanced nearly to the centre of the apartment.

"I have," she hastened to say, "a message to you from the king. He desires your presence in the queen's bed-chamber, that he may ask you a few questions."

"And he selected you as his messenger to come at his time of night, and be exposed to the insults of any who might chance to be prowling about the precincts of the palace," said Wemys, whose irritable mood overbalanced the pleasure he felt at seeing his betrothed.

"Fortune has befriended me," replied she, "for I have not been molested," and then drawing nearer to him she contrived in a few hurried words to impart to him so much of her plan for his escape as to ensure his silence and precaution. Margaret now left the prison, followed by her lover, who was escorted by two of the guard. When they arrived at the queen's chamber, she told the sentinels to keep watch on the outside of the door, then softly opening it, she and Wemys entered. She stood still a moment to listen. The silence remained unbroken, except by a low, monotonous breathing, which assured Margaret that the king still slept. As the night was very warm a window had been suffered to remain open, and it was the work only of a few minutes for Wemys to fasten the cord which Margaret had provided to an iron stanchion, by means of which he let himself down to the ground at a place which was fortunately screened from the observation of the guard. He waited only to cast one hasty look at the window where Margaret stood watching him, then waving his hand in token of adieu, he disappeared round a corner of the building. For half an hour Margaret watched with the most intense anxiety for any noise which might announce his capture. Even the rustle of a leaf, or the moving of a bird on its perch would cause her to start with alarm. Nothing occurred to confirm her fears, and when at last the dawn began to brighten in the east, she withdrew into the inner apartment lest the king should wake and find her watching. In less than five minutes afterward the guard, who, till the appearance of morning, had waited patiently at the door, suspecting all was not right

raised an alarm, and it was soon found that they had been deceived by the "subtletie of luve."

"I trust," said the queen, addressing the king, who seemed much excited at what had happened, though it was impossible to tell whether he was angry or only amused, "that since the poor young man has had the good fortune to escape, that your majesty will trouble yourself no more about him."

"But I will trouble myself about him," he replied with much vivacity, "and intend before noon to issue sic proclamation as shall bring him back with as much haste as he departed."

The queen said everything she could to appease him, and urgently remonstrated against his issuing the proclamation, as she imagined it was for the purpose of offering a reward to whatever person might arrest Wemys and bring him back to prison.

"You would let the rash young man go unpunished then," said the king, "which would truly be guid encouragement for sic other indiscreet persons who might choose to behave themselves as undutifully and arrogantly as he has done."

Anne further urged that lenity might prove more politic than severity, but the king continued firm in his intention to issue the proclamation.

Several days had passed, and as nothing had been heard respecting Wemys of Logie, the queen took opportunity to congratulate Margaret on his probably being, by that time, out of danger of being captured. As they were still engaged in conversation about him, Margaret, happening to look out of a window, beheld a horseman approaching the palace at full speed. She looked at him very intently for a few moments, and then exclaimed, "it is surely John Wemys."

The queen rose and went to the window, and both agreed that it was certainly he. The king, who had just returned from hunting, stood in sight of the window, surrounded by several of his attendants. Wemys suddenly reined in his horse when within about fifty yards of the spot where the king stood, sprang to the ground and threw the reins over the animal's neck. He then hastened forward and knelt at the king's feet. What all this meant the queen and Margaret were entirely at a loss to conjecture, but their fears were somewhat allayed when they saw that the countenance of James was beaming with smiles, and that he suffered Wemys to kiss his hand.

In a few minutes they saw James advancing toward the palace, who waved his hand to Wemys as a signal for him to follow.

"Did I not tell you," said the king, as he very unceremoniously entered the queen's apartment, "that the proclamation would bring him back?"

The puzzled looks of the queen and Margaret seemed infinitely to delight him, but he was in too genial a humor to keep them long in suspense.

"I ken what you thought," said he. "You supposed I meant to have him brought back to prison again, but I thought if he were traitorously inclined, a little kindness might make a true man of him, and I moreover thought it was a pity that the puir lassie's cunningly devised plan should all go for nothing, so I caused a free pardon to be proclaimed if he would come back to his duties."

An exclamation of joyful surprise escaped the lips of Margaret. The words of the king were confirmed by the happy countenance of Wemys, who had paused at the chamber door, but now came forward at the command of James. He approached the queen and knelt at her feet. As he bent forward to kiss her hand, in a few murmured words, scarcely above his breath, and too low to reach the ears of the king, he expressed the deep sense of gratitude he then felt and should ever retain for her kindness.

"And now," said the king, addressing the queen, "it is our royal recommendation that the honest affection of the young couple be rewarded by permitting them to enter the godly bond of marriage, and that immediate preparation be made for a merry wedding. And as you have a goodly fancy in sic things, we leave the whole ordering thereof to you, save in some little matters touching the wedding feast, which we have the better right to meddle with as we design to be present."

The queen replied "that she should certainly exert herself according to the best of her ability in an affair that his majesty had been so condescending as to recommend to her attention, and that, if he would allow her the privilege, she would name four weeks from that day for the celebration of the marriage."

As the queen's suggestion was readily sanctioned by the king, the excuses and remonstrances of the blushing Margaret, on account of the shortness of the intervening period, as might be expected all went for nothing, opposed as they were by the wishes of her betrothed, as well as the royal decision.

MORNING.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIRSON.

'T was morn. The breeze was out upon the hills,
Shaking the sleepy blossoms and ripe buds
Till they awoke, and breathed unto the Lord
Their odorous offering; while the grateful birds,
Like jeweled bells among the waving boughs,
Poured forth their joyous matins, till the light
That melted sweetly down into the vale,
Seemed made of balm and music It was morn.

THE CONTRAST.

BY "F. E. F." AUTHOR OF A "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "A DECAYED FAMILY," &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 127.

WILLING had been married to Miss Aspinwall about the same time that Herbert's marriage took place, and they also went to house keeping the following May.

Willing had wished to the utmost extent that his means permitted, to prepare a home not altogether unworthy of his beautiful bride, but she said,

"Dearest George, what should we do with so large a house? What possible importance can a third story that we do not occupy, give us? Let me have a dear little snug house which will be in keeping with our means, and where we shall be so happy! Nobody expects us to live in style. Everybody knows we did not marry each other for fortune," she said, looking up into his face with a proud smile, "so we can live just as we please." And her good sense prevailed.

She was soon settled to her heart's content in the snuggest little house possible. It was very small to be sure, and Willing feared she would feel the change from the home she had been accustomed to more than she anticipated; but he was mistaken. The light of love threw a charm over every privation, and the spirit of romance touched even the dry details of economy. She took a pride in the smallness of her establishment, and delighted in surprising her friends with her new born efficiency. Unlike Mrs. Herbert, she was not afraid of being thought "used to it," and she was generally to be found sewing in her parlor, and never was so proud as when she could say, "I did this," and "I made that." Mary would have died rather than confess the things that Laura gloried in. Not but that she did as much and more too, but then nobody must suspect it. Now it never entered Mrs. Willing's head that she was not a person of quite as much importance as George Willing's wife as she had been as Laura Aspinwall. In fact, she never thought about the matter at all. There was an innate pride and dignity about her that prevented her feeling the change in that point of view, and consequently, nobody else felt it. She had always been admired as a beautiful and spirited girl, and she was not less so as a high bred, graceful, and withal disinterested (for society always admires sentiment when it can do so conveniently) married woman.

Mrs. Willing had called upon Mrs. Herbert, and the visit had been returned, but the ladies

had not yet met. Mary had delayed returning the last visit for some time, waiting for her fresh spring costume, (as she attached great importance to these matters) and when she went to visit Mrs. Willing, whom she looked upon as the most fashionable among her acquaintance, she was always particularly anxious to be elegant. Being now equipped to her perfect satisfaction, she sallied forth, happy in the consciousness of her new pink bonnet and gay silk, to make the long postponed call. This time she was fortunate in finding Mrs. Willing at home. She was shown into the parlor where she found Laura, who received her cordially, and entered into conversation with the frankness and warmth that their recent relationship seemed to demand, but which it cost Mary some effort to meet, for she was so taken by surprise by the appearance, dress and manner of her new relative, that she was actually disconcerted, and for once almost lost her presence of mind. She had heard of Miss Aspinwall as a fashionable beauty, and knew that as Mrs. Willing she was scarce less admired than when a girl. She had consequently formed her after her own ideas of fashion, and prepared herself to meet her accordingly. She had expected to see a striking looking woman with something *prononcé* if not dashing in her air and manner—that she should be dressed up to all this was a matter of course. Never was she more surprised, more uncomfortably surprised than to find Mrs. Willing as unpretending in manner and simple in dress as possible; but it was the simplicity of grace and elegance that made Mrs. Herbert feel at once over dressed and vulgar. The rooms were very plainly, what Mary would have called commonly furnished, and as Mrs. Willing had been sewing at her entrance, her work still lay beside her; in short, Mary would have blushed to have been “caught,” as she would have expressed it, so dressed, so occupied and in such rooms. And yet to the eye of discernment there was a general air of refinement and good taste in these simple apartments, infinitely more agreeable than the gay and more expensive rooms of the Herberts, for they bore the stamp of being *occupied*, and occupied by persons of education and refinement. There were books about not for show, but works evidently *being read*—music too was there—in short, all those nameless traces of domestic and cultivated pursuits which persons of taste and education scatter around them, and yet more the warm, cheerful home-look, that nothing but the habitual presence of the owners will give to apartments, and for the absence of which no furniture can compensate.

Now Mrs. Herbert's rooms were as we have said more expensive, gayer; but they were cheerless

and cold, for it was evident they were mere show rooms, kept to be dusted and receive strangers. That Mrs. Herbert never sat there while alone, that Mr. Herbert never presumed to loiter upon one of those hard, repulsive looking ottomans was clear; and the idea of anybody's sewing at that little uncomfortable centre-table was as preposterous as that any one had ever opened one of the finely bound, but unyieldingly new books that lay upon it.

In short, one would as naturally have expected to see Mrs. Willing in her simple morning dress, with its little collar close to her beautiful throat, her rich, dark hair in plain bands, and her small white hands without a ring, in the one house, as they would have looked for the mistress of the other in the gaily attired, ringletted and ringed lady, so evidently in her “best,” now making her first visit to the former.

The sudden coming on of summer formed as usual, under the circumstances, the opening topic of conversation, and Mrs. Willing said,

“Coming from the country, you must feel it particularly, Mrs. Herbert.”

“No, I do not think I do,” replied Mrs. Herbert, who did not like the phrase “coming from the country.” “I have been so much accustomed to the city (she had been at school there six months) that I do not think I feel it more than others. I am not fond of the country.”

“Indeed!” said Mrs. Willing, with some surprise, “then I almost envy you. This is the first summer I have ever passed in the city, and I do yearn for the country more than I can express. My father has a beautiful place on the river, where we always passed half the year, and I feel the change very much. I love the country, with its fresh air and flowers, and sweet new mown hay—all is delightful to me. However,” she said, smiling as she checked herself, “I am very glad you are not fond of it, for of course then Mr. Herbert will not wish to leave town for the summer, and consequently Mr. Willing can run away from the office during August. I must pass August, if possible, at Belvedere, if he can possibly get away. So,” she continued gaily, “I hope you husband partakes of your city tastes.”

Mrs. Herbert now felt that she had been rather too much in haste in abjuring the country, and regretted that she had not spoken also with enthusiasm of her “father's place.” She feared her own hasty denial of rural tastes was rather “cockney.” It was too late now, however, to retract, so she could only say with as much good humor as possible.

“Yes, you may have August. We shall travel some time during the summer, but I should prefer either earlier or later in the season. But in the

heat of the summer there is no place where you can find the comforts of home," she added a little consequentially.

"We have the sea breeze in the evenings here," remarked Mrs. Willing. "The morning air is less pleasant, and I suppose you are an early riser."

Mrs. Herbert did not like Mrs. Willing's "supposing" any such thing, and thinking it looked "country" to be early, smiled a little as she replied rather languidly.

"No—I must confess I am somewhat indolent in the morning—we are quite late."

"I have always been accustomed to ride before breakfast," replied Mrs. Willing, "so that I am habitually early; and fortunately for me Mr. Willing likes early hours. It enables him to do so much in the mornings that he has the evenings comparatively to himself."

Here again Mary felt that she had made a mistake, and might have told the truth not only with impunity but credit.

They were here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Howard and Miss Aspinwall, a sister to Mrs. Willing, and after some conversation, Miss Aspinwall said laughingly,

"Well, Laura, how did you succeed with your ice-cream yesterday?" and without waiting for an answer she turned to Mrs. Howard and said, "you would have laughed to have seen Laura yesterday, with such a grave, anxious face, studying a receipt book for 'ice-creams,' and how learned she was in vanillas, and how puzzled about the quantity and quality of salt to be used. You never saw such a picture of a house-keeper in distress. I left her before she had got through. But how did you succeed, Laura?"

Mrs. Willing shook her head as she smilingly answered,

"It was a terrible failure. But George was very good natured. He did not laugh at me much. But I don't mean to give it up—I shall try again. Perhaps you can help me, Mrs. Herbert," she said, turning to Mary. "Should the cream be boiled or not?"

But Mary stoutly denied all knowledge of the art.

"They had always got theirs at the confectioners. She had never made it herself."

"No," said Mrs. Willing, "I think it is one of the luxuries of the country where cream abounds. But I do not intend to give it up even here, notwithstanding my failure of yesterday. I shall write to mamma for her receipt if I do not succeed in the next attempt, Fanny."

"You seem to have set about house-keeping in earnest," said Mrs. Howard.

"Certainly," replied Laura, "and I have been thinking of coming to you for some instructions."

"You shall have all the light my experience

can impart on the important subject," said her friend gaily.

"Then lend me your copy of Ude for a few days," continued Laura, quite in earnest. "I cannot get it here. I have written to a friend in Paris to send it to me. You will really oblige me if you can spare me yours for a few days, for you do not know how ashamed I feel when I order dinner and the cook asks me how it is to be dressed. Now if I am armed with Ude, I can really assume quite an experienced tone," she said laughingly, "and Fanny shall not find me again the picture of a distressed house-keeper."

"How do you like house-keeping?" pursued Mrs. Howard. "Does it give you much trouble?"

"No—very little. I like it very much. Do not you, Mrs. Herbert?"

Mary, determining now to profit by her former mistakes, though somewhat surprised that the conversation of ladies of fashion should take so homely a tone, decided to adopt the same, and replied promptly.

"Oh, yes—I always was fond of house-keeping and dusting about."

Now "dusting about" was not exactly what either of the others meant by the expression "house-keeping," and there was a quirk at the corners of Mrs. Howard's mouth as she said it, that made Mary color to her temples, and wish she had bitten off her tongue before she uttered it. She soon after rose to take her leave; not, however, before she had begged each and all of the ladies in the most cordial and pressing manner to come and see her soon and often. To Miss Aspinwall she was particularly urgent, saying—"you young ladies who have nothing to do should be sociable. Do come and bring your work, and sit the morning with me. I am always home of an evening. Pray, come soon—I am so lonely."

Fanny just articulated a "very happy," and calmly tried to stem the torrent of her civilities by saying she was going out of town soon; but it would not do. Mary knew when she was to return, and Miss Aspinwall contented herself at last by saying she would with pleasure, mentally resolving if she said much more she would never even call to see her again.

"She is so lonely," said Miss Aspinwall, as Mrs. Herbert left the house. "What coolness some people have! The idea of my going to pass the evening, and that often too with her, and bring my work. Pardon my word a modest lady."

"Don't be so indignant, Fanny," said Mrs. Willing laughing—"she knows no better."

"Then she has to learn," replied Miss Aspinwall. "I know no greater bore than being

followed up in that way by invitations you don't accept, and don't mean to accept."

But Mary did not learn. She was afflicted with that restless ambition ever striving after something, and not particularly delicate as to her means to attain what she wanted. Her present object was fashionable society. There would not have been the least difficulty in her obtaining it, for her husband's position and family connections would have given it to her as a matter of course, could she have taken it patiently and calmly. To be a person of consequence in the circle she so much coveted was of course a matter out of the question. But she was too anxious, too restless. "More haste worse speed" is generally true, but with regard to society it is emphatically so. She received people too eagerly, returned their visits so immediately, and frequently called again before hers were returned. And then—for even poor Mary's good qualities seemed to stand in her way, she had a sister forever with her, and one of the Miss Walkers (a counterpart of Mary without beauty) was taken about everywhere, and made first calls, and in short, Mrs. Herbert, instead of fighting her way into society, seemed to be fighting herself out of it.

"Mrs. Herbert and Miss Walker," said Mrs. Howard, tossing aside the card—"how those people do call and call again. I suppose Mrs. Herbert wants me to invite her sister to my soirees, but I am not going to do it."

Now there was no reason on earth why Mrs. Howard should not have asked Miss Walker, only that "she would not"—"they called so often." In short, they were wanting in quiet dignity and self-respect—consequently nobody respected them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come home and dine with me, Harry," said George Willing one day as they left the office.

"With pleasure," replied Herbert—"do you expect anybody?"

"No one," he replied, "but yourself."

"And pray, does your wife allow you to bring in any one in this way without consulting her?" enquired Herbert as they reached the house.

"Certainly, why not?" asked Willing.

Herbert made no answer, for he was thinking what Mary would say if he surprised her in the same way.

Mrs. Willing received him cordially, and what surprised Herbert, never left the drawing room until dinner was announced in the back parlor. It was very simple, but well served and well cooked—there was nothing that denoted expensive house keeping, and yet any gentleman might have brought home a friend to such a table without

fear or shame. Herbert passed a few hours very agreeably with his friend, and was charmed by the ease and grace of his wife. The next morning he said,

"Mary, I want to ask George Willing to dine with us some day soon."

"Whenever you please," she replied, "only let me know the day before."

"No—no," said her husband—"just let me ask him as he asked me. If I invite him for the next day he will suppose I mean to have others."

"Bring Mr. Willing home to dine down in this basement room!" said Mary with a look of infinite surprise. "Why, what can you be thinking of, Harry?"

"I always hated a basement room," said Herbert impatiently, "but you made such a point of it, and here it is. I can't ask a friend, because forsooth, we dine in the basement room. Why should we not make a dining-room of the back parlor as the Willings and most people do?"

"Dine on my Brussels carpet," said Mary—"never. Mrs. Willing has only ingrain, and if she chooses to wear them out let her. They are cheap enough at the best," she added contemptuously.

"Then I wish to heavens we had ingrain too," replied Herbert, much vexed, "if I cannot invite a friend home because the furniture is too fine to be used every day."

"Why, what a fuss you are making, Harry," retorted Mary. "You can ask a friend any day and every day if you please—I only ask you to let me know the day before—no great hardship in that I am sure. I am willing to take any trouble, and have everything to your satisfaction, so you need not get in a passion about nothing. Ask Willing for to-morrow if you please."

"But I want to ask him without ceremony."

"Well, ask him without ceremony. What is to prevent you?"

"But I can't if I must ask him for a day a head," persisted her husband.

"Now, Harry, as to your bringing him down into this basement room, once for all, it is a thing I won't consent to." And Herbert, though he grumbled, had learned by this time that his wife never yielded a point in what she considered her own department; so he had to give it up.

Willing was asked by note for the next day, and Mary had the table set up stairs, and got out her best china, and made every effort to have a handsome dinner, and Harry felt as if it was ungracious to say he was not satisfied after she had done so much to please him, but he was not. He felt that the whole thing was wanting in the quiet, every day ease that had so charmed him at Willings.

"Harry," said Mary, a short time after this, "we are invited on Wednesday at Mrs. Willing's to meet Howard and his bride. I think by the way we ought to invite them too," continued she.

"I don't see the necessity," replied Herbert.

"As members of his family I think it is but gracious," she continued, "to treat her with some attention."

"We certainly do not owe the Howards any particular attention of the kind," answered her husband. "Why none of them gave us parties when we married."

Mary was silenced for a moment by this, and then she resumed with,

"Now that my sister is with me I should like to give a party, and as I have never given any since I have been married, and have been out a good deal, I think it is time."

"Oh," interrupted her husband, "if you want to give one that is a different matter."

"We may as well pay them the compliment while we are about it," she persisted, for she always liked to put in her claim to being 'one of the family,' to which Herbert replied,

"Just as you please, I have no objection," and consequently the invitations were issued.

Mrs. Willing's party was like everything she did, in perfect taste and keeping with her circumstances. Her guests were well selected, and her refreshments simple but good. She was not only admired, but a favorite; consequently none of her invitations were refused; and the animation and grace of the fair hostess shed itself like a charm over the company assembled, and the evening went off with spirit.

When Mary was discussing the arrangements for her party with her sister, she said something about the supper, which made her husband look up and say,

"Are you going to have supper?"

"Certainly," she replied. "Every one has supper now."

"There was none at Willing's the other night."

"Mrs. Willing may do as she pleases," said Mary, not a little provoked at having her quoted so often, "but I shall have a supper." After a moment's pause, she resumed more calmly,

"It was but a family party at Willing's the other evening, and consequently ices and sandwiches did very well. Mrs. Willing was surrounded by those she knew intimately. But I wish to give a more general party, as I have received civilities I should like to return. You know you may trust me as to expense, so leave the arrangement of the details to my care."

Herbert said no more. Mary did not, however, confine herself to returning civilities. She took this opportunity, which she considered a grand

one, of making many first calls; and Mrs. Howard being a person of decided fashion, she thought this a capital chance of getting many of those to her house who had hitherto slighted her. "To meet the bride," and "for Mr. Herbert's cousin, Mrs. Howard," was consequently repeated again and again.

"How provoking! The Lelwyns are engaged," she exclaimed, throwing aside the note—"I don't believe a word of it," she added, with infinite vexation.

"Why not?" enquired her husband—"why should they refuse if they are not engaged?"

Mary did not think it best to reply, "because they don't choose to come here," so she only said, "it may be—only I don't know of any other party for the same evening."

"The Lewises regret," she said, opening another note. "Too bad! The Crofts accept—I had just as leave they staid away. It seems to me that all those I care particularly about are engaged or indisposed," she muttered, and so it was—those she wanted most were those she had courted most, and consequently they were those on whom she had made the most unfavorable impression.

Her husband's connections and those of the bride, for whom the party was given, accepted of course, and so she had a sprinkling of fashionables, with a good many others not quite so tenish, and others again that the Howards and Aspinwalls, and the rest of the exclusives did not know at all, and asked each other, "where Mrs. Herbert could have picked them up."

The supper was scanty and poor. But there were oysters and ices and Charlotte russ, &c, and Mary was satisfied. She could not go to the full expense of a handsome entertainment, but that was no reason to her mind why the thing should not be attempted. "There was a supper, and nobody could say there was none. It sounded well, and not one person in twenty knew what they were eating," was the way Mary argued with herself.

"How did Mary's party go off?" asked one of Herbert's married sisters, who had not been able to be there.

"Not well," answered Miss Herbert, "Mary has no talent for society. She does not know how to select her guests—it was an odd set. People did not seem to know each other."

"Was there a supper?"

"Yes, an abominable one—and such as it was, not enough. The Charlotte russ was nothing but custard, the ices miserable—the oysters the smallest I ever saw. I heard some young man laugh as he handed a plate to his partner, and say something about the 'last'—I did not hear what—and somebody else asked for champagne, and none

was forthcoming, and altogether, I expect every thing was short of the mark."

"What a pity to attempt it," replied Mrs. Alden—"how much better taste in Mrs. Willing to give only ices and sandwiches, but everything so abundant, that all must be satisfied."

"Oh, Laura is a very different woman from Mary," replied Miss Herbert. "I wish Mary had a tenth part of her sense and taste."

"And yet she is not deficient in sense in other points either," continued Mrs. Alden—"how was she dressed?"

"Very badly—that she always is."

"What did she wear?"

"Her 'velvet' as she calls it," pursued Miss Herbert. "You know Mary always attempts the fashion whatever it may be—whether beyond her means or within them—and I do hate a mean velvet above all things—besides Mary has not the figure to carry it off. If she consulted the becoming she would always dress as simply as possible. I tried to give her a hint by praising Mrs. Willing's good taste, and saying how pretty she looked in her book muslin."

"She did not take it, I suppose."

"Yes she did, for she seemed vexed. She knew well enough what I meant—she said it might do for Mrs. Willing, but everybody could not be so independent of fashion—and some how she seems to think Laura can do a great deal she cannot undertake—I don't understand Mary. She seems haunted by a feeling of original insignificance, and then again she seems suddenly to think she is a person of great importance. She has some mistaken notion in her head of taking a 'stand' in society—I don't know what. Mary has many good qualities, but she certainly is not calculated for society. I was really mortified the other night to look round and think that was Harry's house and Harry's wife."

"He should have married in his own set," replied Mrs. Alden—"Mary would have been happier, a person of more consequence, probably, in her own little village than she is here, and certainly Harry could scarce have chosen worse than he did in marrying her."

"I would hardly say that," replied Miss Herbert, "for upon the whole she is a good wife, notwithstanding that I think Harry often feels the same want, though he does not know what it is, that strikes everybody that knows her. I rather think, however, that it is more a matter of nature than education. Laura Willing would have made an amiable, charming, useful woman whether she had been born and brought up and married in either city or country, and I don't whether any position would have satisfied the restless cravings of Mary's ambition."

"I believe you are right," rejoined her sister, "though I still think as a general rule that it is safer for a young man to marry a girl brought up in his own circle, and accustomed by education to the sentiments, habits and tastes of those among whom her lot is cast. Though I agree with you that both in town and country, exceptions to all rules are almost as common as the rules themselves."

HIS FEATHER IS OF FOREST GREEN

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

His feather is of forest green,
His coat of russet grey,
But not a happier yeoman sings
Throughout the summer day;
And not a lord in all the land
Can bend a bow so true—
Or win a kinder glance of love
From eyes of brighter blue.

His feather is of forest green,
His coat of russet grey,
But never firmer, bolder heart
Was clad in rich array;
For strength of arm, or daring deed,
His match may not be seen—
Or lighter step in greenwood dance,
Or form of nobler mein.

His feather is of forest green,
His coat of russet grey,
And seated at the festive board
His words are blithe and gay;
Yet when he winds his bugle horn
And hies him to the chase,
No hardy sportsman pressing close
Outvies him in the race.

His feather is of forest green,
His coat of russet grey,
But 'neath a lady's bower his voice
Is soft as breeze in May;
And many a maiden looks to see
His plume wave on the air,
And sighs to think so brave a youth
Should fail to deem her fair.

His feather is of forest green,
His coat of russet grey,
But should his lips a love suit press,
What heart could say him nay?
For when o'er day there softly falls
The starry twilight shade,
The lady of the castle flies
To meet him in the glade.

His feather is of forest green,
His coat of russet grey,
But he has honeyed vows to steal
A trusting heart away;
For when his fair one seeks her home
She tells not where she strayed,
But oft her bosom echoes with
The words that he has said.

OUR FEMALE POETS No. VII.

AMANDA M. EDMOND.*

Mrs. EDMOND makes her first appearance before the public in this elegant volume of poems. Her preface is short, graceful and unostentatious. She makes no pretensions to the higher walks of poetry, but offers her effusions in the modest hope that they will touch kindred chords in other bosoms. We do not wonder that she has been led to publish by this hope. The sympathy which the author creates between himself and his readers is one of the most delightful parts of his vocation; and that heart must be dead to all the finer feelings of our nature which does not beat quicker at the thought that hundreds, and it may be thousands, everywhere on this wide globe, respond to its impassioned numbers. It is this which makes the poet's life so truly beautiful and grand. It spans time with a bridge more potent than that of the fairy, for by it the present is linked with the past, and men in this nineteenth century hold communion with the blind old man of Scio. All earthly powers vanish before that of the poet. Like the magician he conjures up forms not of this world only, but of brighter and fairer realms. Who has not wandered with Milton in Paradise, or with Dante seen Beatrice smiling from heaven?

We have often had occasion to remark, during this series of critiques, that the poetry of a woman is that of the heart rather than of the intellect. The volume before us is another proof of this assertion. The best poems of Mrs. Edmond are on religious subjects, or are dictated by the home affections.

To speak critically there is little or no imagination in these effusions. We have fancy indeed, always graceful and often elevated, but none of that lofty ideality which characterizes the first rank of poetic minds. The numbers flow sweetly, with but rare exceptions; the sentiments are noble; and the handling of the subject displays considerable skill. The fair author admits, what we at once suspected, that she had been in the habit of composing from childhood. But we will leave her verses to make their own way with the reader. On page 47 is the following poem.

"I asked a glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild,
Among the vine-wreathed bowers.
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
'When is the time to die?'
'Not yet! not yet!' the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

* *The Broken Vow and other poems.* By A. M. Edmond. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1845.

I asked a maiden, back she flung
The tresses of her hair;
A whispered name was on her tongue,
Whose memory hovered there.
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I caught her spirit's sigh;
'Not now,' she cried, 'oh no, not now!
Youth is no time to die.'

I asked a mother, as she prest
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms.
In quivering tones her answer came,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
'My boy his mother's life must claim,
For many, many years!'

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air,
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied—
And gleamed with scorn his eye,
'Talk not to me of death,' he cried,
'For only age should die.'

I questioned Age; for him, the tomb
Had long been all prepared,
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, as thus he cried,
'Life, only life is my desire!'
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—'answer thou
When is the hour of death?'
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul,
'My Master's time is mine!'

Mrs. Edmond succeeds well also in poems of a quiet, descriptive character. Here is one on the grave of an Indian Chief.

"A chieftain's grave!
Deep in the wildwood—lonely, dark, and drear—
A red man of the forest slumbers here;
Whose arm the death-blow gave,
In savage might, to many a pale-faced foe,
Whose dust alike lies in the green earth low.

Meet burial-place
Is this for one like him who fills it now,
Beneath the dark shade of the hemlock's bough;
The pine trees interlace,
Shutting out all the life-like glare of day,
Save here and there a faint and fleeting ray.

The night dews fall,
And fill, till eve returns, the pale flower's cup,
Save when the bee the pearly draught drinks up,
Where the green moss her pall
Of shining velvet fondly strives to spread
O'er the hushed relics of the mighty dead.

The silver stream
Winds thro' the dell, with softly murmuring sound,
As though the spot were consecrated ground;
And the fleet wild deer seem,
While hurrying by the undisturbed retreat,
To press the soft, greensward with lighter feet.

On the still air
Ring out no joyous voices; seldom heard
Is the sweet strain of bright-eyed beauteous birds,
And fitting unaware

Thither, the golden butterfly turns back,
Till the warm sunshine cheers his gloomy track.

The sheltering vine,
A shadowy arch high o'er the sleeper weaves,
Of purple fruit, mingled with broad, dark leaves;
And its fond tendrils twine
Around the cold gray headstone, as it stands
Rude monument reared by unskilful hands.

The breezes change
Their glad, light tune to one of mournful note,
As o'er the warrior's resting-place they float
Through the tall, stately range
Of trees, whose dark boughs, sweeping to and fro,
Make dirge-like music for the dead below.

Far distant roars
A mighty cataract, furious waters form;
Like the hoarse mutterings of some coming storm
Its wrathful thunder pours:
But all unheeded; like sound's feeblest breath
Fall the loud echoes on the ear of death.

Springs come and wane,
And summer gales, scent-laden, rustle by;
Green leaves, bright flowers 'neath autumn's cold touch
die;

And snow, and icy rain—
Stern winter's gifts—fall on the charnel-spot
Of the dead chieftain, but he marks them not.

Oh! can it be,
That he who fills this lowly burial-place,
Was the proud leader of the mighty race,
That roamed unchecked and free
Through the deep forest, o'er the wide-spread plain,
Children of nature, owning but her reign!

First in the fray,
Bravest among the brave in wildest strife,
Last to desert the field with slaughter rife,
Mighty in council day,
Pouring in savage ears the soul's deep strains,
Was he of whom, but dust, mute dust remains.

Strong is thine arm,
Oh death! from life's gay, busy realms, to bear
Down to the grave's lone darkness and despair
Proud man; and swift to calm
The wild, high beatings of his feverish heart,
Is the cold anguish of thy fearful dart.

The dust is thine—
Heaven's is the spirit—and the lofty name
It leaves behind, perchance in lists of fame,
Enrolled shall brightly shine,
Till Time's dark hand, of future moments born,
Blots out the record frail—then all is gone.

Sleep! chieftain, sleep,
While yet thou mayest, for the white man's plough
Shall soon the smooth turf where thou retest now
Rend, furrowing deep;
And, from the levelled forest's bosom riven,
Heave up thy relics to the glare of heaven!"

A very meritorious poem entitled "June," in the same strain, is found on page 118. It is a graphic picture of that month, one of the really original effusions of the volume, and shows how much better our authors succeed when they write from observation rather than from books. Many a time, we have no doubt, Mrs. Edmond has seen just such a picture as she describes in the following lines.

"When the glow-worm walks by her fitful lamp,
Where the gray owl hoots in the meadow damp,
And the saucy voice of the martin, rings

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From the barn-eaves high, where he sits and sings
Or chatters fierce, as he builds his nest,
At the swallow, clad in his yellow vest
And dark-blue coat, who the barn within
Maintains his right with perpetual din.
When, the haunts of the wintry days forsook,
The glad frog sings by the sunny brook,
And children oft to the margin come
To mock the sound of his voice so grum,
Or praise the hue of his glossy throat,
And the polish bright of his mottled coat;—
When the serpent creeps from his dark abode
To sun himself in the sandy road,
Or bend with his shining folds the grass,
Where the timid maiden shrinks to pass;
When the green fields wave like the ruffled sea
As the breezes sweep o'er their bosom free—
When casements are open and doors are ajar,
And the scent of the red rose is wafted afar:
When the school-boy turns from his wearisome page,
The deeds of the hero, the lore of the sage,
And wishfully gazes on pleasures forbidden,
Red fruit, by the foliage fitfully hidden,
And the green shady banks of the silvery pool,
And wonders what mortal invented a school."

The playfulness of this conclusion suggested to us, immediately, and before we had read further, that Mrs. Edmond would succeed in those light, half comic rhymes, which, though not poetry, pass for it, and are often more entertaining. Accordingly we were not surprised to find on page 125 an amusing little *bagatelle*, called "Nine o'Clock."

"'Tis nine o'clock! impatient clerks
A thousand keys are turning,
With hearts for merry 'fracases,'
All through the evening yearning,
And to and fro move on the crowd,
With elbows sharply nudging,
And rosy-cheeked apprentice girls
By scores are homeward trudging.

The loafer hopes to rest his limbs
Where none may roughly handle,
His downy couch the cellar door,
The moon his silver candle;
He hears the coming watchman's step,
But slumbers o'er the warning,
While 'Charley' kindly makes his bed
The watch-house floor till morning!

'Tis nine o'clock! the weary muse
Is nodding o'er her numbers,
As if she fain awhile would lose
Herself in gentle slumbers.
Parnassus' ever rugged heights
Have stretched their chasms wider;
Pegasus roams at large, for, lo!
The steed hath lost its rider!

'Tis nine o'clock! they say that sleep
Will overcome the senses,
And oft a wakeful man subdue,
In spite of all defences.
It must be so, for o'er me fast
I feel it coming—stronger.
To bed! I'll torture poetry
To-night, at least, no longer!"

In a like merry strain are the ensuing verses on "Washing Day." There is something unusually graphic in the third stanzas.

"Oh, washing day! oh, washing day,
When suds and tubs the kitchen sway,

What horrors hail thy dawning;
The muses fret for lack of time,
To lie in bed and dream in rhyme
Upon a Monday morning.

The women scold, the children cry,
And husbands heave a heavy sigh,
In stupid wonder staring
Upon their better halves, who seem,
While toiling on through smoke and steam,
For man nor devil caring!

The very dog draws in his tail,
And shuns the dripping water-pail
As though he mad were running;
The cat, with suds-bespattered fur,
Revengeful, cuffs the luckless cur,
In vain her precincts shunning.

The breakfast stands with coffee cold,
And bread, I wager, nine days old,
For hungry stomachs craving;
Oh, blest is he, whose appetite
Departed with the Sabbath night,
Both food and sorrow saving.

Anxiety sits upon each brow
That hovers o'er the washtub now,
Oh mortal, hear the reason;
It is the day appointed here
To purify the household gear,
A most important season.

See red arms wring the garments out,
Zounds! how the water flies about,
The kitchen looks infernal;
'*Please marm,*' implores the trembling child,
'*Out of my way,*' with gesture wild,
Responds a voice maternal.

But, lo, on *fancy's* soaring wings
A weight of suds the washer flings,
Amid this fearful plashing;
And oh, ye gods! upon my word,
They've made the *lyre* a scrubbing-board,
And set the *muse* to washing!

Now pendant from the lengthened line,
Where brightest sunbeams warmest shine,
See divers garments drying;
Of every shape, and size, and hue;
Red, yellow, green, and white, and blue,
High on the breezes flying.

What if the cord should snap in twain?
Gracious! 'twere worse than even rain,
May all the saints preserve us;
Ten thousand woes beyond I see,
That wait on such catastrophe,
Whose thoughts e'en make me nervous.

Oh washing day! half o'er the globe,
Known as the natal day of Job,
And often cursed by many,
If thou hast pity for the bard,
Or for the muses hast regard,
Come oftener dark and rainy.

For when descends a glorious rain,
And eastward rusts the weather-vane,
Upon thy gloomy dawning,
The muses grumble not for time
To lie in bed and dream in rhyme,
Even on a Monday morning!"

With a portion of another poem, in a different strain, we close our extracts. "Return to my bosom" is evidently addressed to the author's husband. The following are the best verses it contains.

"Return to my bosom—the toils of the day,
Its cares and its sorrows are passing away;
The last golden sunbeam has faded and gone,
And the shadows of even are fast stealing on.

Return to my bosom—lo, yonder afar
There shines in the heaven a beautiful star;
But, oh! not a charm in its lustre I see,
For the *star* of my *home* hath not risen on me."

There are other meritorious poems in the volume. Such are "Bright Fancy, Spread thy Pinions Wide," "The Sunlight of Home," "Childhood's Sleep," "We are Spirits," "Friendship," "The Soul," "The Snow," "A Nameless Grave," and "The Dream of the Dying Poet."

Many of these poems remind us of Mrs. Hemans: in others there is something of the manner of Bryant. A tone of elevated piety pervades the volume. The preface concludes thus. "The Sacred Poems inserted here I esteem above the others, and should they be the means, through the Divine Blessing, of elevating the heart and directing the thoughts to the contemplation of pure and holy themes, sweet indeed will be the reward of the author."

THE MOHAWK WAR SONG.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

A CLOUD o'er the mountains
Is gathering fast,
A shade o'er our fountains
Hath gloomily past;
And wild sounds are sweeping
O'er forest and vale,
And tones as of weeping,
Are borne in the gale.

O'er the graves of our fathers,
Lies the path of the foe;
In his might now he gathers,
In the valleys below:
Yet we've sworn by the weeping
That marks out his path—
By the insult he's heaping—
By our spirit's wild wrath—

We have sworn, while we're grasping
The spear and the bow,
While our tomahawks clasp,
By the war-fire's red glow—
To wipe out all traces
Of insult and blood,
When we rush from our places
Like the waves of a flood.

Let the war-whoop's wild yelling
Ring out on the air,
To their coward hearts telling
A death-song's despair;
From our rocks, dark and hoary,
We'll burst in the vale,
And the shout of their glory
Shall sink in to wail.

THE QUEEN'S VICTIM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

IMMEDIATELY after the horrid murder of young Darnley, Mary of Scotland removed from the scene of his death to Sterling, ostensibly on a visit to her infant son. Thither she was followed by all the gay members of her court, among whom were the Earl of Bothwell and Balfour, the suspected murderers. A short time previous to this journey, Mary had received a letter from one of her subjects in the north, strenuously recommending a young and interesting female to her protection, who, as the letter stated, had especial reasons for sojourning awhile in the neighborhood of the court. Mary with her usual benevolence kindly received the lovely stranger, and was so won by her grace and melancholy beauty, that with the thoughtlessness of her impulsive character, she installed her in the royal household and admitted her to the closest intimacy of mistress and servant. Her affections daily increased for one of whom she knew nothing, except that she was reported to have sprung from a noble but impoverished family, and had been drawn to court by her interest in a dear relation, or perhaps lover. The queen did not trouble herself to inquire into particulars, at a time when her own affairs not only engrossed her thoughts, but the attention of all Europe. Certain it was that whatever had drawn Ellen Craigh to the Scottish court, it was no desire to partake of its pleasures. Though she occasionally mingled with the ladies of Mary's household, and even listened with silent interest to the scandal which recent events had given rise to, she sedulously secluded herself from the gallants of the court, and on no occasion had been known to leave the immediate apartment of the queen, except for a short space each day, when the relatives who had drawn her from home might be supposed to occupy her attention.

On the day our story commences, Throgmorton, the English ambassador, had arrived at Sterling with the despatches, which had been forwarded from London after the first news of young Darnley's death reached the court of St. James. Mary, eager to reconcile the imperious Elizabeth, had ordered an entertainment to be made in honor of her ambassador, and yielding to his first request, or rather demand for an audience, had been more than an hour closeted with him, in the little oratory which communicated alike with her audience room and sleeping chamber.

The hour for robing had long passed, and Ellen Craigh was alone in the royal bed-chamber, waiting the appearance of her mistress. She might

have been taken for a sorrowing angel, as she sat in the embrasure of a window, with the mellow-tinted light streaming through the stained glass over her tresses of waving gold, and flooding her small and exquisite figure with a brilliancy almost too gorgeous to harmonize with the delicate cheek and sorrowful blue eyes, which, at the moment, wore an expression of suffering which nothing on earth can represent, so patient and holy was it. She continued in one position, listlessly awaying the cord of twisted gold, which looped back the curtain falling in magnificent volumes over the upper part of the window, or pulling the threads from a massive tassel and scattering them one by one at her feet, till the carpet around looked as if embroidered over and over with the glittering fragments. The indistinct voices which came from the oratory, where the queen and the ambassador were seated, fell unheeded upon her senses, till a tone was mingled with theirs which started her to sudden life. She leaped up with an energy that sent the mutilated tassel with a crash against the window, and flinging back the tapestry which concealed the door of the oratory, bent her eye to a crevice in the ill-fated panel. The beating of her heart was almost audible, and the thin, slender hand which held back the tapestry quivered like a newly prisoned bird, as she gazed with intense eagerness into the apartment. The queen sat directly opposite the door. At her right hand was placed a dark, handsome man, of about thirty, with a haughty and almost fierce array of countenance, dressed in a style of careless magnificence, which bespoke a love of display rather than true elegance in his choice of attire. A subdued smile lurked about his lips, and he seemed intently occupied in counting the links of a massive gold chain, which fell over his doublet of three-piled velvet, studded and gorgeously wrought with jewels and embroidery. Now and then he would drop his hand carelessly over the queen's chair-arm, and fix his black eyes with a bold and admiring gaze on her features, with a freedom that bespoke more of audacious love, than of respect for the royal beauty. She not only submitted to his free glance, but more than once returned it with one of those looks which had scattered sorrow through many a Scottish bosom.

Throgmorton sat a little apart. He had been speaking in a strain of calm expostulation; but marking the interchange of glances between the queen and her haughty favorite, he became indignant, and addressed Bothwell with a degree of cutting contempt, which turned the lurking smile on the nobleman's lip to a curl of bitter defiance. Headless of the royal presence, he stood up, and rudely pushing the council-table

from before him, half drew his sword, as if to punish the offender upon the spot. Throgmorton endured the blaze of his large, fierce eyes with calm composure, and deliberately measuring his person from head to foot with a contemptuous glance, was about to resume his discourse; but the queen rose from her seat, and placing her white and jeweled hand persuasively on Bothwell's arm, she fixed her beautiful eyes full on his, and uttered a few low words of entreaty; then turning to the envoy, her exquisite face reddening with anger, and her eyes flashing like diamonds, she exclaimed:

"Leave our presence, sir ambassador, and thank our moderation that thou art permitted to depart in safety, after this insult to our most trusty and faithful follower. Nay, my lord of Bothwell, put thy hand from that sword-hilt—this matter rests with us—doubt not, thy honor as well as that of thy mistress shall be duly righted."

The frowning nobleman pushed back his blade with a clang, and turned moodily away.

The queen looked on him gravely for a moment, and then turning to the Englishman, proceeded with less of vehemence than had accompanied her last command.

"The message of our loving cousin has given us a surfeit of advice. To-morrow we will resume the subject," she said, forcing one of the resistless smiles, which she could bring up at will, to brighten her lips; and with a graceful wave of the hand, she motioned him to withdraw.

The envoy bowed low and left the room without further speech. But the door was scarcely closed, when, with sudden self-abandonment, the queen threw herself into her chair, and burst into a passion of tears. Bothwell, who was pacing the room, approached, and sinking to one knee, took her hand tenderly in his. She looked at him kindly through her tears, murmured a few broken words, and dropping her face to his shoulder wept bitterly.

Poor Ellen Craigh witnessed the whole scene. She heard Bothwell's expressions of soothing endearment, and saw the beautiful head, with its garniture of brown tresses, fall with such helpless dependence on his shoulder. A moment, and the queen drew the snowy hand, sparkling with tears and jewels, from her eyes, and sat upright. With a choking sensation the poor girl gazed on that face, in its transcendent loveliness, till a mist gathered before her eyes, and the words of Bothwell came broken and confusedly on her ear. When they left the oratory a few moments after, her hand fell nerveless to her side, the tapestry swept over the door with a

rustling sound, and staggering a few paces into the chamber, she fell her whole length upon the carpet, her golden hair sweeping back from her bloodless forehead, her pale lips trembling, and her slight limbs as strengthless as an infant's. Thus she lay for a time, and then tears gushed profusely from her closed eyes. After which she arose to a sitting posture, with her feeble hands twisted the scattered ringlets round her head, and arose; but so pale, so wo-begone, her very heart seemed crushed forever. Dragging herself to her favorite seat in the embrasure of a window, she leaned her temple against the stained glass, and murmured—

"Enough!—oh!—enough! I must go home now."

But while the words of misery trembled on her lips, the door was flung open, and Mary Stuart entered the apartment. The room was misty with the purple glow of sunset, and the queen passed her shrinking attendant without observing her. Hastily advancing to a table, she took up a golden bird-call, and blew a peremptory summons; then throwing herself into a chair which stood opposite a small table, on which glittered the splendid paraphernalia of a French toilette, she waited the appearance of her attendants. Ellen Craigh made a strong effort and arose.

"Ha, art thou there, my mountain-daisy?" said the queen, looking kindly upon her—"order lights, and send back the flock of tire-women my silly whistle has brought trooping hitherward—no hands but thine shall robe me to-night."

Ellen obeyed, and after a few moments the light from two large candles of perfumed wax broke over the little mirror, with its frame work of flagree silver, and flashed upon the golden essence-bottles and scattered jewels which covered the dressing-table. The poor waiting-maid drew back from the brilliant glare with the shudder of a sick heart. The queen looked on her earnestly for a moment, and then putting the golden locks back from her temple, as she would have caressed a child, she said—

"What!—cheeks like new-fallen snow!—lips trembling like the aspen!—and eye-lashes heavy with tears!—how is this, child?—but we bethink us;—was it not some untoward affair of the heart which brought thee to our court? We have been too negligent;—tell us thy grief, and on the honor of a queen, if there be wrong we will have thee bravely righted—so speak freely."

"Oh, no, no!—not here!—*never to you.*"

Here poor Ellen broke off and stood before the queen, her hands clasped, her lips trembling, and her large supplicating eyes fixed imploringly on her face.

"Well, well," said the queen soothingly, "at

some other time be it—but remember that in Mary Stuart her attendant may find a safe friend as well as an indulgent mistress,” and shaking her magnificent tresses over her shoulders, the royal beauty composed herself for the operations of her toilette.

Ellen gathered up the glossy volumes of hair and commenced her task. Her limbs shook, a cold moisture crept over her forehead, and her quivering hands wandered with melancholy listlessness, through the mass of shining ringlets it was her duty to arrange. As she stooped forward in her task, one of her own fair curls fell down and mingled, like a flash of spun gold, with those of her mistress. As if there had been contagion in the touch, she flung it back with a smile of strange, cold bitterness, the first and last that ever wreathed her pure lips; for her's was a heart to suffer and endure, but never to hate; it might break, but no wrong could harden it.

While her toilette was in progress, Mary became nervous and restless, now pushing the velvet cushions from her feet, and then moving the lights about the dressing-table, as if dissatisfied with the arrangement of everything about her. At length she fell back in her chair, buried her face in her hands, and fairly burst into tears. Ellen grasped the back of her chair, and bending her pale face to the queen's ear, murmured—

“Tears are for the deserted—why does the queen weep?”

Mary was too deeply engrossed with her own feelings to mark the exact words, or the tremulous voice of her attendant. She threw the damp hair back from her face, and dashing the tears from her eyes exclaimed—

“No, no! it is nothing—proceed—there! let that ringlet fall thus upon the neck—now our robe, quickly—we shall be waited for at the banquet.”

Ellen brought forth the usual mourning robe of black velvet, laden with bugles; but a flush of anger, or perhaps of shame, overspread the queen's face, and with an impatient gesture she exclaimed—

“Not that, girl—not that—I will mock my heart no longer!—away with it, and bring a more seemly garment!—the proud Englishman shall not scoff at our widow's weeds again.”

Ellen obeyed, and the queen was soon robed as she had desired. Few objects could have been more beautiful than this dangerous woman, when she arose from her toilette—the perfect, yet almost voluptuous proportion of her form betrayed by the snowy robe, her tapering arms banded with jewels, and her superb waist bound with a string of immense pearls, clasped in front by a single diamond, and terminating where the broidery of her robe

commenced, in tassels of threaded pearls. A tiara of small Scotch thistles, crowded amethysts and rough emeralds, burned with a purple light among her curls, and the face beneath seemed scarcely human, so radiant was its expression, and so beautiful the perfect harmony of its features. Throwing a careless glance at the mirror—for Mary was too confident of her attractions to be fastidious—she took up her perfumed handkerchief and left the room.

Ellen Craigh gazed after her sovereign till the last graceful wave of her drapery disappeared; then drawing a deep breath, as if her heart had thrown off an oppression quite insupportable, she cast a glance almost of loathing around the sumptuous apartment, and entered the oratory. Dropping on her knees by the chair which Bothwell had occupied, she laid her cheek on the cushion and wept long and freely, as if the contact with something *he* had touched had a softening influence on her heart. As she arose, the gleam of a handkerchief lying on the floor attracted her attention. She snatched it up with a faint cry of joy, for on one corner she found embroidered an earl's coronet and the crest of Bothwell. Eagerly thrusting the prize into her bosom, she left the oratory and passed into the open street.

It was midnight when Mary Stuart returned to her chamber. The lights were burning dimly on the table, and an air of gloomy grandeur filled the apartment. The queen was evidently much distressed; a deep glow was burning on her cheek, and her usually smiling eyes were full of strange excitement. She snatched up the little golden call as if to give a summons, and then flung it down again, exclaiming—

“No, no—I could not brook their searching eyes,” and with a still more disturbed air she paced the chamber, now and then stopping to divest herself of the ornaments she had worn at the ambassador's festival.

Perhaps for the first time in her life the agitated woman unrobed herself, and flinging back the crimson drapery which fell in heavy masses from the large square bedstead, threw herself upon the gorgeous counterpane and buried herself in the folds, as if they could shut out the evil thoughts that burned in her heart; but it was in vain that she strove for rest—that she gathered the rich drapery over her head and pressed her burning cheek to the pillow; her thoughts were all alive and astray.

It was a mournful sight—that beautiful and brilliant woman yielding herself to the thraldom of a wicked man, and rushing heedlessly to that which was to throw a stain upon her memory, enduring as history itself. Sin is hideous in every form—but when it darkens the bright and

beautiful of earth, like a cloud over the sun, we reproach it for its own blackness, and doubly for the brightness it conceals.

As the misguiding woman lay, with a hand pressed over her eyes, and one arm, but half divested of its jewels, flung out with a kind of desperate carelessness upon the counterpane, the murmur of an infant voice reached her from a neighboring apartment. She started up and tears gathered in her eyes.

"Woe is me!" she exclaimed, "this mad passion makes me forgetful alike of prayer and child."

Folding a dressing-gown about her, she entered the room whence the sound had come, and reappeared with an infant boy pressed to her bosom. After kissing him again and again with a sort of despairing fondness, she bore him to a recess where a small lamp of chased silver burned before a crucifix of the same metal, and an embroidered hassock was placed as if for devotion. Had she been left alone in the holy stillness of the night, with her lovely babe upon her bosom, and the touching symbol of our Saviour's death before her, the evil influence which was hurrying her on to ruin might have been counterbalanced; but as she knelt with the smiling babe lying on the hassock, her eyes fixed on the crucifix, and the guilty glow ebbing from her cheeks, the door softly opened, and the Earl of Bothwell stole into the chamber. Mary sprang to her feet as if to reprove the insolent intruder, but the sense of modesty, which in all her follies seemed never to have left her, succeeded to her indignation, if indeed she felt any. She glanced at her dishabille with a painful flush, and hastily seating herself, drew her uncovered feet, which had been hastily thrust into a pair of furred slippers, under the folds of her dressing-gown, and then requested him to withdraw, in a voice which betrayed as much of encouragement as of reproof.

Without even noticing her request, Bothwell lifted the boy from the hassock, and seated himself, addressing her in a low and gentle tone, which he knew well how to assume. The erring woman listened to the witchery of his voice, till the unnatural glow again dyed her cheek, and she sat with her eyes fixed on his, like a beautiful bird yielding to the fascination of a serpent.

"But thy wife," she said in a low irresolute tone, when Bothwell pressed for a reply to what he had been urging, "much as Mary may love—much as she may sacrifice, she cannot thrust a young and loving woman from a heart she puts her faith in."

"Young and loving!" repeated Bothwell, with a sneer curling his haughty lip, "young and loving!—truly your grace must have been strangely misinformed; she who styles herself

Countess of Bothwell nearly doubles the age of her unfortunate husband; and as for love, if she knows any, it is for the broad acres which own him as their master."

A scarcely perceptible smile dimpled the queen's mouth as she heard this account of her rival, but she made no reply, and Bothwell resumed his tone of earnest entreaty. As he proceeded, his voice and manner became more energetic.

"Say that thou consentest," he said. "Say but a word, and the breath of evil shall never reach you. Lay but your hand in mine as a token of assent, and Bothwell will worship you like a very slave."

The queen raised her hand, and though it trembled like an aspen, she placed it in his.

"It is thy queen who is the slave," she murmured in a broken voice, as Bothwell raised the beautiful hand to his lips, and covered it with rapturous kisses.

As he relinquished her hand it came in contact with that of the child. As if an adder had stung her, she drew it back, and then with a sudden gush of feeling snatched the boy to her bosom and covered it with tears and kisses. Bothwell dreaded the influence of the pure, maternal feeling thus expressed. Gently forcing the young prince from her embrace, he whispered:

"Trust him to me, dearest—trust him to one who would spill his heart's blood rather than give pain to mother or child," and pressing her hand again to his lips, the arch-hypocrite left the room with the same curious tread he had entered it with.

In a few moments after he placed the young prince in charge of a creature in his confidence, saying—

"See to it, that none of the Darnley faction get possession of the brat—keep him safe, or strangle him at once."

On the next day the Earl of Bothwell left Sterling, and it was whispered that he had been banished from court through the influence of the English ambassador; but conjecture was lost in astonishment, when, two days after, the court at Sterling was broken up, and the queen, while on her way to Edinburg, was met by Bothwell, with a force of eight hundred men, and conveyed to Dunbar by seeming violence. Men stood aghast at the news; but those who had marked their queen closely during the few preceding days, concurred in the belief that she privately sanctioned the disgraceful outrage.

* * * * *

It was a gloomy and ancient pile—that in which Bothwell had left his deserted wife. In one of its apartments, beside a huge fire-place,

in which a few embers smouldered in a sea of ashes, sat an old and wrinkled woman, spreading her withered palms for warmth, and occasionally turning a wistful look to the narrow windows, against which the rain and sleet were beating with real violence. As she listened, the tramp of approaching horses was heard in the court below, and before she had time to reach the door, it was flung open, and the Countess of Bothwell, dripping with wet and tottering with fatigue, flung herself into the arms of her old nurse.

"Sorrow on me," exclaimed the good woman, striving to speak cheerfully, "how the child clings to my neck!—look up, lady-bird, and do not sob so—I know but too well how thy journey has speeded—may the curses of an old woman rest—"

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel, do not curse him—do not—we cannot love as we will," exclaimed the poor countess, clinging to the bosom of the old woman, as if to bribe her from finishing the anathema.

"Hush, darling, hush," replied old Mabel, pressing her withered lips fondly to the pure forehead of her forest-child—"he who could help loving thee—but hush, what is all this tramping in the court? Sit down, and I will soon learn."

The old woman divested the trembling young creature of her wet cloak and proceeded to the hall. After a few minutes absence she returned dreadfully agitated; her sunken eyes glowed like live coals, and her bony fingers were clenched together as a bird clutches her prey.

"My own darling," she said in a voice which she vainly strove to render steady, "I had thought not to have given his cruel message, but—"

"Speak on," said the poor young creature, raising her large eyes with the expression of a scared antelope, "I can bear anything now."

But she broke off with a sudden and joyful cry, for the door had been cautiously opened, and her long absent husband stood before her. Forgetful of his estrangement—of his unkindness—of every thing but his early love—she sprang eagerly to his bosom and kissed him again and again, with the abandonment of a joyful child. It must have been a heart of stone which could have resisted such unbounded tenderness. For one moment, and but for one, she was pressed to her husband's heart, and then he put her coldly away.

"How is this that I find your lady here, after my express command to the contrary?" he said, sternly addressing the old nurse, while he forced the clinging arms of the countess from his neck.

The poor young creature shrunk from his look, like a flower touched by a sudden frost. Mabel threw her arms around her, and forced her to confront her angry husband.

"Why is she here!" shouted the old woman

fiercely, "why is she here, in her own home! Because I could not, would not kill her with her base lord's message! What! break her heart, and then thrust her forth to die? Villain!—double-dyed and cowardly villain! may the curses of a——"

Before the old woman could finish her anathema, the enraged earl had stricken her grey head to the floor. The frightened countess fell on her knees beside her; but, with a terrible imprecation, Bothwell commanded his attendants to bear his victim from the room, and sternly ordered his trembling wife to remain.

"As you are here," he said, "it is not essential that we meet again; your signature is necessary to this paper; please to affix it without useless delay."

The countess took the paper, which was a petition to the commissariat-court for a divorce from her husband. Before she had read the first line, every drop of blood ebbed from her face. She did not faint; but with a degree of energy foreign to her character, she grasped the paper in her hands, as if about to tear it. The earl seized her wrist, and fiercely demanded her signature.

"Never—never!" exclaimed the poor wife, struggling in his grasp. "Oh, Bothwell you cannot wish it—you that so loved me—you that promised to love me forever and ever—no, no! you do not mean it—you cannot put your poor wife away thus! I know that the little beauty you once prized is gone, but tears and sorrows have dimmed it; bear with me but a little longer—say that you love me yet, and my bloom will come again; look at me, Bothwell, husband, *dear* husband! and say that you did not mean it—that you gave me that horrid paper to frighten me—say but that, and your poor Ellen will worship you forever!"

This energetic appeal had its effect, even on the hard-hearted earl. He endured, and even partially returned the passionate caress with which she had accompanied her words; and when she fell back exhausted in his arms, he bore her to a seat and placed himself beside her.

"Ellen," he said, "I will deal candidly with you—I *do* love you, and have, even while in pursuit of another; but you have yet to learn that there is a stronger passion than love—*ambition*."

"You do love me—bless you! bless you! Bothwell, for saying so much," eagerly exclaimed the affectionate young creature, snatching his hand between both hers, and covering it with joyful kisses.

But her joy was of short duration. As the serpent uncoils its glittering folds, so did Bothwell

lay bare the depravity and ambition of his heart. Artifice, persuasion and threats were used, and at length he prevailed. The petition for a divorce was signed; but the heart of the poor countess was broken by the effort.

It is almost useless to tell the reader, that the queen of Scots had consented to accompany Bothwell to his castle, but with the appearance of compulsion, on the night of the intrusion into her chamber. It was to prepare for the disgraceful visit, that he had sent orders for the expulsion of his unfortunate wife—orders which old Mabel had never delivered; and now that he had gained his object, in obtaining her signature to the petition, he proceeded to give directions for the castle to be put in order, for the reception of the royal guest. These arrangements occupied him during most of the night. At length, weary with exertion, he fell asleep in his chair. It was morning when he awoke. The light came softly through a neighboring window, and there, at his feet, with her head resting on his knees, and her thin, pale face turned toward him, lay his wife, asleep. Rest had quieted his ambitious thoughts. He was alone, in the stillness of a new day, with the gentle victim of his aspiring passions lying at his feet, grieved and heart-broken, her eyelids heavy with weeping, and every limb betraying the sorrow which preyed upon her. For a moment his heart relented, and a tear fell among her golden curls. Gently, as a mother would remove a sleeping infant, he raised her head, laid it on the cushion of his chair, and left her to her loneliness.

On the next day the Countess of Bothwell left the castle with her nurse, and not three hours after, Mary Stuart entered it in company with its wicked lord.

On the fourth day of Mary's sojourn at Dunbar, she, with the ladies of her train, joined in a stag hunt, which the earl had ordered for their entertainment. The excitement of the chase had drawn Bothwell, for a moment, from her bridle rein, when an old woman came from a neighboring hut, and in a few ungracious words, invited the queen to rest a while. Mary gracefully accepted the offered courtesy, and some of her attendants would have followed her to the hut; but the old woman motioned them back with a haughty wave of her hand, and conducted the queen alone. There was no vestige of furniture in the room, except two small stools and a narrow bed, on which the outlines of a human form were visible. Grasping the queen's hand firmly in her own, the old woman drew her to the bed, and throwing back a sheet, pointed with her long, fleshless finger to the form of a shrouded female.

"Look!" she sternly exclaimed, fixing her keen eyes on the face of the queen.

Mary looked with painful interest on the thin face, as white and cold as alabaster, with the golden hair parted from the pure forehead, and a holy quiet settled on every beautiful feature. White roses were scattered over the pillow, and the repose of the dead was heavenly. Mary bent over the corpse, and her tears fell fast and thick among the fresh flowers.

"Alas, my poor Ellen!" she said, turning to the woman, who stood like a statue pointing sternly to the body, "of what did she die?"

"Of a broken heart!" replied the nurse coldly, and with the same icy composure which had marked her conduct, she led her royal visitor to the door without speaking another word.

Had she explained that Ellen Craigh and the Countess of Bothwell were the same person, regret for the evil she had wrought might have checked Mary in her career of folly. But the death of the deserted wife was kept a secret among the few faithful followers who had accompanied her in her wild expedition to Mary's court, and the nurse on whose bosom she had yielded up her life. While the courts of Scotland were agitated with the divorce of Bothwell, the haughty man little knew that his gentle wife had ceased to feel his cruelty.

I AN T H E.

BY C. D. STUART.

SHE was as lovely as the morning beams
That glance in beauty upon mountain springs,
As gentle as the moonlight when it gleams
With heaven's own lustre upon angel wings;
A sort of halo played around her brow,
Bright as I saw it then, I see it now.

She passed like a young bird 'mong fields of roses,
Her gushing soul o'erflowed with artless song,
As sweet as in our dream sometimes discloses
When fondest thoughts upon our memory throng—
How could one fail to love a form so fair?
Whose image glassed upon us lingers there.

She was a spirit, which around my path
With radiant wings assumed a seraph's form,
And gently quelled the tempests of my wrath
As yonder bow would check the cloudy storm
And soothe with its soft glance the chafing sea—
So was her presence like a spell to me.

No wonder that I clung to her with mood
Of phrenzied love—she was my star of light,
So fair, so gentle, innocent and good,
Even as those beings who in garments bright
Watch round the weary pilgrim's couch of rest,
Doing kind deeds to make his slumber blest.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY A YOUNG LADY CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

WELL, Harry, how comes on that love-chase of yours at Granbury Hall? Have you brought down the game yet—or are you still on the scent?"

"Neither the one nor the other—in fact if it were not that the 'game' as you call it is so desirable, I should have given it up long since in despair."

"What! Harry Percy talk about giving up any thing! That would be something new!"

"New or old, Fred, it will have to be done, unless some new plan can be devised."

"I think two such rare specimens of humanity as we, need not be long at that. But what can you expect a man to do in a matter concerning the particulars of which he is ignorant?"

"If information is all you want I'll soon supply it. To begin then. As to the girl herself I am confident she loves me, but that cunning old fox of a father and that hyena of a mother guard her as closely as if she were a casket of the most precious diamonds."

"Why don't you drop the fox and hyena, and press your suit with the girl? I should pronounce that woman's heart ossified who could withstand the eloquence of Harry Percy."

"Have I not tried it?—I wrote her a letter that occupied me a whole week, and sent it to her by her pretty black-eyed waiting maid, whom I had bribed for the purpose."

"How did she receive it?"

"Receive it indeed! Would you believe it—she sent it back without even opening it, with the message that as her parents had forbidden it she could receive no communication whatever from me. Confound the young gipsy."

"Humph! And that was the end of it?"

"O, no! she discharged her waiting-maid forthwith, and supplied her place with one whom neither my promises nor gold could purchase."

"A prompt mode of dealing, and little to be expected from one so young. But suppose you should succeed in winning your way into the favorable regard of the young lady—what will you do—marry her?"

"Marry!—what on earth could have put that notion into your head?"

"Why, you are so head over ears in love that I feared nothing but uniting your fate with this divinity would cure you."

"I intend to unite my fate with her in a manner better suited to my pleasure and convenience."

"I perceive, Harry, all my fears of a matri-

monial mania in you were groundless, so I humbly crave your pardon for the imputation cast upon you."

"I am half inclined not to grant your petition, Fred, for more reasons than one; in the first place to think of my marrying at all—and secondly, marrying a manufacturer's daughter. No—no, Fred—I shall never marry while I can live without, depend on it. When I have reached a good old age and drank deeply of the pleasures of life, if I should be so unfortunate as to find bankruptcy lurking around me, I may condescend to accept the splendid fortune, and with it the person of some dazzling young beauty who will open her eyes, for the first time, upon this lower world of ours, some ten or dozen years hence."

"Marriage, versus bankruptcy with you, eh, Harry! After all what do you intend to do with the fair blondes and clear brunettes who are breaking their hearts for you?"

"Let them go on breaking their hearts I should say, if they had any to break. They are nothing but dressed dolls, with calculating fathers and manœuvering mammas, and all they want is an establishment and equipage of their own, (the husband a necessary appendage) upon which to stand securely while they carry on their coquetries and flirtations. But as I have an engagement at two I must be off. Come and dine with me to-day, Fred, and while we sip our champagne, perhaps we may concoct some measures that will put into my possession the beautiful goddess of Granbury Hall."

The friends separated, and during their absence we will endeavor to make the reader better acquainted with them.

Sir Henry Percy was the descendant of a noble family in England. Two years previous to the time our story commences the death of his father had put him in full and undisputed possession of a princely fortune. He had an elegantly furnished mansion in London; was courted and flattered by the exclusives; gave most sumptuous dinner parties and brilliant wine suppers—in short, every luxury that wealth could purchase was his. In personal appearance—but stop—to describe the personal appearance of a gentleman is a delicate matter. Pretty is an adjective belonging to women, it is a charming little diminutive, never out of place—a vision of bright, laughing eyes, rosy, dimpled cheeks, and light flowing ringlets dance before you. But pretty as applied to a man sounds awful—it is incongruous. Think of a slight form—delicate features—the lightest of blue for eyes—a soft, effeminate voice—a fairy-like step—we draw a veil over the picture. Sir Henry Percy was not a beauty of this order. His was a fine, manly form, tall and well proportioned.

A profusion of glossy black hair shaded a brow of lofty bearing. His eyes were black, and dangerous to look upon. Nature had formed, in appearance, a perfect man, but vice had marred the purpose of his creation. Accustomed from infancy to the unbounded indulgence of his wishes, he was little disposed to be thwarted in his schemes of pleasure. Depraved and profligate himself, he ridiculed the idea of purity in others, and his wicked and impure estimate of female character may be learned from his conversation with his friend. With a smooth, flattering tongue and false promises would he allure his victim to ruin; then cast her off—a blighted flower—to sink into an early grave, while he sought a new object to beguile and desert. Yet this man was admitted to the first circle of society. Mothers were delighted to see their young and lovely daughters hanging on his arm and listening to his adulations. Sir Henry Percy was, in the conventional phrase of society, a highly desirable match—that is he was noble and immensely rich. In Frederick Staunton Sir Henry Percy found a companion exactly suited in disposition and character. But Staunton was dependant on a rich but miserly uncle, whose favor he was obliged to court assiduously, and whose scant allowance would have failed to answer his demands had it not been for the liberality of his friend.

CHAPTER II.

WITH your consent, gentle reader, we will leave the crowded streets of the great metropolis, to spend a few hours amid the quiet loveliness of the surrounding country, and as we are to ride ten miles side by side with the Thames, you can amuse yourself by watching the numberless sail that glide over its waters, or the beautiful villas that dot its banks. If you hope to be introduced into an old castle of the Elizabethan age, with gray walls frowning upon you in the distance, and from whose ivy-mantled turrets notice is given of your approach, while visions of chivalrous knight and fair ladye rise before you, I am sorry to say you will be disappointed. It is not with the olden time we have to do, but with these veritable days of innovation and improvement.

Among the many splendid mansions that wealth has reared along the banks of the Thames, stands one, conspicuous rather for its exceedingly chaste and beautiful appearance, than for any attempt to impress the beholder with venerated notions of its age and grandeur. Its situation is slightly elevated, commanding a fine view of the noble river in front, while around on every side the lover of nature's charms may revel in the picturesque beauties of English scenery. A gravel

avenue, shaded by an arcade of boughs, and adorned with handsome pedestals, sustaining marble vases of various designs, conducts to the house, which consists of a main building in the centre, and a smaller wing on either side; the owner having evidently been governed more by his own taste than by any prevailing fashion or prescribed rules of architecture. The white stuccoed walls of the mansion are in pleasing contrast with the extensive and tastefully arranged garden of fragrant indigenous plants and valuable exotics, which is enclosed by a well trimmed and beautiful hedge of green, so grateful to the eye, and so necessary to rural beauty. In the interior of the dwelling much greater regard has been paid to the demands of fashion, than one would have supposed on viewing the outside. Furniture of the richest and most approved style is so arranged as to combine ease with elegance, simplicity with grandeur. Everything in and around the house seems to warrant the idea that some kind genii have volunteered to superintend and preside over its affairs.

In one of the private apartments of this mansion, toward the close of a bright and beautiful afternoon in the early spring, might be seen a fair young girl—so fair, that to mistake her for another Hebe were pardonable, and so young, that you could declare with certainty she had not yet numbered sixteen summers. She was listlessly reclining on a lounge near one of the windows. A dressing gown of snowy white muslin gathered round her waist by a blue silk cord, scarcely veiled the exquisite proportions of a form in which the budding blossoms of childhood were maturing into the full perfection of womanly beauty. Her light, wavy tresses escaping from the delicate wreath of natural flowers that bound them, fell in their native luxuriance over her shoulders, while now and then a little golden curl would steal playfully down to kiss the fair cheek on which it rested. One small hand, with its beautifully tapered fingers, supported her head, while the other was softly laid among the folds of her robe, as if to rival its whiteness. Her eyes were partly closed, and from between the long silken fringes glistened a pearly drop, so bright and pure that it were bliss to catch it ere it fell. Books and engravings were scattered about the room. On her dressing-table stood a vase of choice flowers, filling the place with their perfume. Her favorite canary had lit on an arm of the lounge, and was warbling a sweet song in its own musical notes, as if to attract the attention of its mistress, and so win her accustomed caress ere it laid its head under its golden wing and slept. But alas! Books and engravings had lost their charm—flowers shed

their fragrance in vain—the song of the little pet was for the first time unheeded—she for whom all these were intended cared not for them. So quiet did she lie, and so unconscious, one could scarcely realize that the pale beauty were a thing of life. What aileth thee, lady? Hath sorrow dared invade a breast so pure as thine?—or have those thou hast trusted proved false, and thy young heart been taught thus soon to believe not the vows of friendship? What is it makes thee sad? The answer is soon told—the lady loves—it is enough.

Love at sixteen—there are those who ridicule it, call it childish, evanescent—let them do so, they know nothing of it, nor will they ever. Woman's first dream of love—what is it? It is the breath of heaven that softly moves upon the pure and gentle sprit of an artless maiden ere earth's selfishness creeps in. Is there anything on earth so beautiful and full of purity as a lovely being just on the verge of womanhood, lavishing the rich stores of her affections on the object of her choice? She asks naught of family or fortune, for she has not yet learned to calculate. She reposes confidently, and would as soon doubt her own existence as the truth of what *he* says. Tell her of bad habits and misdeeds of the beloved one, she turns away with a smile and pities your credulity. When again will you find such holy, unselfish love? Woman may love more wisely in after life. When her character is fully formed, her affections ripened, and her judgment matured, she may love more prudently, more properly, perhaps more immutably, but the exquisite felicity of young love—the love that cannot tell why, or what it loves—that lives upon the blessed present—that pauses not to look down the cold stream of time—a love so trustful—so absorbing, so rapturous, so ethereal, is granted to woman but once, and that in the spring time of life when she is fresh from the hands of her Maker, unsullied by the world's influence. In such a blissful state of existence did the fair young creature, whose retirement we have invaded, dream away her days. Reared in affluence, the tenderly cherished and only child of idolizing parents, of a joyous spirit, Helen Granbury would have been the happiest of happy beings had not the sly god pierced her heart with a poisoned arrow. Mr. Granbury, the father of Helen, was an old fashioned man, firm and uncompromising in his opinions and conditions, but in his family circle tender and indulgent almost to a fault. He had many years before been engaged in an extensive manufacturing business in the city of London, and having amassed a handsome fortune thereby, had retired to Granbury Hall, an estate which he had purchased and improved,

to enjoy the fruits of his industry with his wife and their darling child. This child knew but little of the trials her parents had undergone to purchase the luxuries she now enjoyed. Not that her father was ashamed of his former condition—far from it—he gloried in it, and many were the mortifications poor Mrs. Granbury had to endure, while her better half persisted in making their wealthy and fashionable visitors well acquainted with the fact that he had commenced life an orphan boy, with one silver shilling in his pocket. It was in vain the poor lady represented with nervous solicitude the folly and danger of such a course. Upon this point Mr. Granbury was inexorable. "If anybody thought the less of him," he would say, "why let them go, he wanted nothing to do with them." But although so independent of the opinion of fastidious acquaintances, he cared not to pain his gentle daughter's heart by a recital of the troubles through which he had to struggle in early life. Helen's childhood and youth had been confided to the care of judicious and competent teachers. Every advantage that wealth could command was bestowed on her, and fully did she promise to realize the expectations of her teachers and the fond hopes of her parents. She grew up possessed of rare intelligence of mind, combined with uncommon loveliness of person.

Life had been to her a sunny scene without one shadow until Sir Henry Percy crossed her path. He had accidentally met with Helen Granbury, and captivated by her beauty, determined she should be his. But her exceeding reserve and careful avoidance of him, while it tended to feed the flame and make him more resolved in his purpose, at the same time baffled all his efforts to gain even her acquaintance. Fortune at length favored him. Mr. Granbury was unexpectedly summoned to a town in the interior of the kingdom, on business of importance, which he alone could transact. Sir Henry improved this favorable opportunity for obtaining an introduction to Mrs. Granbury, which, as he foresaw, was soon followed by that lady presenting to him her only daughter. By flattering attentions to the mother, by perfectly agreeing with her antiquated notions of matters and things in general, and by always arriving at the same conclusions, Percy in a little while became a constant and welcome visitor at their house. This much gained, success appeared quite certain. Strange as it may seem, Henry Percy, for the first time in his life, felt dissatisfied with himself. The more he saw of Helen, the greater was his admiration, and the less appeared to him his chance of securing her. As far removed from the heartlessness of the vain and fashionable belle, as she was from the impurity

of the degraded victims of his unholy love, he felt at a loss to decide on the course of conduct toward her best adapted to his purpose. No words of affection had passed between them, but Henry Percy was too well versed in his study of woman's character to need these. The joyous expression of her countenance at his approach, the air of quiet happiness that stole over her while in his presence, the delight with which she listened to his conversation, and above all the indescribable something in her eye as it fell beneath his fervid but respectful gaze, told him in love's own impassioned language, that unknown to herself, far down in her woman's heart was engraved his image, which Time might dim but never obliterate. Notwithstanding all this, Percy was undecided. He wished Helen Granbury had been a being of less purity, then he would have known what course to pursue. The atmosphere that she breathed was so different from that to which he was accustomed, that he felt under restraint. He feared to approach her with offers of love lest his manner might offend, and the expected return of her father argued but little in his favor. He was chagrined with himself and all around him, even with the child-like innocence and simplicity of Helen. The dreaded time at length arrived, and Mr. Granbury was once more in the midst of his happy family. The old gentleman was greatly shocked when he discovered what a serpent had crept into his Eden. Percy's character was well known to him, and on his representation of it to his wife, she promised to unite with him in undoing the mischief she had done. Percy was accordingly forbade the house. The worst was yet to come; Helen was to be made acquainted with the facts, and this her father did in as delicate and affectionate a manner as possible. Poor Helen!—little was she prepared for such a rude awakening from her dream of felicity. She believed not a word of what was told her—it was the vile misrepresentations of some enemy—she knew Henry Percy better than any one else—his was a generous heart, a noble spirit, replete with lofty principles and pure purposes, and could she but see him he would refute all the charges brought against him, and prove them to be the calumnies of some envious foe—thus did Helen converse with her thoughts. Although she was confident her parents were wrong for once in their lives, yet she loved them too well to act in direct opposition to their commands, so resigning herself to the whisperings of love, she acquiesced in the wishes of her father, and rejected all communication with her lover.

Percy, already vexed at his own delay, was made furious when Mr. Granbury forbade him

his house, and still fiercer did the torrent of his anger rush, when all his endeavors to obtain an interview or communicate with Helen, were unavailing. However, the more rapid the flow of our feelings, the sooner will they exhaust their strength; so Henry Percy in a little while calmed off amazingly, assuring his friends that he had given up all idea of Miss Granbury. To convince them that he was in earnest, he made immediate preparation and sailed for the Continent, where he gave out he should spend several years. It was the knowledge of this fact, which she had learned by reading his name among the list of passengers, that made Helen Granbury appear so disconsolate on our first interview with her.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT two months after Percy's departure for the Continent, Helen had wandered to a favorite spot within a short distance of her father's house, to indulge her melancholy feelings without observation. The day was near its close, and the soft and subdued twilight of a summer eve well accorded with her sad thoughts. She had not been seated long when a feeble and decrepit old woman presented herself, and asked for charity. Helen pulled out her purse, and was about to drop a piece of money into her hand, when the old woman dashed it aside and begged her to listen to her. She then informed Helen that she had an only daughter who was dying, but who declared that it was impossible for her to die in peace until she unbosomed her heart to Miss Granbury, concerning whom she possessed a secret of the utmost importance, and which could be revealed to her alone; that in consequence of her daughter's pressing entreaties she was then on her way to Granbury Hall, to beseech Miss Helen to visit her. This opportune meeting she considered a mercy from heaven, as her daughter might have died ere they could have returned.

"And what do you wish me to do?" asked Helen.

"To come with me and hear what she has to tell you."

Helen hesitated—she had often heard of gipsies—their strange, wild actions and thrilling tales—perhaps this was one of them—and then too the girl was dying—she had never been a witness of death and feared to look on it—besides she knew not the nature of the intelligence that was to be communicated, and though ardently desirous to hear what it was, yet she dreaded to listen to it. But Helen Granbury, like all maidens of sixteen, had her full share of romance. Although timid and gentle as a fawn, yet having been accustomed from infancy to roam at pleasure over the beautiful

hills and vallies in the vicinity of Granbury Hall, she had imbibed a love of adventure and fearlessness of danger, from which one, reared under different circumstances, would have shrunk dismayed. Still she hesitated. The woman perceived this.

"Dear lady, stay not a moment, my daughter will die before we get there—could you but hear her heart-rending cries for you, 't would pain your very soul—oh, my child!—my child!"

Helen was moved—"do you live far from here?"

"Just behind that clump of elms to the right."

"Lead on, I'll follow," she said.

The old woman turned off, and in a little while they had passed the cluster of trees pointed out, and were standing before the door of a poor but decent looking dwelling. Helen thought she knew every foot of ground for miles around, and it seemed strange to her that she had never noticed this house before. The woman entered without knocking, and bidding Helen be seated, left her, saying she would prepare her daughter for the interview. Scarce had she left when the tramp of heavy feet on the stairs alarmed Helen, and in a moment afterward a large, coarse looking man entered the room, informing her that she must submit to be blind-folded and led by him. It was in vain she remonstrated. Neither threat, prayers, nor tears produced any effect on him. He assured her no harm was intended her, and if she would submit quietly nothing should injure her. Watching her opportunity the terrified girl sprang to the door in the hope of making her escape, when to her horror she found it locked and the key removed. Overcome with fear, Helen sank powerless on a chair. The man now approached her, and with the assistance of a young woman whom he had summoned, fastened in as delicate a manner as he could a bandage over her eyes, then lifting her in his arms, bore her out through what seemed to her a different door from that which she entered, and placed her in a carriage, which was instantly closed and driven off as rapidly as possible. The sound of a female voice comforting her somewhat reassured Helen. After riding some distance the bandage was removed. Helen found herself in the open country, going she knew not whither as swift as four fleet horses could carry her. Seated beside her was a middle aged woman of a pleasing and benevolent countenance. On the opposite seat was a man dressed in the coarsest kind of clothing, with his hat drawn over his eyes, which together with an immense quantity of coarse, red hair and whiskers of the same hue, rendered his features impenetrable to Helen had she even been disposed to scan them. Under the seats of the

carriage were well stored baskets of wines and provisions. Night was fast drawing on, and naught broke on the silence save the hooting of the owl, or the lash of the driver's whip as he urged forward his spirited horses. Helen looked around in vain for help, and with a groan of despair fell back exhausted.

Three long days and three weary nights did she pass in this way. Vainly did the woman assure her that she had nothing to fear, and that happiness only awaited her. Toward the close of the third day, Helen felt that her sorrows would soon end. Her exhausted frame she knew was fast dissolving. She thought of the happy home of her childhood—of the agonizing grief of her parents—and how happy would she die could she but pillow her head on her mother's breast. But it was denied her. She thought too of one who was far away, and whose strong arm could rescue her if he but knew her need. She forgave her cruel persecutors though she spoke not. She gazed upon the calm blue sky for the last time, closed her eyes, and with a gentle sigh sank into the arms of the woman who supported her.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Helen Granbury awoke to consciousness she found herself still an inhabitant of earth. She was lying in a handsomely furnished sleeping apartment, with the same woman bending anxiously over her. The smile of happiness and grateful emotion that lit up this person's features, convinced Helen that in her she possessed a sympathizing friend.

Weak and helpless as an infant, Mary, her nurse, tended her with the care and patience of a mother. Day after day passed away, and Helen slowly but gradually recovered her strength. In various ways, during her convalescence, did her kind nurse endeavor to amuse her and beguile the time. No mention was made that was calculated to awaken unpleasant recollections, and for aught that Helen saw or heard, she might have believed that Mary and she were the only beings in the place. At length she ventured to ask the woman where she was, and why she was detained from her friends. Mary returned an evasive answer, but finding Helen was determined on having something definite, after a great deal of persuasion—declaring she was foolish in allowing Helen to have so much influence over her—she informed her that their male travelling companion was a gentleman of immense fortune, who had fallen in love with Helen, and at great trouble and expense had prepared this spot for her habitation. Poor Helen was scarcely prepared for this. Refusing all consolation, she gave way to the most bitter lamentations—why

did death mock her by gazing into her face, and then cruelly leave her to a fate worse than death? Mary, alarmed at the consequences such excessive grief might produce, sought in vain to soothe the despairing girl, exhibiting to her jewelry of the costliest kind and most exquisite workmanship, all of which had been purchased for her use. To Mary's great astonishment Helen shrank from her rich display with horror; and seeking her couch wept herself to sleep. On awaking, Helen perceived it was late in the afternoon, and Mary absent preparing her evening meal. Calmed and soothed by her refreshing sleep, she determined to venture into the adjoining apartment, which Mary had often failed in persuading her to do. Accordingly she arose, and throwing a shawl around her, passed out. The scene that presented itself to Helen's amazed view was more like a fairy dream of which she had read, than anything real. She was standing in a boudoir. The ceiling and walls were painted to represent birds in their gay plumage, and flowers in their natural colors. Her little feet were almost buried in the soft chenille carpet that covered the floor. The furniture was of richly carved rose-wood, cushioned with damask velvet. An elegant piano of the same expensive wood was on one side, while in a recess stood a table, the top of which was an exquisite mosaic, containing a tea service for two of pure porcelain. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a richly chased chandelier of silver, and directly under a small jet d'eau of perfumed water diffused its fragrance through the apartment. Turn as she would her image was reflected from mirrors fastened as if by magic in the wall. Superb paintings were hanging around, but what startled and surprised her most was to behold a full length portrait of herself richly framed. The light was admitted in mellow rays through rose colored silk curtains, which added a new charm to the bewitching scene.

Amazed and bewildered, Helen walked to the windows which descended to the floor, to view the garden. A flight of white marble steps from one of the windows led into it. The air was heavy with the rich odor of countless shrubs and summer flowers, and the eye constantly rested on statues of elaborate workmanship. A fountain in the centre of the garden sent forth a cooling and delicious influence, as the beautiful and sparkling jets of water fell with musical and soothing murmurs into its marble basin. Beyond the garden was an extensive park, between the trees of which deer were seen glancing, while off in the distance the placid waters of a beautiful lake, fringed with green, seemed to invite the weary to repose. The magnificent scenery,

the beauty of the garden, and the high degree of simplicity and elegance in the choice and arrangement of the furniture, proved the proprietor to be a man of taste, and whispered hope to Helen's heart that she had but little to fear from one who possessed such chaste and delicate ideas of refinement. Overpowered with strange emotions, and unable to comprehend the meaning of this fairy scene, Helen sank upon an ottoman, and burying her face in her hands to shut out the vision, sought relief in tears. While thus indulging she fancied that footsteps were approaching, and raising her head, Sir Henry Percy stood before her.

CHAPTER V.

A few weeks later, Staunton received the following letter from his friend, which will, in part, explain this mystery.

WOODVILLE PARK.

Dear Fred—I have been so engaged that until now I have not had a leisure moment to address you. My continental trip proved a troublesome affair. As you were out of the city at the time, I shall have to acquaint you with my manœuvres. I engaged and paid for one of the best state rooms in the "Macedonia," then ready to sail for Havre; had my name published in her passenger list, and the day on which she sailed started incognito to this ancient seat of my ancestors, which I found admirably adapted to my purpose, hemmed in as it is by hills, and so far from the metropolis that none would ever think of her finding Harry Percy, whom all supposed revelling in the pleasures of the Continent. By dint of indefatigable industry and large rewards, I soon had a Paradise prepared for the reception of the lovely Eve who was to grace it. The greatest difficulty now was to cage the bird. This was accomplished by decoying her into a house near her father's, under the pretence of hearing important disclosures concerning herself from the lips of a dying girl; which done, your humble servant, who was impatiently waiting with a carriage secreted for the purpose, gladly received his prize and drove off; she little supposing into whose possession she had fallen. Such a change had been wrought in my outer man by an immense red wig and whiskers, crowned with a wool hat—salt and pepper pants, terminating with huge leather boots—a grey roundabout, set off by a yellow neckcloth—together with a limping gait and hoarse, suppressed voice, that it would puzzle even you to recognize Harry Percy in the awkward clown, who played the part of Paris in carrying off the second Helen. Helen refused all comfort and sustenance, and the evening we reached here exhausted nature gave way, and she was borne apparently lifeless into the house. After she revived a little, a violent brain fever seized her threatening her life. There was no medical aid to be had, even if I had been disposed to employ it, which the fearful ravings of her delirium would have made dangerous to me: so I was obliged to risk her case upon my own slight knowledge of medicine. I felt rather bad I assure you; for I did not fancy the idea of her death which I hourly expected.

For two weeks I never left her side, except to take a little rest and nourishment. At the end of that time the fever abated, and she was out of danger. I then became invisible, thinking it prudent not to make myself known until she had fully recovered her strength. I had by this time resolved on a ceremony of marriage, as I was fully convinced that it would be madness to attempt any other plan with one of her delicate and sensitive mind. New difficulties had also arisen. The old woman whom I had engaged to wait upon her was a kind soul, and tended her as faithfully as she would her own child. In a little while to my great vexation, I found Helen by her gratitude and artless ways had completely won the old woman's affections, so that I was likely to have the very deuce to pay with the old woman herself. Consequently the only course I could pursue was to practice on Helen, and put the old woman in a good humor by a sham marriage. I knew that Helen loved me, and as I had been careful to offend her purity by offers of light love, I was certain she would have no objection. In one of my rambles I very fortunately fell in with a travelling pedlar, who for the sake of greater gain, was easily induced to doff his guise, and array himself in the black silk gown and white bands that we manufactured for the occasion. After sundry readings of the service and instructions from me, he performed the ceremony to perfection—Mary, the waiting woman, being witness. I confess that something very like a pang of conscience shot through my heart, as I felt the tremulousness of the slender form that leaned so heavily on my arm for support, and on looking down into those soft blue eyes, moist with tears, saw my own image reflected there with sweet confidence. But I must leave you for the present to take an airing with my lovely Helen. In the meantime you can send up your congratulations to your friend

HARRY PERCY.

CHAPTER VI.

SEVERAL weeks passed by, and Helen had almost regained her health, and with it a good share of her former sprightliness. She was at first highly incensed at Percy for the artifice he employed in decoying her from her home. Her feelings of delicacy were shocked at the recalcitrancy with which he urged their marriage, leaving her no alternative but to become his wife at once, or return home after having resided several weeks under his roof, to brave the calumnies of a slanderous world. Young and inexperienced as Helen was, she was fully aware of the dangerous position she would occupy in society if she chose the latter. Her maidenly pride was roused against Percy for reducing her to the necessity of a choice. Had she suspected his real designs her love for him would have changed to implacable hatred, and the hope of revenge alone have made life endurable. Happily she was ignorant. Percy, who well understood her nature, allowed the first wild burst of grief and indignation to subside, leaving her plunged in almost

hopeless melancholy. He would never venture into her presence without her consent, and while near her his manner toward her was in the highest degree respectful. Earnestly he besought her forgiveness, representing the means he had used as the only way to secure their mutual happiness, since her father was so prejudiced against him by false reports, that to think of his consent to their marriage was worse than useless; while with passionate tenderness he repeated his vows of ardent and unalterable love, and entreated her to become his. Helen loved him with a pure and devoted affection. Is it to be wondered that she forgave him and consented to become his wife? Oh! what will not woman forgive in the man she loves, if she is confident that his intentions toward her are pure and honorable! It is impossible for him to do wrong in her eyes. He is the light of her existence, round which her fondest hopes and holiest thoughts all cluster—withdraw that light, and darkness impenetrable shrouds her soul, through which other objects may strive in vain to pierce. She lives for him, and sweetly

"Her gentle spirit
Commits itself to his, to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

Helen had forgiven Percy. She was surrounded by everything delightful, above all she was united to, and dwelt in the smile of him who had taught her young heart to love. It is true she longed to be once more pressed to her mother's breast, and to have her father's affectionate kiss imprinted on her cheek. And this pleasure Henry promised should be hers after a while. In the meanwhile, where could they find so lovely a spot to loiter away the summer? So Helen was happy in the present, and the light of still happier days was shadowed forth in the vista of the future. What were Sir Henry Percy's feelings may be discovered by the following letter to his friend.

WOODVILLE PARK.

To Frederick Staunton, Esq.—By the time this reaches you I know not, nor do I care, if I am an inhabitant of earth. It will be impossible for me to support much longer the agonies I have endured for some time past. You will be greatly astonished at this, as you doubtless think me the happiest man on earth—very far from it—I am as miserable as I can live. You will laugh at me, deride me and call me a fool, I know, but I care not for it. Fred, I am in love—I frankly confess to you. I have striven against it—I have done all I could to prevent such a result—I have raved at myself for being caught in my own trap—I have thought of the derision and scoffings of my companions—I struggled hard—but in vain. She is an angel. In form and feature the sculptor and painter might vie with each other, and far short would they fall of her matchless perfections and sweetly innocent face; but these are nothing

to the purity of her soul. I thought I knew woman in all her character, but I never conceived of such a being as this. So lovely in her person—so delicate in her perceptions—so unobtrusive in her manners—so pure in her conversation, and withal possessed of a tender and affectionate heart. Could you but see

"Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love."

But no, Fred—I would not have you look upon her with your profane eyes—excuse me—you could not appreciate her priceless value. And this being, so angelic in her nature, has yielded up the best affections of her innocent heart to a wretch who is too vile to contaminate the earth longer. I know not what will become of me. I cannot—will not live without her. I have a violent attack of headache regularly every other day, for the exquisite satisfaction of feeling her soft hand bathe my head. Oh, Fred! I live in a state of agonizing happiness, of felicitous torment. I would gladly resign wealth, honor, and hope of happiness here and hereafter, were I but united to her. I intend to make her my lawful wife as soon as the deception that I have practised is discovered. But it is that I dread. It will be too much for Helen's gentle nature, shocked as it has been, to survive. Her pure spirit will ascend to its native skies, while I, her murderer, will sink down to eternal despair. It is this vision haunts me. I desire, yet dread the time to arrive when I shall know the worst. I sometimes resolve to confess all and ask her forgiveness, but my courage forsakes me—the words die on my lips—I cannot with my own hand dash to the ground the temple of happiness I have reared. Oh! that she were my wife! I would that I were sleeping quietly in my grave, or even receiving the punishment that awaits me, ere my wicked heart led me to devise and carry out those iniquitous measures that will entail so much wretchedness on one who is too pure and innocent to live out of heaven.

Your unhappy friend,
HENRY PERCY.

CHAPTER VII.

It was near the close of a warm day in the latter part of summer. The flowers, revived by the sun's departure, exhaled the most delicious fragrance as they were lightly swayed by the evening breeze. The windows were thrown open to admit the perfumed air. Near one of them sat Sir Henry Percy and Helen. His arm gently encircled the fair creature that lay so near his heart, while her head rested confidently upon his shoulder. Beside him lay a handsomely bound volume, from which he had been reading to her; now he was playfully lifting the golden 'ringlets that he, as well as the evening breeze, might kiss the snowy forehead over which they fell. Helen was happy—perfectly so—for Henry had promised he would take her to Granbury Hall next week. Suddenly they were startled by the clatter of horses' feet and the sound of strange voices.

Percy clasped Helen almost convulsively to his heart, passionately kissing her forehead, cheek, and lips. In an instant after the door was rudely burst open: and covered with dust, his eyes gleaming vengeance, and a pistol in each hand, Mr. Granbury rushed in.

"Ah! Have I found you at last? On your knees, villain—five minutes will I grant you to prepare that guilty soul to appear before its Maker——"

"Dearest father," interposed Helen, throwing her arms around his neck, "he is my husband."

"Your husband!—poor child, how cruelly you have been deceived. Listen to me, Helen—four days ago I received a communication, stating that if I would empower a person to act for me, and reward liberally, I should receive information of where you were, and what had happened to you since you were stolen from me. After the months of unmitigated anguish we had endured, and the vain attempts to unravel your mysterious disappearance, this intelligence was looked upon as sent from heaven. Accordingly I lost no time in complying with the requisitions. I learned from my agent that the person with whom he communicated was a low, vicious Shylock, peddling about the country, who stated that sometime ago, while he was in the northern part of the kingdom, a man paid him well to personate a clergyman and officiate at a marriage ceremony between himself and a beautiful young girl; and that, since then, coming to the city, and hearing of the abduction of my child, he was fully persuaded she was the same lady. His insatiable thirst of gain had induced him to make known these facts, but fearing my vengeance, he took the precaution to communicate through another person. From his description I was confident that yonder monster was the man, and I am now here to revenge your wrongs."

Helen did not faint—neither did she weep. She stood transfixed—no respiration was visible, and save the maniac stare of her eyes, she resembled more a statue than a living being.

"Helen, dearest Helen, hear me but one moment," exclaimed Percy, approaching her.

At the sound of his voice she started into life, recoiling from him with horror.

"You must—you *shall* hear me, and then despise me. What your father says is true, but as my Creator is my witness and judge, I have long since deeply and bitterly repented, and would willingly have poured out my life's blood could that have washed away the crime and its consequences. Helen, I love you as woman was never loved, for you have taught me to believe in the reality of virtue. I ask you not to love me in return, I dare not, nor even to think of

one who is so guilty and polluted. Again and again have the agonies of this hour arisen before me with fearful distinctness. It is now past. A few moments ago when I held you to my breast I knew it was my farewell embrace. But I will not detain you. In my library you will find papers that will put you in immediate possession of the whole of my property. All that remains to be done is to make you the reparation in my power by a lawful marriage, which, as a clergyman lives near, will soon be performed, and I then bid you farewell forever. Your father can immediately employ legal measures that will effectually annul what must be to you a most detestable union."

"Nay," said a third party, no less a person than Mary, entering the room, "you have not told all the truth, Sir Henry. Listen to me," she added hurriedly, addressing Mr. Granbury, "he is married to your daughter."

All started, and Helen, clasping her hands, gazed eagerly on the speaker, as if life and death hung on her words.

"Yes!—married," she continued. "I was a friend of Lady Percy from the first day of her arrival here, when I saw her extreme distress. I determined accordingly she should not be sacrificed. When you brought the pedlar here," she continued, addressing Percy, "and tutored him in the part he had to play, I impressed on him the peril of assuming his pretended character and got him to procure a real clergyman to officiate in his place. The desire of obtaining money from Mr. Granbury has led this villain to pretend he married Lady Percy, but I can prove my story by the mouth of the clergyman who united Sir Henry and Miss Granbury, and who lives in the adjoining parish."

This revelation, the truth of which none could doubt, placed matters in a new light. Percy, repentant and humbled, thanked heaven audibly that his evil designs had been frustrated. Helen rushed into her father's arms, where she fainted away; and even Mr. Granbury shed tears.

Helen was, at length, persuaded that her husband was truly repentant. To her influence, he declared, it was altogether to be attributed; and without her presence, he knew not what would become of him. He besought her to save him, therefore, by forgiving him. These passionate entreaties moved Helen, and with her parent's concurrence, Sir Henry Percy accompanied them to Granbury Hall. Helen felt there would be more happiness in forgiving and reforming him than in banishing him from her sight.

"Who are that elegant looking couple at the other end of the room that attract so much attention?" asked a gentleman of his friend, as

they were admiring the beauty and fashion that crowded the splendid drawing-rooms of the exquisite Lady B——, of London.

"Where—oh, I see—why, that's Sir Henry Percy and his lady. I wonder you have not thought of them before."

"Is it possible!—I have had so many enquiries to make since my return that I had entirely forgotten Sir Henry. Well what kind of man has he made?—for to confess the truth, I always had my doubts about his reformation."

"They were groundless, I assure you. Sir Henry Percy is an honored and useful man. He possesses a mind of the first order and a generous heart—all he needed was the proper influence to guide the impulses of the one and to control the affections of the other, and that he gained in his wife."

"I am very glad to hear it. I always thought Percy above the common order of brainless spendthrifts: but he was so wild and extravagant in his notions, and so long accustomed to be his own master, that I feared the influence of a wife would, after the novelty wore off, sit uneasily on his shoulders, and be very inadequate to prevent him from returning to his former ways. If you have no objection I should like know something about him, for I have not heard a word since I left for China."

"With all my heart. As you know it is now rather more than four years since he was married. Immediately after that event he established himself in the city in magnificent style with his lovely bride. The circumstances connected with his marriage were romantic enough, I am told, but they have never transpired. I believe it was a runaway match. It is only on special occasions, like the present, which is given in compliment of your return, that Percy honors the company with his presence, finding his greatest happiness in the society of his amiable wife. But come over and renew your acquaintance with him, when I will present to you the cause of this wonderful reformation of virtue. You will think her one of the best of her sex."

TO ISA.

BY H. R. SCOTT.

Oh! would I were the thornless rose,
That in thy tresses seeks repose;
Or e'en the hopeful violet,
Basking in thy eyes of jet.
The playful rose, that I might sip
The breath that hovers round thy lip;
And oh! how blest would be my lot,
If called by thee—Forget-me-not!

THE DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

In a large and splendid apartment, filled with the most luxurious furniture of the fifteenth century, and partaking in its florid architecture of the oriental style then so prevalent in Spain, sat a young and lovely female. Her attire was that worn by the wealthier Jewesses in the seclusion of their private apartments. The silken tunic, the rich robe, and the turban were all there, but it needed not this picturesque dress to heighten her beauty. Of all her sect, Miriam, the daughter of Boaz, was admitted to be the most lovely. In the poetical language of her people she was called the rose of Judah, that being her father's tribe.

She was sitting at a desk, with a small parchment before her as if engaged in writing. But now the pen was held listlessly in her hand, and the expression of her countenance was one of deep thought. Miriam, though young and beautiful, had already seen trouble. Unknown to her widowed father, she had secretly become a Christian; and had been accustomed, during his absence, to attend the ceremonies of this new faith. Hitherto she had delayed to acknowledge her conversion publicly, for she knew it would break her father's heart; and as he was an old man, whose years would probably be few, filial affection induced her to keep secret her change of faith. Yet, day and night, she put up prayers for his conversion; for her bosom yearned to see him too a Christian.

The many trials she had to undergo, in consequence of this struggle between filial love and her new religion, had, hitherto, been made comparatively light, by the counsel and sympathy of one she had learned to love with all the truth and fervor of her eastern race. The student, Salvado, as he was called, was a Christian of the old blood, whose fathers had fought against the Moors in the mountains of Asturias, and who inherited all the high intellect and manly courage of his ancestors. Miriam had formed an acquaintance with him at the house of a mutual friend, for at the period of our story the wealthier Jews often formed intimacies with the higher classes, and indeed intermarried with them, as the genealogies of some of the oldest families of Spain will prove. No two beings ever came together, more fitted for each other, than Miriam and the young student. Both were beautiful, both were enthusiastic, both possessed souls of the loftiest stamp. It was to Salvado's eloquent teachings that Miriam principally owed her conversion to Christianity. And, yet, though long betrothed, no one knew the fact but themselves. Miriam dared not tell her father, for he would sooner have seen her in the grave

than wedded to a Christian; and Salvado was a poor student, with no inheritance but noble blood and his father's knightly sword. So the lovers agreed to wait for better times. When is youth not hopeful?

The betrothal had continued for about a year, during which Miriam and her lover met frequently though secretly, when Salvado received a summons to return home and abandon his studies, the uncle who had hitherto supported him at the university having died. He was now altogether penniless, having scarcely money enough left for the journey, but he immediately set forth, taking a melancholy farewell of Miriam. "I will return ere long," he said: "keep a good heart: perhaps I may win fortune and come to claim you soon. After I have had a settlement of my father's poor estate from the executors of my uncle, I shall join the camp and seek to win wealth and renown by my sword. I will write to you as often as I have opportunity to send by a trusty hand; and if ever you have occasion for the aid of a friend, call on me, and, though at my vigils as a knight, I will fly to your succor." Miriam promised, and with many tears parted from her lover.

Time passed, and in the interval great changes took place in the position of the Jews in Spain. The popular opinion began to run strongly against them: always a despised people, the hatred of the mob began to find vent in open persecution. Already the monarch was meditating their expulsion, that most fatal measure to the prosperity of his kingdom, from the effects of which Spain has not yet recovered, nor ever will. The Jews were in consternation. In a few months, the edict came, and then consternation gave place to despair. Forced to sacrifice their goods, compelled to leave their native land, the persecuted Hebrews cast themselves in the dust and put on sackcloth and ashes. But this was not the whole of their miseries. The populace, upheld, as they thought, by the royal edict, broke out into riots, almost daily, in which they sacked the homes of the wealthier Jews, and often murdered the inoffensive owners.

Poor Miriam was in despair. To acknowledge her conversion now and desert her father would seem the blackest perfidy: to go into exile would be to lose Salvado forever, and all the dear hopes connected with him. At length she resolved to write to him, to summon him to her side, and then to take a final farewell of him, telling him she could not desert her father in his extremity. Yet when she took up the pen to indite this mis-sive her heart almost shrank from the task. Hot tears fell on the parchment, and even when more composed, she remained in deep thought.

Suddenly she started from her reverie, for a low, hollow murmur, like the sound of the autumn wind, penetrated to that retired chamber. She had heard such a sound once before, when a furious mob sacked the house of the Rabbi Benjamin, and her cheek turned ashy white. The noise increased and drew nearer; while the faint hope she had entertained that her ears deceived her, vanished away. There was no longer any doubt that there was a rising of the populace. Louder and louder their shouts approached: Miriam trembled with vague apprehension. Snatching a crucifix from her bosom, she kissed it fervently and had just replaced it, when the door of the apartment opened and her aged parent rushed into the room, alarm depicted on every feature of his countenance.

"The God of Abraham protect thee, sweet one," he exclaimed. "The spoiler is up: the Ishmaelites are abroad. Haste to get some of your most valuable jewels and fly with me by the back way. Hark, there are the blows upon the outer door: the wolves will soon be in the fold of Israel!"

Even while he was speaking, a noise as if a battering ram was being used against the heavy gates of the house, shook the walls; accompanied by a succession of wild huzzas, as when a crowd cheers on the efforts of the more daring portion of its members. Miriam knew, therefore, that no time was to be lost: there was a riot among the populace; and the reputed wealth of her father had drawn the mob to his house, which they intended to sack. Life itself probably depended on her speed. Taking up, therefore, the parchment on which she had been writing, she thrust it into her bosom, and then hastily collecting the most valuable of her jewels she hurried them into a casket, her father assisting her with trembling hands.

"Alas! alas!" he said while thus occupied, "the glory has departed from my house. We will go forth beggars into a strange land. Oh! Miriam, beloved of my heart, the image of thy blessed mother, how will it fare with thee now after my aged head is laid in the dust? I thought to leave thee the richest, as thou art the loveliest of our tribe, but now thou wilt be a beggar among thy people—like the wild coney, having no home but on the hills. God of my fathers," he continued, looking to heaven, "verily, thou hast laid the rod heavily on us. The chosen of thy right hand are delivered to the Philistines—we are wanderers on the earth—oh! when will the days of our tribulation and sojourning be over?"

His words were cut short, as well as their further progress in collecting valuables, by a crash which shook the house to its foundation,

followed by a shout of triumph from the crowd; and instantly the feet of the infuriated mob were heard in the court-yard below.

"Fly, fly, never mind the jewels—better life and poverty than death by such hands," said Miriam, recoiling with horror at that shout, and dragging her father away from his task. "We shall barely have time to escape into the back street—throw over yourself this cloak: I am sufficiently disguised by my veil."

Taking the old man's hand in hers, she hurried along a corridor, into which the room opened. Their way led for some distance along this passage, which was separated from the court-yard, now filled with people, only by a thin wall; and at every step Miriam expected to hear the door at the upper end give way, when they would be immediately visible to their pursuers. She could hear the blows on it increasing in rapidity, and urging her trembling limbs forward with an increased pace, she had just gained the door of exit when the entrance gave way. As she hurriedly emerged into the narrow street behind the house the mob rushed into the corridor.

The door was hastily closed behind her, and then she looked up and down the narrow thoroughfare, uncertain which way to proceed, for her father, whom age and terror had rendered incapable of thought, stood beside her, gazing bewildered into her face. To the right, where the narrow lane abutted on the main street, she heard shouts as if the mob was in great force in that quarter: so she turned her footsteps toward the left, and hurried on, dragging her father with her. She hoped that her flight had been unnoticed by the mob, and that she might gain the end of the street undiscovered: then, if there was no crowd in that quarter, or if their disguises proved effective, she might escape into another part of the city and find refuge with some of their sect until the riot was over.

But these hopes were of short duration. Horror, and regret at leaving his possessions, had so far overcome her father, that he was now as helpless as a child, and Miriam found herself almost compelled to carry him along. Their progress, therefore, was comparatively slow, and they were already a considerable distance from the outlet of the lane, when the door by which she had fled was opened, and a rioter looked out. A glance down and then up the street discovered the fugitives: and immediately a dozen of the mob rushed out yelling, and gave pursuit. Miriam shrieked, and made an effort to drag her father forward still faster; but the effort was vain: the rabble made two steps where she advanced one.

"Father," she cried despairingly, "cannot you haste. See, they gain on us, and will tear us

limb from limb. If we can only gain yonder outlet before them, some archway or open gate may afford us a shelter. A single minute may be enough to baffle the mob."

"I cannot fly faster—I feel as if the angel of death was passing over me—my limbs totter and my heart is still," he said, "leave me to my fate—and the Lord God of thy fathers and my fathers bless thee!"

As he spoke, Miriam noticed that his eyes grew glassy, and a ghastly paleness overspread his countenance. His feeble limbs gave way beneath him, and he would have sunk to the ground if his daughter had not supported him.

This was a terrible moment for Miriam. To desert her father in his extremity was not to be thought of, yet remaining would do him no good and would seal her own fate. Death was not in itself so terrible; but she had heard of the outrages perpetrated by the rabble on their victims, and she shrank, with maidenly modesty, from the profanation. These thoughts flitted rapidly through her mind, as she heard the exulting cry of the mob, when they saw her father sink down: then, all selfish considerations passed from her mind, and she grew absorbed in her dying parent.

"Father," she said, kneeling, and supporting his dying head, "father! Oh! he is dying," she cried agonizingly, looking to heaven, "son of God intercede for him."

The old man faintly opened his eyes, which rested upon his daughter's tearful countenance. It was the last glow of his faculties, rallying from the stupor of approaching death. There was all the strength of earlier manhood in them now.

"The God of Israel protect thee, my child," he said, "I go to join Abraham and the patriarchs of old. The Lord is forgiving—he may yet save my murderers—I see the blessed in heaven and there are Gentile as well as Jew——"

His voice ceased, his head fell back, and Miriam felt the weight in her arms increased. But her heart throbbed with joy at the words he had spoken—was there not forgiveness in them for her?—oh! could it be that the dying have glimpses of futurity and learn then a charity they knew not while they lived?

But this thought was succeeded by the reflection that her long loved parent was dead, and that his remains, in another moment, would be the prey of a brutal mob. At the thought she started up: and now, for the first time, she perceived that her pursuers had halted a few paces distant, as if awed for the instant by the unexpected spectacle of death.

It was a subject for a painter. There lay the corpse, with uncovered countenance, that

undefinable expression which ever dwells on the faces of the dead, checking the mob with sudden awe; and over it stood Miriam, her slight, woman's form drawn proudly up, confronting the rioters with the haughty bearing of a priestess, whose shrine has been broken into by sacrilegious hands. At a little distance was the rabble, huddled together like a pack of hungry wolves, suddenly startled by the appearance of some new and unexpected foe.

It might have been a minute that the two parties stood thus regarding each other. At length Miriam, as if remembering her duties to the dead, stooped reverently down and covered the face of the corpse. Whether it was that the mob had, by this time, recovered from their astonishment, or that the stony countenance had been what withheld them, no sooner had the daughter performed this act of filial love, than the rabble, all at once, appeared to recover from their consternation, and a voice from their midst gave utterance to their rage, by crying out,

"He only counterfeits death. Down with the unbelieving Jews. No mercy to the scum of Israel."

That ribald challenge found an instant echo in the bosom of the listeners; and with a hungry howl, like jackals scenting a prey, the mob rushed forward.

Miriam, at the first sound of the speaker's voice, had sprung before her father's corpse. She saw, in the faces of the mob, that death would soon be her portion also, and she resolved to perish in the effort to preserve her father's remains from insult. The thought of her lover, even in that awful moment, was present to her mind, in a wild wish that he could have been there to succor her.

"Back," she said, waving her arm as the mob rushed on, "have ye no mercy for the dead. I am a Christian. Oh! then spare my father."

"Thou liest," said one who seemed the leader of the rabble, and whose eyes glistened as he saw the rich jewelry on her person. "Thou a Christian—thou, the child of that impious dog! Ha! ha!—believe her not, comrades. Come on."

The crowd, which had been checked by her words and manner, seeing their leader at these words lay hands on the maiden, rushed on again. Miriam sprang back, at the same moment, flinging herself on the body of her father, when suddenly she saw a troop of horse, headed by a cavalier, wheel into the lane from its outlet.

"Hold, you villains—stand back there," came an authoritative voice, "The first man that touches this maiden dies!" said the cavalier, checking his horse in full career as he reached the corpse.

At this sudden apparition the mob stood aghast: they looked at their own number and then at that of the horsemen; and finding themselves outnumbered sullenly hung back. Only their leader ventured to speak, but he, too, let go his hold on Miriam.

"They are Jews, Sir Don, and our lawful prey."

"Jews! you knave," said the cavalier, as Miriam, recognizing his voice, sprang into the arms of her lover, who had alighted the moment he checked his steed. "I will certify this maiden to be a Christian; for I heard her say so myself just as we wheeled the corner. See here!" and, with the words, he drew from her bosom, and held aloft, by the chain to which it was attached, the jeweled cross that he himself had given her. "Now back, ye rabble, or I will order my horsemen to charge into your midst."

His words were too authoritative, aided by his display of force, to be disputed, and the mob were fain to hasten back to the house and content themselves with its plunder. With this, the cavalier had no disposition to interfere, as he knew that neither his force, nor that of the whole municipality, could withstand the populace there. He, therefore, ordered his followers to take up the dead body of Miriam's father, and lifting into his saddle her now senseless form, he galloped, with his troop, away.

Our story is told. It only remains to explain, in conclusion, that Salvado was no longer a poor scholar, but a grandee of Spain, having come into possession of a title and large estate by the death of a distant relative. The instant he heard of the risings against the Jews, fearing for Miriam he had hastened to her side, though his relative's affairs were yet unsettled. Arriving at the time of the riot, and finding he could not reach the house in front, he bethought him of the entrance in the rear—how opportunely the reader has seen.

The father of Miriam had a decent burial, and, in due time, she became the wife of Salvado, having first acknowledged herself to be a Christian. Some of the proudest families of Spain are descended from the DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

Oh! child of beauty rare—
Oh! mother chaste and fair—
How happy seem they both,
So far beyond compare.
She, in her infant blest,
And he in conscious rest,
Low nestling, nothing loth,
In the cradle of her breast.

THE OUTCAST.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE autumn wind is on the hill,
It whistles down the vale,
Before the house the hoary oaks
Are straining in the gale;
The dry grass rustles o'er the field,
The distant woods complain,
And hurrying clouds sweep o'er the sky
With fitful squalls of rain.

I sit within my pleasant room,
Where all is neat and warm,
Nor think of houseless wanderers
Who brave the gathering storm—
The feeble child and sickly sire,
O'd age with years opprest,
And many a mother sad of heart,
The baby at her breast.

Along the trodden way they go,
Amid the crowd, alone;
Their weary footsteps tottering on,
Familiar with each stone.
And yet perhaps their hearts are warm,
Their sins as few as mine—
Just Heaven, why didst thou want to them,
And friends to me assign?

It is thy will: then let me bless
The hand that gives me wealth,
A mind content, a loving home,
Hopes, comforts, mercies, health!
Once holy prophets walked the earth
Like these, in tattered guise—
Then lead me, Father, lest I scorn
Some saint in such disguise.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

I KNOW a floweret passing fair,
And for its loss I pain me;
Fain would I hence to seek its lair,
But for these bonds that chain me,
My woes are aught but light to me,
For when I roamed unbound and free
That flower was ever near me.

In yon fair vale, my weeping wife
Sits where the brooks run playing,
And still must wear a woeful life
Till I with her am straying,
When a blue floweret by that spot
She plucks and says—"FORGET-ME-NOT,"
I feel it here in bondage.

Yes, when two truly love, its might
They own and feel in distance,
So I, within this dungeon's night,
Cling ever to existence.
And when my heart is nigh distraught
If I but say—"FORGET-ME-NOT,"
Hope burns again within me.

J. S.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

WAFFER CAKES.—Wafer cakes are an excellent tea cake, and they do not take long to make, although a little practice is necessary before they can be successfully made.

Beat three eggs quite light. Wash a little less than a quarter of a pound of butter, to extract the salt from it, and mix it with a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar—add the beaten eggs, a tea-spoon of rose-water, and as much flour (that has been carefully passed through a sieve) as will make a stiff batter. Stir the batter with a wooden spoon until it is perfectly smooth, and so tight as to break when it falls against the sides of the vessel. Your wafer iron should be heated, but not too hot, or the butter will burn. Grease the iron with butter tied up in a linen rag, twice doubled. Fill the iron with the batter and close it. Place it in the fire in such a manner that both sides will heat at once; if this can not be done turn the iron frequently. The batter will be cooked in about two minutes if properly managed.

RAISED FLOUR WAFFLES.—Stir into a quart of flour sufficient lukewarm milk to make a thick batter. The milk should be stirred in gradually, so as to have it free from lumps. Put in a table-spoonful of melted butter, a couple of beaten eggs, a tea-spoonful of salt, and half a tea-cup of yeast. When risen, fill your waffle irons with the batter, bake them on a bed of coals. When they have been on the fire between two and three minutes, turn the waffle irons—when brown on both sides, they are sufficiently baked. The waffle irons should be well greased with lard, and very hot, before one is put in. The waffles should be buttered as soon as cooked. Serve them up with powdered white sugar and cinnamon.

RICE CAKES.—Boil a cup full of rice until it becomes a jelly, while it is warm mix a large lump of butter with it and a little salt. Add as much milk to a small tea-cupful of flower as will make a tolerable stiff batter—stir it until it is quite smooth and then mix it with the rice. Beat six eggs as light as possible and add them to the rice.

These cakes are fried on a griddle as all other pancakes—they must be carefully turned.

Serve them with powdered sugar and nutmeg. They should be served as hot as possible, or they will become heavy—and a heavy pancake is a very poor affair.

RUSK.—Melt four ounces of butter in half a pint of new milk; then add to this seven eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pint of yeast, and three ounces of sugar; put this mixture, by degrees, into as much flour as will make an extremely light paste, more like batter, and set it to rise before the fire for half an hour; then add more flour to make it rather stiffer, but not stiff. Work it well, and divide it into small loaves or cakes, about five or six inches wide, and flatten them. When baked and cold, slice them the thickness of rusks, and brown them a little in the oven.

SHORT CAKES.—Dissolve half a pound of fresh butter in as much milk as will make a pound and a half of flour into a paste, roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it into large round cakes. Do them in a frying-pan, and serve them hot. They are eaten with butter.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Mix a quart of buckwheat flour with a pint of lukewarm milk, (water will do, but is not as good,) and a tea-cup of yeast—set it on a warm place to rise. When light, (which will be in the course of eight or ten hours if family yeast is used, if brewer's yeast is used they will rise much quicker,) add a tea-spoonful of salt—if sour, the same quantity of saleratus dissolved in a little milk, and strained. If they are too thick, thin them with cold milk or water. Fry them in just fat enough to prevent their sticking to the frying pan.

CRUMPETS.—Take three tea-cups of raised dough, and work into it, with the hand, half a tea-cup of melted butter, three eggs, and milk to render it a thick batter. Turn it into a buttered bake pan—let it remain fifteen minutes, then put on a bake-pan heated so as to scorch flour. It will bake in half an hour.

Take out the wafer, split it open with a knife, and butter it, or you may sprinkle it with pounded sugar and roll it over a smooth stick made for the purpose.

The iron should be greased every time you put in the batter.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Stir into two pints of flour as much milk as will make a light batter. Melt a large lump of butter and add with it a little salt. Beat together five eggs and stir them into the batter.

These cakes are to be baked on a griddle. Serve them with powdered sugar.

It is customary to mix with the butter a table-spoonful of yeast and leave it to rise for several hours; but this is unnecessary unless you wish to bake the cakes in waffle or wafer irons.

BANNOCK OR INDIAN MEAL CAKES.—Stir to a cream a pound and a quarter of brown sugar, a pound of butter—beat six eggs, and mix them with the sugar and butter—add a tea-spoonful of cinnamon or ginger—stir in a pound and three quarters of white Indian meal, and a quarter of a pound of wheat flour, (the meal should be sifted.) Bake it in small cups, and let it remain in them till cold.

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour smoothly with a pint and a half of lukewarm milk, half a tea-cup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a heaping tea-spoonful of salt, and a couple of table-spoonfuls of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture, and bake the muffins till a light brown.

HOT SHORT ROLLS.—Dry before the fire a sufficient quantity of flour to make three penny rolls, or larger if you like; add to it an egg well beaten, a little salt, two spoonfuls of yeast, and a little warm milk; make into a light dough, let it stand by the fire all night. Bake the rolls in a quick oven.

QUICK WAFFLES.—Mix flour and cold milk together, to make a thick batter. To a quart of the flour put six beaten eggs, a table-spoonful of melted butter, and a tea-spoonful of salt. Some cooks add a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half a nutmeg. Bake them immediately.

RICE WAFFLES.—Take a tea-cup and a half of boiled rice—warm it with a pint of milk, mix it smooth, then take it from the fire, stir in a pint of cold milk, and a tea-spoonful of salt. Beat four eggs, and stir them in, together with sufficient flour to make a thick batter.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE plate, for the present month, may be pronounced the prettiest affair yet published: we intend to show, by progressive improvement, the height to which these embellishments may be carried.

FIG. I.—THE CARACO.—This fashionable walking dress is of green *moire* shot with a plum color, the front of the *jupe* trimmed with several rows of narrow ribbon velvet, put on one side, and continued up the centre of the high and tight-fitting corsage, the jacket edged to match *manche d'homme*, the *jockey* and cuff also edged with several rows of narrow ribbon velvet, the sleeve being sufficiently short to show the under full sleeve of plain *batiste*. Bonnet of dark *velours épingle*, with a Russian plume on the left side.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS of blue silk: the corsage pointed and low on the shoulders. A succession of puffs encircles the skirt, giving this costume a novel and elegant appearance. The hair is curled in front, and adorned with two roses on the right temple.

FIG. III.—A BALL DRESS of white tarlatan, having two *jupe*s. Corsage like fig. 2. The upper skirt is prettily adorned with tufts of wild flowers. It will be seen, from this and the preceding costume, that low necked dresses and short sleeves will be the fashion for evening costume this winter.

FIG. IV.—PROMENADE DRESS.—A dress of chocolate colored Pekin plaid silk. Scarf *manteau* of rich black satin, made much shorter than the dress, and encircled round the bottom with a black fringe of moderate width; the scarf which forms the cape is edged over the shoulders and back with a double broad frilling or flounce, edged as well as the ends in front, with black fringe; the top of this scarf turns over round the throat and down the fronts, forming a kind of *lappet*; these fronts are crossed, rendering it very warm to the chest. We need scarcely add that this is a very favorite style of cloak with our fashionables, particularly those who study comfort. Bonnet of white velvet, trimmed with a wreath of flowers.

BONNETS.—In Philadelphia, the gipsy bonnets, of which we gave a pattern in our fashion plate for July, are still the *ton*: they are being made up by all the leading milliners in preference to those in any other style. The gipsy cottage, with but half the poke behind that there is before, will be the most *recherche* Velvet is considered the most desirable material for bonnets. Plumes will be in great request for all fashionable capotes.

OPERA DRESS.—A dress of rich white satin, the skirt trimmed with two immense broad flounces of white lace or blonde, reaching high up the dress; low plain corsage, and short sleeves, both richly decorated with white lace. *Sortie du bal* of dark violet-colored velvet, with small square collar, and half-long drooping Persian sleeve, edged round as well as the collar and cloak, with a row of white swansdown, the border round the lower part being considerably wider than the rest, the entire mantle lined with a rich white silk quilted, or white satin. A small muff of the same description of fur, may be worn in cold weather, lined with pale pink satin, and finished on each side with two ends of white satin ribbon, of a moderate width.

Cap composed of a light style of lace, intermixed with pretty shaded pink roses without leaves, arranged in a kind of cluster at the side, the lace being perfectly flat upon the top of the head.

EVENING DRESSES.—Muslins are now in great favor for this style of costume, the bodies of which are made low, and encircled with a *petit* half-handkerchief of the same material, *brodée à petit pois*, and edged with a narrow lace, put on quite plain; this *châle* or *revers*, descends upon the front of the corsage, and parts on each side of the *ceinture*, serving to decorate the two fronts of the skirt; these pieces being rounded toward the lower part, which it also encircles, forms a kind of tunic, having a very light effect, the small short sleeves being similarly decorated; the *ceinture*, or sash, is composed of a pink and white *Bayadère* ribbon, tied in a pretty kind of *nœud* in the front, and falling in two long floating ends; the same style of ribbon serves to decorate the hair, forming two *nœuds* on each side of the head. Another very elegant style of evening costume, are those made in the *redingote* form, of *gros de Naples*, figured in crossways pink stripes; the body plain, *à petit châles*, made very low.

COSTUME FOR PARTY.—A very superb and entirely novel costume for evening is composed of white tarlatan muslin, worn over a slip of white satin; the *jupe* is made immensely full, and with two immense broad tucks, the top of the upper one reaching to a little below the waist, on each side of the front and upon the tucks, at equal distances, are placed two splendid pink and white roses, surrounded by its foliage, made in dark green velvet. The corsage is made low, round, and full, divided over the bust with three rows of embroidery inlet, the sleeves very short, and formed to match the upper part of the corsage. A splendid rich lace scarf, of an immense width and length, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders, and lined with a very pale pink *gaze*. The back hair is fastened low at the back, surrounding the head in a thick plat, and forming a very large round; a magnificent pale pink and white rose and its foliage, *pareil* to those on the dress, are placed very low at the back on each side the head, the front hair arranged in three narrow plats, looped up with a narrow gold comb.

PROMENADE DRESS.—For promenade, a new fall style is as follows:—A dress of a rich shot taffetas pink and fawn color; the skirt made with two deep vandyked flounces, edged round with a narrow pink silk fringe, and simply headed with a *petit-rouleau* of the same material as the dress; these flounces are put on only a short distance from each other; low corsage *à trois pièces*, the centre of the waist forming a perfect point; the top of the bust decorated with a round double cape, made quite open in the front, and each edged with a narrow fringe; high chemisette, made slightly full, and edged round with a narrow lace; half long plain sleeves; the under full one of white muslin forms a kind of continuation to the upper sleeve, a row of lace falling over the hands. Bonnet of fancy straw, prettily but simply trimmed with a roll of twisted red and gold colored ribbon falling in a deep drapery on the right side, fringed at the ends; the interior decorated with loops of the same description of ribbon, and tied in the centre under the chin.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The May Flower for 1846. Edited by Robert Hamilton. Boston, Saxton & Kelt. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson and G. S. Appleton.—This annual, though of less pretension than others, is really the most elegant one we have seen for 1846. The engravings are particularly choice. They are all mezzotints by Sartain, from pictures by Deveria, Topham, Van Holst, Crowley, Winterhalter, and Wilkie, and a better selection, either for beauty, appropriateness or variety could not have been made. The frontispiece, "Innocence," is especially fine. "Cup Tossing" and "The Raising of Jairus' daughter," are also exquisite. The contributions of the editor are all good, and there are several excellent tales and poems from other writers. The type is clear and new—the paper unexceptionable—and the binding in elegant embossed morocco. We cordially recommend this annual.

Scenes in the Life of our Saviour. An Annual for 1846. Edited by R. W. Griswold, D. D. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston.—The engravings in this annual are from the inimitable burin of Sartain, but not so well selected as in the May Flower and other annuals. The paper, type and printing are neat. But we were disappointed to find that the articles, instead of being original, as they should have been in so costly a work, were nearly all well known poems. It is complimentary neither to American authors nor to the American public, to present them, in an annual like this, with letter-press which is as familiar as nursery rhymes.

Littell's Living Age. Parts XVI., XVII., and XVIII.—This periodical, as perhaps our readers know, is made up of selections from the English magazines and reviews; and the taste with which the selections are made renders it the most valuable affair of the kind in the United States. Those who wish to keep pace with the periodical literature on the other, as well as on this side of the Atlantic, should subscribe for both Littell's Living Age and the Ladies' National Magazine.

Oracles of Shakspeare. By Robert Hamilton. 1 vol. Boston Saxton & Kelt.—This is a collection of aphorisms from Shakspeare, so arranged as to make a very entertaining game, the manner of playing which is described in a preface.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE VOLUME FOR 1846.—We are now approaching the end of our eighth volume. During the four years we have been in existence, numerous periodicals of a like character have been begun, and subsequently abandoned; while this one has steadily increased, both in character and circulation, until it now claims to be the first ladies periodical for fashion, literature and art. Our articles are all original and from the best American writers. Our mezzotints are more numerous than those of any rival. Our fashion plates have always

given the styles in advance of every other monthly. With but one exception so rapid an ascent to lasting popularity, has never been witnessed among the magazines of this country.

For 1846 we predict for ourselves still greater success. Since July, when we introduced mezzotints again as constant embellishments, the increase in our subscription list has warranted still further outlays. Whatever capital can do, therefore, during the coming year, shall be done, without regard to expense. In the costly character of our embellishments we will show the sleepy three dollar magazines an example of energy and success. *We have in hand an illustration for January which will cost us double the price which any picture has yet cost a rival.* We shall also come out with new type in that number. The fashion plate for next month will be as much superior to this one, as it is superior to the last; and the plate for January will surpass everything ever seen here yet. During the whole of next year—let others try as they may—we shall maintain our supremacy in the fashion department. This we distinctly promise; and our promises are kept.

Several new writers have been added to our list, among them the author of "Conquest and Self Conquest," a lady whose productions, until she engaged for us, had not yet been obtained for any of the magazines. She will, during 1846, contribute regularly to our pages. We have no fear but what in the literary, as well as the pictorial department, we shall "lead the field."

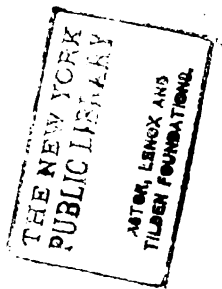
In conclusion we may say that it is now time for our friends to be on the alert in getting up clubs for 1846. Remit early.

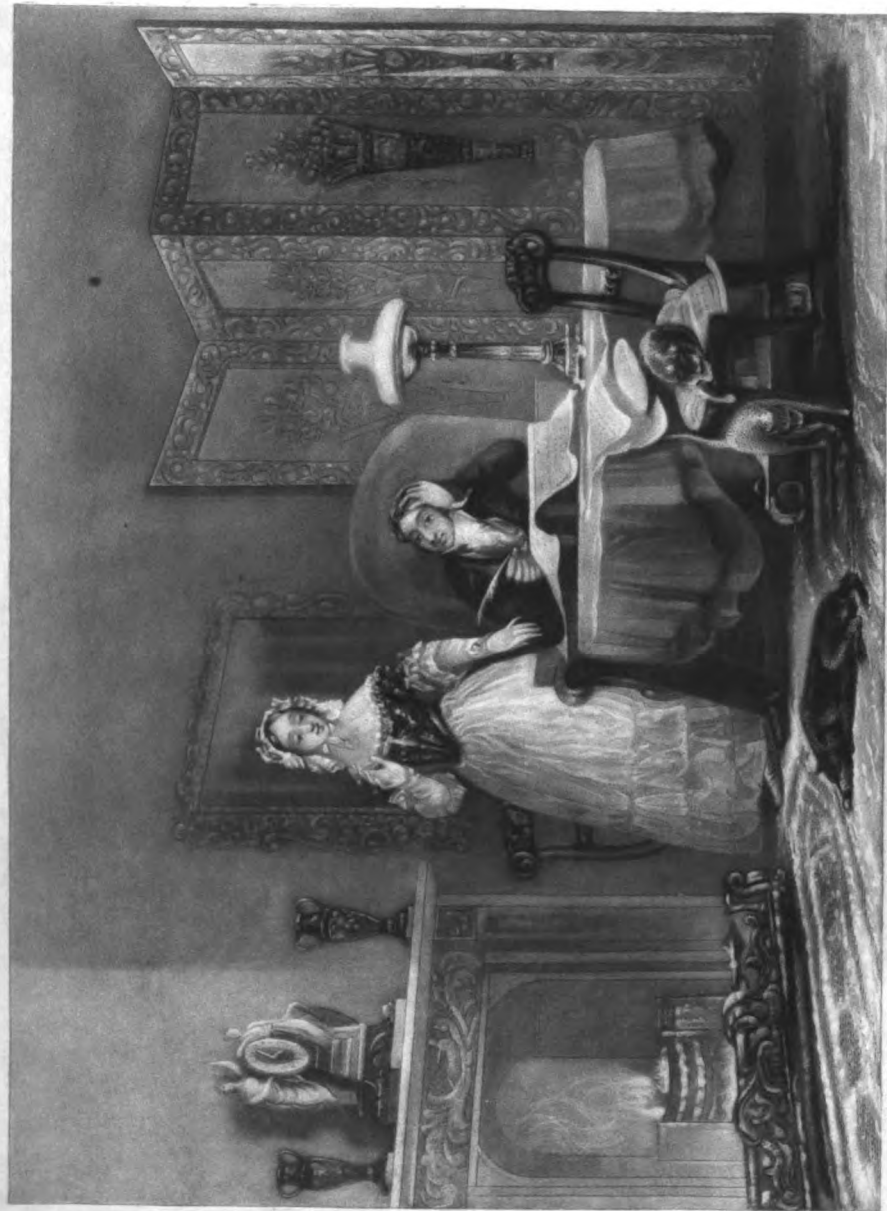
The Prospectus explains, at more length, the improvements we intend to make.

MOUTH OF THE DANUBE.—We present our readers, in this number, with an engraving of the mouth of the celebrated Danube, one of the largest rivers in Europe. Raising among the Alps, it sweeps the rich plains of Austria and Hungary, and after a course of many hundred miles, pours its flood of water into the Black Sea, a considerable distance above Constantinople. The shores at the mouth are low and reedy: immense numbers of wild fowl congregate in the marshes. Our engraver has made a very pleasing and sunny picture of this scene.

A PRACTICAL TALE.—The story by F. E. F., concluded in the present number, is an admirable picture of real life. It contains many wholesome morals. But the character of Mary is as natural to the city as to the country—who does not, every day, see people infected with the same mania to "make a figure?" We also call attention to "Romance and Reality," which is by a new contributor, from whom we shall be glad to hear again.

MEZZOTINT.—A superb mezzotint in our December number.

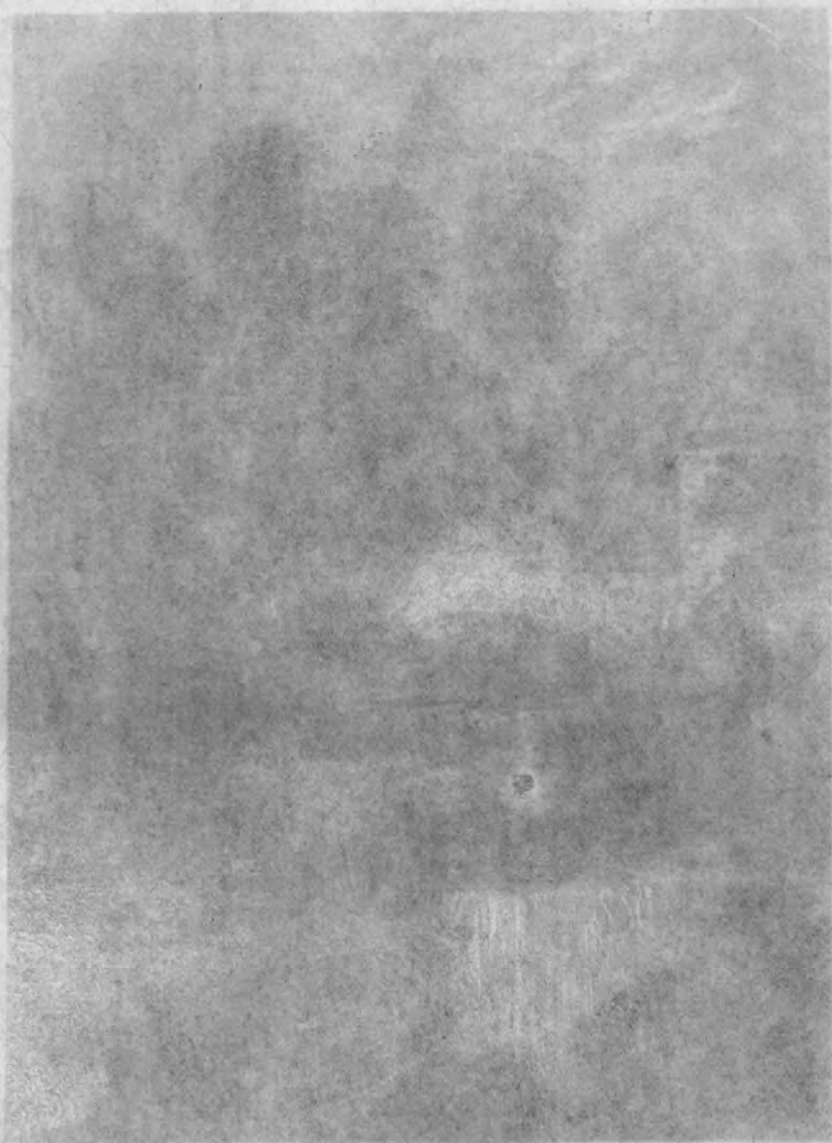




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WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Engraved Expressly for this Magazine



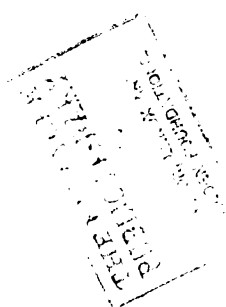
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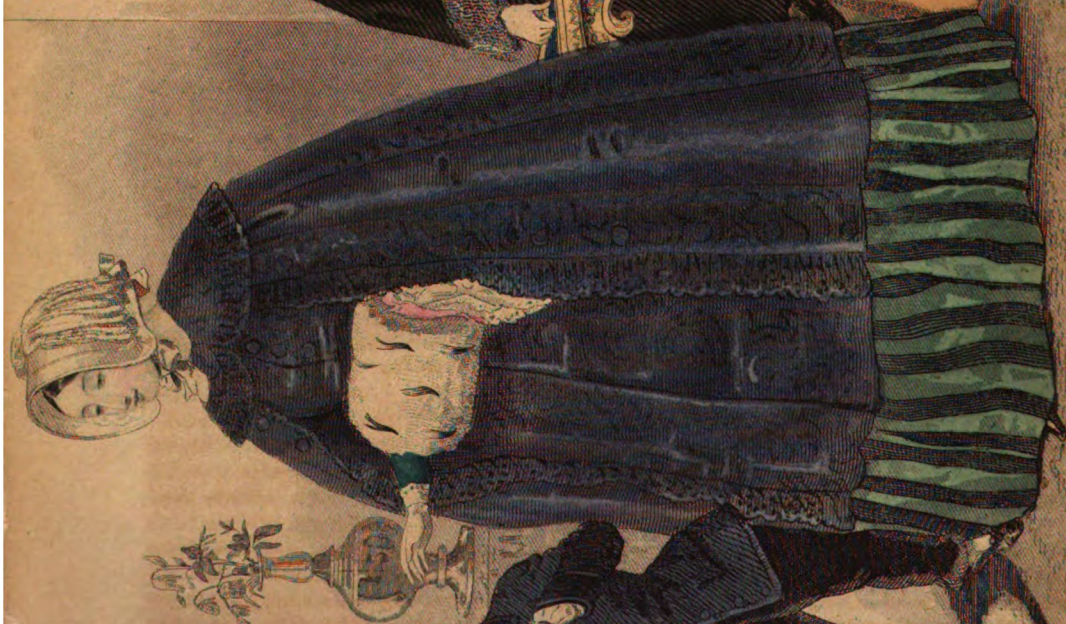
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THE BRIDGE OF THE RIVER

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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1845.

No. 6.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"DEAR Earnest, do lay aside your law papers. I declare I shall not suffer you," continued his wife playfully, "to be so devoted to anything but myself."

Her husband looked up from the huge brief, with the wearied look of one almost worn out by incessant mental labor, but a smile instantly came over his face as he met the eyes of his sweet wife.

"Then you will break your promise, Belle," he said, "for you know I told you, when we married, that the law would be thereafter my mistress, almost as much as yourself."

"So you did. But you are ruining your health by this close application, and, as I made no contract for that, you must give up these papers for to-night. You toil too hard: I did not think of this when we married, or I would not have been so selfish," she said with a sigh.

"Nay, nay, Belle," replied her husband, pushing back his chair from the table, and affectionately taking the hand of his wife between both of his, "there is no need to reproach yourself. If I work hard it is because I am ambitious. For your sake I am resolved to win a foremost place at the bar, and with it opulence; but instead of repining at the toil that lies before me, I bless God that you have been the means to force it on me. What would I have been but the idle spendthrift I was fast becoming, if I had remained my uncle's heir and married Helen Weston? It was my love for you, which procuring my disinheritance, made me what I am!"

"Ah, had I but known it in time—had you only told me that you sacrificed fortune for me——"

"You would have refused me. You have said the same a dozen times before, Belle, and I know you too well to doubt your word. It was for that very reason I did not tell you. Had I informed you that my uncle would cut me off without a shilling if I married you, a mistaken pride would have led you to cancel our engagement. And

what would have been the consequence? Neither of us would have been happy; for ours was not the love of children, but of adults, an affection founded on a knowledge of each others character and not on boyish and girlish caprice. Whom God has thus joined us together, in spirit, let no man put asunder; and we should have been acting criminally had we broken our plight to gratify the unreasonable and tyrannical whim of my uncle."

"But he was your nearest relative——"

"Granted. But had he been my father, it would have been the same. No one goes further than I do in upholding the rights of parents; and, as a general rule, their commands, even on the subject of marriage, should be implicitly followed. Yet, in this case, there was no possible objection to you except your poverty. Now, as I look at the matter, this was my affair. If I chose to toil hard with you for my wife, instead of living a rich drone as Helen Weston's husband, it was my business and that of no other person whatever. Besides I knew she was not fit for a wife, at least for me; vain, haughty, and ill-tempered, life with her would have been a constant scene of bickering. Nay, do not try to defend her—I know your good-nature would make the best of every one—I will, if it please you, say no more of her; but I thank heaven that you and not Helen is my wife."

"Ah! Earnest, how shall I ever repay you for all you have sacrificed!"

"By saying nothing of it. Why, my dear, I have sacrificed nothing for *you*. On the contrary, all I have of fame or fortune, I owe to you. When I first won your love I was an idle man of fashion, the heir expectant of thousands a year: I spent my time at the theatre, the billiard rooms or the race-course. Without being actually depraved I was fast becoming so. It is true I had no taste for low dissipation, but I was idle, and time hanging heavily on my hands, I sought amusement any and everywhere. Believe me, the path of a rich young man is set thick with temptation. I was already acquiring a passion for play, when chance threw me in the circle

where you moved. It was a passing whim, I then thought, that led me to pay a visit to your country town, but I now believe it was a direct interference on the part of Providence, who will not suffer a sparrow to fall without taking account of it. I saw you and loved. At first my gay companions tried to laugh me out of my passion; but every day showed me more and more of your amiability, modesty and correct principles. You know the rest. I chose wisely in abandoning a fortune that would have made me a sloth, and might have been my ruin."

"But it pains me when I see you toiling thus. You will injure your health by over-application. Let us be contented with less."

"Calm your fears, dearest. My health sustains no injury, and it is only for the past week that my application has been so severe. This mass of papers belongs to a very complicated and important case which I was anxious to master, for it will be the reputation of any one man thoroughly to understand it, and I consider myself fortunate in being retained. It shows that my fame is extending, and that I am no longer a drone in society, but an honored and useful citizen. We should all do some good; we owe it to our fellow creatures; and I feel far happier since I have been able, by means of my profession, to redress injuries and right the wronged. I know you sometimes think I overwork myself, and that I do it for your sake; but it is not wholly so: I toil now from a sense of duty, and enjoy a supreme pleasure in doing so. I have done enough, however, for to-night—I think I thoroughly comprehend the case—so we will lay aside the papers. But next week I shall expect you to be very proud of me, for I intend to win this, my first great case, in the teeth of the opinion expressed by our oldest lawyers: and if I do so, it will restore an estate to a widow and her children, who have been defrauded of it by a miserly old man, who does not hesitate to say he has the *letter* of the will in his favor, and cares nothing for its *spirit*. But we shall see. If I win this cause, my fortune will be assured, and then you need have no more fears, as I see you now have."

Earnest Ormond has told his own story so well that we have nothing to add to it. Three years had now elapsed since his union with Isabel Rowe, and during that short period he had risen to considerable eminence in his profession, surprising his friends by the facility with which the idle man of fashion had been transformed into the studious and business-like lawyer. But there had been a fund of latent energy hidden under the gay exterior of Earnest, and when his uncle disinherited him, he applied himself at once to

the study of the law, supporting himself out of a small legacy to which he was entitled in his own right. Early and late he was at his books; and, when the time came for his examination, he was admitted to the bar with the highest honors. His energetic application to his laborious profession soon brought him clients. Gifted with great natural talents, which hitherto had been allowed to rust from disuse, he speedily became distinguished for eloquence: suits of importance began to find their way to him; and at length, by the advice of one of the oldest and most sagacious members of the bar, who had been applied to but could not undertake it in consequence of other business, he was entrusted with a case, considered well nigh desperate, but one involving an immense amount of property, and enlisting all the best feelings of the heart in its favor. It was this case to which he had alluded in the foregoing conversation with his wife.

"Well, Ormond, do you think you will be able to do anything to-day?" said one of the opposing lawyers rather sneeringly, when he came into court. "You might as well own the weakness of your case and save us the trouble of pleading."

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" retorted Earnest, and bowing to the court, he said, "if your honor pleases, I will go on."

He had not spoken more than half an hour, before the triumphant looks of the opposing party became changed to those of alarm; for, to the astonishment of all, he boldly asserted that the case which they so relied on as a precedent, was itself bad law, and contradicted in a dozen instances in the books. He proceeded to enforce this assertion with such an array of authority, and to enlarge on the absurdity of the precedent with such cogency of reason, that glances of consternation began to be exchanged between the lawyers for the defendant, and notes were hurriedly written and sent off for books which were wanted for the purpose of examination. The judge, who had shook his head when Earnest announced his position, now began to be all attention, and seemed profoundly struck by the force of what the pleader said. The news of the impression that Earnest was making soon spread abroad: the lawyers hurried in from their offices and from the other courts, and the space both inside and outside the bar became speedily crowded. The subject was one well calculated also for the display of natural eloquence, and Earnest, in inveighing against the hardship of the pretended rule of law, by which a widow and her children were reduced to beggary, in contradiction of the plain meaning of the will, drew tears from many an eye. He sat down amid murmurs of applause.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, turning to the opposite side, "what have you to say? I confess I think the case is sifted to the bottom and that we have been all wrong. Unless you can overturn Mr. Ormond's authorities I shall instruct the jury to give a verdict in his favor. He knows more law than all of us put together."

The opposing attorneys attempted to make a defence, but they spoke, all the while, with a consciousness that they were in the wrong. As the judge said, Earnest had sifted the whole matter to the bottom. The result was a charge from the bench in his favor, and a verdict from the jury who did not leave the box.

So distinguished a triumph exceeded anything which had occurred in the memory of the bar, and at once elevated Ormond to the front rank of his profession. Before he left the court-house, he had been retained as consulting counsel in a dozen cases of importance. From the congratulations of his friends he broke loose as soon as possible and hurried home. His wife was waiting for him in their little parlor, eager to hear the result, yet almost dreading to ask it, for she had not her husband's confidence of success.

"I have won. Give me joy, Belle. Did I not say I would succeed?"

The wife flung herself into his arms, and burst into glad tears of joy.

"Nay, weeping," said Earnest, "but I see they are tears of joy," he continued, as his wife smiled up into his face. And then, as the cheers of the crowd, who had followed him in triumph home, broke on his ears, he added, "see what you have made of me! I shall almost begin to think I am a great man."

"Ah! Earnest—you know I have not made you this."

"But you have, dearest. You it was that woke me from my spell of indolence—the necessity of struggling to provide you a home worthy of you, first taught me my own abilities—and without your love to cheer me, in hours of depression caused by hard study, I might have given out long ago. But the goal is now won. Dear Belle, your sex little knows the influence it exerts. It has saved many a man beside me, even though he has not had such an angel of a wife."

Earnest fulfilled the promise he held out in his first great case, and rose to be the leading attorney of his native city, a member of Congress, a senator, a judge, and an ambassador abroad. But he never ceased, whenever the conversation diverged on his early struggles, to turn to his wife with a loving smile, and say that all he had, of fame or fortune, he owed to her influence.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY HIRAM KELSEY.

'Tis night; and what a glorious night!
O'er mountain, vale and sea,
The harvest moon pours forth its light
In floods of brilliancy.

Ten thousand gems are in the sky,
A thousand on the streams,
That sweetly mingle as they lie
Their soft and silvery beams.

A solemn silence fills the air,
Save when the harvest song,
With many a cadence rich and rare,
Floats the glad earth along,
And every heart beats high with mirth
And grateful love and glee;
As harvest-time flings o'er the earth
Its light and melody.

Fond memory brings its golden vase,
With all the light and shade,
That glimmered o'er our youthful race,
Like star-light o'er the glade—
The holy hopes and cherished dreams
That blessed life's opening dawn,
As o'er the East all blushing gleams
The bright and rosy morn.

And oh! may thus each passing hour
See some bright hope fulfilled:
And manhood still possess the power,
That first our bosoms thrilled?
And when our forms time shall consign
Unto the chilly grave,
May memories of our virtues shine
Like stars upon the wave!

SONG.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

THE lute that woke in hours,
When pleasure crowned its strings
With leaves and blushing flowers,
Through festal halls now flings
No more, the sweets out-breathing
From music's soul, unwreathing
Its pensive murmurings.

The cup in revel lifted,
By those that meet no more,
The tried, the true, the gifted,
Its tide will not restore;
Though other hands may raise it,
And other lips may praise it,
Such waves they may not pour.

The heart that loved thee only
Is like that silent chord,
And like the chalice lonely
Whose bright waves all are poured;
The voice of song that bound it,
The waves of light that crowned it,
May never be restored.

THE RICHMOND HEBE.

A STORY OF THE OLD DOMINION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONQUEST AND SELF
CONQUEST," &c. &c.

SOME of our readers may perhaps be unacquainted with the fact that while this country was still a part of the British Empire, it was honored by the presence of a very remarkable lady, who was announced in the papers of the day as the Princess Augusta De Haldegrave, a near connection—some said a sister—of her Majesty the Queen of England. The circumstances which we are about to narrate, occurred soon after her arrival in Richmond, Virginia, in the close of the year 1771.

The fire blazed merrily in the large, old-fashioned fire-place of Colonel Elliot's handsome mansion in Richmond, and a cheerful family party were gathered around it to celebrate, in a good, old-fashioned way, the Christmas Eve of 1771. The party consisted of Colonel Elliot himself, a handsome, soldierly-looking man of forty-five, his wife, who at forty, retained much of the beauty which had made her the reigning belle of two winters before her marriage, their eldest son, Randolph Elliot, a manly youth of twenty, their daughter, Gertrude, three or four younger children—who were allowed in compliment to the season to remain in the parlor at an hour when they were usually in their beds—and one visitor. As this visitor and Gertrude Elliot occupy important places in our history, we will present them more particularly to the reader, giving to the lady the precedence which is due to her.

Her form developed into proportions at once healthful and graceful, her buoyant step and her joyous nature had gained for Gertrude the name of the "Richmond Hebe"—but those who knew her intimately—those who could read her soul in her face, and who saw that while her mother's arch smile dimpled her cheek and played around her lovely mouth, somewhat of her father's loftier character was stamped upon her brow, were scarce satisfied with the name.

"Hebe was the companion of the gods only at the feast—in mirthful hours—Gertrude Elliot if that proud brow and those serene eyes do not speak falsely, possesses those higher qualities which fit her for the friend of the dark and stormy days."

So had Herbert Grayson spoken to one who had applied this epithet to Gertrude in his hearing, three months before. He had then just returned to America from a seven years residence in England, where his education had been mainly

conducted, yet in this, his first interview with Gertrude since her childhood, he judged her more truly than many at whose side she had grown into a woman. And now Herbert Grayson was seated at her side, her betrothed lover, privileged to turn on her his admiring gaze, to catch the timid glances which half revealed and half concealed her deepest emotion, and to anticipate the bliss of calling her in a few short weeks by the holy name of "wife." And those who knew Herbert Grayson wondered not at his success. It is true some surprise was occasionally expressed when their engagement was named, but it was that he who had mingled on terms of equality with the most refined circle of English society—he whose rare advantages of person and fortune, and yet rarer endowments of intellect, had rendered him a favored member of that circle, should have remained till the mature age of twenty-five unmarried, and have at last yielded his heart to a simple, untravelled American girl. Perhaps none were so much surprised at this as Gertrude herself, because none so highly estimated the admirable qualities of her lover. In truth, his perfect *savoir faire*—the result of acquaintance with the best society of foreign lands as well as his own—united with his high-toned character and far-reaching thought, gave him such advantages over all whom Gertrude had yet known, that reverence mingled with her love. Unconsciously she betrayed this every day by her adoption of his opinions and her reference to his taste. It was sweet flattery of which Herbert Grayson never grew weary, and it may be that he sometimes differed from her in matters where no principle was concerned, that he might enjoy it. This Christmas Eve, however, he was to have a proof that her acquiescence was limited—that his worldly wisdom could infuse none of its asperity into her loving spirit—that even for him she would not put aside the charity which bade her

"Gently scan her brother man,
Still gentler sister woman."

While in some parts of the United States Christmas has become a day of little note in comparison with New Year's day, in Virginia and the southern states generally it has maintained the pre-eminence given it by our English ancestors. It is at Christmas that the man immersed in the cares of busy life, comes back from the distant town in which he pursues his avocations to the old homestead, and seated by his mother's side, lays by the hard and worldly nature which for a year he had been forming, and becomes again a frank, affectionate and glad hearted boy. It is at Christmas that those who had grown up under the same roof-tree, shared the same cradle in infancy, the same sports in

childhood, and the same hopes in youth, return from their wanderings to that place which, live where they will, is ever the heart's home, and over which, though the light of hope may have faded, memory sheds a glow more warmer and tender, and if less brilliant, not less beautiful. Strangers are rarely invited to a Christmas dinner, yet Mrs. Elliot now sought to win her husband's consent to a departure so far from their custom on that day as to extend their hospitality to a lady who had appeared in Richmond within a few days, and who had interested them equally by her fascinating manners and her strange and romantic history. This lady was addressed as the Lady Augusta De Waldegrave, but it was well known that under this less imposing title she veiled the illustrious rank of princess.

To Mrs. Elliot's proposed invitation Colonel Elliot shook his head, repeating, "some other time—not on Christmas day."

"I know it is unusual," said Mrs. Elliot, "but for that very reason the compliment will be greater, and we can scarcely do too much to secure her interest at court for Randolph. Think how important such a friend may be to him while in London."

"I know it, my dear—besides, I am really interested in this lady, and feel moreover that she has a claim on my loyalty for every attention—but a stranger would interfere grievously with my enjoyment on Christmas day—I want none but my own family around me then."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Herbert Grayson?" whispered an arch, mischievous girl of ten years old—"you cannot come here to-morrow, for papa wishes none but his own family around him on Christmas day."

"And do you not know that I am one of papa's family, sauce box?" asked Herbert, kissing the dimpled cheek that looked so like Gertrude's.

"Papa, is Mr. Herbert Grayson one of your family?" persisted the child.

Colonel Elliot only laughed at the inquiry, but on the child's urging it, he drew her to him and in a whisper, but a whisper loud enough to be heard by all, said, "yes, Herbert is my eldest son—Gertrude found him for me—if you should ever find me another, I hope it will be one whom I can love as well as I do Herbert."

Herbert Grayson's eyes rested first on Gertrude's blushing cheek and happy smile—then, turning with an expression of cordial pleasure to Colonel Elliot, he said, "I hope you will not think your goodness has made me arrogant, if I venture to ask whether you are prudent in introducing this woman into your family, without some better proof than her word that she is what she professes to be."

"Why, what better proof can we have than the queen's miniature—her watch and ring marked with the royal arms, and the letters which she has lately received announcing her pardon, and promising that a frigate shall be sent for her if she will consent to return. I am told the king pledges his royal word in these letters that her companion shall be elevated to the peerage, and that he will then no longer oppose their marriage?"

"You are told, you say—you did not then see these letters?"

"I did not read them, but she showed me the signatures both of the king and queen."

Herbert Grayson was silent for a few moments, and Colonel Elliot believed him convinced, but he then spoke even more gravely than before. "I acknowledge to you," he said, "my conviction that this Lady Augusta—as she calls herself—is an impostor. I do not believe the queen has any such sister—certainly none such has ever appeared in England."

"She does not say that she is the queen's sister, that is only an inference of others—besides, if she is, she may never have appeared at the English court—it may have been at her own home in Germany that she met Mr. Sothway."

"And at once relinquished for him parents and friends, all womanly propriety, and all the obligations imposed on her by her high rank and her responsible position."

"You speak harshly," said Gertrude, "of one whose greatest fault appears to have been that she preferred the homage of one true heart to the glittering pomps and shows of a court."

"Nay, Gertrude—did she relinquish nothing else—had her parents—had society no claim on her?"

"Her parents would have sent her from them, it is said, to a heartless marriage with one whom she had never seen."

"She is excusable if she has ceased to be a princess only to remain true to the womanly nature which royal conventionalisms so often sacrifice—but surely she need not have run off with one lover to avoid another—I confess her whole tale seems to me absurd, incredible."

"It is much more credible to me," said Colonel Elliot, "that a woman should sacrifice every other consideration to her affections than that she should practice such a vile imposture for interested motives. When woman errs it is through the excess of her noble and generous qualities, for 'her very vices lean to virtue's side.'"

Gertrude looked up at her father with an animated expression of pleasure, then said to Herbert Grayson with something like reproach in her tone, "you do not think thus of woman."

"No, Gertrude, I do not," he replied decidedly. "To me a pure minded and true hearted woman is almost an angel—but fallen angels become devils, you know, and could I tell you half the wretchedness I have seen wrought by evil minded women, you would not accuse me as I see you are doing of harshness in supposing that your admired princess may have assumed her title for selfish purposes."

"Your will at least acknowledge that it is not quite fair to judge what you do not know. My father has Lady Augusta's permission to present Randolph to her—go with them and if her own charms and the truth stamped upon her face do not make a convert of you, you must be a sceptic indeed."

To this Herbert Grayson readily consented, and a few days afterward he accompanied Colonel Elliot and Randolph to the principal hotel in Richmond, where the Lady Augusta occupied a suite of apartments elegantly fitted up and furnished anew for her use. While Colonel Elliot was paying his own respects to her, Herbert Grayson had time to observe this extraordinary woman. Her figure was tall and commanding, her countenance animated and intelligent, and though her features were not regularly beautiful, a fine complexion, dark, expressive eyes, and an abundance of glossy black hair, arranged very becomingly, rendered her face handsome and attractive. But it was in her varied conversation, now animated and impressive, now gay and sparkling, and anon breathing a tender melancholy that her chief charm lay. She received her visitors with easy and dignified self-possession, and Herbert was compelled to acknowledge that she was well acquainted with the ceremonials of a court and preserved precisely the position due to her supposed rank. Still in admitting this to Gertrude, he added with a smile, "she speaks very good English for a German."

"That may well be, if she was educated, as is probable, by an English governess and accustomed to speak it from her childhood."

Mr. Sothway who was to join the princess at Richmond, having been detained in Philadelphia somewhat longer than was expected by important business, at the respectful solicitation of Colonel and Mrs. Elliot, the fair and royal *inamorata* consented to exchange her lonely position at the hotel for rooms at their house. There she was entertained by all the family with the respect due to her high rank, and by Randolph Elliot with a devotion which fell little short of that formerly rendered by a *preux chevalier* to the lady of his love. For the first time in his life he became an early riser that he might cull the fresh flowers of morning for the bouquet which he presented to

her daily, and whether she was home or abroad—whether she walked or rode—he was ever her humblest and most assiduous attendant. Colonel and Mrs. Elliot saw all this with a satisfied smile. It was for their son's sake that they had especially desired to recommend themselves to the Lady Augusta. He was to go abroad the next year, to finish his education, as all Americans were then desirous of doing, in the mother country—and Lady Augusta, restored to England and to the favor of the royal family, would be an inestimable friend to him while there—perhaps through her favor his success in life might be secured. Such were the prudent motives which united with a more generous interest to insure to the royal stranger the kind offices of Colonel Elliot. But far different was the source of his son's devotion. Imaginative, susceptible and wholly ignorant of a world less true and pure than that with which the society of his own home had acquainted him, Randolph Elliot met this graceful and talented stranger without the shield of a single doubt or reserve. To him she was in very truth a princess, far worthier of homage for having laid aside her regal pomp that she might descend to the level of the true heart which she valued beyond throne and sceptre. Around her clustered all those time hallowed associations with which the boldest free thinker on political subjects in those days regarded what ever pertained to royalty, and all the gentle and tender emotions which in all ages wait on a lovely, highly gifted and self-sacrificing woman. The feeling with which he regarded her wanted but a little less of reverence or a little more of hope to become the truest and most ardent love that woman ever won, and the latter ingredient it soon became apparent to the observant Herbert Grayson was not to be withheld.

Week after week passed away, and still Mr. Sothway's coming was unavoidably delayed, and still Lady Augusta remained at Colonel Elliot's. At first letters frequently arrived from her absent lover, and were received by her with lively expressions of pleasure. At length they came more rarely, and heavy sighs and long depression followed their perusal. These circumstances created dissatisfaction with Mr. Sothway in the minds of all her admirers, but in that of Randolph Elliot, anger, the most bitter against him, sympathy, the most tender for her, contended for mastery. To the anger he feared to give vent lest he should offend her whom he most desired to please, but the sympathy he could not repress, and it found expression in his softened tones, his tenderer glances, his more assiduous attentions. These were received with such gentle and grateful confidingness that an unacknowledged,

almost an unconscious hope sprang up in his heart.

Once and once only Herbert Grayson attempted to insinuate to Gertrude his own conviction of her brother's dangerous position, but he found that though her heart was alive to the possibility of future suffering to Randolph from an unrequited and hopeless attachment to their noble visitor, he could arouse no doubt of the Lady Augusta's honor and rectitude, and half angry with her for her blind confidence, even while adoring the pure heart from which it sprang, he appeared to relinquish all further effort to stem the current of events. It was not long indeed before his more respectful manner and gentler tone toward the noble lady evinced that even his prejudices were not proof against her charms. Gertrude perceived this change with silent, but sincere pleasure. The pleasure, however, soon received some alloy. It appeared to her that in his generous desire to redeem the past, Herbert was devoting himself too exclusively to the Lady Augusta, manifesting too ardent an admiration of her. She had never feared that a boy like Randolph could acquire any undue influence over the lady's heart, but with Herbert Grayson it was quite a different affair. The Lady Augusta certainly seemed to take great delight in his society, and Gertrude heartily wished—of course from a purely disinterested anxiety for the poor lady's future peace—that Mr. Sothway would hasten his arrival. But January had passed away—the second week of February had commenced, and still he came not.

One evening in this second week Col. Elliot's family were assembled in the drawing-room, waiting the appearance of the Lady Augusta, whom they were to attend to one of the many brilliant festivals with which she had been welcomed by the inhabitants of Richmond, when Herbert Grayson was announced. Gertrude had expected him at an earlier hour, and she turned to chide him for his delay, but the intended reproach died on her lip, and she stood gazing in silence on the unusual splendor of his dress. As he advanced the light was reflected brilliantly from his diamond sword hilt, his knee and shoe buckles—on his ungloved hand a diamond of extraordinary size sparkled in a ring, and another equally large glittered upon the lace ruffles in his bosom. His dress, though always tasteful and elegant, was usually rather remarkable for its freedom from ornament, and this display was, therefore, the more striking.

"Herbert, you are quite dazzling to-night," exclaimed Colonel Elliot as he approached.

"I have appeared, as you see, in full court dress in order to do honor to your royal guest."

"I am glad," said Colonel Elliot with some exultation of manner, "that your scepticism has yielded at last."

"Do not speak of the past, I entreat you," replied Herbert, "I will endeavor to make amends for it, though I am conscious there is a long arrear against me. I shall ask the honor of escorting her to the ball this evening, if my liege lady will permit me," he added with a playful bow to Gertrude. At this moment the Lady Augusta entered, dressed in a crimson velvet and blazing with jewels. Herbert Grayson approached her with the utmost deference, and tendered to her with the easy grace of one accustomed to a court, those observances due to the royal birth and rank, which, though she did not yet openly assert, she could scarcely be said to conceal. She condescendingly consented to accept his escort to the ball, and he handed her to his phaeton, which, with its outriders, footmen and coachman, all attired in a new and showy livery, waited at Colonel Elliot's door. We cannot dwell upon the events of the evening further than to say that before the company separated, Gertrude thought her lover had done more than enough to atone for the past, and that Randolph Elliot, as he stood with folded arms and lowering brow gazing upon the Princess Augusta and her handsome and graceful partner, while they stepped through the stately movements of the *minuet de la cour*, repeated to himself more than once, "let him trifle with Gertrude if he dare."

The next morning when Herbert Grayson presented himself at Colonel Elliot's, he found Gertrude in the breakfasting room with the rest of the family, instead of being permitted to seek her in the apartment, where, since their betrothal, she had received him with only her birds and flowers, her books and music for her companions. "If he wishes a private interview let him ask it," Gertrude had said to herself. At one moment she believed he was about to do so, but the next the entrance of the princess appeared to dissipate all thoughts unconnected with her. In the afternoon Herbert Grayson's phaeton was again at Colonel Elliot's door, but it was only to take the princess to a country seat in the neighborhood, which she had in the morning expressed a desire to visit. She was already prepared for her drive, and sat with Gertrude awaiting Herbert's arrival, when he was announced. He paused but a moment to hand Gertrude a book, saying, "that volume contains something in reference to the subject on which we differed in opinion the other day—if you will take the trouble to read the article, I think you will find that I am right."

Gertrude glanced at the volume. It was the first volume of the *Spectator*, and feeling little

disposed just then to enjoy its elegant trifling or its somewhat tedious homilies, as her companions left the room she threw it on a table near her, and sinking on a chair, was soon lost in painful reverie. Three days afterward even Col. Elliot had begun to look with seriousness upon the very decided flirtation—to call it by its mildest name—between his guest and his daughter's lover, while Gertrude's cheek alternately pale and flushed, and the icy coldness of her hands belied the smile that played ever on her lip, and the gay words with which she entertained all who approached her. But how shall we describe the wild storm of passion that raged in the heart of Randolph Elliot, and stamped itself upon his features. "Gertrude, you shall be avenged," he whispered to his sister on the evening of the last of these three days, grasping her hand with one not less cold and tremulous, and fixing his eyes upon the figure of the distant Herbert, who stood near the door with the hand of the princess in his own, lingering as if loth to part. Gertrude strove to detain her brother, but he burst from her grasp, seemingly without hearing her few hurried words of remonstrance. He hastily traversed the neighboring apartment, ascended the stairs rapidly, and the next moment her anxious ear detected the loud slamming of his chamber door. In that sound there was a reprieve. He would do nothing for that night. Relieved from the fear which had for a few minutes absorbed all her faculties, she looked around her. Herbert Grayson was gone—the princess had withdrawn, and Mrs. Elliot had attended her with her usual stately ceremony to her apartment. Gertrude was alone with her father, and as her eye rested on him, the color flushed to her cheek beneath his fixed and compassionate gaze.

"Gertrude!" said Colonel Elliot, in a voice full of tenderness—she looked—he opened his arms to her, and the next instant she lay upon his bosom sobbing convulsively. It was the first time she had shed a tear—for, even in loneliness, her pride had sustained her—but now the flood gates were opened, and Colonel Elliot trembled at the passionate emotion that shook her frame. In the midst of this wild abandonment a step was heard upon the stairs—she raised her head, listened intently for an instant, and releasing herself from her father's arms, said, "father, see if it is Randolph."

Colonel Elliot looked into the hall and returning, said, "it is not Randolph, Gertrude—did you wish to see him?"

"No, father—but I feared that Randolph was going on a terrible errand."

"On what errand, Gertrude?"

For a moment she seemed unable to speak, but

suddenly raising her eyes, she fixed them upon him while she said in a whisper—"to murder or be murdered"—Colonel Elliot's eyes fell beneath hers—"oh, father, speak to me!" she cried, throwing herself again into his arms—"let me not fear you too, or where shall I turn?"

"I do not understand you, Gertrude," said Colonel Elliot gently—"you are bewildered by your agitation, and speak and think confusedly this evening. Go to bed, love—your mother will give you something to make you sleep to-night, and to-morrow we will talk again on this subject."

He kissed her tenderly, and would have led her to the door, but she resisted his guidance, crying, "no—no, father—I cannot go—I cannot sleep till you have promised me that neither you nor Randolph will seek a hostile interview with Herbert Grayson—do not seek to put me off with meaningless words, father—I am neither bewildered nor agitated—look at me, I am quite calm now"—and such was the force which she exercised upon herself that she did indeed stand before him, apparently without emotion, and even with a smile upon her lips. "Now, father, you see that I am perfectly myself, capable of reasoning upon this subject dispassionately—therefore hear me, father. Your Gertrude must never be degraded into the subject of insulting remark and rude jest. Let not the world have reason to believe that her father and brother were obliged to expose their lives in order to maintain the dignity which she had compromised. You do not answer me—you avert your eyes from me. Father, I see that there is murder in your heart—but oh! hear me—to-morrow I will see Herbert Grayson—I will set him free from all pledges to me, and withdraw those which I have given to him, and we will forget the past—it shall be to me as a dream, and you shall see your Gertrude happy as ever—but father," she continued with increasing energy, as her words failed to draw from him the promise for which she pleaded—"if you steep that past in blood its memory will never—never fade from my soul—I will live for it—die for it, and my wretchedness in life—my death—will be your work. Think not that when you lay me in my grave you will be able to delude yourself with the idea that *he* has done it—your heart will repeat to you then what I tell you now—it will be your work—yours who might now stay every murderous thought. Speak, father!—tell me—am I to live to be again your own happy Gertrude, or is my portion to be one dark memory, and an early grave?"

During the latter part of Gertrude's agonized appeal, Colonel Elliot had been pacing the

apartment in which they stood with rapid steps. He now approached her—seemed about to speak, but turned again irresolutely away. Gertrude followed him, exclaiming, "father! answer me."

"Gertrude, I will do nothing rashly—neither will I permit Randolph to act at all in this matter. He would act upon suspicion only—I will take no step except upon full conviction—but if Mr. Grayson has chosen to amuse himself with my daughter—" Colonel Elliot paused and drew his tall figure up to its full height. Gertrude understood that gesture. She turned away without uttering a word, but the language of despair was in her drooping figure—her heavy step—in her very silence. She reached the door of the room, but exhausted by her struggles with herself for the past three days, and most of all by the present agony, she sank upon a chair, pale and trembling. Colonel Elliot approached her and asked tenderly, "what can I do for you, my child?"

"Nothing, father," she replied meekly.

He was conquered. Remonstrances, reproaches, lamentations he could have resisted—but this uncomplaining, despairing sorrow from the child nearest his heart—from her whose joyous nature had made her the sunlight of his home, was too much for him. He took her in his arms—laid her head upon his bosom, and pressing his lips to her forehead, said—"be happy, my daughter—it shall be as you wish."

We will not linger to describe the revulsion of feeling produced in Gertrude by these words. She had yet a great trial before her in fulfilling the promise she had made to her father—but for this night her thoughts were all of joy that none of those so dear to her were to expose their lives for her sake. The morrow came and she awoke to painful memory from a troubled sleep into which she had fallen after daylight. It is only to the happy, or to those over whose transient sorrows hope still shed her cheering beam, that reverie is a luxury. Gertrude was no sooner fully awake than she started up, feeling that quiet, the nurse of thought, was now her worst enemy—that henceforward she must find in action an opiate for her spirit's pangs. The future, viewed through the medium of hope, is magnified in importance and brightened into unearthly beauty, presenting to the craving spirit all which it feels to be wanting in the happiest present—but that same future, no longer lighted by hope, becomes a terrible wilderness on which we dare not look, we veil it from us by magnifying the present—we live for the present duty, we put forth our whole force for the present trial, feeling that to us emphatically "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It was in this spirit that Gertrude, on this morning, engaged with more than her

usual activity in household cares. Randolph, on the contrary, did not leave his room till a late hour of the day. His emotions had their source in the imagination, and in the indulgence of the imagination he could still find gratification. Col. Elliot had spent an hour with his son after parting with Gertrude on the previous evening, and though he could neither by reasoning nor authority obtain a pledge from him that he would relinquish all hostile designs against Herbert Grayson, Randolph had promised that he would do nothing without consulting his father, and that he would not see or in any way communicate with Herbert till after Gertrude's interview with him. Fortunately for Gertrude that interview was not long delayed.

The clock had scarcely ceased to chime the hour of nine, when a quick and low peal of the knocker announced the arrival of Herbert Grayson. The family were still around the breakfast table, where neither the Lady Augusta nor Randolph had appeared. Colonel Elliot turned his eyes on Gertrude. She became very pale, but almost instantly rose and glided to the little room which had been the scene of her happiest hours.

"Where is Gertrude?" asked Herbert Grayson, almost immediately on his entrance.

"Miss Elliot," replied her father with distant and haughty formality, "is in her own parlor—John show Mr. Grayson there."

With such pre-occupation of thought that he scarcely observed the unusual ceremony with which he was treated, Herbert followed the attendant from the room. Gertrude heard his step and rose from the seat into which she had thrown herself on her entrance. Dismissing the attendant at the door, he opened it and entered with a smile, but the smile vanished as his eyes rested on Gertrude. None of the usual signs of agitation were visible in her appearance. There was no working of the features—no quivering of the lip—no moisture in the eyes. Pale as marble and almost as still, she looked like a beautiful statue, not of the Hebe which she had been said to resemble, but rather of the stern Nemesis. Her eyes were fixed with a sad and searching gaze upon the face of Herbert Grayson as he advanced.

"Gertrude," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

Not heeding—not appearing to hear his question, she said in a low, but steady voice—"this interview, I feel assured, must be as embarrassing to you as it is painful to me, Mr. Grayson—I will, therefore, make it as brief as possible. I have but a few words to say, I wish only to restore to you your freedom from every shadow of obligation imposed on your honor by your—your—" she hesitated for a moment—"by the

past. At the same time permit me to return the presents which have lost their value to me. You will find them in this box," laying her hand on one that stood on the table beside her.

A thunderbolt could not have more shocked and astonished Herbert Grayson than those few low words; but his was a proud and resolute nature, and he had lived too long in the world not to have acquired the power of controlling the expression of his emotions. For an instant an angry flush rose to his brow and impetuous words to his lips, but he pressed them back with iron force, and with a low bow turned silently away. He reached the door, but, before he opened it, his feelings so far overmastered his resolution that he turned for one more look at the face he had so loved. Gertrude had not moved from the position in which he found her. Still her eyes were bent upon him—he met them—those soft, earnest eyes—and they drew him back irresistibly. As he again approached her he exclaimed, "Gertrude, am I dreaming now, or has the past been a delusion?" He paused a moment and stood gazing upon Gertrude with a look which seemed to seek to read her soul. A slight flush rose into her pale cheeks, and her eyes fell, but she did not speak. With passionate vehemence he resumed, "you cannot answer me—and why should I question you, since even I—weak and credulous as I am—can no longer doubt your falsehood."

Indignation was fast overpowering every other feeling with Gertrude. "You do yourself injustice, Mr. Grayson," she replied, "it is I who have been weak and credulous—for the falsehood—but I cannot condescend to defend myself from such a charge."

"Most fickle, if not false, Gertrude. The capacity of woman can go no further than to sever such a tie so causelessly."

"I have desired, Mr. Grayson, to part from you without even the appearance of reproach, and, therefore, I have forbore to speak of a cause which I felt assured your own heart could not fail to present to you."

"It presents none, Gertrude—how I have loved you I will not now say, but this much is due to myself—never were you dearer to me than when I entered that door to-day."

"And yet for days past who would not have said that another possessed your heart and ruled you every action?"

"Whatever others may have thought, Gertrude—yon, to whom I confided the motive of all which might have seemed singular in my demeanor, could not have doubted me for a moment."

"I remember no such confidence."

"Not in the letter which I gave you a few days since."

"The letter which you gave me a few days since!—I do not understand you—I have certainly received no letter from you."

A new light began to dawn upon Herbert Grayson's mind. The book he had a few days before brought to Gertrude, lay on the table beside him. He took it up and opening it hastily, a letter fell from it on the floor. He raised it and held it toward Gertrude—her trembling hand touched his—their eyes sought each other—his with an expression of tender reproach—hers pleading for pardon—the next instant his arm was around her, and her head rested on his shoulder. Herbert Grayson was well repaid for the suffering of the last hour.

"You have not heard my defence yet," he whispered at length. It was true. With woman's ready trust in the object of her affection, his assurance that she was as dear to him as ever—that he could explain—that he had explained to her all which seemed to convict him of unfaithfulness, was enough. All which she had suffered was forgotten, and only the injustice of her suspicions remembered. As the reader may not be so easily satisfied, we will repeat Herbert's explanation in fewer words and with less interruption than he now gave it to Gertrude. Convinced of the imposition which the *soidisant* Lady Augusta was practising, assured that the unguarded and impassioned Randolph was fast becoming her prey beyond redemption, and that she would not hesitate to advance herself, and ruin him by a marriage, he determined, by presenting to her the possibility of a yet more advantageous connection with himself, to lure her from her present quarry and unmask to the deluded Randolph himself as well as to his friends, her insincerity. He would have revealed his designs to Gertrude, but finding it impossible to awaken suspicion in her ingenuous nature, he feared she would oppose, perhaps defeat them. "The explanation of my motives can be made to Gertrude at any time," he said to himself, "and if she should suffer a little uneasiness, she deserves it for her blind confidence in this woman"—perhaps he might have added—"for her want of confidence in my judgment." The vanity of the Lady Augusta rendered her an easier dupe than he had anticipated, and on his very first decided attempt on her credulity, at the ball to which he had escorted her, he found himself compelled either to repulse her advances and thus render his whole scheme abortive, or at once to furnish Gertrude with the key to his proceedings. He determined on the last, but on calling at Colonel Elliot's the next morning, he

found any confidential communication with Gertrude rendered well nigh impracticable by her own pride and the Lady's Augusta's unremitting attention. To have solicited a private interview with Gertrude would have probably alarmed the lady, and have at least postponed the fulfilment of his expectations. Even a letter must be conveyed to her with caution, and he gave himself no slight credit for the manner in which, even in Lady Augusta's presence, he had performed this difficult task. That Gertrude had discovered and read this letter he never doubted. Her avoidance of him seemed the result of a determination not to thwart his plans, and her assumed gaiety precluded all suspicion of the pain she was suffering.

"And now, Gertrude," continued Herbert Grayson, when he had arrived at this point in his narrative—"I have two things for your perusal which I think will unveil beyond a doubt the character of your guest—first read this."

He handed to Gertrude an open note, and she read—

DEAR FRIEND—I have read your soul through the veil with which your modesty would envelope it. It is the privilege of rank to discard all common forms, and I may, therefore, say to you that my heart, dismissing one who has proved himself unworthy of its tenderness, henceforth devotes itself to you. Danger threatens us both in Richmond, let us withdraw from it. The details of our journey may be arranged when we meet. I have but one thing to urge—let it not be delayed beyond to-morrow.

I had almost forgotten in the tender joy of this confession, to say that the haste with which I must leave this place, and the unexpected delay of my remittances, will compel me to ask an advance of one hundred pounds from you. I ask this trifle without hesitation, knowing your generous nature, and remembering that, in the future, I shall repay it a hundred fold. All of rank and fortune which my royal brother can bestow will scarcely satisfy my wishes for you or suffice to prove how devotedly I am thine own Augusta.

"And how have you answered this note?" asked Gertrude, as she returned it.

"Read this first and then you may appreciate my answer," he replied pointing to the following advertisement in a newspaper.

BUSH CREEK, Frederick co., Maryland,
Oct., 11th, 1771.

Escaped from the house of the subscriber, carrying off with her valuable property, a transported convict, named Sarah Wilson, who calls herself the Lady Augusta de Waldegrave, and has even imposed on some with the belief that she is related to her Majesty the Queen of England. Whoever secures the said convict or takes her home shall receive five pistoles, besides all costs and charges.

WILLIAM DUVAL.

Before Gertrude had concluded these lines the color fled from her cheek, and leaning faint and trembling against Herbert Grayson for support, she ejaculated, "can this be true?"

"There is not room for a moment's doubt, Gertrude. That name, Sarah Wilson, at once revealed to me all which had seemed mysterious. The queen's miniature, the watch and ring stamped with the royal arms, the diamond tiara—these are doubtless the jewels stolen from the queen by this Sarah Wilson while in attendance on one of the ladies of the court. I was in England when she was tried for her theft and condemned to death, but through the clemency of the government and the interest excited by her really respectable friends, her sentence was commuted into transportation for life to America. Had I conceived it to be possible that she had been able to retain her ill gotten treasures, I should at once have suspected your guest."

"It is terrible to have been domesticated with such a person," said Gertrude.

"It would have been more terrible to be compelled to call her sister."

Gertrude shuddered.

"Be not distressed, dearest," said Herbert Grayson tenderly, "you will never see her more. Before I came here this morning I sent her the one hundred pounds she had asked and a copy of this advertisement, advising her to leave Richmond in an hour, as more of these papers were abroad and danger did indeed threaten her here. Had I not believed that a public exposure of her here would be unpleasant to your father and distressing to Randolph, I would not have aided her escape."

"How much cause we have to thank you!"

"Change that *we* to I, and I care not how highly you estimate your obligations—you can repay them all by this dear hand."

Herbert Grayson knew that a woman is never so much disposed to grant a favor as when she has just been convicted of injustice, and he availed himself of the present opportunity to win from Gertrude the promise of that hand at a very early day—a promise which Colonel Elliot, when informed of Herbert's claims upon his gratitude, readily confirmed. The sight of Lady Augusta's, alias Sarah Wilson's note, and of the advertisement, cured Randolph of every wound save that inflicted on his pride, and even this was soon forgotten in his sister's happiness and his own hurried preparations for his foreign tour.

Should the reader feel any interest in the subsequent fate of the fair aspirant to royal honors, Sarah Wilson, we can only say that the scenes enacted by her in Richmond were repeated, though under other names, in various cities.

Being generally accompanied by Mr. Sothway—another convict who had escaped from his master—she never again engaged in matrimonial speculations. Robbed at length of her valuable jewels by her coadjutor in crime, and finding even American credulity not inexhaustible, she spent the latter years of her life in retirement and poverty—always able, however, to elude the vigilance of Mr. Duval and his agents.

MY SISTER.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

My own sweet sister! still she seems
To flit before me in my dreams,
With that sweet smile and sparkling eye,
And bounding step and glance of joy,
And whispering voice like music's, clear,
That to my heart were once so dear.
And often, as the summer day
In golden glory fades away,
When leaf and plant and floweret gay
In the warm air are softly sleeping,
And drench'd with dew-drops bends each spray,
As for the sun's departure weeping;
Then, to my fancy's raptur'd ear
The low, sweet song comes strangely clear
From that lone glade, where oft at e'en
She loved to stray by all unseen;
And fancy's eye her form will see
Beneath that old accustom'd tree,
Under whose arms, as fell the night,
I've watch'd unseen her robes of white,
Till in the gathering twilight gray
She vanished with the closing day.
But 'tis but fancy—fancy all!
For she has gone—forever gone:
A stone, within the church-yard wall,
Alone remains to me of one,
Whose memory, thro' this vale of tears,
My heart's best resting-place shall be—
A beacon o'er the waste of years
To guide me to Eternity.

TRUTH.

BY JANE SIMPSON.

THOUGH riches pour, in countless heaps,
On souls for lucre sold,
Still hold thou fast to TRUTH, my child,
'Tis better far than gold.
Though fraud may lead to power and state,
And deck the brow with fame;
Be thine to seek the jewel TRUTH,
And keep an honored name.
Through all thy life be TRUTH thy aim,
Speak it without disguise,
So, shall thy days be just and pure,
And fit thee for the skies.

THE LADY'S RESCUE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE mellow sunshine of a sweet spring day came streaming on the old gray stone castle of Sir John Neville. The place was a massive structure, defended with a barbican, portcullis, moat, draw-bridge and towers. On one of these latter the banner of the knight was proudly displayed, bearing sable, a saltier gules.

Before the outer barrier of the castle, on the soft, green, mossy turf that carpeted the sloping sward, stood a group of individuals. It was composed of several falconers attired in brown tunics, with trunk hose of red serge and buskins of buff leather. They bore large wooden frames, whereon were cast hooded ger-falcons and goshawks, with the falcon-gentle, the banner, the saker, and the musket. A half dozen stout foresters in green guise, with hounds and spaniels in their leashes; and grooms, holding beautiful black jennets, covered with rich foot cloth, bespangled with gold and silver, with side-saddles of crimson velvet, stood around; while a train of attendants and pages in silken doublets, completed the gay company.

At length those for whom they waited came forth, the fair Lady Blanche, the daughter of Sir John, attended by her maidens, dressed in black velvet riding-ropes. The grooms led up the steeds, and mounting their graceful palfries, the fair company ambled gently onward.

A gallant sight was it to see that gay party sweeping across the grassy plain and flowery meadow. All were merry, and none merrier than the Lady Blanche. Their way soon led them to the banks of a silvery stream, and the dogs being unloosed the sport began. To and fro the impatient hounds ran among the green flags, the water briony, and the mallows. Suddenly on the gravelly strand a large heron was seen, idly gazing into the water.

"Hie him up," said the Lady Blanche, "now, ladies, the sport is begun."

The falconers obeyed, and the startled bird, giving a shrill scream, unfolded its wings; then stretching out its long legs, it rose into the air. As this sight the jessings that confined the hawks to the wrists of the riders were thrown off, and the hoods unloosed, and immediately, as if winged from a bow, they mounted after the game. The flight was continued long. Every endeavor was used by the heron to escape from his pursuers. Higher and higher he soared up toward the sky, and soon appeared but a mere speck on the firmament. But the falcons flew still higher, towering far above him, where they

hovered for an instant, and then came swooping down upon the quarry.

The merry party had cantered on pell-mell, and were gazing heavenward with anxiety, as they marked the contest of the birds. But, see! the wary heron has dodged the hawks. Whoop! away they go again. Again they descend. The quarry turns to meet them on his back! The brave ger-falcon shoots down on him like a flash of sudden lightning. He is pierced through the breast with the long, sharp beak of the hawk, and borne struggling to the ground. The falconers rushed forward at this sight to secure the prey, while the ladies, applying silver whistles to their mouths, recalled the hawks. Then on they went again in search of new game.

But in the excitement the party soon became separated. The Lady Blanche and her immediate attendants drew in their reins, at last, in fatigue; but some of the more ardent continued the sport. Soon the distant baying of the hounds, the clear blast of the bugle, and the faint cries, told that the absent men-at-arms and foresters had roused a stag from his lair, and were in ardent pursuit.

"We shall not see them, these two hours," said the Lady Blanche, poutingly, "or even longer."

"Let us dismount then—here is a lovely spot," said one of her maidens, "and wait the return of the runaways."

They dismounted accordingly, and seated themselves on the short, smooth grass. The spot was indeed inviting. The chase had insensibly led the party a great distance from the castle, and neither Blanche nor any of her maidens had seen this fragrant nook before. The retreat was formed by a little strip of the meadow running deep into the woods, which enclosed it on three sides in an irregular semicircle. A tiny brook brawled out of the forest and flowed away across the plain, almost enveloping, in its progress, a huge old oak, beneath whose gnarled branches, the hawkers, charmed with the place, now gathered.

For nearly an hour they remained thus, and a merrier party never woke the echoes of that old wood. The few veteran foresters that remained with the Lady Blanche, now and then, indeed showed signs of uneasiness; for, at the period of our story, during the unhappy wars of Stephen of England, the country was in the greatest disorder, and predatory bands of robbers continually roved about, to say nothing of the armed nobles, with their retainers, who, if they met a party of the opposite faction, either made them captives or fell on and slaughtered them.

Suddenly horses' feet were heard approaching,
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and as the old forester looked up, four men drew up before them. The foremost, a ruffianly looking fellow, was arrayed in a light steel corslet, and a rusty hemlet hacked nearly to pieces. He was armed with a double handed sword and dagger. His companions were equally as ill-looking, and wore buff leathern hacquetons.

"Ha! ha! my pretty girl," cried the leader, advancing toward Blanche; "I have you now! For many a day have I waited this opportunity. Know you not your rejected suitor, Harold of Shrewsbury?"

The terrified Blanche needed not the mention of his name to recognize a neighboring freebooter, whose suit for her hand Lord Neville had rejected with scorn. She shrieked aloud, but in vain. The villain seized her in his arms, and bore her struggling to his saddle, while the old falconer, who advanced to save his mistress, was cut down by the sword of a follower. Suddenly there came the loud blast of a horn and the quick galloping of steeds. The freebooter shouted,

"Ha! here come the others. Quick! Blount, quick, man—bind her in front of you—then hie away to the castle before they can be on us—there, that's right—now, away!" and with one leap he was in his saddle.

The freebooters galloped off with such rapidity that they had crossed the brow of a neighboring hill, and were out of sight before the returning hawkers came up to the party on the greensward. On learning the loss of his daughter Sir John was nearly frantic. Knowing the reckless and determined character of her captor, he feared the worst. Pursuit, he saw, for the present was useless, so giving orders to return to the castle, he there collected his retainers and set forth for the fastness of the freebooter.

After a long and hard ride they drew up before the castle of the outlaw. The walls were already manned in expectation of the attack; and as they approached, a flight of shafts and bolts from the arblasts was winged at them, stretching several men on the ground. But the besiegers, nothing daunted, pressed on to the attack. A stout oak plank was speedily extended across the fosse to the large portal, at which Sir John battered incessantly with his battle-axe; whilst his followers let fly their arrows on the battlements wherever a soldier appeared. The briskness of the attack and the accurate aim of the archers had not been calculated by the outlaws, and they felt that some bold stroke was necessary to save themselves from capture. In a few minutes, therefore, Harold himself appeared on the battlements with the Lady Blanche.

"Hold! Sir John Neville," cried he; "dare to raise your axe once more against that gate, or

order your men to shoot another shaft at these walls, an' I'll cast thy daughter headlong into the court-yard below!"

"Release my daughter," shouted the enraged knight—"release the girl, and I will draw off my retainers. An thou dost not this, I'll break into thy den and slay thee with all thy base, marauding fellows."

"Give heed, Sir John, give heed to my words," cried the robber, lifting the struggling form of the Lady Blanche in his arms, "for in good sooth I will do what I said."

At this moment loud shouts rent the air; and soon over a green slope, with their bristling lances couched, and their long bows bent, appeared a company of men-at-arms and archers clad in shining steel. Their barred aventails were closed, and their long white plumes streamed in the breeze. Onward they came at a thundering gallop. In the foremost van appeared a bold knight in a light chain haubert, with a short mantle of scarlet velvet placed carelessly on his left shoulder. His arms were covered with a quilted gambeson of crimson silk, and his shapely head wore an aumuce lined with miniver, which cut into a long peak behind, descended nearly to his steed. He glanced quickly at the scene before him, then donning his glittering steel casque, and snatching his long sword and axe from his custral, he spurred his steed, while the whole band rang out the war-cry of their commander.

"Saint George for merrie England! An Osborne, an Osborne!—To the rescue!"

And with this shout ringing on the air, he and his gallant company came thundering to aid the besiegers, who received their new allies with loud huzzas. His men would have rushed immediately to the assault, but he checked them.

"Hold—hold," cried he; "do you not see yon fellow about to cast the Lady Blanche from the wall? Here, Hubert," he added, turning to one of his archers; "loosen your bow and let fly a cloth-yard shaft through the villain's scull!"

The bowman addressed stepped forth from his band. He was a tall, slim person in a leathern jerkin, and carried a steel arblast. He bent his large weapon with the windlace, and fixing in it an iron quarrel, discharged it at the robber. Through and through hausscol and neck went the unerring shaft. The outlaw dropped the Ladye Blanche from his grasp, and tottering for an instant over the dizzy height, sought to move away, but losing his balance, fell headlong into the marble court-yard below, his armor crashing as he struck the solid pavement with a sound that was heard by the besiegers without.

"Now for the assault," cried the young knight, "Sir John lead on and I will follow—a Osborne—

a Osborne," and with the words, accompanied by his retainers, he sprang to the portal.

"A Neville," replied Sir John, thundering on the door with his heavy axe. The huge portal shook—and fast and thick fell the blows. The iron chains rattled heavily, and the bridge was thrown over the fosse, across which the soldiers gained the castle. The robbers fought bravely, but were at length compelled to surrender to the men-at-arms.

No sooner was the court-yard gained than the young knight hurried to the battlement where the Lady Blanche had last been seen. Here she was found senseless, having been forgotten by the outlaws, who had been solely occupied in defending the castle. Sir Henry bore her to her father.

"By my beard! Sir Henry," cried the old knight, when his first emotions of joy had subsided, "thou'rt a most valiant cavalier; speak, what guerdon dost thou desire for the good service thou'st rendered me?"

"The hand of the sweet ladye, Sir John," replied Osborne in a low tone. "I have long loved your daughter, yet I did not dare avow my love, for I was yet young in arms and of poor estate. I determined, therefore, to wait until I accomplished some deed that might render me worthy of her. Riding near this place with a few of my soldiers I heard of the capture of your daughter, and hastened to the rescue."

"Sir Osborne," said Neville, "thou doth indeed deserve the girl, and I have broad lands enough for both of ye. That thou art a valiant knight this day hath shown; but yet 'tis not in my power to bestow the Lady Blanche on you; it rests with her to choose who shall be her lord. To her I refer thee. Thou hast my consent if thou canst gain hers."

Need we saw how the wooer throve? Sir Henry was not unknown to the Lady Blanche, for he had often been a visiter at her father's castle; and her heart had long secretly acknowledged that he alone, of all she knew, fulfilled her expectations of what a true knight should be. Bold, comely and kind, he was alike the defender of the weak and the ornament of his order. His rescue of her changed this high esteem to the warmest love; and before another summer came the Lady Blanche was the young knight's bride.

A WINTER'S DAY.

How drear the fields with snow o'erspread,
How wails the wild wind overhead,
Dim is the sun's cold ray!
Oh! such is life, the morning fair—
Too oft the evening, in despair,
Closes a winter's day!

H. S.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"Buy my matches—oh! do buy them sir," said a plaintive voice.

The person addressed, clad in a heavy overcoat, was breasting the sharp wind of a December day: his throat was muffled up, leaving only a portion of his face discernible, but his dress bespoke one in comfortable circumstances.

"I don't want your matches, my lad," he said.

"But do buy them—six boxes for a fip."

"Get out of the way," said the man sharply, for the lad half stopped the path.

"Oh! do buy some," said the boy, detaining him by the skirt of his coat, "mother is sick and I've had nothing to eat to-day. Buy a fip's worth."

The man hesitated. The natural impulses of his heart were for good; but he was one accustomed to think the world worse than it was.

"Pshaw!" he said, "that is the old story. Get out of the way, you young scamp, or I'll have you arrested."

The boy meekly drew back, but a tear froze on his cheek in that bitter blast, though the rich man saw it not, for he had hurried on.

It was getting late, and the streets would have been pitch-dark, but for the lamps which, at long intervals, lit up the night. Few were abroad in that wintry weather, and so the boy stood shivering at his post for a long while before a second passenger came by. Poor fellow! he was thinly clad, and his lips were blue with cold; yet he kept his station, vainly offering his matches, but finding no buyers.

Ten o'clock struck, and with the tears falling fast he turned his footsteps toward the cellar where he lived. He had been out all day and sold nothing, nor had a morsel of food crossed his mouth since the night before. But he thought more of his sick mother than of himself. Their little capital had been exhausted in the purchase of the matches, and they had not a cent remaining.

He paused, for at that instant the light from a baker's shop streamed across the street. The baker was just shutting up; his back was turned, the door was invitingly open, and within reach lay a pile of loaves. A sudden impulse seized the boy. An hour previous he had vainly begged at that same shop, and that man had roughly ordered him away. He had never stolen before, but now an irresistible temptation seized him. Should his mother starve, when a single loaf might save her life? He rushed in, grasped the prize, and dashed down the street.

"Hillo!—stop thief!" said the baker, turning round just in time to see the act.

The boy heard the cry and trembled all over: fear lent speed to his feet and he ran swiftly on, now and then turning back to see if his pursuer gained on him.

"Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!" was the cry that rung from as many pursuers, as, looking from their shops, they caught sight of the fugitive and joined in the chase.

The boy's heart beat wildly: he mechanically turned his steps to the cellar where he lived: the narrow alley, in which it was, opened into the street just ahead; and he strove desperately to gain it. The watchmen's rattles were now heard, in front, behind, all around: like a hunted stag, panting and frightened, he gained the end of the alley and dashed into the dark thoroughfare. But at that instant a man sprang out of the corner house and seized the fugitive.

"Ah! you young thief—you were nearly off, were you?—come along—I am a magistrate—you shall go to jail," and with these words he dragged the culprit into his office.

The boy burst into tears.

"Oh! sir," he said, "let me go. I only stole a loaf of bread, and I wouldn't have done it, but we are starving. Mother and I haven't eaten anything to-day, and mother is sick. I never stole before. Let me go, and I'll never do it again."

The magistrate's office was now full of people, the baker being among the number. The boy was sobbing piteously. The magistrate ordered lights, for hitherto the room had been dark.

"The young villain—so early in crime—these match-boys should all be sent to the house of Refuge," said one.

"I have seen the rascal prowling about my door for the last hour," said the baker.

"Stop your crying," said one of the watchmen, giving the boy a violent shake. "You're done for, young 'un—so no whimpering."

The glare of the lights that were now brought in fell full on the face of the magistrate, who had taken his seat, and then shot their brilliant glare across the group of spectators until it rested on the weeping child. At that sight, the magistrate started. He got up and looked over his desk more closely at the boy.

"The lad really seems in want," said he, with a kinder tone, leaving his chair and advancing to the culprit, whose hand he took. "Are you not the match-boy I met to-night?"

The lad looked up; the recognition was usual.

"Oh! yes, sir—and what I told you was true. Mother lives just up the alley—No. 16—in the cellar. You may go there and see. Don't—

don't send me to jail. It will break her heart. Indeed—indeed, I didn't mean to steal—but we are starving."

"This must be enquired into. Good God, I thought the child was a cheat. But his lips are blue—he is shivering—here, boy, eat that."

He broke off a piece of the loaf as he spoke and gave it to the lad, who devoured it with an avidity that convinced every one of the truth of his story. In a minute a watchman came in, who said he had been to the cellar the child named: a sick woman was really there, in a state of great destitution. She was sobbing for her absent boy, who ought, she said, to have been home long ago.

"Heaven forbid we should punish the child then," said the magistrate fervently. "How fortunate he was arrested by me; it saved him from prison, for no one else would have believed his story. Gentlemen, I will see to the boy's wants. I suppose you dismiss your complaint," he added, turning to the baker.

"Oh! yes, sir," said the man, "he is welcome to the loaf. I wouldn't have refused any one who really was in want—but then there are so many cheats about."

"Ah! there it is," said the magistrate with self-reproach, "we think all beggars deceivers, and never trouble ourselves to inquire into the truth of their story. Had I done so for this boy, he had not stolen your loaf."

The magistrate kept his word to the lad. Immediate relief was administered to the mother's necessities and his; and subsequently regular, though humble employment obtained for each. They are now comfortable, happy, and trustworthy. Would it have been so if the boy had been sent to jail?

Reader!—this is no fancy sketch. Such incidents occur almost daily in our great cities. "Go thou and do likewise."

EVENING.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

THE sun has set, and on the distant hill
His farewell glance rests like a parting smile—
But darkness spreads her sable wing the while
Deep in the valley—all is hush'd and still
Save the low murmur of the tinkling rill,
Or night bird's song, that from the leafy tree,
Pours out his "good night" tones of melody.
The cottage dwellers, free from harm or ill,
Sleep with their dreams as pure as angel's wings;
Old age and infancy are resting there,
Man's dusky brow and woman's cheek as fair
As Ande's peak to which the snow-flakes cling.
Peace to their happy hearts! May each day come
To shed new sunlight round each peaceful home!

THE POETESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

IN the Highlands, on the Hudson, Mr. Musgrave, a bachelor merchant of New York, had built a small, neat cottage for his summer residence. It was a beautiful location, but the owner soon found it too secluded and romantic for one immersed in the speculations and bustle of Wall street, and consequently spent little time there. But a spirit dwelt in that picturesque cottage, fully worthy of the place, a female spirit whose lofty genius and fervent feelings accorded well with the sublime handiwork of the Almighty visible all around. She was a poetess; with a heart full of the tender and beautiful. The thoughts which thronged the mind of Emily Musgrave, like sun-beams bursting the germ of a flower, had been arranged into language and sent forth to the world, not from a vain desire of shining before the multitude, but because the good and lofty of mind will seek sympathy with kindred intellects.

There was one room in the cottage to which we wish to draw the reader's attention. It was a small square chamber, lighted by one large window, which opened into a balcony and commanded a view of the opposite shore. Book-cases of dark mahogany filled the recesses on each side of the mantle-piece. Two small tables of rose-wood stood to the right and left of the window, one containing a little pallet and a half finished landscape in oils, the other covered with a work-bag and other implements of needlework. In the centre of the apartment was a circular table with books, magazines and a vase of freshly gathered flowers. Ottomans were scattered about the room; a rich soft carpet adorned the floor; a velvet curtain half concealed the window and flung a rosy light within; and several busts and exquisite pictures ornamented the walls. Every thing bespoke refinement, taste—nay, genius. The ideality lavished on the adornments of that room, would have composed a poem or picture. Mind had flung its beauty on everything.

In this apartment Emily Musgrave had been alone all day. From early morning she had been laboring in the ideal world, and though evening was drawing on, her mind still lingered among her own beautiful creations, as the bee hovers around the honey blossoms. Sunset came, and, absorbed in its beauty, she, for a time, forsook her work. Insensibly she grew sad; twilight is always saddening. The deep shadows that followed the departing luminary deepened her melancholy almost to pain, and as a resource, though weary almost to exhaustion, she took up

a book which always lay on her table, filled with scraps of poetry, half formed thoughts and dates of events, and wrote rapidly for a few moments. Her thoughts flowed like music. They always did when she wrote in that book; for there the rough, precious oar of her intellect was flung out without alloy. There, unshackled by the thoughts of necessity and hire, her genius labored for its own exceeding reward. Every date was the landmark of an affectionate heart; every thought a rough gem snatched from the eternity of the mind. She would not have published a page from that little record for a universe; it would have been like baring her own full, warm heart to the gaze of the multitude. She closed the book, and then opened it again; placed the date, even to the hour, under what she had written, and then laid it away, murmuring, "I wonder where and how I shall be this day twelvemonth." She had just remembered that it was her birthday. Emily was about to resume her former position, when a steamboat came ploughing up the river, and slackened its speed just opposite the cottage. She did not expect her brother, yet it might be him they were about to send on shore. Her features lighted up—she ran out upon the balcony, and looked eagerly toward the boat. A barge was lowered, and two gentlemen took their seats in it. One was her brother. With a child-like eagerness of affection she darted back into the study, threw a shawl over her, and ran down to the shore.

Emily Musgrave was not handsome. Nay, to one possessed of no idea of beauty, save that of a mere physical symmetry, she would have appeared nothing more than good looking, if not decidedly plain. In repose her features were heavy and thoughtful; the eye lacked brilliancy, and the forehead was too massive and full of thought for mere beauty. But when any emotion lighted them up, the effect was like magic. The fire of a brilliant intellect, and the feelings of a kind, loving heart kindled them into something more impressive than mere loveliness. It was the living beauty of the mind, and it required mind to appreciate it.

If a mind capable of feeling the loveliness, and of forgiving the faults of a nature like hers, could have been found, it was possessed by Charles Woodbury, the companion of Mr. Musgrave. He stood quietly by, as she arose from her brother's embrace, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling with the entire happiness of the moment; for Emily loved her brother. She saw his worldliness of mind and regretted it, but the crust and iciness of monied ambition had left one green spot in his heart, and his sister knew that his love for her alone preserved its freshness. She was

an orphan; he was the only being her affections might rest upon, and they adhered to him with the tenderness of a heart which must love something, and which has found but one object to lavish itself upon. Had Mr. Musgrave been of a loftier cast of mind, her heart might have remained content in its rich sisterly affection, to the exclusion of a more absorbing passion; but, as it was, there existed the attachment of habit, of association and of mutual bereavement, but not of perfect sympathy. He admired and loved, without knowing his sister; and she felt that lack of knowledge and of thorough appreciation, without understanding it. Her heart thirsted for something, without divining its own great want. It was sympathy of mind as well as of affection. Happiness gives beauty, even to the plainest features; the spiritual imbues the material with its own subtle influence—an influence to be felt, not described. Emily's face was radiant and alive with pleasurable emotions, when she turned to welcome her brother's friend. He for the first time thought her almost handsome, as he took the little hand she eagerly extended. And she—it was the hour of her destiny! He had fine eyes, changing in their hue as the neck of a raven, the pupils dilating to his rising feelings, as if the soul itself expanded in their clear depths. The expression of those eyes haunted her forever after. There was unwritten music in their starlight darkness; the strings of her heart awoke to it, and henceforth they thrilled to a new melody.

"And so your friend Holmes is married at last," said Mr. Musgrave at the breakfast table the next morning, as he passed his cup to Emily that it might be refilled; "what choice has he made?—romantic, and what you call intellectual, I dare say; your men of genius have a great fancy for female comets, and Holmes, I believe, is considered a genius."

"Yes, he is a fine fellow, with a great deal of rough poetry about him," replied Woodbury; "but you are mistaken; his wife is soft and gentle in her nature, and very beautiful in person, but has no higher pretensions."

"And Holmes has selected her as he would a flower or a picture, from the fancy of a moment, I dare say," observed Emily, as she passed the fragrant coffee to her brother; "it is astonishing to me that men of deep feeling and of real talent can dream of happiness with minds of an inferior grade."

"Then you do not believe in the love of opposites," said Woodbury, with a little confusion of manner, while a slight color spread up to his clear, pale forehead.

"Yes, in the love, perhaps, but not in the entire contentment; to produce that, the whole

nature should assimilate—intellect, feelings and principles."

"You may be right, Emily," interrupted Mr. Musgrave, "but my ideas of happiness are less comprehensive; I could be content with the entire love of a sensible, good-tempered woman, though her taste and pursuits might not exactly agree with my own. Of one thing I am certain; I could not love an ambitious wife, and all highly intellectual women are so."

"And all who are not intellectual, in one form or another," said Emily smiling. "Ambition in some shape pervades all classes of society, except the utterly degraded. The only difference between the ambition of a strong mind and a weak one is, that the first centres itself on a lofty object, the last is expended on pretty trifles. No matter whether energies be exerted to procure a niche in the temple of fame, or to outshine the belle of a ball-room; if the whole strength is put forth in the struggle, the weaker is just as much amenable to the charge of ambition, as the stronger; the aim may differ, but the arrows come from the same quiver. For my part, I prefer the spirit that will soar to the sun, to that which, from weakness of wing, is contented to flutter round a night-lamp. And now that I have delivered my pretty oration," she continued, blushing and half laughing at her own interest in the subject, "I will give you a fresh cup of coffee—that must be entirely cold."

"No, it will do very well—but I must still defend young Holmes' choice; a man in the daily habit of mental exertion, must require quiet and repose in his domestic relations—a gentle and dependant being in the companion of his life—a creature devoted entirely to himself—a—finally, Emily, you are the only woman of genius that I am acquainted with, and you make a capital sister; but I don't think that I should like you for a wife—you are too quick, too abrupt—in short, I could not feel exactly at ease with you."

Woodbury looked up in astonishment at this abrupt speech. The blood rushed over Emily's face, and her eyes sparkled with vexation. She had a quick and dangerous power of repartee, which even her privileged brother did not always escape. A sharp reply sprung to her lips, but she felt that Woodbury was looking at her, and checked the unfeminine impulse. It was the first homage of her heart to his. She had begun to fear his disapprobation. With her, anger was but the flash of a moment; but her better feelings had been shocked, and tears gathered in her eyes as she answered with an effort at badinage.

"I see that we are as far apart as the antipodes—you are for the beautiful—I prefer the sublime; Mr. Woodbury shall be umpire between us," she

added, turning to her guest with an animated smile; for her tears, as well as her anger, had vanished with the momentary feeling that produced them; "I pray you decide for us—softness or strength—lilies or diamonds?"

"I shall play the diplomatist, and decide for neither," said Woodbury, returning her smile; "my beau ideal blends the beauty and rare delicacy of the flower, with the fire and durability of the gem; power of mind with depth of feeling and strength of principle; I care not how much of intellect, nay, of passion even, may exist in the female character, so long as deep feminine tenderness and true delicacy predominates. Ambition, though in a female breast, is an exalting and glorious passion, so long as it remains womanly in its essentials; while it exists secondary to the affections, and forbears to rush into the race-course of manly competition, I could forgive, and even admire its possessor. Indeed, a man of strong mind and lofty feelings can receive but imperfect happiness in the homage of a heart, which loves him as it would any of his race, who had happened to call forth its tenderness. I can imagine nothing more hopeless in its loneliness, than the heart filled with a thousand high impulses and god-like aspirations, which feels that the being it pillows is all incapable of sharing, or even of understanding its enthusiasm; it is the widowhood of the mind."

When Woodbury began to speak, there was a smile upon his lips, and his eye was brilliant and cheerful; but as he proceeded the tones of his rich voice changed and deepened almost to melancholy; his eyes were misty, and though the smile still lingered about his mouth, it was sad and regretful in its expression. Emily marked the change and became abstracted and thoughtful. There was a silence of some minutes, which Mr. Musgrave broke by the very original observation, that "after all marriage is but a lottery, and those that gambled least in it were the best off."

Woodbury dropped the spoon which he was industriously balancing on the edge of his coffee-cup, and Emily rose with a confused apology and left the table. The music of that voice was breathing in her heart, and her brother's common places mingled with its poetry, like the croaking of a tuneless bird among a nest of ring-doves. She went away alone, that she might enjoy the luxury of thought. Her beau ideal had suddenly taken a palpable form, and she mused on it with a new and delicious sensation.

"Emily," said Mr. Musgrave an hour after, when he entered her study and found her buried in the easy-chair, with her morning dress unchanged and her dark ringlets entangled in the

white hand on which her cheek rested; "Emily, I shall stay here a week or two, and then we will go to the city for the winter; can't we, between us, manage to keep Woodbury?—he is a capital fellow, and I shall be deucedly lonely without him—besides, he is about writing a tragedy, or some such nonsense; you must give up this little room to him, and he can't have a better place to finish it in. Come, go down and see what you can do with him; he makes all manner of excuses to me, and be hanged to him! Why, what are you fidgeting and blushing about? Come—but no, I will bring him up."

Women like Emily Musgrave seldom plead in vain. It was soon settled that Woodbury should remain her guest till his tragedy was finished, though he refused to deprive her of the apartment, which had become the abiding place of her spirit. "He would just set his travelling desk on her work-table," he said, "while her avocations went on as usual—she would find him very quiet, and perhaps the genius of the place would inspire him;" and so, with this careless compliment, it was settled that two beings of kindred tastes and pursuits, mentally endowed beyond their kind, and possessed of feelings deep and imperishable as the spirit which gave them birth, should be flung together day after day and hour after hour—that their life should be one continued interchange of thought, till each new and almost mutually originated idea, became a link in the diamond chain, which was even then stealing its glittering folds imperceptibly about them—a chain to be sundered only with the hearts it interlaced; for such hearts change only when the eternal hush of the sodded grave is upon them.

The prominent traits of Woodbury's mind were strength and vigor. His ideas were comprehensive and grasping, rather than delicate; his genius of a kind to grapple with men and things—to obtain an ascendancy over the understanding, as well as the feelings. In fanciful creation and lady-like softness of style many might surpass him; but in the arena of the world—in the strife of intellectual power—he had few compeers. The whole texture of his mind was essentially masculine; but to strong poetical abilities he added a taste rich by nature, and highly cultivated by study and travel. The lighter walks of literature were, with him, rather an amusement than an occupation; but when he did turn his attention to them, a passion for the beautiful and a love for the ideal breathed through every line of his creations; they were full of fire and originality, yet even there the prevailing quality of his mind predominated. There was nothing effeminate even in his lightest thought; in his very playfulness he was manly. Great was the wealth of feeling

hoarded in that noble heart. In its affections it was gentle, enduring and delicate, almost as a woman's; yet with its deep tenderness was mingled the pride of a holy nature; in its most exclusive devotion there was dignity and self-respect. The object of his love felt that he knew the value of the treasure he lavished, and that it exalted the receiver. His faults—and he had many—were those of a generous and too lordly character. They would have been the redeeming points of a weaker man. Such was the man with whom an ardent, talented and aspiring girl was to be thrown into daily companionship. From that day the chances of her fate took to themselves distinct paths; the one might end in happiness, such as few mortals have ever known—the happiness of entire love and appreciation; the other in broken-heartedness and the grave. The event of a moment might decide the track of her destiny; yet she did not dream of a future. She was content with her bed of roses, and forbore, perhaps wisely, to search for the serpents that might lie slumbering among their leaves.

It was the day before their departure from the cottage. Woodbury was busy with his tragedy, and Emily sat patiently working up an old oak in the foreground of a landscape. She rubbed out a dry limb, which she had been laboring over for hours, and laying down her pencil, stole to the back of Woodbury's chair. Her movements had become less abrupt than formerly. Her steps fell more softly on the carpet, and her face was contented and very happy in its expression, as she bent over and read the lines which he was rapidly tracing.

"Let me finish that idea," she said, laying her hand on his when he came to a period; "I have just thought of a beautiful simile."

"This passage is rather vigorous in its expression," said he doubtfully; "do you think that you can carry it out in the same tone?"

"Oh, I can do anything but paint a dry oak limb!—but what matters it if I do vary a little from your deep bass, so long as the melody is preserved?"

"Well, have your way," he said, pressing his lips to the hand which prisoned his, "but I shall be indebted to you for all my blossoms."

"And so you should," she replied; "men have nothing to do with the flower-garden and the shady nooks of literature—their track should be through battle-fields, and on the wild mountain 'where leaps the live thunder;' ours is in the valley among violets and wild-flowers. I could not love even you, if the character of your writings were at all like my own."

"I do not think you would, nor should I like to find a rival in the person of my lady love; but

of that I have little fear—so there is the pen, and here I take my station to see that you do not smother my poor idea in a shower of rose-leaves, or carry it away in a cloud of butterflies. There, now, begin." There was silence for a moment, and Emily began to write; but she was confused and her hand trembled. The pulsations of a full heart, which was always tremulous, even in its happiness, rendered it unsteady.

"There, will that do?" she said, laying down the pen and looking half in triumph, half timidly, in his face; "now you need not praise me—I always know when you are pleased."

"And do you think I can be pleased that you have flung a softness and beauty into that passage, which I certainly could not have given it?" he inquired, laying his hand lightly on her upraised forehead, and looking with his smiling eyes into hers; "I ought to be jealous."

"You are quite too proud for that," she answered playfully; and she was right. He was too confident in his own powers to feel anything but pleasure in the lighter and more graceful exhibition of hers. He felt that the thoughts which she had mingled with his, throughout that tragedy, like wild-flowers twisted with a chain of brilliants and pure gold, had sprung up fresh from a heart which loved him with too deep devotion, ever to wish for perfect equality of strength or power. Her genius sought only the protection and sympathy of his. It was the vine clinging, with all its beautiful leafiness and sunny fruit, to the tree of its support; or the rill, with its soft murmurs and sparkling wavelets, losing itself in the deep rushing stream. He loved her for her talents, and he loved her the better, that to all her endowments she had not sacrificed any portion of her womanhood; that in all things she had been true to her sex.

"And now," said Emily, moving toward the table on which her picture was standing, "come and help me fling some autumn foliage among these rocks—I want it to look exactly like that clump of trees in the cleft yonder, just below the old fort; but I shall want all the colors of the rainbow—come, do, and I will leave the old oak for to-morrow."

"Oh, take a book for half an hour," said Woodbury, "then I shall have finished, and will be at your service for the rest of the day."

"And is it so nearly done," she murmured, stealing again to his side, while a thoughtful and sad expression deepened on her face; "how I wish that we could live these days over again—I spoke of to-morrow, but then we shall be in the city, apart from each other and surrounded by a crowd. It is strange how presentiments will haunt one; it is but a few hours' travel, and yet

for days I have felt a perfect dread of going. We have been so happy here that any change must be for the worse."

Woodbury had resumed his writing, and she supposed him carelessly inattentive to her regrets, when he answered in a low voice, "that they had indeed been very happy." Had she observed more closely, she might have detected a slight tremor in that deep, rich voice, and have seen that the pen quivered in its progress awhile, and then remained motionless, while the writer supported his forehead with the palm of his disengaged hand, and fell into a train of troubled thought, which had no relation to the theme of his composition. But the curse of quick, sensitive feelings was Emily's unquiet inheritance. She felt the coldness of his silence with the keenness of a fond, loving spirit. Her heart was too exacting, perhaps, in its tenderness, but she had lavished the whole great wealth of her being on the object of her love, and anything short of entire devotion seemed coldness to her. After lingering by his chair for a moment, she took a volume from the table and moved to the couch; but though she heaped the cushions commodiously and held the book before her face, it was only to conceal the tears that gathered in her eyes. For the first time since she had learned to love, the deep contentment of her heart was disturbed. Who will deny that "coming events cast their shadows before?"

"Well," whispered Emily's heart as she leaned on Woodbury's arm, watching with a regretful look the white pillars and shaded roof of the cottage, from which the steamer was bearing them, "well, let what will come, we *have* been happy."

The last quivering gold of the sunset, as it played over her study window and deluged the withering foliage around it, flashed before her. The boat swept around a point, and she turned sorrowfully away.

Miss Musgrave was right in her fears. The quiet, domestic intercourse, which had been so delightful at the cottage, was broken up when they returned to the city. Woodbury resumed his usual absorbing pursuits, to which were added the thousand petty annoyances, which attend the bringing forth of a new play. He visited Emily constantly, but even with her his mind was harassed, and their interviews were interrupted and unsatisfactory; yet was their mutual attachment in no way diminished. In the crowded thoroughfare, in the halls of fashion, or in the silence of nature, their hearts were the same.

Carriage after carriage sat down its burthen of fashion on the steps of one of our theatres; faces gleaming with youth and beauty glanced by, and forms of symmetry moved gracefully to their

seats, till the whole box circle was filled with a crowd of breathing loveliness. Flowers and jewels glowed in the brilliant gas light; eyes sparkled, lips smiled and white hands waved in graceful recognition; while the sound of soft murmuring voices stole up from among them, till the whole waving surface appeared like an immense flower-bed, stirred by a summer wind and haunted by a swarm of bees, or a cloud of young humming birds. Upward from the densely filled pit to the topmost gallery, was one continued scene of eager faces. The very lobby and passages were thronged, for Woodbury was a favorite, and it was the first night of his tragedy.

The green curtain was still down, when a party of four persons entered a private box on the right from the stage. There was a brief stir; then the drapery was slightly drawn back from the side, and a pale, anxious face looked out upon the audience for one moment, and was withdrawn behind the silken folds again, while a portly gentleman and two gaily dressed young girls took their seats conspicuously in front.

"Sit on this side, Emily," said Mr. Musgrave, for it was his agitated sister who shrunk from observation, "you will have a much better view of the boxes."

"Pray do not mind me, I am very comfortable," she replied with an effort. At that moment the box door opened, and Woodbury entered. He looked at Emily and smiled, but it was an unquiet smile, and he was very pale. "You seem anxious," he said, addressing her in a low voice, "do you fear the result?"

"Not when I reflect—but I can only feel here," she replied with a faint smile; "there is something frightful in the thoughts that this great crowd has—"

"The power to hiss my poor tragedy down," he said, with an effort at gaiety.

"No, no, I do not fear that—but this is a terrible ordeal—I had no idea of it."

"It is, indeed," replied he with a sort of shudder; for at that moment the curtain was drawn up with a rushing sound, and the play commenced. Woodbury fixed his look steadfastly on the actors, as they went through the opening scene; but Emily bent her forehead to the railing, and remained breathless and still with intense anxiety. The play went on; now and then a slight murmur of approbation arose from the audience, which was succeeded by the stillness of a rapt multitude—a stillness more flattering to the author than the loudest burst of applause. But by degrees the thrilling passion and deep pathos of the piece roused the house to enthusiasm, and the second act closed with a burst of loud and general applause. Again the silken curtain of Mr.

Musgrave's box was flung back; but the face which glanced out from its shadow, was no longer pale or anxious. The dark eyes flashing with delight—the parted lips—the cheeks, warm with color and alive with smiles—nay, the whole face was radiant with happiness. Her hand trembled with eagerness, and the drapery shivered in its light grasp, as if disturbed by a sudden current of air, as Emily bent over the railing and looked down upon the shouting multitude at her feet. It was the most triumphant moment of her existence; she was revelling in the new and delicious pleasure of reflected fame;—how unutterably dearer to her woman's heart, coming thus from the object of her love, than if rendered directly to herself! The tribute thus offered to his genius, kindled at once the two leading passions of her nature—her love, and the ambition softened and hallowed by that love. It came to her heart through the sweet medium of the affections, like bright waters perfumed by the wild flowers they had kissed in their progress.

Woodbury remained in his seat, apparently but little elated by the enthusiastic applause, which came thundering up from every quarter of the house. The muscles of his mouth relaxed a little from their fixed composure, and the restless brilliancy of his eye softened to a more quiet expression, but his face retained its usual pale tranquillity. While wavering under the excitement of uncertainty, his feelings were at the mercy of the lowest news-boy in the pit, for he was sensitively alive to public opinion; but the moment success was decided, his mind swayed round to its own proud anchorage. There was nothing in the praise, which came ringing up warm from the throats of an excitable crowd, to satisfy an ambition like his. There was something coarse and material in its nearness, and though defeat would have given him deep pain, success brought no proportionate pleasure. He loved fame, and he toiled and thirsted for it; but it was that which flows gently through the thousand channels of society, gathering a tribute of respect and power from all classes of men, and bearing them silently to its object; that which haunts the death-bed with tears and lamentations, and which lingers about the grave, when its sods have blossomed for ages, and time has eaten away all traces of the sculptor's chisel. Such fame, and such alone could satisfy the aspirations of a man like Woodbury.

There was one tribute paid to the successful author that night, which went to his innermost heart. The glance of mingled exultation and tenderness, which Emily turned on his face as she drew back to her seat, was more to him than all of fame that that vast crowd had to bestow.

She did not speak, and he had no desire that she should; but he felt that the bond between them was strengthened by the entire sympathy of her silence. The play went off triumphantly, and at the fall of the curtain a cry for the author resounded through the house. A proud smile and a prouder glance was interchanged between the lovers at the call. Emily had never thought of this demand, but her own heart told her, that he had too much of the dignity of real genius to dream of obeying it. He was not ungrateful for the applause which they had lavished on him; but for the universe, he would not have appeared before that curtain, bowing and smiling his thanks for their noisy appreciation. He had neither enough of the actor, nor of the literary lion in him, for such an exhibition.

Emily would have returned home immediately after the play; but the young ladies of her party were eager for the farce, and she consented to remain. Woodbury had left the box, and she was leaning against the partition which separated them from the adjoining one, when the raised voices of its occupants fixed her attention.

"Are you certain that it is an engagement?" inquired a female voice of the gentleman who had been speaking.

"Why, I cannot say positively, but it is an old and mutual attachment—I have the authority of the young lady's mother for that."

"She looks very young from this distance," was the rejoinder; "is she handsome at a nearer view?—lend me your glass a moment;—yes, she is decidedly pretty—but who is that tall man, half concealed by the curtain? He certainly leans over her with a very lover-like expression; here, take the glass, and tell me who he is."

"Why, that is the very man! He does well to keep in the shadow after the manager's apology; a fine looking fellow, isn't he?"

"What? is that Woodbury?" exclaimed the female voice in a tone of eager curiosity; "how I wish he would come into the light, and give me a good view of his face!—there, she has moved her seat—bless her, she is almost an angel for that!"

These broken exclamations were lost to Emily. After hearing her lover's name thus connected with another, the transition from the most perfect happiness to the keenest torment, was like the sting of a serpent. The fang had shot deep, and for a moment she was alive to nothing but an acute sensation of pain; then she reached out her hand, drew the curtain slowly away, and fixed her gaze on the opposite box. A feverish red flashed to her cheek, when she saw Woodbury bending over a fair young girl, with soft hazel eyes and hair of a light chestnut. Her man-

ner was quiet and graceful, and an air of fashion pervaded her whole appearance. Her head was turned, and she was smiling in Woodbury's face. The expression of his eye was enough for the feverish being who gazed so intently upon them. Her look wandered from the slender and jewelled hand hanging carelessly over the edge of the box, to the graceful curve of the white neck, and the cherub head raised with an expression of mingled confidence and timidity to meet the glance of those eyes, till her own ached with the intensity of their gaze. Her cheek grew pallid and her breath came painfully, yet no gasp nor sound was wrung from that heart to betray its agony. She saw Woodbury bend his head and address his companion, who smiled, and whispering to an elderly lady by her side, laid her hand on Woodbury's arm, and they left the box together.

"Brother," said Emily in a voice of strange calmness, "I am not well—let us go home now."

Musgrave looked into her face and saw that she spoke truth; there was something painful in the expression which he did not understand. "Yes, we will go," he said kindly, "you have been so much excited—but where is Woodbury?"

"We need not wait for him," she answered in the same unnatural tone, "he is probably detained—come, I am very tired."

A few minutes after, Woodbury entered the box with the young girl, who had caused so much misery, leaning on his arm.

"They must have gone home," he said in surprise; "yet I am very certain they were here when we left the other side of the house."

"This is a disappointment," said his companion, evidently feeling what she said; "I believe there is a fate against my knowing Miss Musgrave."

"You shall call with me at her brother's tomorrow—she will be pleased with an introduction, I am certain," replied Woodbury; "shall we return to your mother now?"

The next morning found Emily extended on the low couch in her bed-chamber. She was asleep; yet how much of the heart's unrest was betrayed in her appearance. The scarlet flowers which she had worn the previous evening, lay broken among her loose tresses. One hand lay on her bosom, clenched among the dark folds of her lace mantilla; and the other fell heavily to the dress of rich satin, flowing in disordered masses about her person. Her breath came painfully, and a sickly white lay about her mouth and beating temples; but a feverish red burned in either cheek; and though her sleep seemed heavy, tears were continually stealing from her closed eyes to the embroidered cushion. The sunshine breaking through the window-curtain aroused

her. She arose languidly, and with a heavy feeling of pain about the heart, rang the bell and gave the servant a note, which she had written in the night. It contained a simple request that Woodbury would call early that morning. A half hour spent in restlessly pacing to and fro in her chamber, her cheeks glowing and her eyes fixed on the glittering watch in her hand, and her messenger's step was heard on the stairs. She opened the door and took the answer, "I shall be very busy," it said, "all the morning, but will call sometime in the day, if possible."

Another period of anxiety was to be endured; but how? Not there, in the stillness of her room. The last night she had panted for its solitude, but now it was irksome to her. She put the note in her bosom and rang the bell again. "The carriage, John, as quick as possible!" and pulling the crushed flowers from her hair, she began to arrange her dress, eager for some change, she did not care what, so that the time passed. It was seldom that Emily spoke imperatively to an inferior, but when she did it had its effect. The carriage was hastened to the door before she was herself ready.

"Where shall I drive?" inquired the coachman as she took her seat.

"Toward Harlaem—any where, only drive fast!"

"It is nearly twelve—he will surely come before dinner," murmured Emily, as the carriage swept into Broadway on its return: "at any rate I will go home—perhaps I will find him there." But as she spoke her face changed, and she fell heavily back in her seat. On the pavement opposite she saw Woodbury, and that fair girl was leaning on his arm. They did not see her; his head was bent, and he was deeply engrossed by his companion.

"Where shall I drive now?" inquired the coachman.

"Home—home," was the faint reply.

As she passed up stairs a card was put into Emily's hand. "Miss Julia Morton!" she muttered; "I do not remember the name;" and after twisting it in her fingers awhile, she tore it into fragments and flung them into the empty grate. Had she read the pencil marks on the back of that card, the course of her destiny might have changed. The clock struck ten that evening, and Emily sat pale and calm in her chamber, bereaved but resolute. She had heard nothing from Woodbury during the day. "I will wait till ten—I will do nothing rashly," she repeated to herself a hundred times, as hour after hour crept by, each adding to the intensity of her feelings. When the limited time was sounded slowly from a neighboring steeple her heart became calm, but

oh, how utterly hopeless! She went down to the drawing room, had a long conversation with her brother, and the next morning, at day-break, joined a party of friends, who were on board a packet waiting for the tide, and sailed for Europe. Before Woodbury had left his rooms that morning, a letter was brought to him. He knew the writing, and a smile of pleasure was on his face when he broke the seal, but it died away as he read the contents. When he finished he turned over the page, as if expecting to find some postscript or afterthought; but he was disappointed, and his hand shook as he smoothed the paper and began to peruse it a second time. He examined the writing, and then the seal, to ascertain if there were no traces of agitation in either. The writing was even more than commonly distinct, but he missed the tasteful seal usually appended to Emily's notes; the wax was firm, but without crest or motto. After satisfying himself that there were no signs of indecision or wavering of purpose in the letter, he laid it down with a deep sigh amounting almost to a groan, and covering his eyes with one hand, remained with his lips pressed firmly together, and his right hand clenching upon the open letter, as if striving to nerve himself for some severe internal conflict. But in spite of his struggles his fine brow became paler and more contracted each instant, and the hand, though clenched forcibly, shook till the letter rustled beneath it as if stirred by the wind. At last he started up, snatched his hat and hastened to the Battery, looking impatiently at his watch, as he hurried along. An outward bound vessel was just discernible hovering on the horizon. He turned sharply to a passer by, and demanded the name of the vessel.

"I rather think—that is, I am certain—I rather think that it must be *one* of the packets."

"It is the *Gladiator*, sir," said an old sailor who was loitering along the walk.

Woodbury thanked him and turned away.

"And who do you think has called on me this morning?" said Julia Morton to her affianced husband, as they sat together, a few days previous to the one appointed for their wedding.

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied Woodbury abstractedly, "who was it?"

"No other than the Miss Musgrave you were so anxious that I should become acquainted with—you remember she started for Europe the day after we left cards at her brother's. I thought it would please you, and so I asked her to be my bridesmaid."

"Did she consent?" inquired Woodbury, in a voice so hoarse and unnatural that Julia looked anxiously into his face.

"Are you ill?" she inquired softly, when she saw how very pale it was.

"No, no—I am only tired—but you did not tell me Miss Musgrave's answer."

"Oh, she said that she should be very happy, only she made one condition—but that will please you, I am certain."

"What condition could she make?"

"Only that we shall go to her brother's cottage in the Highlands, to spend the first week after—"

"After our marriage, you would say," he added abruptly, regardless of her timid hesitation; "Well, if Miss Musgrave can find happiness in the plan, she shall be gratified—we will go."

Julia was looking down, and did not observe the troubled and bitter expression that flitted over his features as he spoke.

"I never saw Miss Musgrave but once before," she said, "and that was across the theatre—but don't you think that she looks much thinner than she did then?" If it were not for her brilliant spirits I should think her ill."

"Perhaps she is," said he in a softened voice; but the subject became too painful. He took his hat, and pleading business, left the house.

Emily Musgrave and Julia Morton were alone in the dressing room of the latter, arrayed for the bridal. The same pearly satin adorned their persons, and the delicate orange-blossoms gleamed alike in the bright tresses of the bride, and in the darker ringlets divided from the high forehead of the bridesmaid. The contrast was that of the heart; the one was content in its destiny, and full of timid happiness; the other calm and tranquil, also, but hers was the calmness of desolation—the tranquillity which eats into the heart's core. Cold and composed she stood in her splendid finery, waiting for the hour of trial. Disease and sorrow had made sad inroad on that form, during the few months of its sojourn abroad. The sword had worn fearfully upon its scabbard; the heart had turned traitor to itself, and had torn away its own altar stone.

"It seems like a dream that I am to be married to Woodbury," said the bride, looking with her soft placid eyes into the still face of her bridesmaid, "but I suppose it is because we have been engaged so short a time."

The blood rushed into Emily's cheek, and she gasped for breath; but the bride was intent on her pearl bracelet, and did not observe her.

"It is very strange, is it not?" she continued, drawing her ottoman close to Emily's chair, "that every body should have been talking of our marriage, long and long before *he* said a word about it—mother was always confident that he loved me—but I sometimes think—"

Her eyes glanced on the agonized face of her auditor, and she stopped suddenly.

"How strangely you look!" she said earnestly; "I suppose you think it wrong for me to talk so freely to you, but you have known him so long that you don't seem like a stranger; do you know I was almost jealous of you once at the theatre, the night his tragedy came out? Charles took me to call on you the next day, but you were out. How white your lips are? Do let me get something."

"No, no—say on, I can endure—I like to hear you talk. You were not engaged then, you say?"

"Oh, no—not till within the last two months—it is a short time, but then I have loved him so long—but I don't think he cared for me till lately. Dear Miss Musgrave what is the matter?—are you dying?"—she almost screamed, as the pale convulsed face of the bridesmaid drooped slowly forward, and the shrinking form slid helplessly to the floor. "What can I do?" And the terrified bride ran to the bell-handle. Before she had time to ring, Emily had partially recovered.

"Do not ring," she said in a broken whisper, "I am better now—let me step into the next room a moment, and I shall be quite well."

She tottered feebly into the chamber, and when summoned for the ceremony appeared pale and calm, as if no indisposition had affected her. Her yet strong spirit had obtained the mastery, and she met Woodbury for the first time since their separation at the theatre, with a composure that more than equalled his own. He was proud and firm of purpose, and he felt that she had wronged him; but he could not look on the changed form, and on the forced expression of that face, unmoved in his feelings, for he had never ceased to love her.

The wedding guests smiled and praised the beauty of the bride and the quiet gracefulness of the bridesmaid, and amid the heartless glitter of a fashionable crowd, Woodbury was married. Compliments and congratulations were showered upon him, but the touch of one cold hand, the wretched expression of a pale face bending to his—the white lips moving, but speechless—the eyes glittering with unnatural lustre, and every lineament stamped with the heart's utter desolation, and yet shaded with long bright curls, and crowned with bridal wreath. The touch of that hand and the expression of that face haunted him like a guilty thought.

Emily Musgrave had consented to stand up with Woodbury's bride, in the bitterness of a proud and irritated spirit, for she believed the request to have originated in him. While her heart was writhing under the supposed insult to its

sufferings, she had made it a condition, that the bridal party should spend the first week after the wedding at the cottage. She felt a kind of resentful exultation in thus flinging back the mockery in its most refined form. Strong in the power to witness his happiness with unflinching pride, she anticipated the season of self-inflicted torture with a kind of desperate eagerness. Filled with these bitter and almost stern feelings, she had entered the dressing-room of the bride. But the knowledge which she had gathered from the innocent lips of her rival, had torn away the last consolation of the unhappy—a consciousness of right. The veil had been lifted, and she saw herself the wronger, not the wronged. What was she now, with all her powers? The pride of her high intellect, what had it done for her? Wrecked itself, heart and all, on an ungenerous passion, common to the weakest and lowest of her sex. The pride which had hitherto sustained her was utterly crushed and humbled; yet with her self-reproach there was something of happiness. If she had been deceived into misery, it was by the world and her own wayward heart, not by the idol of its worship. Those few soft words of truth brought a new and more generous sorrow to her heart, and the resentful and bad feelings which had hitherto nerved it against itself, were swept away for ever. She gave herself up to a flood of regretful tenderness, humble and utterly without hope, yet dignified by a noble sorrow for the wrong she had done. She had performed her part in the ceremony calmly and well, but it was the firmness of a strong spirit, resolute to endure the penalty of its own acts. There was no pride nor stubbornness mingled with the deep agony of the moment; her heart was breaking, but it was gentle and patient in its suffering. And all this Woodbury read in that face, as plainly as if words had revealed it to him; but his honor, and the tender interest which a knowledge of her entire love for him created, had bound him to another, and he pledged his faith there, in the presence of that noble and suffering creature, with a heart agonized almost as intensely as her own.

Mr. Musgrave had preceded the bridal party to the cottage, and it was arranged that Emily should travel in the carriage with the newly married pair. Woodbury's manner toward her was gentle and forbearing to the extreme of delicacy. He fixed his large sad eyes on hers for one instant, as she appeared before him, haggard almost as a corpse, and so feeble that she could scarcely walk to the carriage. She knew that he had forgiven her. She smiled a mournful and patient smile, which had something of the grave in its meaning, as she returned the greet-

ing of the happy bride; and the journey commenced.

Emily was ill when she started, and she became much worse on the way. For two or three hours before they reached the cottage, Woodbury had been obliged to support her. She felt the heavy beating of his heart as her head rested against it, and she could almost hear its increased pulsations, whenever one of the frequent spasms of pain started her for a moment from her rest. Tears gathered in her eyes when they opened but to meet his commiserating and anxious look, and she lay on his bosom, with one hot hand clasped in that of the fair bride.

A feverish strength was lent to Emily as they drew up to the cottage; her cheeks became of a deep hot red, and her eyes had the brilliancy of a wounded eagle's. She insisted on attending the bride to her chamber—examined the dressing-table with its cushions of azure satin and its glittering essence bottles, to see that nothing was wanting, and drew up the snowy drapery where it had fallen too heavily over the bed. She even re-arranged some flowers on the mantle-piece, whose ill assorted tints had caught her fastidious eye. Then she led that gentle bride to a window, and told her the whole—her love, her jealousy, and that she was dying. She spoke of Woodbury—of his high and generous nature, and besought her with broken but solemn earnestness to make him happy. She parted the bright curls from that innocent forehead, kissed it, and blessed her; and then she went away, leaving that fair creature bewildered and in tears.

Emily opened her study. The golden sunset was playing over that picture, as it had done a year before; the apartment was flooded with a purple gloom, and the autumn foliage lay without in gorgeous masses, as it had then. *She remembered that it was her birth-day.* A year ago that day, and that hour, she had wondered where and how she should be now. She was there, and dying. A smile, broken-hearted but very sweet, stole over her face as she looked about. The landscape stood on its easel, with the dry limb half worked into the old oak, as she had left it; the stand of plants sent in their odor from the balcony, and the canary was fluttering, like a light winged spirit, about the window. She tottered to the easy-chair, unlocked the silver clasp of that embossed book of thought, and began to write. It was poetry, and her face beamed with the sweetness of the spirit's last earthly melody, as she wrote; but suddenly the pen began to wander aimlessly over the page; her face fell forward upon the book; and when she raised it, the forehead and mouth were contracted as with pain, and the page was soiled with blood. She strug-

gled hard for one moment more of strength, while she folded up the book and directed it to Woodbury. His name was the last word she ever wrote; and it was blotted and almost illegible, for her hand was becoming helpless.

It was but a few minutes after the weeping bride had been left to herself, when she heard her husband's step on the stairs. She held her breath, and the tears swam, without dropping, in her soft eyes. The door opened, but it was not that which led to her. A half hour crept by, and then a voice of sudden and terrible grief broke from the next room. She went in, and there, on a low couch, Emily Musgrave lay a corpse, and kneeling over her, with his face buried on her bosom and his arms wound convulsively around her lifeless form, was her own newly wedded husband. From his strong heart had that cry of agony been wrung. That form was pulseless, and yet the arms were still wound about his bowed neck, as the ebbing life had left them. Julia crept to the side of the mourner, and her warm white arm was wound around him with the cold ones of the dead. He started at the touch, looked up, kissed her quivering cheek with a passionate burst of sorrow, and over that couch of death they bowed themselves together.

LOVE IS NIGH.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

WHEN, 'mid scenes of light and gladness,
Springs a tear-drop to the eye,
And a sense of deep-felt sadness
Robs the bosom of a sigh—

Love is nigh!

Not that blissful, happy feeling,
Mutual tenderness revealing;
But the helpless, hopeless thought
Of affection giv'n for naught!

When at friendship's cordial meeting
Pulses thrill, and hearts beat high,
And the warm, yet timid greeting,
Makes the blood aloft to fly—

Love is nigh!

Levelling his poisoned dart
Slyly at each amorous heart
Would ye 'scape—avoid the lure!
CUPID's aim is swift and sure!

When a sidelong, trembling glance
Beauty casts upon you, sly—
Or, when in the lively dance,
Signs of pleasure you descry—

Love is nigh!

Not the sad and tearful feeling
Blighted heart and hopes revealing;
But the happy, heavenly thought
Of affection won when sought!

THE CLERK'S WIFE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"It is all over," said the husband as he entered the room, throwing himself moodily into a chair, "fate is against me, for wherever I turn, disappointment after disappointment stares me in the face."

George Carson was a young husband; and at the time of his marriage had enjoyed a lucrative situation in one of the Philadelphia banks. When the disastrous times of thirty-six came on, however, the institution in which he was employed was compelled to close its doors, and consequently he lost his place and with it the means of maintenance. Had he been alone in the world this misfortune would have affected him but little. With a wife, however, to provide for, and a wife who had been tenderly nurtured, he felt his heart sink within him at the gloomy prospect in view. Everything was depressed, all kinds of business being dull, and his daily search for a situation met with daily disappointment. Naturally of a buoyant disposition, he kept up his spirits for awhile with great composure: but finally despondency began to attack him, and his heart sickened at the prospect of probable want. At length a clerkship in one of the solvent banks fell vacant. The salary was not in amount more than half that of the one he had been accustomed to receive; but he greedily snatched at the hope of obtaining it. The number of applicants, however, lessened his chances, and though he made every exertion, he was finally unsuccessful. A nephew of one of the directors obtained the place. It was on his return from the bank, where he had anxiously waited the result of the ballotings that he uttered the words with which our story begins.

His wife had been waiting for him with an anxiety little less than his own. But the first sight of his melancholy face as he came down the street convinced her that he had been unsuccessful. The tears started to her eyes, for their last hope was now wrecked. But she instantly brushed them away. She considered that now, if ever, was the time to show her strength of character. Her husband was evidently in despair: if she too gave way to despondency what would become of them. Mrs. Carson was a true wife. She knew that it was now her duty to cheer and comfort her husband, and though her own heart was wrung with fears for the future, she met her husband with the same sunny face and kind words as ever.

"Nay, dearest," she said, approaching his chair and putting her arms soothingly about his neck, "do not say that fate is against you; for you know

you used to declare that there was no such thing as fate, where there existed a spirit of energy and hope."

"I did say so once," replied her husband bitterly, "but I spoke then of what I knew nothing. Experience has taught me better. Here have I been seeking for employment, day after day, and week after week, and everywhere met with disappointment. I am willing to do anything, no matter how menial. But the fates are against me. Would to God you had never united your destiny to mine: I cannot bear to see *you* suffer."

"Care not for me, dear George, for poverty with you would be better than wealth with others. Only do not give way to despondency. This disappointment is all for the best, as you will yet see some of these days."

"I wish I could think so," said the husband with a sigh, "but your confidence shames me, and I will not be gloomy again," he said, looking up with an attempt to smile.

"That is like your self once more," said the wife playfully, "now let us hold a council and decide what is to be done. Suppose you take my little capital," she added, after a pause, "and open a store. No, that would not do either, for who, in these times would buy?"

"It would not do indeed," replied her husband sadly, "and I am afraid that, in any business, I should fail: for I have, all my life, been in a bank and want those business habits without which success is almost impossible in trade."

"Now you are desponding again," said the wife playfully, "have you not energy, application and ability? In the last two months have you not shown unremitting activity in seeking a place? Did you leave a stone unturned to secure success in this last application? You have all the qualities for success if you would only think so: but do not be faint of heart; and, I prophecy, I shall live to see you a successful business man, if not a millionaire."

She said this with a triumphant smile, and with such evident sincerity, that her husband could not but feel proud of her and resolve to strive to be all that she thought him.

"Well, Fanny," he said, tenderly kissing her, "since you are willing to risk your little marriage portion, and will persist in regarding me as a great merchant in embryo, I will make a trial. But you must give me a week or two in which to look around, before I determine on my future business."

"Now that is like your own self. There," she said, kissing him in return, "good angels go with you."

In a few days Mr. Carson came in and said,

"Well, Fanny, I have begun business. And what do you think it is?"

"I cannot tell."

"But you must guess."

"You are going to open a grocery store."

"No."

"It must be something in that way, for my capital is too small for any great enterprise."

"It is something very different. I am a real estate dealer."

"A real estate dealer! I thought thousands of dollars were required for such a business!"

"So they are in ordinary times. You need not look so surprised—listen!"

"You know that money is very scarce now, and that capitalists are alarmed and will make no investments: the consequence is that whenever real estate comes into the market, as it does weekly, to be sold by auction, there are few or no bidders, and property accordingly sells for a song, as the adage goes. Now this condition of things cannot continue. Even from the present depression, the country must ultimately recover, and then things will regain their old prices: so there can be no loss in purchasing at the present low rates. Besides, even now, property can often be bought at these public sales and subsequently disposed of at an advance, for very often those who desire to purchase forget the time of sale, or have not had leisure to look after the title, or do not know till too late that such real estate was in the market."

"These considerations induced me to turn my attention to the real estate business; and finding a large row of small tenements, nearly completed, were to be sold last night, I hunted up the title, and finding it good, went to the sale and bid. Nobody else offered, and I bought the houses for a trifle. To-day I went to a gentleman whom I heard had numerous houses in that vicinity, and he offers me a thousand dollars for my bargain, for he wishes to get all his property as much together as possible. A thousand dollars, think of that, Fanny!"

The same experiment was tried again and again with like success, for Mr. Carson always bought with prudence. At the end of a year he was worth ten thousand dollars clear of the world.

"Did I not tell you it was all for the best?" said his wife to him, "heaven is ready to assist us when we least think of it."

"Yes," said her husband, "and we should learn to rely on ourselves. Had I obtained the clerkship, I should have been nothing but a clerk all my life."

Mr. Carson is now worth thirty thousand dollars, and may yet be a millionaire. Everything, he says, may be achieved if we have only **WISDOM AND ENERGY.**

BRIDAL BELLS.

BY MARION H. RAND.

HARK—hark! the wedding bells
 What will they say?
 Sweetly their chiming tells
 Of joy to-day.
 Softly o'er hill and dale,
 Sending a joyous peal;
 Oh what a merry tale
 They would reveal

See—what a happy train
 Cometh this way.
 When shall we see again
 Such an array?
 Young faces fair and bright,
 Pure as the morning light;
 Oh—what a joyful sight
 Is it not, say?

Slowly the foremost come,
 Happy are they;
 Know ye the bride and groom?
He, bright and gay,
 She with such timid grace,
 Bends down her gentle face,
 Where tear-drops we might trace,
 Why is it, pray?

Why is her cheek so pale?
 What doth she fear?
 Her heart should never fail,
 Why then that tear?
 She hath no cause to mourn,
 She should be ever glad,
 She hath been sought and won,
 Why is she sad?

Ah—little can we know
 Of that young heart.
 She from her home must go,
 From all depart.
 Those who have loved for years,
 When they at last must sever,
 May they not part in tears,
 Perhaps forever?

But one is by her side,
 Dearer than they,
 He sought her for his bride,
 Could she say, nay?
 She loves her cottage home,
 She does not love to roam,
 But dearer ties have come,
 She must away.

Forth from the sacred pile,
 Noiseless and slow—
 'Tis but a little while,
 Yet she must go.
 Blessings upon her rest,
 Gentle and cherished one,
 May all her path be blessed
 Where she hath gone.

THE LAND PIRATE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

DURING the war of the Revolution the district of country lying between the American lines on the Hudson and the British outposts above New York, and called familiarly the neutral ground, was infested by a set of wretches, known as cow-boys, skimmers, and land-pirates, who preyed at will on the whigs. A party of them long carried on their outrages unchecked in close vicinity to the British lines, under a leader of redoubtable courage, who had once been a colonist of some estate, but having squandered it in riotous living, had taken to his present irregular life on the breaking out of the troubles.

Accounts of his atrocities had long before found their way to the American lines; and the evil became at length so great that it was determined, at any cost, to extirpate his company. But this was found easier to threaten than to achieve. Keeping close to his secret haunts, or moving with astonishing celerity across the country, it was impossible to discover or overtake Harding, for such was the name this miscreant bore.

A young officer at length volunteered to enter Harding's company as a spy, in order to obtain such information as would lead to his being entrapped. Lieutenant Vaughan knew that his life hung on a thread, in such a difficult mission; for discovery would be instant death: but he was bold and full of resources; besides he had a personal interest in the destruction of the land-pirates. His heart had long been in possession of Emily Headley, the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, who, though hitherto a neutral, was suspected of a leaning toward the American cause: and the anxious heart of the lover began to fear that Harding, attracted by the wealth of the father or the beauty of the daughter, might sooner or later, make Headley's farm the scene of one of his lawless atrocities.

It was a dark and stormy night on which Vaughan, disguised as a deserter, found his way to a low tavern near the Hudson where the land-pirates were known sometimes to harbor. With great difficulty, and not without exciting some suspicion, he was enrolled as one of their number; but his story was so well concocted that all doubt, after a while, was removed. One morning a comrade approached him.

"You are to accompany us, for the first time, to-night," he said. "The captain has resolved to attack old Headley, who, you may have heard, lives up among the hills, and is almost as rich as an English lord. They say, too, he has a

pretty daughter, but of that I know nothing, though, if he has, I'll venture to say the captain will not forget her."

Vaughan could scarcely conceal his agitation during these words. The blow which he had long feared was about to fall, and he neither had the time to warn his friends, nor the power to avert the catastrophe. What could he do? His first thought was to desert and hasten to Headley farm, but he knew he was watched closely and that this could not be effected.

In a few minutes, however, Vaughan managed to steal away from his comrade, and sauntered into the inn, for they were then at another low tavern similar to the one where he had first joined the freebooters. The bar-maid was there alone: the words in which she spoke surprised him.

"And so, Captain Harding is going to attack old Mr. Headley's house to-night," she said pettishly, "I can tell him it will come to no good. Mr. Headley has done him or the king no harm; but it's the daughter, and not the father, Harding's after. She refused him once, when he was a gentleman, and now he's determined to have her, on his own terms, the villain!"

At this confirmation of his worst fears, Vaughan could not withhold a muttered curse. The girl looked up. He saw that his indignation had betrayed him, and his eye quailed beneath her searching glance. But he was relieved by what followed.

"Lieutenant Vaughan," said the girl, bending over and whispering in his ear, "you see you are known; but you have nothing to fear. I was brought up near your father's and saw you many a day: my parents farmed the little place at the foot of the hill. Do you know me, now?—I am Kitty Gray."

The recognition was mutual; but the pleasure derived from it was alloyed to Vaughan by what he now heard of Harding's intention. Kitty, it seems, had listened, pretending to be asleep in the bar, while the leader had divulged to two of his confidential followers, the evening before, his purpose in attacking Headley farm; and it appeared that he had hoarded up his old rejection, and had now resolved to avenge himself by carrying off the daughter of the old man by force. The blood of Vaughan ran cold at the narration. Fortunately Kitty was disposed to assist him, for her woman's nature was not yet so far debased but what she could feel for the peril of Miss Headley.

"If I could obtain a trusty messenger and a fast horse, we might send word to the outpost at —," said Vaughan. "A force could then march for the farm and intercept our band."

"It would be impossible to send off a messen-

ger while Harding is here," said Kitty, "besides we have no one to trust; but I tell you what can be done. There is a fast animal in the stable, and I am a good rider; I will wait till you have set out, when, by hard galloping, I may reach the outpost and give timely warning:—that is if a party of dragoons happens to be there and will spare neither whip nor spur."

"There was a detachment at the post when I left," said Vaughan. "Pray heaven they may be there yet, for your scheme is the only feasible one."

Their further conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Harding himself, who eyed Vaughan suspiciously and ordered him gruffly to leave the room. Our hero could but obey. He trembled for the fidelity of his accomplice, however, as he went out and saw Kitty begin a bantering conversation with the freebooter.

His comrades were already busy in preparing for their ride, and Vaughan immediately occupied himself in saddling his horse. He had scarcely finished his task when Harding came out.

"I see you are ready," he said, eyeing him keenly, "and have made up for your idling in the bar-room. You will attend close on me to-day: new recruits are apt to be suspected, and it behooves them to be especially ardent." He accompanied these words with a significant smile which left Vaughan half convinced that he had been betrayed.

It was not long before the party was in the saddle, and the quick pace at which they advanced increased the fears of our hero that Kitty's scheme would be a failure, since, even if she proved true, and succeeded in reaching the American outposts, succor would come too late.

Imagine the feelings of Vaughan during that ride. The agony of being broken on the wheel was nothing to it! He was well aware of the inflexible purpose of Harding, and knew that neither present supplications nor fears of future retribution would turn him aside from his fell purpose. Nor could Vaughan hope to succeed, single-handed, in any attempt to avert the doom of his betrothed. At times, from the peculiar look with which Harding regarded him, Vaughan was led to think that the refugee penetrated his designs and had brought him along to torture him by a sight of the ruin to be worked at Headley farm. Yet this look might only arise from natural suspicion of a new recruit. But could Kitty have been false? No—her truth was unmistakable, or Vaughan knew nothing of physiognomy. But what if there were no dragoons at the post when she arrived? These thoughts agitated Vaughan continually.

"I will die to save her, and if needs be," he inwardly swore, "I will preserve her from profanation by sacrificing her with my own hand."

With these bitter reflections, Vaughan followed his commander, his heart tormented now by despair, and now pacified by hope. At length Headley farm broke on their sight. Our hero looked eagerly in the direction whence the dragoons, if coming, would appear, but none were in sight. It was just as evening closed, and all around wore a calm and peaceful look. He turned, sick at heart, to gaze on the old homestead:—and when Vaughan thought of the desolation soon to fall on that now happy household, his excited feelings could scarcely be controlled. But he felt the necessity of dissimulation, if he would even attempt to save Emily.

"Forward—trot," said the voice of Harding at this moment, having returned from a reconnaissance of the buildings, which he found, as he expected, wholly unprotected; then, as they reached the lawn before the house, he shouted, in a voice which first told the household of his approach, "halt!"

Instantly the men drew in their reins, while the hasty barring of doors was heard from the house. It was but the work of a moment, however, for the assailants to dismount, and before long the hall door had given way before an axe which one of the troopers carried, though not until a shot had been fired from an upper window.

"Our motto is 'beauty and booty,'" shouted Harding as the door fell in. "Spare none, and revenge your fallen comrade." With these words he dashed towards the staircase leading to the apartment which Vaughan knew to be occupied by Emily.

The crisis for which he had breathlessly waited ever since the attack began, had now come; and regardless of the peril, Vaughan sprang after his leader, determined to sell his life or frustrate Harding's designs. Almost together they ascended the staircase. The moment was one of terrible interest. The hand of the ruffian was on the lock of Emily's door—that door which had been sacred hitherto even from Vaughan's approach—when our hero arrested it by a blow with his sabre, which would have severed Harding's hand had he not caught the flash of steel and sprang back.

"Ha! a traitor," he said, comprehending every thing at a glance, yet half astonished at the discovery, "then take that!" and he levelled a pistol at our hero, who saved his life only by knocking up the weapon with his blade. In an instant the two excoited men had crossed swords: Harding furious at the discovery that he had harbored a spy, and Vaughan thirsting for his blood as the only chance to save Emily.

By this time the refugees were pouring up the staircase, and, for a moment, they paused in astonishment at the spectacle of this unexpected combat. But it was only for an instant. Recovering from their surprise, they threw themselves on Vaughan, who was disarmed and bound, after many wounds. He expected nothing further now than immediate death, nor did he wish to live. Since he could not save Emily, he desired to die. He would have blessed any one who would have put an end to his existence. "Oh! why did my good blade fail me?" he said. "Why could I not finish the miscreant?" To add to his distress, one of the servants who had been dragged into the hall, had recognised him, and revealed his name.

"You are a lover, then, of this fair bird within, as well as a traitor and spy," said Harding, hoarse with passion, and mad with the pain of the wounds he had received from Vaughan's sword; "then you shall witness how she shall be my leman, ere you die."

Vaughan writhed in mental agony. Already he seemed to behold his betrothed struggling in the foul arms of the ruffian. "For God's sake," he implored, "Torture me—do what you will with me—but spare Miss Headley."

The villian answered by laying hold of the door knob, but as he did this, a bullet whistled in air, and he fell dead, pierced by a pistol ball from an unseen hand. As he fell, a huzza arose from the staircase, which was now seen full of men in the attire of American dragoons.

"Huzza—we have them now in a trap," shouted a stentorian voice, which Vaughan recognized as that of his commanding officer; "no quarter, my lads—cut them down."

The fight was soon over—the result could not be doubtful. The refugees were cooped up, and had no escape, while their enemies outnumbered them five to one. Harding fell in the very beginning of the fray. The assault, the melee, and the defeat passed almost with the rapidity of thought.

"We were just in time," said Vaughan's comrade, when the scuffle was terminated and every refugee either slain or pinioned, "your messenger found us fortunately at the post."

The terrified Emily now came forth from the chamber where she had fled with her father; and by her fair hands were Vaughan's wounds bound up. After the war, she and our hero were happily married; and Kitty, as a recompense for her services, was taken into their household.

Old men still live in the quiet vallies of the Hudson, who have heard, from participants in that day's fight, the story of the LAND PIRATE'S DEATH.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

WE give, in our engraving, the three most elegant, out of the many winter costumes forwarded by our Paris agent. The two first, though very beautiful, are not so late as the remaining one: in fact we have had them on hand for some time. The third costume, however, is the one *all the rage* abroad, for a ladies walking coat. *We give it in advance of every cotemporary!* The other two, though less new, we give because they are more beautiful than later ones. The costume of the boy is that most fashionable for lads in Paris!

FIG. I.—A SATIN CLOAK; the dress being the fashionable satin and silk stripe. The cloak is adorned in front and around the cape with black lace. The bonnet is of white uncut velvet, made in the cottage gipsy style.

FIG. II.—A VELVET CLOAK, heavily trimmed with fur, and having a deep fur collar: the bonnet ornamented with a feather in the same style as that of No. I.

FIG. III.—A WALKING COAT, of silk, with velvet bonnet trimmed with flowers: a cape half covering the arms and extending down the front, where it terminates in points, is a remarkable feature of this costume.

We annex descriptions of some of the most fashionable promenade, theatre and ball dresses.

PROMENADE DRESS.—A costume of purple velvet; the skirt being richly decorated with *martre* fur in the shape of a deep flounce, which surrounds the bottom part of the dress; the *caraco* body is made high up to the throat, and entirely encircled with a narrow row of the same description of fur, meeting and closing up the centre of the corsage; long, tight plain sleeves, finished with pointed cuffs of fur. Scarf *mantelet* of *martre* fur, lined and wadded; the white satin lining being quilted in a large pattern.

THEATRE DRESS.—An under-dress of pale lavender satin; the high body and sleeves made of India muslin; the corsage opening down the front, and headed with a fulling of *tulle*, through which may be passed any light colored ribbon, according to the wearer's taste; the sleeves full and attached across at regular intervals with bands of lace inlet; *Manchettes* of broad lace. *Pardessus* of rich purple velvet, faced with cross pieces of the same; this *pardessus* is made to open all the way down the front, the body being half high so as to show the under corsage, and is headed with a flat *biais* piece forming a kind of small cape; a long straight sleeve reaching half way below the elbow, and likewise faced with a *biais* forming a kind of man's cuff; the skirt is made also to open up each side. Head-dress of white lace, passing over the top of the head quite flat, and square at each end, the centre part being trimmed with a double fluting of lavender gauze ribbon, and attached on each side the head-dress with two long ends of the same, fringed at the lower edges.

BALL DRESS.—Under dress of white satin, edged round the bottom with a broad *biais* of pink satin; full *crêpé* chemisette and sleeves; short upper dress of pink satin, open up each side, so as to show the under skirt, edged on both sides with a narrow fancy trimming

of pink tulle, and attached across with straps, with bows of pink satin ribbon. The corsage is made very low and pointed, opening the whole way up the front, and encircled with a narrow fancy trimming, as well as the short epaulet sleeve, and ornamented with *nœuds* of pink satin ribbon, both on the body and sleeves. The hair is simply arranged in bands, having a pink band crossing over the forehead, and decorated upon the left side of the head with a bunch of beautiful shaded pink and white roses, arranged in two rows.

BALL DRESS.—As the season for balls will soon open we annex another ball dress. A dress of white tulle worn over white satin *à double jupe*; the under skirt finished with a broad hem; and the upper skirt, which is considerably shorter, is cut half way up on the right side, and decorated with a *nœud* of pale lavender gauze ribbon, a similar one being placed on the opposite side, serving at the same time to loop up the skirt, and forming it into a kind of graceful drapery, the top of the low pointed corsage being encircled with folds of the same, forming *bouffants*; the short sleeves trimmed round with narrow plaited frillings of gauze, headed on the top of the arm-hole with bows of lavender ribbon; the tops of the long gloves decorated with fullings of white tulle. Coiffure composed of a plain straight band of lavender satin passing across the top of the head, with gold wheat ears intermixed with *marabouts* and green vine leaves streaked with gold.

PARTY DRESSES.—For dancing parties there are charming toilettes: the dresses are made a petit revers plain, and placed front and back instead of any other drapery; the back of the waist forming a kind of jacket; the sleeves are short, and form a kind of facing by means of a sort of wristband, which binds the sleeve, the skirt trimmed with four broad folds, reaching from the hips to the lower part of the dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Bonnets are made in rather an open style; the cottage gipsy, or half gipsy being the prevailing pattern in Philadelphia. Feathers are the most fashionable outside trimming: flowers and lace are used inside. Furs will be all the rage. Wreaths in the hair are to be very fashionable for evening parties.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain. By C. J. Ingersoll. In three volumes. Vol. I. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1845.—This is rather a series of reminiscences than a history. The style is harsh, involved and barbarous: the incidents narrated with no effort at arrangement; and a strong party bias is perceptible throughout the work. Several charges of inaccuracy have already been brought against the author, the most amusing of which is that he has published for a fact, a hoax written by Dr. Franklin respecting a bundle of scalps pretended to have been sent to the English king by his Indian allies. Nevertheless, this work will be read with interest: for it is altogether the best account we have of the last war. Probably it is impossible for any one, at this early day, to write dispassionately on such a subject.

Autobiography of Alfieri. 1 vol. *Paine & Burgess, New York.*—This is an excellent translation of one of the most remarkable biographies ever written. Alfieri has here laid bare his heart with a rare frankness; and the result is by no means disparaging to the great Italian poet. It is singular that the two most candid autobiographies that exist—the present one of Alfieri and that of Benvenuto Cellini the sculptor—should have been Italians, who are thought the most profound dissimulators.

Poems. By L. J. Cist. 1 vol. *Cincinnati, Robinson & Jones.*—Mr. Cist is already known to the public by his fugitive poems. We are glad, however, to see his best pieces collected in this volume. We may find room, hereafter, to speak of it more at length.

The Gift for 1846. *Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.*—With the exception of the first plate, this volume is illustrated with old engravings. The letter-press is chiefly made up of translations from the German.

The Diadem for 1846. *Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.*—This annual is not so good as it was last year: the gem of the present volume is the fine portrait of Mr. Carey.

PUBLISHER'S TABLE.

TO THE LADIES.—With this number closes the eighth volume of our magazine. A comparison with the December number for 1844 will show the vast strides we have made in improvement. The mezzotint, "Woman's Influence," has been pronounced, by all who have seen it, to be one of the prettiest affairs we have published during the year. Indeed, we may challenge any of the three dollar books to exhibit an array of mezzotints for 1845, such as we can boast of. "The Shipwreck," "Washington at 18," "Chased by Wolves," "The Circassian," and "Woman's Influence," have never been surpassed; and to obtain them required an outlay of capital such as few publishers would have ventured. They are, however, but an earnest of what we shall do for 1846. We think we may promise our subscribers, for the coming year, an unbroken array of these superb pictures, forming a gallery of engravings such as has never been offered, at any price, to the American public.

We repeat our promise, made last month, that *whatever others may attempt, we shall continue to excel in the fashion department.* The plate for this month is a beautiful affair, excelling in the engraving, in paper, and in the coloring anything yet done, in this line, by American artists. For the January number we shall have a plate as much superior to this, as this one is superior to that for November. A word on our literature. This is *all* original, principally from female authors, and *thoroughly American in every respect.* We do not believe the same can be said of any other periodical. At the head of our list is Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," certainly, at present, the most powerful female writers this country affords. In the poetical department we shall have Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, and a host of sister constellations. We boldly aver that we have

made such arrangements that, for 1846, no other magazine can rival us as a lady's book.

And now—with many thanks for past encouragement—we take leave of our subscribers for 1845. Let us ask them, in conclusion, to forward their names for 1846 as speedily as possible! Our motto is, "old friends and new attractions."

ANNUALS AND PERIODICALS.—The cheapest of the fashionable annuals costs two dollars: some of them are sold as high as six dollars. This periodical is but two dollars a year, and contains twice as many engravings as an annual, to say nothing of the fashion plates. Moreover our illustrations are by the same, or better artists. Furthermore, the annual appears but once a year; the pleasure derived from a magazine recurs monthly. If, therefore, you would choose a Christmas or New Year's Gift for a friend, subscribe to a periodical for her, instead of throwing away your money on an annual.

T. B. PETERSON'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS!—Those in want of annuals, prayer books, bibles, children's books, or other publications for "Christmas or New Year's Gifts," can obtain them on the lowest terms at the depot of T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut St. Orders from the country, enclosing money, promptly attended to. Mr. P. keeps on hand all the new novels, periodicals and other popular works. He will be found prompt and obliging to customers.

WARWICK CASTLE.—All who have read Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," are familiar with this celebrated baronial stronghold, one of the most romantic and imposing structures of its kind remaining in England. Our engraving represents the great round tower of the castle. One need but to gaze on it, and deeds of "knightly emprise" crowd on the memory.

REVOLUTIONARY STORIES.—The powerful story by J. H. Dana is another in our series intended to illustrate the revolutionary annals. We have received, from a celebrated source, another equally powerful, founded on incidents connected with Marion and his men. It will appear in January.

TO CLUBS.—All clubs will be renewed on the *old* terms; and where one of the members has moved away, or cannot continue, a new name will be received in his or her place. Remember, renewals taken on the old terms!

SEAR'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—This \$2.00 periodical is clubbed with our magazine on very advantageous terms, viz: a copy of it and a copy of the "Ladies' National" for \$3.00.

